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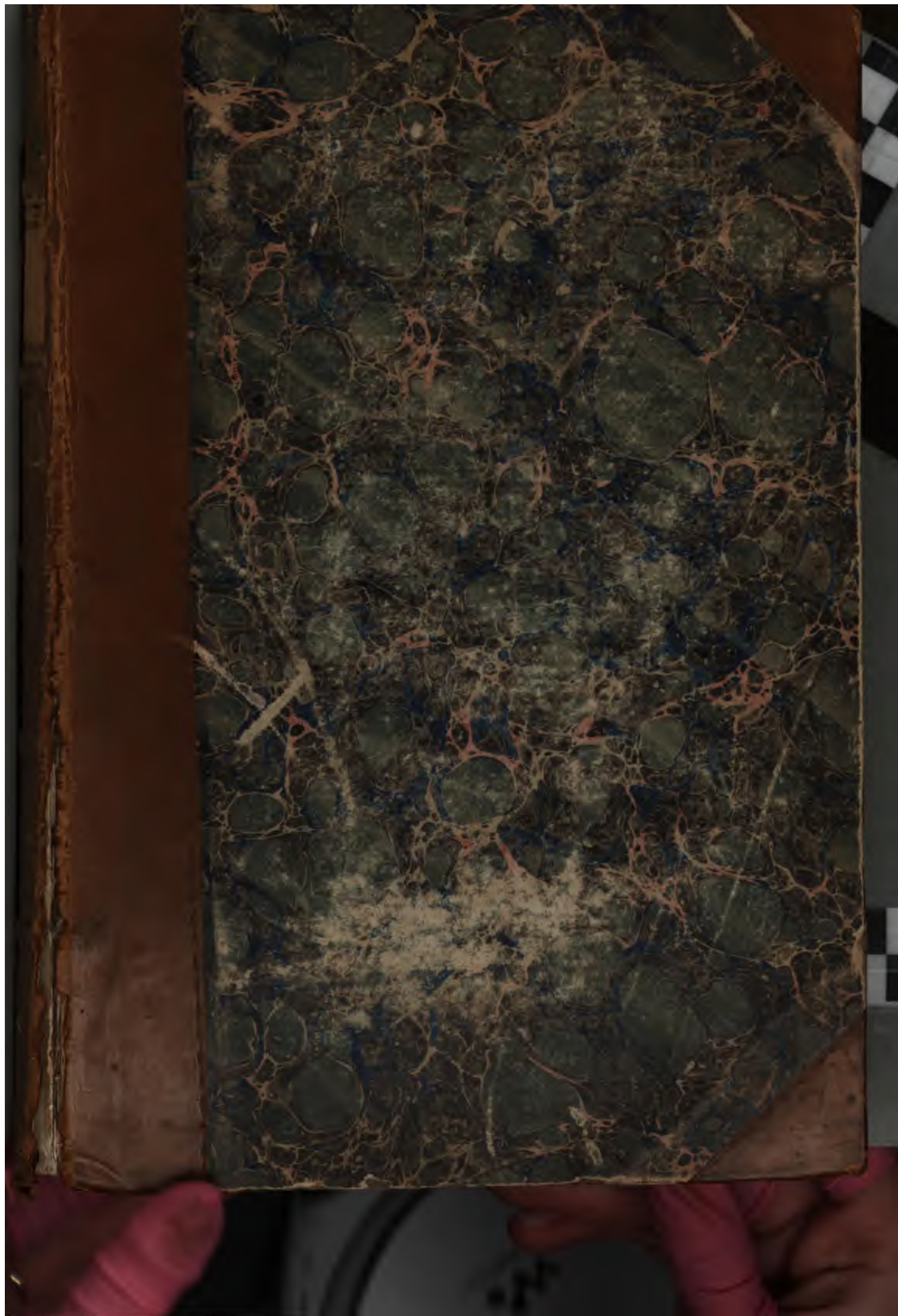
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CHAMBERS'S
EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

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CHÂTEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

AN ORDINARY DAY.

Mrs HEMANS has sung 'The Stately Homes of England;' and even at the present moment, when sentiment evaporates in steam, and romance bows its diminished head before those stern practicalities, the railways, there still hovers over the country residences of the old gentry a halo of the past, through which we gain glimpses of the old poetical world now fast fading away. It has occurred to me that a plain account of the everyday-life of these English châteaux might reveal something new to many readers, and at the same time be not uninteresting to *habitués*. As for the family and family seat I have chosen as exemplars, my sketch, I believe, will be admitted to be a faithful likeness, however deficient it may be in other respects.

To this time-honoured and stately Home I was invited to spend the winter; and late in a November day, accordingly, I found myself seated beside my young friend, the unmarried daughter of the house, in their barouche, which had come to meet me at the L— station, and which speedily carried us to the first lodge gates that admit the traveller within the demesnes of Marston Manor. Through these we entered a noble wood, which, though no longer attired in the leafy glories of summer, still retained traces of its past beauty; the few last leaves being also adorned—fit ornament for their mature age—with a frost-work of diamonds, that glittered in the ruby sunset as we dashed by. In a brief space we exchanged the old trees, and wild, tangled brushwood bordering the road, for a green lane, bounded by prim hedges, every twig of which appeared to have been drilled into 'behaving pretty,' and presented the very beautiful of quickset. This specimen of the excellence of hedging and ditching at Marston—which, for the sake of the bailiff's feelings, I record—continued until we reached the farm, a little colony of houses, barns, and byres, surrounding an immense yard well stocked with kine, the lowing of which came pleasantly on the ear for an instant—and for an instant only, for our gallant grays dashed on at a rapid pace, and the farm vanished. The second lodge gates opened, and we reached a spot where 'three roads meet,' and recall the stories we once loved of adventurous princes seeking their fortunes, who were always brought to a halt of momentous import to their destiny by such a junction. Here a huge tree spreads its friendly arms in each direction, and near by stands the keeper's lodge, a low, ivy-covered building, surrounded by trees. The garden in front had still some autumn flowers left near the beehives. The kennels are behind the house, and from them proceeded a yelping and baying anything but consonant with Shakespeare's poetical description of Duke Theseus's well-matched hounds, making us regret

that the musical branch of canine education should be in our modern times so much neglected.

Marston village is now before us—as rural and picturesque, as quaint and old world-looking, as if no railway carriages ever left their cloudy trail over yonder blue champagne. There is even an old woman still attired à la Little Red-Riding-Hood, dropping her curtsy to the head gardener and factotum of Marston Manor Forest, who lifts his hat as we pass—a fine yeoman-like old man, with a physiognomy full of truth and kindness. To the left of the road we have the church and its tree-sheltered yard. It is an ancient building, linked for long years with the spiritual and temporal histories of the villagers; and after it we reach the third and last lodge gates, and the carriage sweeps round a smooth drive, shaded by beeches that have no equals in England. The heart of this sylvan domain is a large, comfortable English home, built in the shape of the letter H, with a handsome pillared portico facing the south, and another on the western side. At the latter the coachman stops. Ere we enter the hall, however, let us give one glance at the sweet home-picture without. The hill on which Marston is built falls gently here, undulating in green velvet swells and dim hollows, bounded—like the setting of a gem—with a glorious girdle of old trees, on which the sun is bestowing a blushing kiss at parting. Towards a group of clustering elms on the right are the fish-ponds; to the left a little wooded knoll, where at spring-tide grow

— 'violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.'

There are certain memories of Dugald Dalgetty attached to the spot also, for it rejoices in the name of Drumsnab. Far away in the distance lies a misty tract of sterile country, through which steals a line of quiet sparkling water. Close to the house is a wide quaint terrace of flower-beds, in the centre of which an ancient sun-dial still marks the course of time by the flitting of its silent shadow.

The present entrance-hall of Marston was of yore a dining-room; it is consequently very large, and the chimney-piece—as high as those in the so-called Venetian parlours of Queen Anne's days—is of exquisitely-carved marble. Above it is an equestrian family picture—opposite, a large painting of Christ healing the sick. A huge slab of yellow marble now coldly occupies the place once held by the more hospitable oak or mahogany. From this hall we passed into a second, the floor of which is of tessellated marble, and the walls hung with portraits of the stud; here also are tables of yellow marble, on one of which stands the letter-box, with the warning inscription, 'Closed at five;' and near it is a movable calendar, showing the day of the month and the hunting appointments for the week.

The light, now growing dim, streamed softly through the rich painted glass of the windows as we entered a third hall, divided from which, by pillars, stands that refuge from ennui, the billiard-table. Here also we distinguish a number of fine, though now indistinct pictures, and a beautiful group of alabaster Graces supporting an open basket for flowers. Passing on through a small music-room, we find ourselves in the library—a noble apartment, illuminated by a bright cheerful fire, from beside which a graceful lady comes forward to tender a kind and courteous welcome to her guest. I have used the present tense occasionally in speaking of my drive to Marston, and of the natural scenery around it, but when I would name the persons 'whose smile' then 'lit up the hearth,' the past alone remains to me, for a dark shadow has rested on the old manor since I last visited it; and they who were of the excellent of the earth have ceased to bless it with their presence. The graceful hostess, whose wit could brighten the dark hour of winter gloom; the fine-tempered, kind-hearted host, are gone: 'their places know them no more;' and the memory of that brief happy sojourning can be to me now only a source of melancholy and regret.

The young unmarried daughter, who had been my companion from the railway station, was worthy of her lineage. She had the fair hair and blue eye of the Saxon side of her ancestry, with much of the high chivalrous spirit of that which was Norman in her line. Her intellect was free from the morbid gloom of our island blood, and her character frank and affectionate. By this English Portia I was conducted (after a brief chat with her mother) to my apartment. There is nothing more cheering at the end of a long journey than to find such a comfortable bedroom and blazing fire as that to which she led me; albeit the apartment was much too large to be called snug. To its dimensions, however, it owed the possession of a piece of furniture which had graced the Queenly chamber on a recent royal progress—namely, a huge sofa twelve feet long (the frame being of carved ivory and gold, the furniture of amber satin), and proportionally broad; so that when Portia and I ensconced ourselves in the corners, to have a comfortable chat before the dressing-bell should ring, our feet only reached the edge of our seat. What a pleasant time for confidential intercourse that firelight glimmer is! How lazily the shadows moved upon the wall—how cheerily the wood crackled—and what a rich glow the red fire cast at times on that old picture of Cymon and Iphigenia, and on the green damask curtains of the bed!

'We have a large party staying in the house now,' said my companion, after more interesting subjects were discussed: 'Lord and Lady Cameron are here. You will like them very much. She is very clever, amusing, and good-looking; her lord is at feud with the east wind, as you will find very shortly. I wish, for his sake, and my own too, it never blew: I am so tired of the subject! Major Straightly bears out the truth of Uncle Henry's singular assertion, "that captains and colonels are smart fellows, but your major in a drawing-room or a novel is always a fool!" He is wonderfully well-dressed, very good-natured, and very silly. The Montgomeries are here; you will be glad to meet them again; the Lily is as lovely as ever; the two younger girls are very amiable and pretty also; and at dinner I promise you Mr Owen-ap-Morgan and the country neighbours. But hark! there is the dressing-bell. Good-by till it rings again for dinner.'

And she vanished, leaving me to the mysteries of my toilet, which no lady of course reveals. Suffice it to say, that when the dinner-bell rang, I descended, looking as well as I could, to the library, where the large party staying at Marston were assembled, and had scarcely time to exchange greetings with those with whom I was acquainted, ere dinner was announced, and we proceeded in the fashion of Noah's ark—male and female after our degree—to the dining-room. This apartment, recently built, and adorned with valuable paintings, is of noble dimensions. I longed to inspect the treasures on the walls, many of which are the works of the famous masters of old; but the soft light of the chandelier and dinner-lamps

afforded only tantalising glimpses of forms and landscapes of shadowy beauty, and I was compelled to forego the pleasure till the morrow. One thing at least was evident—the dining-room of Marston is not, like most similar apartments, disfigured by stiff, grim, family pictures (hard, cold faces, that look down on their feasting descendants with a hideous mockery of life, and appear to be placed there, like the skeleton at the ancient Egyptian feasts, to remind the guests of their mortality), but it is rendered cheerful even in winter's deepest gloom by the genius of Watteau and Canaletti, the few modern portraits being by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the old by Vandyck. Unable, however, to enjoy their beauties by the imperfect, though brilliant light, I turned from the walls to gaze on the living pictures around, and on the table—ay, on the table—for what Dutch dinner of old would not have rejoiced in such a subject as it offered, covered with its snowy cloth, the light glittering with a chaste lustre on the plate adorning it, and throwing out the hues of the glorious exotics that filled the epergne in the centre! And then the delicately-white fish, adorned with its scarlet garnishing, brighter than coral; and the silver tureen, the matchless chasing of which far exceeds in our estimation its contents of turtle-soup; whilst round the table smile so many pretty faces, mixed with those of 'grave and reverend signors,' that it would take us too long to describe them individually. Only 'we distinguish,' as the newspapers say, Portia darting the light arrows of her wit on a very handsome hussar, whose noble form and bearing, and expression of frank good-humour, may be a sufficient personification of the high-bred English gentleman; and a fair, lily-like girl, turning her swan-like neck, as she silently listens to an elegant personage, whose pilgrimage to the Holy Land has given him matter for conversation during the rest of his life—at least at dinner parties. It is a great thing to be able to play Baron Munchausen on a small scale: one's travels are a better recipe for getting on at dinner than Miss Sinclair's recommendation to ask a silent neighbour 'if he knows Captain Campbell?' My own neighbour had visited the North Pole, and amused me greatly by contrasting the barbarous hospitality of the Esquimaux with the modern fashion of having everything handed round by the domestics; our brethren of the icebergs deeming it a duty of hospitality to feed their guests with their own hands, cramming their mouths zealously even to overflowing, and cutting off the outward superfluity that wouldn't go in, with their knives.

I remember having read that 'once upon a time' in England a hostess would urge her guests 'to help themselves to some salt,' and it was not manners to do so unasked; now no one is troubled with old tedious formalities, but the well-trained butler and his aides-de-camp move noiselessly round, and proffer quiet hospitality to all. This almost equals a Russian dinner, and in our cold climate looks better; the roast turkey is so very characteristic of the country, and the saddle of mutton also: for the side dishes, they are foreigners; but since our insular spirit is gradually yielding to foreign intercourse, and John Bull and La Garde Nationale exchange courtesies, we will not quarrel with their appearance, but occasionally honour them with our approbation and choice.

Dinner in a well-lighted room is really a pleasant meal in winter. The atmosphere grows genial, the champagne dances and flashes in the glasses, and gradually warms the half-frozen blood that even exercise, such as ladies take, cannot generally thaw in a severe November; and by the time the pretty second course—of game and confectionary—has vanished, conversation grows animated, and low soft laughs are at times audible. The dessert is another pretty study for a painter of fruits and flowers, and it is really matter for regret when the hostess makes the mysterious little sign to the 'head lady,' and we pass from the warm, cheerful banquet-room to that blank moment of existence, the assembling of the ladies round the drawing-room fire. There are so few who at that precise period look comfortable; and then the conversation—ah, how fraught it is with babies and Swiss

maids, and prosy gossip! We shall have much greater faith in the progress of mind when we find that hour better, or at least more amusingly, employed. But there were two or three dames and damsels at Marston who did not need the spur of coquetry to make them entertaining.

At last the gentlemen enter, and shortly after, tea is handed round. Then a group assembles near the piano. Mrs Montgomery, who sings beautifully, gives us one of the 'Anna Bolena' songs, the hussar and Portia sing duets, the Lily plays well and tastefully, whilst the gentlemen play whist, and here and there a couple are seated by a chess-board, surrounded by amused spectators. For our own part, we listen with delight to the music, whilst we examine an exquisite volume of large engravings, the subjects taken from Shakspeare; or we converse at times with some of the party, who are old and dear friends, and thus the hours glide by till eleven strikes, and a move is made by some of the party for retiring to bed. It is quickly followed by the rest, and Marston, ere midnight chimes, is hushed and quiet, lights glancing from its upper windows like faint stars on the dark frosty night.

The bell for the servants' breakfast at eight o'clock woke me the next morning; and a few minutes afterwards Portia's maid came with warm water. The withdrawal of the heavy window-curtains admitted a flood of light into the room. It was a sharp, bright, frosty day; and when I had finished dressing, I hastened to the northern window to look on the beauty of the winter morning. It was a pretty, domestic picture. Below lay a yard with a pump in it, from which a servant was filling a huge marble basin beneath with sparkling water. A few steps led from thence into a stableyard, surrounded by the stables, coach-houses, &c. from the centre of which rose a tower with a clock and gilt weather-vane; and on one side stood a structure somewhat resembling a campanile in form, but having sides of iron network only, in order that the air might freely visit the good cheer therein reserved for us, it being the stronghold of beef and turkeys—the larder. Grooms and other men-servants were crossing the yard on their way to breakfast; and the whole home-scene was framed by a girdle of fir-trees, which rose higher than the clock-tower behind and around it. Being admitted fully to the 'interior' of the family, I was summoned at nine o'clock to attend family prayers, which were read in an octagon room—the 'lady's boudoir.' Portia and I then descended to the dining-room; not, however, without glancing eagerly at the marble slab on which the letters were usually laid.

Breakfast was a very social, as well as very abundant meal; at which, by degrees, all the personages who had done honour to yesterday's dinner re-assembled, the major appearing last, his habitual or acquired stiffness being, we thought, almost a sufficient excuse for the delay, as, if natural, dressing must have been a painful effort; and if not, why, time must be required for such a toilet! But he was really amiable, and we forgot his stiffness in his good-nature. And now by daylight we can enjoy the beautiful pictures. How brightly the sun lights up Canaletti's

'Queenlike city of the hundred Isles!'

and how, in its clear radiance, the jewelled bracelet on Watteau's 'Madame de Montespan' glitters! Then the large undivided plates of glass which form the windows scarcely seem to divide us from the whitened turf and huge beeches, with their shining frost-work seen through them: the very birds at times mistake, and strike their wings against the panes in their attempt to approach our fireside.

Breakfast over, the party dispersed. One carriage, full of ladies, and a few female equestrians, accompanied the hunters to see the hounds meet. Portia was of the latter number, under the especial escort of the hussar and the major; the remainder of the party retired to the drawing and music-rooms. Some fair dames were speedily engrossed by the mysteries of Berlin-work, exchanging and comparing patterns, &c.; the young ladies gathered round

the piano; and the Pilgrim (who had, we suspect, been captivated by the Lily's gentle yet earnest listening) lingered near her, and again engaged her in conversation. The youngest Miss Montgomery accompanied me to the library, our favourite of all the noble chambers of Marston Manor. The light was here more subdued, partly by the old windows, partly by their heavy crimson curtains, and suited well with the air of repose and learned ease the apartment wore. Over the mantelpiece was a fine painting by Vandyck of the Lady Venetia Digby, Sir Kenelm of famous memory, and their three boys. She is a distinguished-looking woman, but scarcely so beautiful as imagination would have drawn her. Between and above the immense book-cases hung many other paintings of equal value; between the windows also was a lovely group of children, we believe by an eminent pencil; and there were busts, and portfolios full of drawings, and books enough to rob many winters of their gloom. Here we passed the morning, rather exploring the realms of literature by which we were surrounded, than reading, and were only finally disturbed by the return of the carriage and its attendants—that is to say, of those who did not hunt—and shortly afterwards by the summons to luncheon. The noonday repast is in truth the old dinner with a new name, as the late dinner is but a modern appellation for early supper; and at Marston the so-called luncheon was a most abundant meal of hot and cold viands of all kinds, from substantial beef, turkey, and chickens, to tarts and cream, the only difference being, that the dishes were all placed at once on the board, and the constraint of the servants' presence removed. Perhaps on this account the conversation was more general and animated: the news gathered in the morning's excursion was detailed; rather graphic sketches drawn of some of the neighbours who had been seen at the 'meet'; and some good stories told by a Mr Hammond, a perfect impersonation of those 'remarkable' (American) books, 'The Percy Anecdotes.' After luncheon came the post, and letters or papers occupied the next hour and a-half, when walking or driving was proposed, and chosen according to individual taste. I had promised to join Portia in an excursion she seldom omitted—that of visiting the village poor; and as the other guests dispersed till dinner-time, either to their rooms or to take exercise, we stole away, and were soon in the prettiest part of the adjacent village.

'It is fortunate,' she said, 'that I can get away from our visitors to-day. If my sister were not staying here, I could not well manage to leave them all; and I wish you to go to see poor Betty Morris; she remembers you, and often asks for Miss Julia, as she persists in calling you.'

'I shall be delighted to see her. And my half-witted friend Parrot, how is he?'

'Quite well. He has lately adopted the character of Marston herald, and, on Uncle Henry's accession to the baronetage, went through the village informing the people that Mr Montrose was no longer to be called Mister; but having become a *knight-baronknight*, was to be styled "Sir Henry."' On reaching old Dame Perridge's cottage, however, with the intelligence, she 'snubbed' the unfortunate king-at-arms, telling him that she always had called Mr Montrose 'Sir,' and that she would not call him by his Christian name to please nobody.

Talking thus of the humble tenants, who were felt for and cherished by the young lady of Marston as if they had been members of the family, we reached Betty Morris's cottage. The old blind woman welcomed us with affectionate pleasure, and confided her few simple wants to us—one being the addition of a bit of wood to make her door shut close—with perfect and pleasing faith in their relief; then she told us of several sick families near, and thither Portia carried the contents of a large basket, into which, I have forgotten to say, she transferred the remains of sundry little delicacies after the guests had left the luncheon-table.

It was twilight ere we again found ourselves before the library fire, round which a number of ladies had congregated to enjoy the refreshing cup of tea which in such houses always precedes dinner. This may be an absurd

fashion, but it is a very comfortable one, and we shall always uphold it, against even the high authority of a great physician, who denounces it as injurious. Coming in from a cold drive or walk, how it warms one's chilled fingers! and then it renders the party very sociable and good-tempered. On this especial occasion there was a charming little bit of news to discuss over the cups: a messenger had arrived, during our absence, from the residence of the married son of our host, to announce the birth of a daughter, and the ceremonies attendant on the entrance of a baby into this busy world were talked over and anticipated. Portia and I enjoyed the prospect of the sitting-up visit, being equally fond of babies and caudle, and the dressing-bell rang some minutes before any of the party heeded its warning. With the exception of a little more attention to Portia on the hussar's part, and something resembling a flirtation between the Lily and the Pilgrim, the second evening at Marston Manor drew to its close much as the preceding had done, leaving us under the impression that chateau life in England is far preferable to the idle waste of time, and fatiguing gaiety of the season in London; and that amongst their tenantry, or in the pursuit of simple and rational amusement, the English gentry still preserve much of their ancient character, softened and improved by the refinement of modern civilisation. But this, I trust, will be brought better out by and by.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

ALTENFIORD—BOSSIKOP—KAAFIORD.

A two hours' sail brought us to Bossikop, a small mercantile establishment in the Altenfiord, where there are usually one or two small trading-vessels seen lying for the loading or discharge of cargo. A cheerful-looking house is seated on the grassy slope overlooking the sea. This is a kiopman or merchant's house, one of the privileged traders already alluded to. He is empowered to collect fish from the Lap fishermen, and to sell them articles of necessity in return.* Formerly, the kiopmen scattered along these wild shores had a monopoly of all such articles; but now provisions and tobacco are exempt. For the power of selling spirits they pay a very heavy tax. Each has his district; and so strictly is this rule maintained, that when the Copper Company found it necessary to institute a store for their working-people, they had to get a license for the purpose, and become bound to sell to no other persons. The privileges of the kiopman do not, after all, make him a very enviable person, for he is liable to considerable losses in his barterings with the fishermen, and his general trade is limited. Amongst the duties exacted from him in return is an obligation to receive strangers into his house, and entertain them as in an inn. This house of Bossikop, for instance, which is possessed by a lady named Madame Clark, of excellent manners, and whose husband is a ship captain, I can enter in the expectation of being provided with food and lodging for some small charge. It would be felt by similar persons in our country as an intolerable burthen; but in Finmark, where no strangers under a respectable rank appear, it is little complained of. On the contrary, the host is apt to give the entertainment gratuitously, especially if the guest has come with any kind of written recommendation from a neighbour.

Raipas being situated three or four miles up the valley of the Alten, the usual approach to it is by boats sailing in at the embouchure of the river. To shorten the distance, however, we landed at Bossikop, and walked across an isthmus into the valley, passing the river by a floating-bridge. On this occasion I obtained a comprehensive idea of the physical geography of the district.

* *Kiopman*, it may be remarked, springs from a word signifying to sell by barter, which still prevails in Scotland, both in the verb *to coup* (that is, exchange), and in such a noun-form as *horse-couper*, being probably also the basis of the Latin *caupo*, which, though specially translated vintner, had also the general sense of a huckster.

It may be described in one sentence as a plain of sand filling up every vacancy in the hills, but cut down by the valley of the Alten. This arenaceous plain is 221 feet high in front at Bossikop, and this part is seamed in front with ancient sea-markings, while a valley-ridge extends all along the top. Throughout the surface are places reaching to 240 feet above the sea. The whole range of these formations, including those described as at the mouth of the Kaaifiord river, is of a peculiar and striking character, indicative of some extraordinary history. The same flat is seen for several miles up the Alten river, having there the character of a terrace. Between Bossikop and Raipas it is covered with woods, and is swampy in some places. I found the *multiberry* very abundant on that kind of ground, and nearly ripe. This is a tempting ground-fruit like the strawberry, much used in Norway as a delicacy with sugar and cream. The origin of the sandy plateau is to be sought in an early age, when the relative level of sea and land was different. It is composed of the spoils of the great rivers descending at this place from Norwegian Lapland. What has preserved it so well at Bossikop is a great bulwark-like hill called Kongshavnfield, which rises there on the shore. Kongshavnfield is a mass of contorted slate strata, covered with a hard siliceous limestone highly crystalline. The slopes near the sea show these strata crumpled up, and zig-zagged in a surprising manner, with strong superficial appearances of glacial action. I can find nothing to which to compare the appearances so apt as a mass of thin soft cakes, which have first been huddled into a lump, and then shorn through with a knife. These dressed surfaces descend into the sea, and on land the sandy deposit is seen clearly overlying them, marking of course the priority of the smoothing action to the deposition of the sand.

The Raipas mine is situated high amongst the hills. Trusting to have another opportunity of seeing it, I did not on this occasion go beyond the house of Mr Monk, the superintendent, which is placed on a beautiful inner terrace overlooking the river. At the moment of our approach, it was surrounded by groups of working-people, male and female, waiting for a settlement of their fortnightly bills, and all seemingly much at their ease. I found Mr Monk a fine, bright-eyed, energetic Cornishman of about forty-five, frank, hearty, very decided in all his ideas, and still, after twenty years' absence from England, thoroughly English. His wife, likewise, who speedily went off on hospitable thoughts intent, completely realised the English character. It was interesting to find this worthy couple doing their best to maintain in their little ones their own national character, its leading moral and religious ideas, and its upright manly habits, amidst a population composed of a rude medley of semi-barbarous races. After refreshment, we went out to see the workpeople. A few of them proved to be *Quaens*—a term applied to Finlanders who have of late years emigrated from their own country in search of work. They are a very rough-looking people, but have no peculiarity of dress to distinguish them from the Norwegian miners. When the French expedition was here in 1839, the Quaens got lower wages than the Norwegians, as being thought inferior workmen; but now they realise equal wages, because this inferiority no longer exists. When I heard this, I bethought me of the tendency which has been shown in our day to believe in essential distinctions of peoples, whereby some are held as qualified, and others as disqualified, for particular occupations. Here it appeared that the common need of a subsistence had forced a rude and primitive tribe, in the course of a few years, to adapt themselves to the work of one supposedly superior.

Nevertheless there is little in the moral state of the Quaens to afford matter of congratulation. They are essentially barbarian in their habits, with a varnish composed rather of the vices than the virtues of civilisation. Brutified by the harsh usage which they experienced in their own country, they do not understand the more humane and liberal principles of the English

employer, who consequently is forced to resort to stern measures as a means of keeping them in the path of duty. Their religion—and this remark applies to the Norwegian workmen also—being a mere system of barren forms and rote-repeated catechisms, has little effect on their inner nature. They will rush from the Communion Table to indulge in drinking or dancing. The passing hour alone is thought of or provided for. Where, by a rare exception, a man does begin to save from his gains, his advance as a moral being is observed to go on at the same time, and such men always take a first rank as workmen. These poor people have no idea of delicacy: men, women, and young persons of both sexes, all bathe promiscuously, and seem surprised when an Englishman hints at the impropriety of such conduct.

In the hope of a future opportunity, I did not on this occasion make an excursion along the Alten, as I otherwise should have done, in order to observe the physical features of the country, and see a little of the sport of salmon-fishing, which an English gentleman had been following there for the last three weeks. As the expected opportunity did not occur, I had full occasion, in the long-run, to recall the trite proverb as to the danger of delay. I met, however, the salmon-fishing gentleman at Mr Thomas's, and learned from him that the river is really a noble one for this sport, though he verily believes there must be many others in Norway equally well furnished in that way, if they were only tried. For some years past, a few gentlemen have come each summer to fish in the Alten. They plant themselves on portions of the river, for which they pay a sort of rent, or rather garnish, to the peasantry, from whom again they obtain lodging and assistance. It is a delightful wild life, and such occurrences as the taking of a fish of forty-four pounds' weight, which now and then occur, throw a glory over the whole adventure, the brightness of which does not fade even when they have returned to England. I found the as yet sole fisher of the season a fine active youth, of highly-accomplished mind, an *élève* of Worcester College, Oxford, and a landed proprietor in a central English county. He seemed to have travelled everywhere—knew and understood all grades of society—could endure every kind of personal hardship and every degree of fatigue—was easy, frank, clever, good-humoured—in short, a most favourable specimen of his countrymen. He had come to the Alten each summer for several years in succession, and had on one occasion tarried during the winter, in order to see the country in all its phases. One could scarcely but echo what he told us one of his tenants had said to him—'Lor', measter! what makes you leave your nice house here, and go away to spend your life in them outlandish parts?' Yet while we must believe that life has higher employments for an English gentleman than that of salmon-fishing in a Finmark river, we cannot doubt that, in the subjection which the petty appetites there undergo, and the bracing action to which the whole spirit must submit, there is an educational force that must tend to a general improvement, so that, though nothing may be done in the meantime for great objects, there is a training going on which must prepare for such being accomplished. The hardness, heartiness, and adventurousness which I observed in various specimens of the sporting tribe of my countrymen on this tour, certainly had the effect of considerably modifying my former ideas about field-sports, and I now see in them certain efficacies to good ends which I at one time could not have dreamt of.

My companion, Mr Paddison, and I returned in the evening to Bossikop, and there spent the next day in a survey of the district. We found the house comfortable, and had all that we desired in very good style, notwithstanding that the lady was absent from home on a visit. On the second morning we procured a boat, and sailed back to Kaafjord, stopping by the way at several places where there were natural objects worthy of inspection.

The bay called Quaenvig in a particular manner arrested our attention. Its sides are composed of rocky precipices, all smoothed by ice, and bearing many trough-like channelings, and many minute striae and scratches, all of which, near the level of the sea, are in the direction of the valley, or south-south-west and north-north-east by compass. The direction is remarkable, because over the general surface of the hill, where the ground is open, the exposed rocks are all striated from north-north-west to south-south-east by compass. This may be considered as the course of the glacial action of the district in free ground, while the lines in Quaenvig are an example of the accidental or modified direction produced by confinement in a valley. I observed at one place a long ridge of prominent rock near to a steep cliff. Not merely was the ridge smoothed, but the deep narrow channel at its side was also dressed all throughout down to its innermost recesses, showing that the smoothing agent must have been of the most plastic and insinuating nature. I at the same time remarked a feature which I do not remember having seen noticed anywhere—namely, that some such ridges were brought to a sharp edge by forces which had evidently come in slightly-various directions. In this fact we can read that the agent operated not always widely or vaguely, but sometimes with minutely special applications. We found, about twenty or thirty feet above the sea, an example of those *reisetopfes*, or giants' tubs, which have been already alluded to. It might be described as a deep pit in the mountain-side, with the side taken away, so that the whole depth was exposed. The edges and sides are finely smoothed, and in the bottom lie a few loose blocks of different kinds of rock, including some of granite, which must have been brought from a considerable distance. The theory as to these curious holes is, that they were formed by cataracts in the constantly-melting glaciers, the loose blocks serving, as is seen in cascades of the present time, to do the grinding work under the impulse of the falling water.

At the head of the Quaenvig Bay there is a grand barrier formed by a portion of the sandy plateau, flat at the top, and with slight terraces horizontally seaming its front. We effected a measurement here, from which it appeared that this terrace is of nearly the same height as the similar terraces at Bossikop and Kaafjord—namely, 219 feet in front, where, as in the other instances too, there is a slight rounded ridge. The upper surface is covered with birch-woods.

The small branch of the sea called Kaafjord, with which I had now been familiar for several days, presents some equally remarkable objects. At three several places sandy *spits* advance into the channel, so as in two instances to leave only a narrow passage. The most remarkable of these promontories is the outermost, which is not less than half a mile long, and 146 feet high at its outer extremity. It is called Oskarnaes, from the resemblance which it bears to an inverted boat-scoop; and around the swelling extremity there is a cincture terrace at 80 feet. I was at first disposed to consider all these spits as modified relics of ancient moraines left by the shrinking glacier of the Kaafjord valley, but afterwards became inclined to view them as merely freakish formations by the sea when the land was to a considerable depth submerged.

On our return to Mr Thomas's house we found that the two gentlemen of the Enniskillen Dragoons had brought on their yacht from Tromsøe, along with the owner of the unfortunate dog, but without the dog himself—a subject of regret to us all. The *Rose*, a sprightly little vessel of forty tons, now lay in the bay below, while the three gentlemen prepared to seek for salmon-fishing on the Alten. The French officers had by this time discovered that there were ladies in Kaafjord; so Kaafjord was the reverse of a lonely place. I could not help being amused in the evening, when I reflected on the contrast which the place presented to the ideas which an Englishman 'living at home at ease' would be apt to entertain regarding it. In this hyperborean

valley, while panting under intense heat, I beheld at once the bustling copper-works, the pleasant-looking residentiary house, containing an unusually large family, and dwellings for about 700 working-people. Besides which objects of a habitual kind, there were now visible, of occasional objects, a group of gaily-dressed ladies walking over the slopes of the Kaafjord alluvium, attended by a set of chatty French naval officers—a yacht reposing in the bay, with a company of English gentlemen on board, indulging in cool drinks and cigars—an aspirant in science pursuing his own peculiar and solitary avocations—and I am not sure but, in addition to all this, we had another stranger trolling from a boat in the fiord. At a late hour in the evening Mr Thomas's hospitality brought us all together; and it so fell out that a dance was unavoidable. I mentally compared the simple but kind-hearted style of entertainment with that of Scotland about eighty years ago, when great numbers of people would assemble with little ceremony in country-houses, and keep up the dance for hours, after which it was a never-failing, never-solved mystery, where they all got up-putting for the night. Having for my own part no vocation to this blithesome exercise, I was quietly sitting at a window looking towards the western sky, when, for the first time during my residence in the north, a star appeared. I felt it to be a kind of wonder, and called attention to it. It was at this moment only a few minutes to twelve. No other such object was visible. We looked again in about a quarter of an hour, and could no longer see the star. It had walked forth by itself from the chambers of day, looked for a brief space upon the earth, and then, finding no companions, had gone back to its shining home. At this time the view from the windows of the house was extremely beautiful: a fair sky with tinted clouds, the mountains fully seen, the fiord like a series of mirrors partially divided by the numerous little promontories; the air meanwhile still and mild; and the whole bearing upon the mind as a great wonder, considering the portion of the world in which we were.

Next day (Sunday, 29th July) brought a change of weather, and we had nothing but sheets of rain, attended by a low temperature, till night. It resembled completely one of our own wet days in July or August, when the ripening grain suffers so much. I had inquired about service in the church, and learned that it only takes place every fourth Sunday—a common case in subordinate chapels in Norway. Indeed I found in this neighbourhood a chapel where service takes place only once in a twelvemonth! As this Sunday was not one of those on which service was given at the Kaafjord church, the religious duties of the inmates were confined to reading at home. It is the custom of the English gentlemen here, when by themselves, to have formal domestic readings on those Sundays which are blank for public worship. Such is everywhere abroad the tendency of the educated English mind. I may here make the general remark, that an English traveller does not find religion in Norway that prominent subject which it is in his own country. There are throughout this extensive country only about 450 parish clergy. There is no dissent tolerated; and beyond a few handfuls of people who indulge in private prayer-meetings, there is no apparent inclination to anything of the kind. There is neither Catholicism on the one side, nor anything like Methodism on the other. The people are a gentle, amiable people, evidently not at all destitute of reverential feelings, nor of even a certain kind of piety. They have a strong sense of the presence of God in the world, and of His sustaining providence; and their adherence to their own form of Christianity is so decided, that I was assured any one changing to Romanism, or avowing a state of unbelief, would be obliged to leave the country. But the earnest and intense views which are so conspicuous with us, make no appearance in Norway. Their external religion is very much one of forms and catechisms. Of that universal bustle amongst clergy and laity, and of those

struggles in one sect of Christians to make impressions upon another, which are observed in Britain, there is here no trace. The clergyman has a fixed round of duty, which he takes care to perform, and then he feels like a workman who has gone through his task. One told me that, after his Sunday services, he put off the clerical character, and entered into the society of his flock simply as one of themselves. How far this may be owing to there never having been any feeling of 'church in danger' in Norway, I cannot tell; but it is a remarkable attendant circumstance that the institution stands so well with the public, that the clergy feel quite at their ease. The state merely provides a good farm by way of glebe for the parish minister. The rest of his income arises from fees at two or three of the great festivals of the church, and from marriages, christenings, and confirmations. Depending so much on the good-will of his people, he becomes bound up with them in interests and sympathies; and so much is this the case, that they very often select him as their representative in the Storting. At the same time, his situation being worth fully L.200 a year, he is socially on the level of the great bulk of the well-off class, and thus is in no want of authority or respect as a public officer. Perhaps this is a phase of the church which is not altogether without parallel in our own history. Whether, if the Norwegian clergy had to stand a pressure from without, they would be stimulated to greater exertion; whether, if the people were in any danger of being shaken in their simple faith, there would rise among them parties zealous for the strongest interpretations, and clamorous for the most ascetic restrictions, are questions which perhaps admit of but one answer. Meanwhile there is at once an unquestioning acquiescence and a perfect stillness. As, however, there is nothing like unmixed good or evil in human nature or earthly affairs, it is as certain that the moral condition of Norway is not without its fine points, as it is that that of England has its dark shades. The people, if free from excitement of one kind, are also free from it of another. One could almost say that they rest in an innocence which has not yet become conscious of its deficiencies. I was much struck by a little trait which a gentleman assured me was characteristic. He was condoling with a peasant proprietor on the bad crop of the year, when the man cut him short with, 'Yes, sir, but we ought to recollect that we had a good crop last year.' This, in its extent, is surely true piety.

I had expected a boat to be ready for me next morning, in which to proceed upon an inspection of the celebrated Altenfiord terraces; but when the day came, it was found that another still would be required for preparation. During the morning I found some amusement in looking over the store kept by the company for the supply of goods to the workpeople. It was found necessary to establish such a store, because the whole concern was a kind of settlement in the wilderness, and without supplies of food and raiment provided in this systematic way, the colony could not have subsisted. Imagine a long log-house on the brink of the sea, with a quay behind. The interior is a shop, where every conceivable article of household and personal need—groceries, liquors, cloth, haberdasheries, ironmongers' goods, schoolbooks, meal, potatoes, and bread—are presented for sale. The general air of the place is rude and homely, but it serves its end perfectly. A few of the customers were lounging about. I here met also for the first time some of the Laps, with their coarse skin-dresses. They seem an inoffensive people; but the dirt of their persons is not apt to make one fall in love with savage life. One of them seemed an old man: I asked how old, and he mentioned a certain number of years; but I was told that they never observe the truth on these points, and indeed are not very likely to know it, as they have no records. A baby, enclosed in a little case or portable cradle, and looking out with its bleared little eyes and pale face, was a great curiosity. One of the men was understood to possess a considerable stock of

reindeer; but on this point also it is not easy to bring out the truth, as they have a sort of superstitious dislike to precision as to matters of property. The shoe of the Laplander, though rather like a peaked bag than a shoe, is said to be a comfortable article, and I found that several of the English gentlemen wear it by preference.

Another occupation during the morning was afforded in a visit to the *Rose*, where the owner was to give a sort of breakfast lunch. I was much pleased with the neat order of everything on board this little vessel; and we had ample demonstration that she is provided with some of the ordinary comforts of life in no stinted measure. From hence we adjourned in boats to the *Pourvoyant*, in order to pay our respects to the captain, and witness some firing exercise. Our party, numbering nearly a dozen persons, was received with distinguished kindness, and shown over the vessel. Here, too, was a scene of the nicest order. The men, who exceeded a hundred in number, had a more goodly appearance, both in person and dress, than I expected. They commenced firing the guns at a mark on the rocky shore, and seemed prompt and clever at that exercise; yet I cannot say that the precision of their aim came up to the point of excellence which I had anticipated. We were subsequently taken to the captain's apartment, and there entertained with great cordiality. I felt pleasure in doing even a little to impress on these French gentlemen the fact of England's entertaining no feeling but goodwill and respect towards their country. When I announced my hope that there would never again be war between two nations which rather seemed to have had assigned to them the duty of taking a lead in the civilisation and pacification of the world, it was eagerly responded to by the men of various countries present. Thus ended my first week at Kaaford. The next day was to see me launched upon the cardinal adventure of my tour. R. C.

LONDON GOSSIP.

December, 1849.

LET rural folk say what they will, we Londoners do contrive to make our winters very comfortable and agreeable: if the atmosphere be murky without, within doors we have bright sea-coal fires, happy faces, and no end of entertaining relaxations, which grow heartier and warmer as the word goes from mouth to mouth—Christmas is coming. It would do your eyes good in going along our streets just now, notwithstanding the mire, to see the display in the shops—magazines and mourning, books and bonnets, cakes, carpets, cashmeres, and confectionary. In strife or peace, prosperity or panic, on it goes, the great and multiplex life-whirl of this busy metropolis: nothing seems to disturb it but a deadly epidemic.

Not only business, but bodies corporate show signs of reanimation with the coming on of winter; and all our learned societies (and the unlearned ones too) are shaking off their vacation dust. The Geographicals are all alive with reports from and about travellers, and if the propositions thrown out can be accomplished, we shall soon know something more of the interior of Africa and other unknown regions. The Chemicals are talking of acids and alkalis, organic and inorganic bodies, and the 'metamorphosis of dicyanometaniline,' a mysterious process about as easy to comprehend by the uninitiated as metaphysics. The Zoologicals are discussing (not devouring) the birds and animals and whatever subjects of natural history may come before them at their meetings; where the frequent introduction of new specimens affords a significant hint that we have not yet got to the end of animated nature. The Society of Arts have read papers on a new principle for suspension-bridges and piers—which was suggested to the author's mind by his seeing lines of cobwebs one day stretched across a street, and a spider working on them—and on flexible

breakwaters and lighthouses, another attempt at what has been so often tried—open piles; but in this instance with a system of counterbalancing weights. The Civil Engineers have survived the listening to the subject of coffer-dams, as exemplified by the huge structure (1500 feet long) in use at Grimsby Docks, which famous works it is said will by and by come into spirited rivalry with those on the other side of the Humber at Hull. The dean of Westminster, Dr Buckland, was present at one of the meetings, and suggested the propriety of engineers becoming geologists, so as to be able to make surveys without falling into error about strata. Shrewd advice on the part of the dean. The Literatures have been occupied with memoirs on Egyptian antiquities, and on Mount Sinai; and the Asiatics, as usual, are busying themselves with Sanscrit inscriptions and sculptures, extracting facts useful to the historian or ethnologist out of matters seemingly the most intractable: even as bees suck honey from nettle-blossoms. The Antiquaries, among other matters, have been treating themselves to details on the boundaries of land in the old Saxon days, from which facts may be gathered as to monuments of olden time. In a document of this sort, drawn up in the tenth century, they find mentioned as a boundary-mark Welandes Smiddan (Weland's Smithy), or, in other words, Wayland Smith's Cave, with which we are all familiar in Scott's famous romance of 'Kenilworth.' One can hardly forbear a smile at what, when thus heaped together, appears such a strange-looking jumble; but we know that the grand sum of human knowledge is thereby increased: *so sum quique*.

Last, though not least on the list, comes the Royal Society—the 'Old Lady,' as certain irreverent philosophers are pleased to call the venerable corporation. The Fellows, according to custom of nearly two centuries' standing, held their anniversary meeting on St Andrew's Day, their noble president, Lord Rosse, in the chair. The address delivered on the occasion contains a few points worthy of notice. His lordship intimated that a series of soirées would be held, as heretofore, on a scale befitting the first learned society in Europe. He announced also that Lord John Russell had offered to place L.1000 annually at the disposal of the council of the society, as a fund from which scientific men may be assisted, and enabled to pursue their investigations. The council, as you may suppose, have accepted the offer. They will have a delicate and important task to perform in the administration of the fund, one that can be successfully accomplished only by singleness and sincerity of purpose. Let us hope that no petty views will ever be allowed to interfere with a trust, the conferring of which will to some extent relieve our government from a reproach under which it has long lain—that of presenting the cold shoulder to philosophy.

As usual, during the course of his address, Lord Rosse gave away certain rewards to science in the shape of gold medals. The Copley medal, the most honourable—Davy called it the 'olive crown'—was awarded to Sir Roderick Murchison for his 'Silurian System,' 'Geology of Russia and the Ural Mountains,' and other able works in the department of knowledge to which he has especially devoted himself. Two Royal medals were given: one to Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine for 'Researches in Terrestrial Magnetism;' the other to Dr Mantell for his palæontological works. Twenty years ago, the doctor predicted, from a portion of a bone found in Tilgate Forest, the structure, habits, and dimensions of that huge saurian the iguanodon; and now that, bit by bit, discoveries have completed the osteology of the animal, the worthy savan finds his conclusions verified, and gets a medal for his pains.

Sir James Ross's unlooked-for return from the polar regions is still a subject of conversation: the general impression appears to be, that the gallant officer was over-hasty in his determination to come home. His ships, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, are to be forthwith re-

equipped, and, if official rumour is to be depended on, will be despatched to Behring's Strait under the command of Sir Edward Belcher; meantime another expedition, to sail next spring, will resume the search for Sir John Franklin and his party by way of Barrow's Strait. I do not give you this information as positive, but as the substance of what leaks out from authority. The French minister of war is sending out three representatives on a scientific mission to Algeria, 'to inquire into the best means of naturalising in the colony certain vegetable productions, such as madder, sesame, the cactus cocciniferus, the banyan-tree, from which the Americans make their cordage for ships, &c.; also to investigate the best means to be adopted for favouring in Algeria the development of the wool-trade; and, lastly, to examine such circumstances peculiar to climate as are hurtful to Europeans.' A mission of this nature, if honestly conducted, may become eminently useful: the more natural resources are developed, the better for mankind at large; at all events our knowledge of mysterious Africa will be enlarged.

There have been, as you know, many abortive attempts made to apply electro-magnetism as a motive power: despairing projectors may now take new heart, for the Academy of Rouen proposes a prize, to be awarded in August 1852, for the best essay on the question, 'What system of galvanic apparatus, regard being had to power, economy, regularity of movement, and simplicity, is to be preferred by those who endeavour to derive from electric currents a motive force applicable to any branch whatsoever of industry?' The supersession of steam as a prime mover is one among the possibilities entertained by able physicists: whether it will take place so early as 1852 remains to be proved. The Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin also offers a prize of 100 ducats for 'An investigation of turf (peat) with especial reference to the employment of the same and of its ashes as manure.' Here is an alluring inquiry for agricultural chemists. The manuscripts, which may be in German, French, or Latin, at the pleasure of the writers, are to be sent in by the 1st of March 1852: the adjudication of the prize will take place in July of the same year. Apropos of Berlin: two of its most famous professors—Dove and Müller—were so much affected by the late political disturbances, that the former was obliged to give up his duties, and travel in pursuit of fugitive health, while the latter became mentally deranged. To this cause, and to the university deputations which took place in Prussia in September last, we may attribute the small attendance of German savans at the meeting of the British Association.

The travelling public are somewhat moved by the announcement from one of our great companies, that the fares on their line will shortly be raised 50 per cent.: according to some, the change is one which must defeat its purpose. Experience, indeed, seems to point the other way, as you will see by the practice which prevails in the United States. From a published table of sixty-six railways, it appears that the highest charge per mile is six and a-half cents (3½d.); the greater number carry at from two to four cents, while on the New York and Erie line the rate is but one cent and three-fourths—about three-farthings per mile. The lowest fares generally prevail on the lines radiating from New York—Brother Jonathan having the wit to know that cheapness is the desideratum where population is most dense. The best commentary on this statement is the fact, that 'the companies adopting the lowest rates of fares pay the largest dividends.'

A gossip, as you know, must not only talk of what is new, but also report on what is progressive in the old. I may therefore proceed to tell you that another Model Lodging-house was opened on the 12th. The company who built the one in St Pancras have just completed a new one in Spitalfields: it will accommodate 324 single men and 50 families. Judging from the demand for rooms in their former building, the new edifice will be speedily tenanted. Besides this, a

lodging-house for single men (not by the same company) has been fitted up in Old Compton Street, Soho. It is intended for clerks and assistants, who, for 3s. 6d. per week, will have 'all the comforts of a private home, combined with well-ventilated sleeping-rooms, every convenience for washing and cooking, airy sitting-rooms, and a reading-room supplied with books, papers, and periodicals. This establishment will accommodate 130 inmates. This is progress of the right sort: it is not, however, confined to London; a move is being made at Ipswich, supported and sanctioned by Messrs May and Ransome, whose foundry-works are well known. In the words of the report, 'the site of a Workman's Hall has been determined on, and the money is now ready to build it. It will cost about L.1000. There will be forty dormitories for single men and lads, which will be let at about 1s. 6d. a week, including attendance; there will be a large room for evening resort—a workman's drawing-room, a library, and reading-rooms. The building will be fitted up with baths, the whole under the management of a resident matron and mistress. The privileges of the hall will be available to every workman upon the establishment upon paying a subscription of 1s. a quarter; and each member will thus not only have a cheerful room to spend his evenings in, but the opportunity of obtaining his early breakfast, his dinner, and his cup of tea at a cheap rate from the kitchen, where a cook will be always in attendance.' If, after this, Ipswich workmen don't thrive, it will be their own fault; and it is to be hoped that Workmen's Halls will ere long be found in other counties besides Suffolk. Indeed rumours already reach us of something of the sort being taken in hand at Manchester and other places. Then, again, baths and washhouses are growing: at Birmingham the first stone of a bath-establishment for the poor was laid two months ago; and the citizens of Hereford and Oxford are bestirring themselves in the same cause. It will be interesting to watch the gradual spread and increase of cleanly habits. Still more, a Commission appointed by government is inquiring into the vexed question of Smithfield, and devoutly is it to be wished that the honourable gentlemen may decide it; that we may no longer be in doubt as to the salubrity or insalubrity of the reeking cattle-yard. Wont it be glorious to have the space now so uninviting laid out as a park with green turf, trees, and gravelled walks? What a boon it will be for the densely-crowded population of the immediate neighbourhood! Cattle and swine once banished from the city, there is no reason why slaughter-houses should not follow; and here your Edinburgh 'fleshers' have set an example in petitioning for three acres of land in a proper site whereon to erect the necessary buildings. May success attend their efforts! and furthermore, the sooner you get your new water supply the better, for we may then be able to profit by your experience.

In addition to baths and washhouses at Oxford, a project is on foot for a new college in the venerable university, on a more liberal standard than those already existing: it is not in the nature of things that exclusiveness should always prevail. Normal Schools at Gloucester are also talked of in connection with the same scheme. But colleges to wit: the opening of the new establishments in Ireland shows that a love of learning is wanted as well as schools. Queen's College, Cork, I am told, commenced with less than forty students; while the college at Galway could muster only nineteen: at this rate it will be some time before the endowed scholarships are taken up. Several of the professors are taking a holiday in consequence, waiting while the classes grow. Something better than this is reported from the antipodes: at Hobart Town has recently been incorporated 'The Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land for Horticulture, Botany, and the Advancement of Science.' It originated in 1843; the Queen is patroness, and a yearly grant of L.400 is given by government to pay salaries and promote the general objects of the institution. The last published report

states that eighty volumes, besides pamphlets, have been brought together as the nucleus of a public library; as well as many hundreds of specimens towards a museum; and of the large botanic garden, it is praiseworthy recorded that 'the society have sought, by rendering the gardens attractive, and throwing them freely open to the public, to diffuse a love for simple enjoyments, and to establish tastes and habits of a laudable and instructive tendency amongst a class hitherto left to fill up the void of leisure hours with amusement and gratification derived often from questionable, if not objectionable sources.' You will not be astonished to learn that a large increase in the number of visitors, 'whose propriety of conduct deserves to be recorded,' followed this wise arrangement. The meetings of the society are held once a month; there are between 100 and 200 members, and the papers and proceedings are published in a quarterly journal. The first number of this contains reports on the coal basins of Tasmania.

Among literary matters, several valuable scientific works have lately made their appearance: supplements to the narrative of the American Exploring Expedition, geological, botanical, ethnographical, &c. We are, it is said, to have something very wonderful from the States on the subject of ethnology before long, in an essay on races of men considered with reference to woolly or hairy heads—*Nous verrons!* Besides this, our beyond-sea brethren are contemplating a 'Nautical Almanac' of their own, so as to be independent of the one calculated by 'old country' astronomers. There is much to be said for and against. If carried into effect, it is proposed to reckon the longitude from New Orleans—a point six hours in time, or ninety degrees from Greenwich; and then to bring this *en rapport* with the observatory at Washington. An astronomical journal is also to be published, to comprehend 'not only researches in every department of physical, theoretical, and practical astronomy, but also investigations on all subjects directly connected with these, such as pure mathematics, geodesy, the theory of instruments, &c.—to the exclusion, however, of popular articles and general speculations.' Such a design, eminently calculated to promote peaceful relations among philosophers of all civilised countries, deserves to prosper.

A work has just made its appearance here, published at Leipsic, which may be ranked among the curiosities of literature. It is entitled, 'Biographical Bibliography, or Dictionary of 26,000 Works, Ancient and Modern, relating to the History of the Public and Private Life of Celebrated Men of all Times and of all Nations, from the Beginning of the World to our Days.' The dedicatory page shows the name of Alexander von Humboldt surrounded by an ellipse of stars, and the work is offered to him as '*premier connétable* of scientific Europe.' The author, E. M. Oettinger, says, 'this work which now very modestly knocks at the door of the learned world is the fruit of twelve years' labour, the exploration of twenty great libraries, and of 10,000 catalogues, which we have turned over during this period.' The book is a tall quarto of nearly 800 pages; if favourably received, the author intends to bring out as a sequel 'Historical Bibliography, to contain all the Monographs relating to the People and Countries of the Universe.' Such a feat as this quite reminds one of the patient labours of monkish historians. Dr Ohm, another learned German, has sent over his first volume of 'Contributions to Molecular Physics.' Following the general practice of his countrymen, he begins at the beginning, and starts with the 'Analytical Geometry' of the subject: at this rate it will be long ere he reaches the end. There is a fact worth noting connected with the history of this book: some years ago Ohm made a most important discovery in the laws relating to electric currents, which for a long time was known only through a plagiarised version brought out by some Frenchman as his own. At length the Royal Society recognising the value of Ohm's researches, honoured him with their Copley

medal, which approval has reanimated the doctor to further labours in the same field, and he dedicates his book to the Society, as he says, 'out of gratitude.' And here I may mention that Mr Smee has published a supplement to his 'Electric Biology,' which he calls 'Principles of the Human Mind.' It consists of a series of texts, in a style somewhat aphoristic, on the various subjects developed in his former work, embracing all mental phenomena, in health and disease, deranged or defective: in morals, æsthetics, instinctive and acquired ideas. We are to have a translation, too, of Quetelet's 'Laws of the Social System' by Professor Nichol; and, to leave this topic, I may just add that Mr Layard is again at Nineveh: he reached Mosul last September, and has recommenced his labours. Already a painting has been discovered which exhibits the mode in which the two huge sculptured bulls were transported to their respective positions. This time Mr Layard is accompanied by a skilful draughtsman: he has again visited the hill-tribe of Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, so that we may look for another interesting book in due season.

Noteworthy subjects are continually turning up in various circles of gossip, according to their quality. 'Have you heard,' says one, 'what the "Recueil of the Société Polytechnique" says about a new mode of turning waste steam to account?' The proprietor of a factory took it into his head to introduce his waste steam under the roots of pine-apple plants; and such was the combined effect of heat and moisture, that a magnificent crop of ripe fruit was the speedy result, and of a much finer flavour than usual, owing to the growing part of the plant having been daily exposed to the open air. Then another will call your attention to the monster monolith, mentioned also in the same publication, which has been quarried by the Russians to serve as a pedestal for the statue of their late emperor, Alexander. The huge mass is 30 metres (98·45 feet) in length, by 7 metres (22·97 feet) square, and weighs, or is estimated to weigh, 4,700,000 kilogrammes (4626 tons). Six hundred quarrymen were engaged two years in preparing it; and its erection, under the superintendence of M. Montferrand, a French architect, required 80 capstans and 2000 men. The stone which supports the statue of the great Peter weighed originally about 1800 tons, less than half the weight of the new block, which, it is to be presumed, we must regard as a specimen of the gigantic scale of Russian operations. A third asks you to look at some notes he has made of recent American inventions, where you find that a Mr Bussey of Illinois has patented a machine which makes fences and ditches at the same time. He describes it as a 'combination of two ditching-machines, so that the soda cut from two parallel ditches shall be elevated and placed, with the grass, out in a continuous ridge between the said ditches at one operation.' Then in Massachusetts a Mr Howe has constructed a most ingenious machine for sewing—to do the work of sempstresses and tailors. The cloth, or other material, is held between wires, serving as basting threads, attached to metal plates, which move with the progress of the work. Two threads are used, one carried by the needle, the other by a shuttle. The needle is curved, with the eye about one-eighth of an inch from the point; a vibrating arm in which it is held thrusts it through the cloth about three-fourths of an inch, when the protruding curve and thread resemble in appearance a strung bow. Immediately the shuttle is made to pass through this bow, between the steel and string, in such a way that 'the thread which was carried in by the needle is surrounded by that received from the shuttle; and as the needle is drawn out, it forces that which was received from the shuttle into the body of the cloth; and as this operation is repeated, a seam is formed which has on each side of the cloth the same appearance as that given by stitching, with this peculiarity, that the thread shown on one side of the cloth is exclusively that which was given out by the needle, and the thread seen on the other side is exclusively that which was given out by

the shuttle. It will therefore be seen,' thus pursues the inventor, 'that a stitch is made at every back and fourth movement of the shuttle.'

This letter is perhaps too long: but, as Madame de Staël once said in writing to Benjamin Constant, 'I have not time to shorten it;' and I am now compelled to let several items stand over till my next, which I hope will reach you early in eighteen hundred and fifty.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS IN 1849.

THERE are few persons unacquainted with that romance of naval history, the 'Mutiny of the Bounty.' Yet as we have some fresh information to give respecting Pitcairn's Island, and the descendants of the mutineers, even those acquainted with the story will not object to be reminded of it.

In 1789 his majesty's armed vessel *Bounty*, while employed in conveying the bread-fruit-tree from Tahiti to the British colonies in the West Indies, was taken from her commander, Lieutenant William Bligh, by a part of the crew; who, headed by Fletcher Christian, a master's mate, mutinied off the island of Tofa, and put the lieutenant, with the remainder of the crew—in all nineteen persons—into the launch. After a passage of 1200 leagues, they arrived at a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor. The mutineers, twenty-five in number, were supposed, from some expressions which escaped them when the launch was turned adrift, to have made sail towards Tahiti. As soon as this circumstance was known to the Admiralty by the arrival of Bligh and his companions in England, Captain Edwards was ordered to proceed in the *Pandora* to that island, and endeavour to discover and bring to England the *Bounty*, with such of the crew as he might be able to secure. On his arrival, in March 1791, at Matavai Bay in Tahiti, four of the mutineers came voluntarily on board the *Pandora* to surrender themselves; and from information given by them, ten others (the whole number alive upon the island) were in the course of a few days taken; and, with the exception of four who perished in the wreck of the *Pandora* near Endeavour Strait, were conveyed to England for trial before a court-martial, which adjudged six of them to suffer death, and acquitted the other four.

It became known to the commander of the *Pandora* before he left the Pacific that the mutineers remaining in the *Bounty* were reduced by desertion to no more than nine, and that they sailed away with several Tahitian men and women, each having taken one of the latter as his wife, on the 22d September 1789, intending to seek out some uninhabited island, and having established themselves on it, to break up the *Bounty*, so that all trace of them should be lost.

This was managed so securely, that all Captain Edwards's attempts to gain information of the *Bounty* and her crew at the numerous islands at which the *Pandora* touched failed, and nothing was heard of the mutineers for twenty years afterwards. In 1808 the American ship *Topaz* of Boston, Captain Folgar, touched at Pitcairn's Island in latitude 25° 2' south, and 130° west longitude, and to his surprise found it inhabited by the offspring of the mutineers, headed by Alexander Smith, who had changed his name to John Adams. It was ascertained that among those who originally landed were—besides Christian and Smith—Young a midshipman, M'Coy, Mills, and Quintal, seamen, and Williams armourer, together with six natives, their wives, and the native wives of the Europeans. But now none of the men remained alive but Smith. The whole population amounted to thirty-five, who acknowledged Smith as their chief. They all spoke English, and had been educated by him in a moral and religious way.

It is somewhat singular that these facts did not become known till five years later—namely, till 1813. The succeeding year Sir T. Staines of his majesty's ship *Briton*, in company with Captain Pipon of the *Tagus*, both still in ignorance of Folgar's visit, accidentally approached the island. They were not a little astonished, on nearing

what they believed to be an uninhabited place, to behold plantations regularly laid out, and huts more neatly constructed, than those on the Marquesas islands. When about two miles from the shore, some natives were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, dashing through a heavy surf, and paddling off to the ships; but their astonishment was unbounded on hearing one of them, on approaching the ship, call out in the English language, 'Wont you heave us a rope now!'

The first man who got on board the *Briton* was 'Thursday October Christian,' the first born on the island, and son of Fletcher Christian. His only dress was a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw-hat ornamented with the black feathers of the domestic fowl. 'With a great share of good-humour,' says the captain of the *Tagus*, 'we were glad to trace in his benevolent countenance all the features of an honest English face. . . . I must confess,' he continues, 'I could not survey this interesting person without feelings of tenderness and compassion.' His companion was George Young, a fine youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age. If the astonishment of the two captains was great on hearing their first salutation in English, their surprise and interest were not a little increased on Sir Thomas Staines taking the youths below, and setting before them something to eat, when one of them rose up, and placing his hands before him in a posture of devotion, distinctly repeated, with a pleasing tone and manner, 'For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful.'

The two captains accompanied these young men on shore. With some difficulty, and a good wetting, and with the assistance of their conductors, they accomplished a landing through the surf, and were soon after met by Smith, *alias* John Adams; a man between fifty and sixty years of age, who conducted them to his house. His wife, who was blind with age, accompanied him. He was at first alarmed lest the visit was to apprehend him; but on being told that they had been till that moment perfectly ignorant of his existence, he was relieved from his anxiety. Being once assured that this visit was of a peaceable nature, it is impossible to describe the joy on seeing those whom they were pleased to consider as their countrymen. Yams, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits, with fine fresh eggs, were laid before them; and the old man would have killed and dressed a hog for his visitors, but time would not allow them to partake of his intended feast.

The colony had now increased to about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, besides a number of infants. The clothing of the females consisted of a piece of linen reaching from the waist to the knees, and generally a sort of mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders, and hanging as low as the ankles; but this covering appeared to be intended chiefly as a protection against the sun and weather, as it was frequently laid aside, and it is not possible to conceive more beautiful forms than they exhibited. They sometimes wreathed caps or bonnets for the head in the most tasteful manner, to protect the face from the rays of the sun; and though, as Captain Pipon observes, they only had the instruction of their Otaheitean mothers, 'our dressmakers in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste of these untaught females.'

Their native modesty, assisted by a proper sense of religion and morality instilled into their youthful minds by John Adams, had preserved these interesting people perfectly chaste, and free from all kinds of debauchery. They all laboured, while young, in the cultivation of the ground; and when possessed of a sufficient quantity of cleared land and of stock to maintain a family, they were allowed to marry; but always with the consent of Adams, who united them by a marriage ceremony of his own.

Such was the scanty information given to the world of this interesting colony till Captain Beechy visited it in the *Blossom* in 1825. Not till then were the romantic adventures of the mutineers after leaving Tahiti reduced to writing. They were taken from Adams's own lips, and signed by him. The well-known 'Narrative' of Captain Bligh, and Byron's poem of 'The Island, or Christian

and his Comrades,' have since made them familiar to most readers.

It appeared that Christian, after having possessed himself of the *Bounty*, and while sailing away from Tahiti, advisedly selected Pitcairn's Island for his destination on reading Captain Carteret's account of it,* which was in the library of the *Bounty*. On January 1790 he reached it, and landed all the stores from the ship, intending to destroy her, and with her all trace of the whereabouts of himself and his companions. Once established on the island, they felt their condition comfortable even beyond their most sanguine expectation; and everything went on peaceably and prosperously for about two years, when Williams, who had the misfortune to lose his wife about a month after his arrival, by a fall from a precipice while collecting birds'-eggs, became dissatisfied, and threatened to leave the island in one of the boats of the *Bounty* unless he had another wife—an unreasonable request, which could not be complied with except at the expense of one of his companions; but Williams persisted in his threat, and the Europeans, not willing to part with him, on account of his usefulness as an armourer, constrained one of the blacks to bestow his wife upon the applicant. The rest of the male natives, outrageous at this act of flagrant injustice, made common cause with their companion, and matured a plan of revenge upon their aggressors.

Their plot was revealed to the wives of the Europeans, and these ladies naturally, in such a desolate place, set too much value on their husbands not to give warning. The method in which they apprised these men of their danger is very characteristic and primitive, bringing to mind a scene in the 'Lady of the Lake.' They introduced into one of their songs the following words:—'Why does black man sharpen axe! To kill white man.' But the warning was unheeded, and all but three of the party were murdered, including Christian.

After this things went on pretty smoothly, till M'Coy, who had been employed in a distillery in Scotland, tried an experiment with the tea-root, and succeeded in producing a bottle of ardent spirits. This induced Quintal to 'alter his kettle into a still,' and the natural consequences ensued. Like the philosopher who destroyed himself with his own gunpowder, M'Coy, intoxicated to frenzy, threw himself from a cliff, and was killed; and Quintal, having lost his wife by accident, demanded the lady of one of his two remaining companions. This modest request having been refused, he attempted to murder his countrymen; but they, having discovered his intention, agreed that as Quintal was no longer a safe member of their community, the sooner he was out of the way the better: accordingly, they split his skull with an axe. Adams and Young were now the sole survivors out of the fifteen males that landed upon the island. They were both, and more particularly Young, of a serious turn of mind; and it would have been wonderful, after the many dreadful scenes at which they had assisted, if the solitude and tranquillity that ensued had not disposed them to repentance. During Christian's lifetime they only once read the church service; but since his decease this had been regularly done every Sunday. They now, however, resolved to have morning and evening family prayers; to add afternoon service to the duty of the Sabbath; and to train up their own children, and those of their late unfortunate companions, in piety and virtue. In the execution of this resolution, Young's education enabled him to be of the greatest assistance; but he was not long suffered to survive his repentance, having died soon after. Adams steadily and successfully continued the good work which he and his late companion had begun.

The children acquired such a thirst after Scriptural knowledge, that Adams in a short time had little else to do than answer their interrogatories, and put them in the right way. As they grew up, they acquired fixed

habits of morality and piety; their colony improved, intermarriages occurred, and they soon formed a happy and well-regulated society—the merit of which belongs to Adams, and tends to redeem the errors of his former life. He died, honoured and respected, on the 4th March 1829, aged sixty-five.

Such was the information obtained by Captain Beechy. He found, on surveying the island, that it was no more than about seven miles in circumference, the abrupt rocky coast rising to about 1050 feet above the sea. The population had then augmented to eighty persons, who, being descendants of Europeans and native women, still form an interesting link in person, intellect, and habits between the European and Polynesian races. They are tall and robust, with black glossy hair. Since Captain Beechy's visit, ships are constantly touching at the island.

We now come to the most recent account of the little colony. This, singularly enough, is supplied by the successor of the first ship sent out to seek the *Bounty*—namely, the *Pandora*, which arrived at Portsmouth only a few months ago. She touched at Pitcairn's Island in July, and found that its population had increased to 149 souls; seventy-five males, and seventy-four females. Of these we have seen the following interesting analysis:—The 'oldest inhabitant' is a Tahitian woman, aged eighty, widow of Edward Young the midshipman. There are also two men of the first generation—one of them a son of John Adams, named Arthur; and the other a son of Mathew Quintal, named George. There are also seven females of the first generation, of whom three are daughters of Adams, and the rest of Fletcher Christian, Young, Mills, and M'Coy. The remainder are children of the second and third generation. There are eight marriageable males, and seven marriageable females.

Other information brought by the *Pandora* reveals that, during the last five years, one-fifth of the population have been born. The healthiness of the climate may be judged of from the low rate of mortality. Since 1831 there have been only sixteen deaths: four of them accidental, four of fever, one of disease of the ear, one of the heart, one of cancer, one of consumption, two of influenza, one in childbirth, and one in infancy. The diseases most prevalent are asthma and catarrh, which prevail mostly among the females; bilious attacks are frequent, but slight, and easily give way to treatment. Influenza had visited the island during the last seven years, and caused two deaths.

The inhabitants are industrious, especially the females. They all rise with the sun, and retire to rest very early. The men are occupied chiefly in cultivating the ground and carpentering; several of the young men are good at cabinet-work and as blacksmiths. From August to November they have plenty of employment, digging yams, also planting them, with bananas and potatoes, weeding, &c.; and when not busily employed, they generally meet in the morning, and if the weather is favourable, go fishing; while on Saturdays they go out hunting for the Sunday's dinner. The Sabbath is still kept most strictly.

The females usually assist in the cultivation of the ground, preparing thatch for the houses, and, in fact, are more employed than the men; they are generally very strong, many of them being able to carry a barrel of potatoes down to the landing-place, the path to which is very rugged and steep, and in the rainy season very difficult to ascend or descend.

The food of the inhabitants is chiefly yams and potatoes, animal food two or three times a week. Fish is becoming scarce. Bedclothes are generally manufactured by the females from a species of mulberry. Wearing apparel they obtain from the whale ships, in exchange for the produce of the island. Cotton cloth is much wanted, and amongst the other scarce articles are blankets, woollens, and soap.

The jurisprudence of this primitive community is exceedingly simple. On the first day of each year a chief magistrate and councillor are elected; all persons, male and female, over sixteen years of age, being voters. The chief magistrate then chooses his counsellor or secretary.

* Carteret discovered Pitcairn's Island in the corvette the *Scofield* in 1766. An account of his voyage was afterwards drawn up, together with Cook's first voyage, and published by Hawkesworth.

His duty is to convene meetings, and to preside over courts assembled to settle disputes. These, after the hearing of each side, are referred to a jury of five persons, who return a regular verdict. In criminal cases, the punishments are either labour or fines. If in civil disputes the decision of the jury is not satisfactory to both parties, they are allowed to appeal to the commander of the first of her majesty's ships of war which may touch at the island. A reference made to Captain Beechy while there, less on a judicial matter than on a point of conscience, is a touching instance of the scrupulous regard these people have for a vow, even when inconsiderately made:—wives, it may be imagined, are very scarce, as the same restrictions with regard to relationship exist as in England. George Adams, son of the patriarch, in his early days had fallen in love with Polly Young, a girl a little older than himself; but Polly, probably at that time liking some one else, and being at the age when young ladies' expectations are at the highest, had incautiously said she 'never would' give her hand to George Adams. He nevertheless indulged a hope that she would one day relent, and to this end was unremitting in his endeavours to please her. In this expectation he was not mistaken; his constancy and attentions as he grew into manhood, his handsome form, softened Polly's heart into a regard for him, and had nothing passed before, she would willingly have given him her hand. But the vow of her youth was not to be got over, and the love-sick couple languished on from day to day, victims of the folly of early resolutions. The weighty case was referred for Captain Beechy's consideration; and the fears of the party were in some measure relieved by the result, which was, that it would be much better to marry than to continue unhappy, in consequence of a hasty determination made before the judgment was matured. They could not, however, be prevailed on to yield to this decision, and the Blossom left them unmarried. Love, however, eventually proved too strong for overwrought principle; and a letter from Pitcairn's Island, dated 19th March 1830, stated that George Adams was married to Polly Young, and had two sons.

Since Captain Beechy's visit, the average number of ships which anchor off the island has been eight or nine per annum, mostly Americans, who, it is satisfactory to state, are reported to behave well without exception. The last vessel that touched there was an English brig from New Zealand, bound to California with emigrants, there being eight English women amongst them. On the arrival of a ship on the island, no one is allowed to go on board before the pilot, who takes charge of the boats when landing, and provides for the captain when on shore; each family in rotation furnishing a pilot, or providing a substitute, who always expects a small remuneration from visitors for his service.

We have also gleaned the following particulars of the soil, culture, and meteorology of Pitcairn's Island:—The soil is very rich, but porous; a great proportion decomposed lava, the other a rich, black earth and clayey ground. The climate is temperate; the thermometer from 59 to 89 degrees in the shade. The spring commences in August, which is harvest-time, and yams and potatoes are dug; and of potatoes there are two crops a year, which are planted in February and July, and dug in June and November. There are no regular trade-winds: in the summer months the wind prevails mostly from east-south-east to north. Northerly winds are generally light, often accompanied with rain or fog. When the wind is north, it invariably goes round to the westward, from which quarter, and south-east, the strongest gales prevail. With wind from south-west, it is generally clear weather with moderate breezes. In winter the prevailing winds are south-west to east-south-east. The animal and vegetable productions of the island are—goats, hogs, and poultry; yams, sweet potatoes, the api-root and tano in small quantities; plantains, pines, melons, oranges, bread-fruit, sugar-canes, limes, and the Brazilian plum. The only grain is maize.

From its distance from any other of the islands in Polynesia, Pitcairn's Island is perhaps the most isolated

place in the world. To this may be ascribed the gratifying tenacity with which the people preserve their simple virtues and modesty. May the day be far distant when the vices of other nations find their way among them! We augur nothing favourable, however, from the visit of the ship on its way to California—to and from which it is not much out of the main track. It is to be hoped that the crimes of the 'diggings' may never be imported among the descendants of the crew of the *Bounty*.

CAPTAIN THINGAMY.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

A POET has urged that there is very little in a name—remarking that a rose by any other name would be equally odoriferous. I am sufficiently barbarous in my tastes to differ from the great poetical philosopher, and in defence of my own ideas, narrate the following story, which is strictly historical, and may be found in a few lines in several records of the French navy. It will at all events prove that a name may be a very dangerous thing at times, and place the owner of it in awkward and uncomfortable predicaments. My illustration is not singular, and is selected from many, because it contains certain subsidiary incidents likely to interest.

At the very height of the revolutionary fever of 1792, and when nearly all the remnants of old families had emigrated from France to seek refuge in Germany and England from a torrent they had not the heart nor chivalry to stem, there remained some few exceptions. A few, like Rouget de l'Isle, the author of the 'Marseillaise,' remained in the mother country, and, indifferent to the changes of government which popular feeling had brought about, determined to serve their native land, no matter by what name the central authority might be designated. Among those who did not consult this predilection as to whether it was less proper to serve the Convention than Louis XVI., was a young noble, by name Count Le Roy Louis de St Cyr—a designation as fitting for the day as would have been Lord King Charles St Peter in the time of Praise-God-Barebones. In 1792 all appellations which relished of the old state of things had vanished. The word 'citizen' had effaced 'sir;' and Brutus, Scævola, Scipio, Rienzi, and other names celebrated in history, had taken the place of the Jeans and Jacques, and especially the Louises, which were held in abhorrence. Streets and towns to which Saint was affixed had dropped the handle to their names, while inns and trades made prominent by signs had all adopted patriotic designations.

Count Le Roy Louis de St Cyr was a brave and able naval officer. By the desertion of all the other nobles, who composed almost exclusively the officers of the navy before the Revolution, he found himself at five-and-twenty captain of the magnificent frigate *Venus*, manned by as terrible a crew as ever volunteered to eat up the English for their country's good. He alone was what was called a *ci-devant*—that is an *ex-*, meaning an *ex-noble*. All his subordinates were young officers who had served before the mast, and who had more experience than manners, more nautical knowledge than theoretical education. The French navy was at this time under a strange discipline. The officers were appointed by the state, but the crew always confirmed or rejected the appointment at their will. The foremast-men and petty officers were hot patriots, wore red caps, and had their clubs on board, those of the extreme revolutionary party being always in the majority. Long discussions were held on all points concerning the service. The amount of respect to be shown to officers was rigorously discussed, as well as the amount of obedience. Of course the superiors were thee and thou'd without mercy, while in few ships was it usual to touch the hat when speaking to them. Moreover, the men freely asked a reason for any order they received, and, until it was given, refused obedience, except in cases of urgency. This extraordinary position of affairs would at any other time have totally disorganised the service, and annihilated the efficiency of

the navy; but at this moment of brief but wild enthusiasm its effects were scarcely ever bad. Luckily the system did not outlive the enthusiasm.

The *Venus* lay in the harbour of Brest, undergoing some necessary refitting, which promised to occupy a month, and Captain St Cyr, whose department this did not essentially concern, resided ashore, the more willingly that he was not quite as well as might have been wished. Young, handsome, elegant in person and manners, the ex-noble was, however, sufficiently sensible to adopt all the habits of the times. It was to his scrupulous observance of trifles, and by other qualities, that he had escaped prison and death, although bearing a name which was, in the days of the guillotine, a living and hourly condemnation. But the young man was mild, affable, and unassuming. Brave as a lion on his deck, and obeyed with passive respect by his men, he had never fought a duel. While his crew had gruff answers enough for the newly-raised officers, who spoke their own language, and whose manners were their own, they never presumed upon the license of the times with St Cyr. Several infractions of discipline had been firmly punished by him after a trial before a jury of half officers, half men, who, led by the calm statement of their captain, always decided according to his opinion. But he never punished without good cause, and was adored by his men, who, if they were licentiously free, were ill-paid and ill-fed enough to afford them an excuse for being unruly.

On shore the captain was equally clever and popular. He lodged with a saddler named Boutard, and even took his meals with the family, composed of the father, mother, and a very pretty daughter, whose name had been changed from Antoinette to Lucrezia. Lucrezia was a charming innocence, as the French say, of nineteen—sprightly, handsome, good-hearted, and pure-minded. Her education had been neglected; but Captain St Cyr was so good-natured, that, for the eighteen months he had at long intervals lodged in the house, he had amused himself by making up for this deficiency. The family adored their lodger, as worthy people always do when they have a nice young man under such paternal sway; but, despite the republican severity of the times, and the undoubted civism of Citizen Boutard, they revered the noble, and, despite all his advances, had never ventured on familiarity with him. They delighted in his urbanity; they proclaimed his admirable democratic manners everywhere; but they, one and all, remembered the distance which society had placed between them only twenty-four months previously. Old Boutard spoke to the young man with dogged respect; the Citoyenne or Citizeness Boutard with affectionate respect; while Lucrezia addressed him always as a being who was too great and mighty for familiar intercommunion. Nothing that young St Cyr could do altered this state of things. Every morning and every afternoon the young officer took his breakfast and dinner with his landlord, put Lucrezia in the way of her studies, and then retired to his own. The evening he spent partly at a club, and partly at a coffeehouse, where he read the news from Paris, now of a truly tremendous character. Having perused the papers, chatted with the habitual visitors, chiefly naval officers, he returned to the Rue du Dix Août—so called in commemoration of the 10th of August, the date of the overthrow of the monarchy—and supped with his host's family. His visits to his ship were performed at dawn.

One day after dinner, Captain Le Roy Louis de St Cyr sat at the table of the Citoyen Boutard longer than usual. He did not speak. He was in a profound reverie, and his companions religiously respected his silence. The old man smoked away, the mother knitted a stocking, the daughter copied some manuscript music which the naval officer had borrowed from a friend.

'Citoyen Boutard,' suddenly exclaimed the captain, starting from his reverie, 'have you any objection to take me for a son-in-law?'

The honest saddler let his pipe fall to the ground, and shivered it to atoms; the goodwife dropped some two or three dozen stitches; while Lucrezia turned white and red, and smeared her whole paper with blots.

'Monsieur le Comte!' said Boutard, looking with an air of regret at his favourite pipe.

'I think you said monsieur and count!' observed St Cyr with good-natured irony.

'I beg pardon, Citoyen Capitaine; but why do you joke with me?'

'Citizen Boutard, or rather Papa Boutard, I am so much in earnest, that if you won't have me, I shall use the right which the law gives me; and taking your daughter by the hand, ask the justice to unite us. But all joking apart, my dear friend, I love your child; if she can find it in her heart to take me, and you to permit our union, this will be the happiest day of my life.'

'But Monsieur le Comte, this is impossible! Your rank, your family, your—'

'Ta, la, la!' cried Captain St Cyr, stopping the bewildered saddler: 'why, you are talking treason by the yard. Recollect that we are under a Republic, that all distinctions are abolished, and that to say what you have just said in public would cost you your head!'

'But, wife,' said Boutard more astonished than ever, 'do I hear aright? Is it possible? And you, child?'

The Citoyenne Boutard made no reply, being too much astonished to speak; while Lucrezia bowed her head almost to the table, as if wiping away the blots on her paper.

'My dear friend,' continued St Cyr, 'yes or no?'

'Yes, yes! proud and happy father that I am! But speak, child: it is for you to answer.'

'I have always been an obedient daughter,' said Lucrezia in a low and almost inaudible tone.

'That is not enough,' said the honest saddler more calmly. 'I married your mother because she loved me, and because she wished it, I hope, as much as I did; and we have never repented. My daughter—my only child—shall not marry to please her father. Speak, girl; am I to refuse? I am ready, though a wish I never dared to hope for can now be realised.'

'Speak, Lucrezia!' put in the captain humbly.

'I never ventured—I couldn't hope,' said the daughter, sobbing in her mother's arms; 'but I should have died if the captain had married any one else.'

This answer of the agitated girl satisfied all parties. The naval officer was enraptured, the parents delighted; and Lucrezia—who had never suspected the long-cherished passion of the young count, but who, seeing him every day, had unconsciously entwined her heart round his existence—was painfully happy, so much had the scene taken her by surprise.

It was late when the captain went to his coffee-house, which he found full. The end of the ex-king's trial was approaching, and the public mind had been worked up to a perfect frenzy of excitement. The Paris papers of the day were actually fought for by the eager quidnuncs. The captain took his seat in a corner, heard all the reports of the day, and then entered into conversation with some of his friends. While talking, he noticed a young man—a provision-merchant of his own street—advance towards him with some companions in loud conversation. Marcus Brutus Cauchard was one of the followers of Marat, and president of the Cordeliers Club at Brest. More from mad and frenzied ardour than cruelty, he denounced all suspicious persons with eager and furious haste, and had sent many a victim to the scaffold. His influence with the mob was great; and though more moderate people were in the majority, by dint of energy and loud talking the minority was generally master. Marcus aspired to the hand of Lucrezia; and though always repelled by the young girl, still looked upon success as certain. The imprudent and proud Boutard had himself undecieved him; and the enraged provision-merchant went in search of his rival, with a treacherous and base scheme in his head.

'Hast heard, Citizen Pontius Pilate,' said he to a hideous Jew who was his toady, 'of the festival for tomorrow? It is to celebrate the Age of Reason. We must have a better goddess than the theatre can give us. Who votes for Lucrezia, the beauty of Brest?'

'All!—all!' cried most of the persons in the *café*.
'And what sayest thou, captain!' continued Cauchard.
'That the excellent citoyenne cannot, and will not, perform the part which requires a bolder and more experienced actress.'

'Dost hear the *aristoc*?' cried Marcus with fury. 'He thinks the young lady too delicate to do honour to the Republic.'

'Not to serve the Republic as a good daughter and an excellent wife, but too delicate to be made the subject of a coffee-house quarrel.'

And the captain quietly left the place. Two hours later, he was arrested under the terrible accusation of being a suspected person, which in most cases was equivalent to condemnation to death.

Marcus Brutus Cauchard was a member of the terrible tribunal which at Brest decided on the fitness of its inhabitants for the guillotine or for liberty; and the very next morning the naval captain was brought before the bench of judges, the denouncer sitting apart to guide the process. The captain was calm and firm, though pale with having passed a sleepless night. His colour soon came, however, when he saw his beloved Lucrezia, her father and mother, among the dense crowd which filled the large hall. The judges were seven, and sat at a green-baize table, Marcus being behind them. The public accuser stood at one end, the prisoner at the other. A dozen *gensdarmes* kept order.

'Prisoner,' said one of the judges, 'thou art accused of being an ex-noble, the son of a duke and duchess.'

'Citizen President, I didn't choose my father and mother.'

The audience laughed. The captain was a clever man: he knew very well that in that time of popular omnipotence he must speak to the populace: they were his real judges.

'Thy observation is correct, citizen; but except retaining thy pay as an officer, what proof of civism and devotion to the Republic hast thou given?'

'I have offered my sword to my country; and to prove my contempt for the rank you make a crime, I was yesterday accepted as the husband of Lucrezia Boutard, the lovely daughter of an honest, hard-working citizen.'

The audience murmured their applause, Marcus ground his teeth, and the judges looked puzzled.

'Very proper abnegation of pride,' continued the judge, after being refreshed by Marcus. 'But thou wilt not deny that thou art called *Le Roy Louis dé St Cyr*?'

'Certainly not.'

'Ah, ha!' said the president with a look of triumph, while many of the crowd growled forth their dislike, 'thou insultest the nation by such a name!'

'I didn't give myself these names.'

'But thou wilt not deny, prisoner, that the nation having abolished the title *Le Roy* (old spelling of *Le Roi*), thou art guilty of insult in preserving it in thy name.'

'Citoyen, the truth of thy observation is as plain as thy wisdom. Henceforth I suppress the king.'

The audience grinned good-humouredly. The judges looked angry.

'But, citizen—and I recommend thee to be respectful—if thou abolishest the king, thou preservest the hated name of Louis, abhorred by all Frenchmen.'

'Why hated?' said the captain, smothering his indignation, for he respected the misfortunes of Louis XVI. while adhering to the government of his enemies.

'Why hated?' thundered the delighted judge; 'because it is the name of a tyrant now being tried for his crimes.'

'Thou speakest of the Citoyen Capet,' observed the naval officer, adopting the popular style.

'Still,' cried the president, annoyed by another general grin, 'it is the name he once went by.'

'Let us then consider it suppressed. *Le Roy Louis* gone, I remain with an easier name.'

'Prisoner,' continued the judge, again prompted by Marcus, 'thou art next called *dé St Cyr*; now *dé* is an aristocratic adjunct.'

'We went quarrel about particles, Citizen President; I suppress the *dé*.' Applause greeted this sally.

'But the *St Cyr*!' cried the judge. 'Are not saints abolished also?'

'*Ma foi*! I don't know,' replied the captain, 'not having the honour of these gentlemen's acquaintance, except it be *St Barbe* (the powder magazine). But I cut off the *St*, and remain the Citizen *Cyr*.'

'Not so,' screamed the enraged but indefatigable judge; '*Cyr* is an epithet of royalty.' (*Cyr* and *Sire* are pronounced the same in French.)

'Let us then abolish the *Cyr*,' said the officer quietly, and I remain Captain nothing, or—stay—I must have a name, and I can't think of borrowing one. Henceforth, Citizen President, I take and assume the name of Captain *Chose*.'

Roars of laughter, inextinguishable, tumultuous, greeted this assumption of the name of Captain Thingamy or Thingumbob, the only translation of Captain Chose in English; and the judges saw that the populace had given their verdict, which they dared not impugn. Still the irate and vindictive Marcus determined on one last effort, and the president became his organ.

'Prisoner, certainly the name of Captain Chose, the affianced husband of the Citoyenne Boutard, is civic enough; but I have one more crime to accuse thee of: thou art the captain of a fine frigate, christened by the satellites of the monarchy the *Venus*. Why hast thou not adopted some more patriotic epithet?'

'Citizen President, I found my frigate with this name, and with a figure-head representing the celebrated lady in question. But I bow to thy objection, Citizen President, and taking into consideration the wants of the times, and the peculiar habiliments of the so-called goddess, I give notice that Captain Chose is henceforth commander of the *Sans-culottes*!'

The delight of the crowd was intense. '*Vive le Capitaine Chose*!' '*Vive la République*!' '*Vive la Belle Sans-culottes*!' roared the hoarse voices of the people, and in five minutes more the naval officer was carried away in triumph. The sailor's joke about Venus's want of pantaloon, and the happy application of the popular epithet assumed by all extra-warm patriots, excited frenzied enthusiasm, and the chairing only ended at the town-hall, where the despotic but good-humoured populace insisted the marriage should take place that day, and at once. The escape of the cool and self-possessed captain was too rare and happy an occurrence not to silence all scruples, and in two hours more the marriage was celebrated, being secretly performed over again by a priest. The minister of marine, informed of the event, sent a brevet of commander—equal to our post-captain, I believe—to Captain Chose, and the name remained. Under the Empire the naval officer retired to the wreck of his estates with his wife, while at the Restoration, offended at remarks made about the original rank of his spouse, he never resumed his titles. He proudly preserved his name legalised under the Republic, and which, though not very common, is yet frequently to be found. A happy marriage Marcus Cauchard made that day, and all Brest long remembered Captain Thingamy of the *Sans-culottes*.

THE GOTHALMANAC.

MODERN historians, politicians, and newspaper editors, owe a thousand obligations to a compact pocket-annual, which has been printed and published for the last eighty-seven years in Prince Albert's birthplace. For its size—it is only about 5 inches by 4; and though it contains some 800 pages, is not inconveniently thick—the '*Almanach de Gotha*' is one of the most remarkable periodicals extant. But being a calendar of states and nations, the volume for 1850, recently imported, is made more remarkable than most of its predecessors, from the changes in principalities and empires which the past year has produced. This is in some measure attested by the fourteen densely-printed pages of '*additions et changements*,' occasioned by events which took place while the edition was passing through the press.

The Almanach de Gotha brings the political, statistical, and historical geography of nearly the world in general down to the latest date. Immediately succeeding the usual monthly calendar is a genealogy of each European sovereign, with a list of his living relations. Then comes a catalogue of such offshoots of royalty in every part of Europe as are not regnant—together with their collaterals. So that if you wish to find out the precise degree of consanguinity enjoyed by the remotest cousin to royalty, this almanac will give the requisite information. To each head of a family is added short statistical notices of the extent, revenues, and number of inhabitants in their various possessions.

The next department—the *annuaire diplomatique*—enables the inquirer to learn the name of every prominent governmental employé not only in Europe, but in both the Americas. It ranges in alphabetical order of each nation all the ministers of the principal European and American, and some of the Asiatic states, together with the ambassadors and diplomatic agents. The statistical particulars are extremely comprehensive: no words are lost; but every detail which the diplomatist or politician may wish to learn at a glance is cleverly compressed. Not only are the boundaries, extent, dependencies, &c. of every kingdom and principality marked down from the latest treaties, but the population of each is enumerated from the most recent censuses. Where the representative system exists, the proportion of representatives to the people is also computed. The regal, diplomatic, military, and naval expenditure, with the amount of debt, funded or unfunded, and interest payable thereon, is, moreover, set in each instance against the revenues.

The slippery condition of the political world has evidently put the editor's ingenuity to a severe test, and we cannot but admire the skill with which he has conquered the difficulty. Lest a dynasty should be changed, a ministry overturned, or a parliament abolished while his printers are at work—and thus falsify his labours when but just consummated—he has put a date to each page; so that he only holds himself responsible for the state of things he sets down at these precise 'presents.' Indeed he is so particular on this point, that he tells us in the preface the exact time his work occupied in being printed. 'The impression,' he says, 'commenced on the 9th of July, and ended on the 20th September.' For his statements respecting principalities and powers between those dates he pledges his reputation; but will not answer for the future, nor even for what may happen while his sheets are drying. To show what mighty changes were in progress while that simple process was in operation, it is only needful to refer to the copious 'additions.' Even in this the editor has not been able to overtake the existence of the newly-erected sable 'empire' of Hayti.

There is, however, a more sweeping perplexity which the painstaking editor has had to grapple with, it being one involving a vital principle. The Almanach de Gotha, it will be readily inferred, has ever been a right royal publication: its very life-blood has been infused into it by kings and princes. Indeed its earliest numbers contained scarcely anything more than a list of the reigning houses in Europe, the birthdays of kings and queens, the dates of their accession and their lineage. Conceive, then, the hesitation and distaste with which the chronicler of kings must have been obliged at last to admit into his gazetteer—a republic. Except in the case of Switzerland (which has its special exceptions), the very name of such a form of government has been necessarily ignored by this regal record until the present year. To leave out France was of course impossible. Yet as titles are abolished in that country, the main point of interest for this book would have been taken away but for the graceful manner in which the editor fills up this important hiatus. 'Despite,' he says in his preface, 'the abolition of titles of the nobility which has been decided by the most recent revolution in France (I avoid,' continues the learned gentleman in an arch parenthesis, 'the expression *the last*'), I have reproduced in the Almanach the names of the illustrious French families which have hitherto figured in it. A decree may indeed for a time suppress the use of

certain titles, but can it destroy the historic importance, efface the noble reminiscences which the heritors of these names preserve and call up? I doubt it.' With this flattering unction, the author—following the rule, that whenever a concession is contemplated, it should be yielded gracefully and unreservedly—has adorned his present year's labours with a portrait of the president of the French republic; but, like Gregory in 'Romeo and Juliet,' in order 'to have the law on his side,' he quotes the paragraphs of the constitution by which the president and vice-president are elected. The other portraits are those of the young Emperor of Austria (Francis Joseph), Marshal Radetzky, Alexandra, Grand Duchess of Russia, and the king of Holland.

Having admitted the principle of republics in general, the compiler has patronised those of America, North and South, with copious notices; and which, by the law of alphabetical arrangement, take precedence, and stand first in the *annuaire diplomatique*. This rule has not been, however, inflexible, as we shall presently see.

From the causes we have adverted to, the novelties in this edition of the *annuaire statistique* are more striking than in any former volume. Out of the maze into which the revolution in Italy has tangled the numerous states of that country, the editor has managed to define and apportion them to their various owners with praiseworthy clearness. The late federal constitution of Switzerland, which has put a new political face on that country, rendered the stereotypes of the former almanacs quite useless, and the article in the present volume is as entirely new as if Switzerland had been a country just discovered. The closing portion of the almanac is a chronicle of the principal events which have transpired in various parts of the globe from July 1848 to the end of June 1849. This annual register, though compact rather than complete, will be found useful for reference.

The history of the Almanach de Gotha, since its first publication in 1763, involves some curious circumstances. As we have already mentioned, at first it was so completely a court calendar for Europe, that in 1792 it declined to admit the existence of the French Republic; and continued year after year to print, immediately under the head 'France,' Louis XVII. as the reigning monarch. The moment, however, Napoleon became right royal, and, by being proclaimed Emperor, qualified himself for a place in its pages, he figured in them, together with his whole family, down to his remotest cousins. So important an engine of public opinion did this conqueror deem the little Gotha annual, that when French dominion attempted to force the French language into the literature and law of Germany, it succeeded in putting this work into a French dress; in which, from expediency, it has ever since remained. Previously it had been issued solely in the German language. It was then that statistics and the diplomatic lists were first registered by the command of Napoleon, who almost became its editor; for he exercised a stringent supervision over the printers. In 1808 an edition had just been worked off, when a body of French gendarmes entered the office, and without condescending to give a word of explanation, destroyed the whole impression. The editor trembled, submitted, and hurried off to Paris. There he learned his offence—which was, simply, that in obedience to the same alphabetical law which has induced him this year to usher in kingdoms and principalities of ancient date with a young republic, he had opened the Saxon-Ernest line of German princes with Anhalt, while the Emperor Napoleon—by that time 'Protector of the Rhenish Confederation'—insisted on being placed at the head of the Rhine nobles; that, in fact, the alphabet should, by his express command, commence with 'N.' To insure these orders being carried out, the edition for that year was reprinted in Paris. Whether the imperial editor revised the proof-sheets of succeeding numbers is not stated; but certain it is that the chronology of the Almanach de Gotha is utterly silent on the successes of the Allies in the volumes in which these ought to have been detailed. According to its records, the battle of Trafalgar and the Peninsular campaigns were either a blank or a dream. On the other hand, during

the power of Bonaparte, these chronicles were almost exclusively occupied with his deeds, and with the triumphs of his *grande armée*. Portraits of his relatives adorn every number to the exclusion of most others.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, however, the editor—once more installed at Gotha—took courage, and ventured a portrait of the prince-regent of England; but it was not till after the battle of Waterloo, and the total overthrow of his editor-in-chief, that he dared to mention the previous victories of the Allies, which he at last acknowledged very handsomely in a historical *résumé*.

From that time the Almanach de Gotha has rapidly augmented in bulk, but in a far less proportion than it has increased in utility; and it may now be regarded as the most complete register of the kind in existence.

ARGUMENTUM AD FEMINAM.

And, young ladies, permit me to address a few words to you: let me appeal to you, and invoke your assistance in this holy cause. Your influence with the ruder sex is confessedly great, and it ought to be so. Oh, do exert that influence for good! Let each of you this night become, as it were, a Father Cliniquy or a Father Matthew for the cause. Administer the pledge ere you part with your escort this night; give the youth of your choice your *ultimatum*, that he must either resign you or his bottle. (Cheers.) He dares not refuse you; and if he did, he must be a dolt and a dotard, and not worth picking out of the gutter. (Cheers.) What!—prefer a grog-bottle to a pretty maid? Monstrous! Impossible! Young ladies, let me ask you, would you permit the perfume of your ambrosial lips to be mingled and contaminated with the odious fumes of the taproom? (Cheers.) Would you actually suffer your dear delicate cheeks (don't blush, I did not say lips) to be touched by lips which left their last impression on the grog-glass? Out upon the thought: I am sure you would not. Oh, then, I beseech you, if any of you here have—and I doubt not there are many of those in your company to-night in whom you feel more than a common interest—urge them to renounce tippling; pledge them to teetotalism, ere you pledge yourselves to them. It is your only safeguard against the dire calamity of becoming that worst of wretches, the drunkard's wife.—*Speech at a Rechabite Celebration in Cooksville, American.*

WASHING LIQUOR.

A correspondent, who calls himself the 'Washerwoman's Friend,' says—'There is now washing liquor sold in Sheffield at the most extortionate price, beautifully labelled; but for the benefit of washerwomen, who are generally the really deserving poor, we will impart the wonderful secret, which has been obtained from head-quarters; namely, Mr Twelvetreecree—1 lb. of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lime, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of soap. The soda and soap are boiled together, and the lime alone, in two quarts of water; and then, after being boiled, are used as required. This recipe can be as well manufactured by a poor washerwoman as by a scientific chemist.—*Liverpool Standard.* [Our lady readers will thank us for the following still more distinct recipe:—Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lime in boiling water, straining twice through a flannel bag; dissolve separately $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of brown soap and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of soda—boil the three together. Put 6 gallons of water in boiler, and, when boiling, add the mixture. The linens, which must have been steeped in cold water for twelve hours, are wrung out, any stains rubbed with soap, and put into the boiler, where they must boil for thirty-five minutes. They are then drawn (the liquor being preserved, as it can be used three times), placed in a tub, and clear boiling water poured over them. Rub them out, rinse them well in cold water, and they are ready for drying. By this process two-thirds of the ordinary labour of washing is saved; bleaching is dispensed with entirely; the clothes are much clearer, and are less worn than by the ordinary mode of washing, and the mixture in no way damages the fabric. Ere long, that fruitful source of annoyance and discomfort, 'the washing day,' will, by the use of this mixture, come, we are assured, to be reckoned among the things that were.]—*Greenock Advertiser.*

LIFE-ASSURANCE.

A glass of beer a day is equivalent to L.2, 5s. a year, or sufficient to insure a man's life, commencing at twenty, for L.130 at death. Two ounces of tobacco a week are equal to an expenditure of L.1, 10s. a year, or sufficient to insure a

man's life, commencing at the same age, for L.95. How many working-men are there who, to the great benefit of their physical health, might give up these indulgences, and secure the great benefits we have indicated for their families? Is it not worthy of a great effort on their part to throw up a barricade against the future want and misery that may otherwise overwhelm them? For it is an appalling fact, that the death of every thousand heads of families leaves at least four thousand women and children in poverty, unless some such provision as that we are now pointing out has been previously secured.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

T O - D A Y.

Let dotards grieve for childhood's days,
And only those look back
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health
Betrays a shameless track:
I cannot join in mourning time
For ever passed away—
For whilst I look on Nature's book
I'm thankful for to-day!

The trees are still as fresh and green
As ever branches were,
And still, in primal vigour seen,
They wave their arms in air;
The rivers sing the self-same song
That they have sung for aye,
Whose burden, as they glide along,
Is, 'God is here to-day!'

There's not a bird upon the bough,
Or leaf upon the tree,
But in the summer twilight now
As sweetly sings to me:
The bleakest wind that winter blows
Can chase disease away,
And shower blessings in the snows
That hide the earth to-day.

And everywhere a thousand gifts
Invite us to rejoice—
To grieve no more the days of yore,
But raise a thankful voice:
That tell us, though the world were fair
In years removed for aye,
The earth and sky, and sea and air,
As lovely are to-day.

Then tell me not that childhood's days
Alone are fraught with joy—
That manhood's fancy cannot raise
The structures of the boy:
The childish mind is lost in dreams
Of pictures far away,
But man beholds majestic themes
In wonders of to-day.

Oh ye whose eyes upbraiding rise,
Pronouncing fate unjust—
Who walk the earth with cherished hopes
Low trailing in the dust—
Discard a false unmanly thrall,
Nor own so weak a way,
But hope in Him who gave you all,
And thank Him for to-day!

CHARLES WILTON.

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BOATING IN THE ALTENFIORD.

PREPARATIONS for our boating excursion being at length completed, we set out at nine in the morning of the 31st July. We had a stout boat of considerable size, with three approved men, the chief of whom, Sörn by name, could speak a little English. A box of provisions had been arranged by our kind friend Mr Wilson, of the Kaafjord store. I carried various scientific instruments, and my young companion took his gun in the hope of a little ptarmigan-shooting. We had skins and other appliances to make the rear part of the boat comfortable; but I afterwards found that I had reckoned somewhat too lightly on the chances of the climate, though the deficiency was rectified by friends on the way. The weather was now again calm and extremely warm, inasmuch that, during the middle of the day, I found other integument than my linen blouse quite unnecessary.

Once more, then, upon the fiord, and now for a longer excursion, for it was my design to explore the terraces of erosion throughout the fifty miles of straits and bays intervening between Kaafjord and Hammerfest. A little way past Oskarnaes, where new ground began to come under observation, I found the slate rocks overlaid with a crystalline limestone, which at one place dipped into the sea in a vertical cliff, enclosing masses of the slate. It was curious to observe all the included masses near the sea smoothed and scratched, while the including rock was rough, and worn away in consequence of weathering. In this place, where the Kaafjord valley may be said to open up into a wide space, these markings are as well impressed as in the higher and narrower parts, where one might expect the glacier to be more confined, and consequently more energetic. This spot, in short, appears merely as a part of a trough which had extended much farther seaward, with the same markings on its surface. One can scarcely, on seeing such things, resist the impression that the relative level of sea and land has not only at one time been much *higher*, but that at another it has been much *lower*, than at present, allowing ice to descend into hollows in the frame of the land far below the present sea-level; for, as is well known, ice cannot descend far into the ocean, but always, on meeting that element, floats away in masses upon its bosom.

Leaving the recesses of Storvig, Melsvig, and Talvig for subsequent examination, we moved directly on for the part of the fiord where the terraces of erosion commence. By a terrace of erosion, it will be remembered, is meant a horizontal cut in the forehead of the mountainous coast—a mechanical section made by the sea in the hill-face, and indicating, by its height above tide, the shift of relative level of sea and land which has

taken place since it was formed. In most rocky coasts there is a beach formed, with a cliff rising more or less abruptly from it, and this beach would become a terrace of erosion if the land were to rise twenty feet or more out of the water. Such objects are not very common; but I had seen examples on the coasts during the late steamer voyage, and I was now about to visit some which may fairly be considered as amongst the most remarkable in the world.

The monotony of our day's voyage was only broken by a landing which we were tempted to make in a recess of the coast, where we observed a few huts, and expected to find population. It proved to be only a station where men live temporarily while drying their fish. We found frames erected, with horizontally-disposed poles, all covered over with split fish in the process of drying; but no human being appeared on the ground, either to protect this property or to encroach upon it: the huts were closed, and the grass growing up to the very doors; all was a gray solitude, only speaking of man as an occasional visitant. Leaving the boatmen to take their dinner on the beach, we advanced up the side of a high short valley which falls back into the country. We found a wild rude scene of mingled copse and morass, together with spots of such luxuriant herbage, that I wondered there was no small farmer making use of it for his flocks. It seemed a portion of the earth which had yet hardly fallen under the condition of property.

The coast on our right—that is, towards the east—consisted of an alternation of deep recesses, bearing various names as fiords, and bold promontories. In the afternoon, after rowing upwards of twenty miles, we began to approach Komagfiord, where we designed to spend the night. The washed, shattered coast here presents remarkable disturbances of the slate strata, with curious interjections, veinings, and contortions. Many blocks appear, lying on the slate, of totally different kinds of rock, and therefore presumably brought from a distance. By and by terraces begin to appear, with many of these travelled blocks reposing on them. Such stones speak, and the tale which they tell is as truthful, perhaps more truthful, than most of those narrated in black and white.

At length, at an early hour of the evening, we turned into a comparatively small, but sheltered and almost land-locked recess, where we first see palings along the green hill-sides, indicating pastoral farming, and then a neat house seated a little way back from the shore, with a number of smaller buildings scattered near it, including one which advances as a wharf into the sea. That pretty red and yellow mansion, so *riant* with its clean dimity window-curtains, and a little garden in front, is the klopman's house of Komagfiord. It has a small porch in the centre, with a wooden esplanade and

a short flight of steps descending on either hand. A good-looking man, in the prime of life, leans over the rail at the wharf to receive us as we land. We are met by him with a few courteous words in English; we present Mr Thomas's letter of recommendation for Mr Buch, the kiopman, who presently appears, a bulkier and older man, of remarkably open genial countenance, reminding me much of Cowper's description, though not exactly true as far as dress is concerned—

‘An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.’

He meets us with welcome, and we are speedily conducted, with our baggage, to the house, a few steps from the shore, where we are at once introduced into a clean parlour, adorned with family portraits and some of the favourite prints of Sweden and Norway, particularly the never-absent royal family. Mr Buch, however, does not speak any language besides his own. He only looks the welcome he feels. His wife presently appears, a pleasant-looking matron; likewise his daughter and sole child, whom we by and by discover to be the wife of the younger man. Two or three little children, too, the offspring of the young couple, make their way into the room to see those extraordinary beings the English strangers. The younger man, Mr Fantrom, knowing a good deal of English, we speedily, through that channel, become acquainted with the whole of this amiable family, from whom I was eventually to receive a greater amount of kindness than it almost ever was my lot to experience from strangers. We desired of course to be considered as travellers taking advantage in all courtesy of the obligation under which the kiopman lies to receive such persons into his house; but it will be found that we could not induce our kind hosts to regard us in that light. The family seemed to be in very comfortable circumstances, and the union in which the three generations lived together was beautiful to contemplate. I shall not soon, I trust, forget the kiopman's house of Komagfjord.

After the refreshment of tea—for we had taken a good lunch at sea—we went out to examine the neighbouring grounds, and soon ascertained that a terrace of detrital matter and blocks goes entirely round the little valley, at the height of about 64 feet above the sea. Walking along it round the angle which divides the fiord from the open sea in Varg Sund, we find it become a terrace of erosion on the rough coast there, with huge blocks everywhere encumbering its surface—blocks of foreign rock. Mr Fantrom obligingly went along with us over this ground, and seemed glad when I could employ him in holding the levelling staff for a few minutes. We soon found him a very sensible well-informed man, though geology and geodesy were new ideas to his mind.

The latter part of the evening proved extremely beautiful, and we were tempted to take seats on the esplanade in front of the door, to enjoy the cool but still balmy air, a delightful refreshment after the heat of the day. The little fiord lay like glass below our feet, with a merchant sloop moored in the entrance; the rugged mountains beyond the Sound rose clear into the bright blue sky, where the light was yet scarcely dulled. Mr Buch sat down with his long pipe, emitting alternate puffs of smoke, and sentences addressed to his son-in-law and grandchildren. The bustle of Mrs Buch engaged in her household duties made the smallest possible stir within. All besides was as calm as nature before the birth of sound. Having nothing better to do, I proposed at this juncture to bring out my flute, and

play a few airs, provided it should be agreeable to all present. This being cordially assented to, I proceeded to introduce the music of my native country to these simple-hearted Norwegians. The scenery and time seemed to give magic to what might otherwise perhaps have proved of very little interest; and finding my audience give unequivocal tokens of being pleased with my performance, I was induced to go on from one tune to another for fully an hour. It was curious to think of my audience hearing for the first time strains which are an inheritance of the heart to every Scottishman from his earliest sense—to myself, for instance, since three years old—and to reflect on some of our national favourites, as the ‘Flowers of the Forest,’ ‘Loch Erroch Side,’ and the ‘Shepherd's Wife,’ now floating over the unwonted ground of a Norwegian fiord. With each air, in general, the idea of some home friend, with whom it is a favourite, was associated. There was scarcely one which did not take my mind back to some scene endeared by domestic affection, or the love which, in common with every Scot, I cherish for the classic haunts of my native land. It was deeply interesting now to summon up all these associations in succession, in the presence of an alien family who could know nothing of them, and to whom it would have been in vain to explain them, but who, from that very incapability of sympathy, made them in the existing circumstances fall only the more touchingly and penetratingly into my own spirit.

Next morning rose bright and beautiful, and we were early astir to walk round the valley, the features of which, however, I shall describe afterwards. About eleven in the forenoon we left our kind hosts, with a promise to return to them in the course of a few days. Being here close to the commencement of the terraces of erosion, I was loath to defer any longer seeing them. I proposed, however, to go at once, if possible, to Hammerfest, the far extremity of our proposed course, and then to return at such stages as might be thought convenient. Varg Sund, into which we now turned, bounded by the mainland on the right, and the island of Seiland on the left, is, in respect of its breadth and the scenery of its coasts, though scarcely in its roughness, much like the line of the Great Glen in Inverness-shire, where it is filled up with Loch Oich or Loch Lochy. We soon come to observe on the hill-faces at no great elevation two lines apparently parallel with each other, and with the sea-surface. They are equally conspicuous on rough protuberant mountains, and in softer and grassier recesses; but in the latter they are observed to be only indentations in the receding slopes, while in other places they are deep incisions in the cliffy rocks. About nine miles on from Komagfjord there is a peculiarly bold mountain-face projecting a little into the Sound, and bearing the name of Quenklubb. All along this rock the two lines are deeply marked. So are they in some parts of a recess opposite called Olderfjord. So far from dubious are these markings, that at Olderfjord we can quite well distinguish the two lines of Quenklubb, though the Sound is there not much less wide than the Firth of Forth at Granton, or about four English miles.

Landing at Olderfjord, I executed a measurement up the green slopes, much to the astonishment of a group of fishing Queens who have harbourage there. The upper line was 155·47 feet above the tide-mark of the day. Two lower lines appeared on the green delta, one at 56, the other at 65 feet, there being, notwithstanding the slightness of the difference, a decided bank between

them. I then crossed to a similar recess called Saraby, close to Quenklubb, and landed on a beautiful beach of pebbles and shells, underneath a green pastoral slope, on which were several Lap huts. The two lines cross the green sloping ground, and go on at the same levels as deep seams in the rough mountain. I found the lower line formed in the latter situation by a mere shattering of the cliff, and a wearing of it out in slight hollows; but the upper one presented a broad ledge cut in the upturned slate strata, and backed by a tall vertical cliff. This ledge was in some places almost like a floor, being only rendered slightly unequal by the ridges of unusually hard strata starting up above the general level. At one place it was not less than fifty single paces broad—a most impressive illustration of the power of the sea, and of the long space of time during which this had been a shore.

Returning from a solitary ramble in the back country, I came upon a Lap group, composed of a woman engaged in cow-milking, her daughter of perhaps twelve years old, and a cased or cradled baby of a few months. The two cows, one of which was in the process of being milked, were about the size of British calves, but evidently mature animals of their kind. It was a collection of miniatures; for the woman, the girl, and the baby were all as little in proportion as the cows. There was something affecting in this display of diminutiveness. I felt a disposition to do something kind to the poor creatures, and without waiting to consider, proceeded upon the English philosophy of slipping some money into the hand of the girl. I then went into the house near by. Imagine a small low structure of stone and turf, with a turf roof supported by upright sticks placed within, and a clumsy aperture in the centre for the emission of smoke. The door, within a little porch, was exactly three feet high. In the interior I found an expiring fire in the centre of the earthen floor, several pots and pans scattered about, and the remains of a mess of boiled fish in a dish somewhat like a boat-scoop. Behind the range of upright supports for the roof was a series of stall-like compartments, composed, however, only of a few sticks, and several of which, I was told by my boatmen, were actually used for the lodging of the few cows, goats, and sheep belonging to the family; while in another, somewhat wider, lay a bundle of twigs and leaves—their only bed; and another was formed into a rack of shelves, containing many dishes of milk, and a few cheeses still under pressure. It was an interesting picture of the first efforts of human nature to surround itself with the necessities and comforts of life. A neighbouring cottage was similar in all respects, but that the animals had separate accommodation. A female, like a child of ten years, with the shortest foot (bare) I ever saw on any human being above infancy, stood in the doorway. I was told, to my surprise, that she was a married woman! The Lap cottage shows the destitution of a poor form of humanity in very unfavourable physical circumstances; but I felt it important to remark, that it is essentially distinct from the destitution, more extreme in all respects, of a degraded civilisation, or a barbarism existing in the midst of civilisation, such as that of the worthless among the artisans of our large cities, or of the helpless, reckless cottar of Munster and Connaught. The Laplander has various cooking utensils; he has a pastoral stock by no means limited in amount; he is a gentle barbarian, doing the very best for himself that his limited faculties and the circumstances of his being will admit of, and he loses nothing by imprudence or habitual indulgence in vice. We cannot say so much for vast hordes of people of various kinds who live amongst the magnificent appliances of England, but for whom its superb industrial system, and its unprecedented moral elevation, appear to exist in vain.

There was now an adverse wind in the Sound, against which the oars could make but slow progress. From this cause, and the afternoon being far spent, we found it necessary to return to Komagfjord, from which we

hoped to renew our start next day with a favouring breeze. In returning, we landed at a place on the south side of the entrance to Leerisfjord, where the upper terrace was remarkably distinct. It proved to be 170·93 feet above the tide-mark of the day, being an addition of about 15 feet to the elevation at Olderfjord, a few miles to the north. This was a fact tending to the confirmation of M. Bravais's account; but at this time, notwithstanding the general conspicuousness of the lines, I suspected that their elevations changed at promontories and elsewhere, though sometimes with interplittings, as if, in an assumedly equable uprise, winds and currents had possibly caused impressions to be made on one piece of coast presented in a certain direction, and not on another presented in a different direction. Thus I conceived there might still be horizontality in the several entire pieces of the lines, although these might rise like the steps of a stair from north to south. It was already becoming evident that many measurements would be necessary to extinguish all possible sources of error, and determine how the case really stood.

The wind next morning being still adverse, we were induced to spend the day in an examination of the valleys connected with Komagfjord and Kortsfjord, which we were assured were readily accessible from each other by crossing over an isthmus. Komagfjord is a short inlet of the ocean, so called from its resemblance to the *komag* or Lappish shoe. At the upper extremity, half an English mile from Mr Buch's house, there is a farmhouse, seated on a low green slope, close to the embouchure of a rivulet, which here descends from the mountains. The ancient delta of this rill is, as usual, cut through by the stream, leaving a wing on each side, across which terraces are marked, like the rising seats of an amphitheatre. Among these the most conspicuous is the one which is continued all the way round the fjord, being the lower of the two notable lines. The existence of such objects, mixed up in a series with one of M. Bravais's two lines, is important, as showing the number of pauses that were made during that shift of relative level to which he points. I ascertained the elevations of *three* below the notable terrace, and *six* above, the highest of the last not being up to the elevation which we were to expect for the second line.* Thus it appears that since the formation of that line, instead of one pause, or at the utmost two, as indicated by M. Bravais, there have been not fewer than *ten*.

The passage between the two fjords is a rough cut in the hills, about 300 feet above the sea. At its extremities there are formations of blocks and rubbish, much like moraines, though not in the kind of situation where, as far as I am aware, such objects are expected. Underneath these, on the Komagfjord side, there is a great terrace of soft matter, perfectly flat, of perhaps 200 feet in breadth, and running fully half a mile along the mountain-side. I at first supposed it to be a part of the upper line in this valley; but that afterwards appeared, though in a faint form, at a different level, being 179 feet, while this terrace is 161. Being an indubitable ancient sea-marking, it may be said to raise the number of these objects below the so-called second line to *eleven*.

On descending into Kortsfjord valley—to which, I may remark, we were kindly accompanied by Mr Fantrom—we found it occupied by two or three Norwegian farmers, the family of one of whom, Mr Kort, have been proprietors for generations, and given the fjord its name. We were hospitably received in one of the farmhouses, while Sörn went to procure a boat in which we might cross to the other side. The goodly timber-house and timber furniture, the abundance of milk, the comfortable aspect of the young mistress nursing her first baby, gave us a favourable impression of the life of the Fin-

* The terraces in this delta are at the following heights: 36·75—41·15—43·71—67·24 (the utmost height at this place of what has been called the notable terrace of this valley)—83·05—89·37—96·00—113·77—123·33—151·97.

mark farmer. In such situations the abundance of good succulent grass seems to make up for all deficiencies. It is evidently the sheet-anchor of the agriculturist in this part of the world. A crazy boat having been procured from one of the fishing Fins of the neighbourhood, we crossed to the other side, where there are no people but Laplanders. Landing on the white shelly beach, underneath a few huts I met an aged Lap female walking about, leading one *wee wee* lamb—an affecting picture. Small things being great to little people, what interests, I thought, might be bound up with that diminutive isolated piece of pastoral property! The lower great line is expressed here in a broad terrace, the utmost height of which is 68·72 feet, being a slight rise upon the same object in Komagfjord. There is also an upper line, but I have failed to make out with clearness from my notes its true elevation. Finally, in the brink of a mountain streamlet, amidst rough ground, there is a large mass of transported moraine-like materials, rising from 241 to 256 feet. It coincides in level with a similar formation at the mouth of the valley of passage communicating with Komagfjord.

We returned to our friend Mr Buch's to an early dinner, which the ladies had exerted their utmost skill to render a good one. At this meal the men alone sat down: the two mistresses, after the Norwegian fashion, walked about the room, helping when necessary, and joining only in the conversation. It was some time before I could reconcile myself to this custom, though it is but a relic of primitive times, when family life was simpler than it now is. I soon came to see or to recollect that, while the doing of humble services for hire fixes an individual on a humble platform of rank, the performance of any offices from the motive of affection is no degradation at all. The kindness and cordiality which reigned in the faces of our hostess and her daughter I never can remember without pleasure. Mr Fantrom on this occasion brought out a bottle of Medoc of his own importing; the usual bottle of corn-brandy was on the table for the service of the party from beginning to end. I regarded an ample pudding accompanied by jelly as the conclusion of this feast of the fiord; but thereafter came an alarming superfluity, in the shape of plates of molliberry smothered in cream. After all, these did not make their appearance in vain. Finally came a cup of coffee under the shade in the porch, the invariable termination of a Norwegian dinner. Here, with the calm fiord in front, and the Reaumur thermometer reported as 25 degrees, which is equivalent to 88 degrees Fahrenheit, we spent another delightful musical hour, very much like that of the former evening already described.

The next morning was as beautiful as any of the three last, and the wind, such as it was, was declared to be favourable. We started between eight and nine, designing to make a good effort to reach Hammerfest before we should sleep. The fiord was like glass. An English merchant-brig was going slowly along the Sound, with all her sails set, yet apparently not making a mile an hour. I may remark that the expression 'like glass,' though so often used, is never strictly true of the uneasy element: at the very calmest, the sea ever shows some little swell or tremulousness, as if affected not by anything external, but by a kind of respiration or inward emotion. Having rowed along past Leeris-fiord, I landed to examine the terraces at a place where the upper one made a conspicuous appearance. I found that spot a strange scene of jagged rocks mingled with moss and living vegetation, yet still so decidedly a ledge or section in the mountain-face, that it has been assumed as the line of a path which I observed to be marked with the feet of wild animals as well as of human beings. The lower line was only expressed by a sort of shattering in the face of the precipice. It was set down in our levelling-book at 64·78 feet, while the upper line was about 161. We then moved on, and landing again at Saraby, effected a measurement

which gave the lower line at 57 and the upper at 155—a decided fall from the points farther to the south, yet still insufficient to establish a clear conclusion on the subject. I may remark that it is at this place that the terrace assumes the great breadth, and shows the extraordinary flatness, which have been already described. The cliff above is marked with platforms or small terraces reaching to 300 feet, and on these I found gneiss blocks and gravel reposing. The blocks seem little worn by the long journey they must have made: one measured fully ten feet on each side. One cannot but wonder at the powers of icebergs—for icebergs are the only imaginable agents—in transporting such huge masses.

During the day, by the exertions of our boatmen, we made good progress along the Sound, and in the evening arrived at a place on the coast of Seiland called Quisnaes, which is remarkable in its way, as being the only place on the line between Komagfjord and Hammerfest (five-and-twenty miles) where there is any Norwegian family, the inhabitants elsewhere being Quens and Laps. *Paul Olsen's huus* maintained, during the next ten days, an important place in our consideration, on account of this distinction attending it; but on landing now, we found it only a poor fisherman's cottage, the elder people from home, and not only no provisions to be had, but neither fire nor clean water. Having, after some difficulty, obtained a small supply of the latter article, we made a fire on the beach, and brought our kettle and tea apparatus into play. I cannot say, however, that we were very successful in the result. We had now, not the mainland, but the island of Qualøe on our right hand. After proceeding a few miles, we passed through a strait called, from the current ever traversing it, *Strømmen*. Here, amidst the calm of sky and sea, a curious sight met our eyes: the sea throughout the whole strait seemed to be one mass of animal life. Hundreds of fish were popping up their heads—I suppose for flies or animalcules on the surface; and even where this was unbroken, there was a manifest commotion, indicative of the greater stir below. There were several boats abroad, and their take, as may be supposed, was abundant. I was told that these are sei-fish, the coarsest species prevalent on the Norwegian coasts.

It was at a late hour that we 'burst'—to use Coleridge's expression—into the open sea to the north of Seiland, and approached the town of Hammerfest. So mild at this time was the air, that I sat in the boat without gloves, and could even gratify my companion in his wish for a few tunes on the flute. It was curious to think of these airs floating away to the shores, and surprising the Laplanders with an unwonted sound, which their superstition might attribute to something above nature. Turning suddenly round to look at the scenery we were leaving behind, I was myself startled by the sight of the full moon—huge, dim, mysterious—stealing on the scene like a spectre! But in the opposite direction a more interesting sight awaited us: through a flat bar of the clouds we could clearly see the sun walking along the Polar Ocean. Our watches pointed at this time to eleven o'clock: we saw the object equally well a quarter of an hour later, as we were turning into the bay at Hammerfest. There afterwards we found that our watches had been put out of time by the twelve degrees of longitude we had traversed since leaving Trondhiem, so that it appeared, contrary to our expectations, that we had seen the god of day at midnight.

As we neared shore at this place, we were suddenly met in the face by a glow of heat like that felt on passing the mouth of a furnace at a little distance. Extraordinary as our previous experiences of heat had been, this greatly exceeded them, and for some time we could see no adequate cause for the phenomenon. At length it became apparent that we were only coming within the influence of the intense caloric which was radiating from the cliffy rocks along shore, these having been

beaten by the sun during the whole day, till they must have been too hot to be touched. The *gloss* of the heat, as it would be called in Scotland, met us several times before we got to Hammerfest. I could not have previously believed that there could be such heat in the latitude of Boothia Felix—for such is the situation of this town, the most northerly, I believe, in Europe. But I must leave the discussion of this subject to another chapter.

R. C.

WHITE LADIES PLACE.

AMONG the reminiscences which a venerable friend often indulged us in narrating, some singular details unconnected with her early experience may not prove uninteresting, given in nearly her own words as follows:—

After many years of absence, marked by vicissitude and domestic bereavement, I once more became an inmate of my father's home. He was a physician of note, and much beloved by all classes. About seven miles from the town of L—, where we resided, there stood an old mansion, which might be seen from the high road. It was surrounded on three sides by extensive pleasure-grounds and dark woods, but the frontage was comparatively open; shaven green terraces rose one above another, bordered by monumental-looking urns and funeral cypresses, and crowned by the square stone house itself. Seen from a distance, it was like a miniature, frowning and gloomy, set in a sombre frame; for there was something inexpressibly mournful and solemn in the general aspect of White Ladies Place, so named from occupying the site of an ancient conventual pile.

I often passed that way with my father, when accompanying him on distant visits, and I used to fancy the waving woods were sighing forth a requiem for the departed. I pictured to myself Mrs Irwin, the present occupant (whose ancestral domain it was), in her loneliness and desolation; and a strange yearning came over me to penetrate those precincts, and to sympathise with the mourner. But my father told me that Mrs Irwin never received visitors, seeing no one but the minister of the parish and himself. The time, however, at length arrived when he was permitted to introduce me—this, indeed, being at his particular suggestion—for my father was a privileged favourite. Mrs Irwin had once been noted, not only for beauty and grace, but for the pride and imperiousness of her character. She was left a widow with two daughters, the eldest of whom resembled her deceased parent in a passive, yielding disposition and plain exterior; while Josephine, the younger, who was her mother's idol, more than equalled that mother in surpassing loveliness, also inheriting the same high spirit and resolute will, dashed, however, with a spice of levity and flightiness which Mrs Irwin had never exhibited. Both these young ladies were affianced at an early age to suitors selected by their mother, for Mrs Irwin was earnestly desirous of seeing them 'well settled,' according to her notions: Captain Dormer, to whom Miss Irwin was speedily united, being the next heir to an earldom; but Josephine's fair brow was to be adorned by a coronet even on the celebration of her nuptials, although the intended bridegroom was old and withered, and Josephine laughed at and disliked him. Mrs Irwin would not listen to her remonstrances; Josephine *must* be a countess, and be compelled to obedience. But what words can describe the mother's surprise and passion when this darling child, but a few weeks previous to the time fixed on for her marriage, eloped from a villa at the sea-side, where she was staying with her sister, Mrs Dormer, her companion being a certain Lieutenant O'Donnel, an Irish cousin, disowned by Mrs Irwin, the respective families having had deadly feuds for generations concerning some hereditary claims which neither of them could now explain satisfactorily.

The lieutenant was in the same regiment as Captain Dormer; and the latter—who was as good-natured

and thoughtless a young man as O'Donnel himself, and would have nothing to do, he said, 'with stupid old family bickerings'—could see no reason why O'Donnel should not visit him now he was married: *his* wife had nothing more to do with her mother's prejudices, and the 'old lady' need know nothing at all about it. And indeed the first she did know on the subject was from O'Donnel, beseeching forgiveness for Josephine and himself, the Dormers not having the courage to communicate the desperate intelligence of the marriage to Mrs Irwin.

The mother felt her honour tarnished by her favourite daughter's imprudent marriage; the contract she had entered into with the old Earl of — being thus shamefully cancelled, and an alliance formed with a hated race: forgiveness, therefore, Mrs Irwin refused to accord. Josephine's name was forbidden to be mentioned in her presence, and those who transgressed were treated by her as enemies.

To her son-in-law, Captain Dormer, Mrs Irwin's anger also extended for a long time, for she considered him an accomplice in the disgraceful transaction. Georgina, she said, 'was a fool'—she could not blame her—she had been trained to implicit obedience, and only transferred it from a mother to a husband. Georgina had been a dutiful child, continued Mrs Irwin, nor should she suffer now for her husband's folly by any diminution of her mother's favour or affection. The earldom in prospective had doubtless a good deal to do with Mrs Irwin's forbearance; but—alas for human foresight and calculations—Captain Dormer's noble relation acknowledged a private marriage with his housekeeper, and a numerous race of heirs and heiresses came forth from their hiding-places. Poor Dormer died, it was said, of disappointment, leaving his wife and six little girls wholly dependent on Mrs Irwin; Georgina did not long survive her husband; and this band of tender orphan loves alone were left to tell of frustrated hopes and mortal uncertainties.

Mrs Irwin received tidings about the same period of Josephine's decease. The unfortunate runaway had been a widow since the birth of her only child, and had found shelter with a maternal aunt of O'Donnel's, who had espoused a French gentleman. Monsieur and Madame Duhamel led a retired life in a pastoral valley of Languedoc: they were not wealthy, but kind-hearted, excellent people; and on the rejection of all their overtures on behalf of the child thus left on their hands (Mrs Irwin turning a deaf ear to their representations), they had no alternative but to bring the orphan up with their own children, and the poor little thing soon became nearly as dear to them.

Mrs Irwin betrayed no grief on hearing of her youngest daughter's premature death; she took no notice whatever of the announcement: but the household saw that she was a changed woman—the iron had entered her soul. Pride supported her; and neither sigh, nor tear, nor outward demonstration of any kind warranted the offer of sympathy or condolence. The letter containing the death-message she cast into the fire, and watched it consuming without sign of emotion; and none would have suspected the intelligence it conveyed, had not the obituary in the public papers notified the fact.

Left with her six grandchildren, it was no matter of wonder that Mrs Irwin resolutely shut herself up, and declined receiving visitors, devoting all her time and energy to her arduous duties. People ceased to talk about her, or to lament and wonder at her family misfortunes; and except when the lovely flock at White Ladies Place were seen at church, or sitting about the grounds, the townsfolk of L— and the neighbouring hamlets ceased to trouble themselves about these concerns. My father, indeed, sometimes had questions asked him about the fair, fragile-looking girls, who clustered so fondly around their grandmother: she seemed to love them with a love far beyond that she had cherished for their mother—

her own daughter Georgina. The 'angel band' of White Ladies Place was the epithet often bestowed on these singularly lovely children. There was indeed some excuse for it: their exterior attractions and angelic dispositions forcibly reminding the spectator of pictures and legends of ecclesiastical love, wherein the holy spirits are represented to our imagination by pure and dove-like innocents.

Some ancient folks shook their heads mournfully, and whispered how much they pitied Mrs Irwin, notwithstanding her pride and arrogance; for it was easy to see that none of these gentle creatures could be reared—they were too transparent and white, too good and gentle: such children, said the ancients, always joined the happy angels ere the innocence of early youth had fled! And it was even as they predicted: one by one the delicate girls drooped and faded away. One attained the age of seventeen; the others were younger as they were severally summoned home.

Everybody felt sincere commiseration for the bereaved grandmother, and it was generally rumoured that her intellects were affected. But my father did not corroborate such accounts; on the contrary, he spoke of Mrs Irwin's strength of mind and resignation. However, gossips persisted in saying there was a mystery; but what it was no one could find out. The domestics were few and attached, having all been in the service of the family for many years, and devoted to Mrs Irwin, who was much beloved by her retainers.

Having heard all these particulars frequently discussed, it may be readily supposed that, when my father spoke of introducing me to the interior of White Ladies Place, I felt some slight degree of curiosity, and perhaps nervousness; but he had impressed upon me his desire that I might prove a cheerful and soothing companion to Mrs Irwin; the necessity my father saw for such companionship, in a medical point of view, having made him persist in the attainment of his object, not without exerting much guileless diplomacy and friendly authority.

Mrs Irwin received me courteously, and at first evidently put up with my presence for my valued father's sake; but by and by I flattered myself that the kindness she evinced towards me was for my own. She abhorred any display of sorrow. Like many proud, high-spirited people, her grief was silent, and vented alone when no human eye could witness it; but I soon felt sure that some ever-present corroding remembrance was preying upon her mind beyond that which the death of her grandchildren might have caused. Sorrow for the dead, pious and resigned grief I had already seen, when earthly struggles were quieted by heavenly aspirations, and the mourner ejaculated, 'I shall go to them!—they may not return to me!' But now I witnessed restless yearning, and a remorse which the outward self-possession so marvellously displayed by Mrs Irwin had not the power to conceal from a close observer; and when I imparted the result of my observations to my father, he listened earnestly to all I said, and impressively answered, 'I think you are right, Mary: this poor lady, you are aware, has a grandchild yet living.'

A new light suddenly broke on my mind, but I did not confide all my thoughts even to this dear father, fearing for the result of my visionary schemes.

My father went on to say, 'I do not doubt that Mrs Irwin will soon take you into her confidence, Mary: you have won her regard; but I must not anticipate. This confidence must be voluntary on her part; nor shall I attempt to raise the veil which she does not desire to withdraw. I know you have strong nerves, and are not easily startled.'

If I had strong nerves, this conversation did not tend to strengthen and brace them, for I lived in the perpetual assurance that some singular mystery overhung Mrs Irwin's daily life; however, I had determined on certain plans; and in putting them into execution, and in performing numerous active duties, all foolish fears

or nervous trepidations were in the true way of being forgotten.

I had now been acquainted with Mrs Irwin for some months: this acquaintance on her part had ripened into cordial kindness, I may say friendship; while I, on my part, felt deep sympathy, and interest, and earnest desires to see her mind at rest. I often remained at White Ladies Place for days together. During one of these visits, on an October evening—how well do I remember it!—it was a dim, melancholy October evening—the wind was wailing amid the gray gables and golden woods—I had been alone all day, for Mrs Irwin had kept to her own apartments, when she joined me, and mutely seating herself, watched my rapid stitching of some homely garment. After a long time, she broke the silence, saying, 'Mary, this is the anniversary of a sad day: it is the day when the last remaining of my child's children was taken from me. These anniversaries I always devote to *them*: will you come and view all that is left me of these beloved ones?' What could Mrs Irwin mean? Fears indefinable seized me at hearing these words; but I looked at her intently, and no wildness in her eyes or excitement of manner gave evidence that her reason was impaired. But what did she mean?—what was coming?

She took my arm, and for the first time I found myself in that portion of the mansion whose windows all opened on the solemn woods and sombre pine vistas branching off in many directions. We entered a small chamber or ante-room, where we found Mrs Irwin's confidential waiting-woman in expectation of our visit. Double doors led from this ante-room to a saloon beyond; the ancient domestic threw them open; and emerging from the gloom, what a spectacle met my bewildered eyes! The saloon was brilliantly illuminated by wax tapers, and entirely hung with snowy-white drapery, from the folds of which hung wreaths of freshly-gathered flowers. At the head of the apartment, in a semicircle, were ranged six figures clad in white robes, with veils of filmy texture half concealing their features. They looked like young girls attired for the solemn rite of confirmation; but how still and mute they were—*fac-similes*, indeed, of the deplorable and departed; but mere wax-works, fashioned by a skilful artificer! Mrs Irwin took me up to the figures, one by one, speaking in a subdued voice, and telling me their names and the respective ages at which they had been taken from her. From the tallest figure of the group she withdrew the veil which shaded the face, as tenderly and seriously as if the wax-work had been imbued with spiritual life, whispering as she did so, 'She was the fairest of them all: look, is not this an angelic face?' And truly this model, taken after death, retained all the attributes of life: long silken lashes rested on the delicate cheeks, whereon was a faint tinge of colouring; the lips were parted smilingly, as if about to speak; the masses of rich dark hair fell in clusters on the neck; and the hand was stretched forth holding a rose; but, alas! not a *living* rose, as it had been wont to do in life: the rose, like the figure, was artificial—it was wax-work too. Presently my imagination began to be affected. I thought the eyelids moved, and, shuddering, I turned away. But soon my tears flowed freely; for it was a touching scene to witness Mrs Irwin fondly contemplating this singular assemblage—this *company of the dead*, as she designated them. And this was the mystery—yet my father pronounced her *sane*! But then again, thought I, ought this poor lady to be considered insane merely because, instead of pictures or sculptured statues, she resorts to this more rare, and certainly more lifelike, mode of preserving the resemblances of her family?

I found that on the anniversary of each departed child's birthday, and day of decease, she passed her time among them from morn till night: she visited her rare collection every day; but on these festivals only the tapers were lit, the fresh flowers culled, and the waxen models decked in their festal robes. My father

was right; for Mrs Irwin was *not* mad. Once admitted, I became a frequent visitor to this secret chamber, to which he had long been accustomed.

By very slow and imperceptible degrees I had hitherto approached the subject with Mrs Irwin on which all my hopes and wishes were centered: it was dangerous ground to tread, and the full extent of woman's delicacy and tact (in the right sense of that too-often misused term) was required, in order not to shipwreck the cause I had at heart. By very slow and imperceptible degrees I had won Mrs Irwin to speak of the past—of the time when both her own daughters were children; then, as a matter of course, I carelessly asked if the offspring of both resembled their mother? For the first time Maud, the orphan of Josephine, was mentioned by her grandmother; and her existence once acknowledged, the stern restriction was broken: she had a living grandchild still; but dead to her—*dead to her*, she said, and sighed.

I heard the sigh, and I treasured the words. 'And if she were *really* dead,' suggested I, 'would you object, madam, to place her effigy among *these*?' I almost feared having gone too far; but Mrs Irwin answered mildly, after a keen gaze, beneath which I looked rather embarrassed.

'Your question is an odd one, Mary; for I confess the thought has often struck me, that in the event of the girl's death, I should like to possess her resemblance, and place Josephine's child with her cousins.' Here her voice faltered: I had never heard her speak thus before. Presently she added, 'But I do not wish her death, poor thing: she has done me no injury, Mary; and had I not made a vow never to look upon her, unless she made one of this mute company, I might perchance yet have had the comfort of embracing a living descendant'—Mrs Irwin took my hands, the big round tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks—'of asking her forgiveness, Mary: Josephine died without mine.' This confession from the proud, imperious Mrs Irwin! I could hardly believe my sight and hearing; but the weak moment speedily passed; and I almost thought she regretted having said so much; at anyrate she became more reserved and stoical for some days after the conversation alluded to. She had made a vow never to look upon her grandchild, Maud O'Donnel, unless she made one of the singular company in the white saloon. Ah, it was a wrong and fearful thing to take such a vow; but once made, it must not be broken!

The anniversary came round again, and again we entered the brilliant saloon. My father too was there. But lo! a seventh figure had been added to the rest, veiled and robed in white, and taller than the tallest there! My knees shook, my strength failed, and I turned faint, but my dear parent supported me, as Mrs Irwin darted forward, exclaiming, 'What is this?—who is this?' stopping suddenly before the strange guest, who appeared motionless like the others. She essayed to touch and raise the veil, but her hands trembled; again she made a bolder effort, and succeeded. Ah, the eyes were not cast down, they were raised to her own imploringly; the hands were gently extended; there was healthful, mantling bloom on the cheek, and perfect grace in the proportions of *this* animated statue! A soft voice proceeded from it in pleading accents of deep yearning tenderness, crying, 'I am here at last, grandmamma, a living guest among the Company of the Dead, and will you not give me a welcome?'

'Maud O'Donnel, how came you here?—who has dared to do this?' Passionate and stern was Mrs Irwin's voice; but it grew fainter and fainter, and more and more subdued, as Maud knelt at her feet, and clasped her knees.

'Oh, for my mother's sake, take me to your bosom!' exclaimed Maud: 'forgive her through me, and you will die happy, dear grandmamma!'

Maud O'Donnel's prayers were not in vain: we heard Mrs Irwin's agonized sobs; we beheld her in the arms

of her sweet and beautiful living granddaughter, and then we withdrew, and left them alone together.

The result of their conference was such as to cause me no regret at having been instrumental in bringing it about; for I need only add, that M. Duhamel's sister was a valued friend and neighbour of mine during my residence in Languedoc: she readily assisted in the perhaps somewhat romantic scheme I had arranged, of thus placing Maud in contact with her grandmother—a scheme, however, fully sanctioned by the kind couple who had brought her up, for they had no future provision to bestow on the orphan, having a large family of their own to inherit all they had to leave.

We had the happiness of seeing Mrs Irwin restored to peace of mind, and dutifully tended by Josephine's beloved child. She lived to old age; and although she still continued to find solace and pleasure in visiting her wax-work company, it was always with the blooming Maud, and leaning on her arm for support.

In after-years the figures in the white saloon were carefully preserved; and long after Maud became a wife, with children and grandchildren of her own, the wax-work was shown to visitors as the most interesting relic at White Ladies Place.

CONDITION OF THE JEWS IN EGYPT.

EGYPT has always been a disagreeable dwelling-place for the Jews. In no Eastern country have they been more ill-treated and oppressed. With the tenacious energy of their race, however, they have clung to this land of task-masters, and in spite of every discouragement, have managed to maintain their ground in respectable numbers. Some five or six thousand of them are to be found congregated in Cairo and Alexandria, where, from the presence of the government, they are less liable to be annoyed by the populace. It is rare to meet with them in country towns, although a few are established both at Rosetta and Damietta. In Cairo—their chief resort—they occupy a particular quarter, which bears their name, and is considered one of the most curious and characteristic in the whole city. It constitutes a perfect labyrinth of narrow passages, sometimes dignified with the name of streets. To obtain the best idea of its aspect, you must, on leaving the neighbourhood of the Khal Khaleeleh to return towards the Mooski, keep a little to the right, instead of making for the new street to the Citadel. You will thus soon find yourself making all sorts of turns at right angles; and presently, after traversing a batch of ruined houses, you will see before you an alley having the most cut-throat appearance imaginable, into which it is necessary, for prudential reasons, to urge your donkey at reduced speed. The walls of the houses on each hand are rarely more than three feet apart, which circumstance would of itself almost account for the obscurity that prevails. In addition, moreover, you must know that every front is covered with a multiplicity of projecting windows, which sometimes touch the opposite wall, so that it is only here and there that a few scanty gleams of light penetrate to the regions below. The street I allude to is unusually straight, so that you can see at intervals these little patches of dim light receding until the last is a mere point. If there be anybody moving along, you know the fact simply by finding your view intercepted, for it is impossible to distinguish any form. Some boldness is required in a perfect stranger to venture alone into this cavernous aperture. However, pride gets the upper hand, and in we go.

The air becomes at once cold and damp, and the eyes, at first unaccustomed to the darkness, are of no assistance. You must trust to the sagacity of your donkey, for the little boy behind is a mere instrument of impulsion. Presently, however, you begin to distinguish that the walls on either hand are built of massive stone, but that they have begun to give way and lean forward, and exhibit enormous cracks and crevices. The doors are low, and in general carefully closed. If they be ajar, you can only see a sombre passage, with perhaps a little pale light coming round a corner; for it is a rule in all Eastern domestic

architecture to make the entrance-corridor of a house to turn off at right angles, in order to prevent the eye of a stranger from penetrating into the court, and obtaining by chance a glimpse of the *harem*. Here and there dark alleys, or rather crevices, branch off, in which, though rarely, you may see a few indistinct forms of women and children flitting up and down; but there is nothing to tell you that you are traversing a quarter remarkable for its riches; that within these gloomy, prison-like mansions there are courts full of light and sunshine, adorned with fountains and creeping plants; and that Israelitish taste has fitted up many of the apartments in the most sumptuous style. This you can only learn when a greater familiarity with the country enables you to make the acquaintance of some shabby-looking Jew, who, if you please him, may take you home and treat you like a prince. As you ride along, you imagine you are in a quarter smitten with poverty and distress; and not knowing the internal arrangements of the houses, imagine it next to impossible that human beings can exist in such an unventilated mass of buildings. Now and then you are disturbed in your reflections by a distant hail, informing you that some other bold character is

'Sounding on his dark and perilous way'

through the Jewish quarter. This is a warning not to be disregarded. It is necessary at once, if you wish to avoid a collision, to find a place where the passage is a little wider than elsewhere, and draw your donkey close up against the wall, in order to allow the new-comer to squeeze by. Under the most favourable circumstances, knees and stirrups often get entangled during this operation, and sometimes abrasions and bruises take place. In a crowded street in Europe it is not uncommon for two people in a hurry to meet face to face, and dance from side to side in the utmost distress and confusion before they manage to pass by one another. In the Jewish quarter of Cairo a scene similar in character may often be witnessed. If both wayfarers hail at the same time, each selects at once a place of refuge, and comes to a full stop, and each generally begins to move again at the same time; so that it is necessary at length to scream out at the top of one's voice, and hold a long parley, before a proper understanding is come to. Occasionally, in passing through these unknown places, you stumble upon a woman in the darkest and narrowest spot. Instead of running on, they always halt, and try, as it were, to squeeze into the wall. As you cannot turn round and go back, you must force past, driving your knees sometimes into the poor creature's side, however much you may feel inclined to do otherwise. They often implore your forbearance by communicating some particulars as to their state; and I used not unfrequently to manage to cross my legs over the donkey's neck in order to avoid doing damage.

In some places the thoroughfares, which are by courtesy called streets, are low, covered passages, more resembling sewers in appearance than anything else. Into these, I suppose, few Europeans ever penetrate. I once got off my donkey and crept in, in a stooping posture. After one or two turns, I came to a small, open space, where a number of Jewesses of the poorer class were squatting together, assisting one another in the duties of the toilet, or, in other words, making a reciprocal examination of heads! A great scream told me that my intrusion was considered impertinent; so, for fear of consequences, I took to my heels, and escaped with no other disaster than a bruise on my forehead, which I owed to my prudent precipitation.

The business portions of this quarter are much more airy and respectable in appearance; but of course the Jews engaged in trade do not all congregate. Their shops are dispersed in various parts of the city. The occupations they especially follow are those of merchants, bankers, money-lenders, money-changers, jewellers, goldsmiths, provision-dealers, butchers, &c. In most mercantile houses in Egypt there is a Jew employed to conduct the small-money transactions. Despite the bad estimation in which they are held both among Moslems and

Christians, they are rather honest than otherwise, quite as much so at least as the classes which despise and anathematise them. They return the hatred awarded them with interest, and seem really to consider themselves as a race infinitely superior in all the attributes of humanity to those around them.

In personal appearance the Jews of Egypt are not prepossessing. Their features, it is true, are often finely formed; but they are a down-looking, gloomy tribe, as might be expected from the treatment they have so long experienced. Many of them are fairer than the rest of the population, which may be accounted for by their Syrian origin. It has been remarked that they are frequently bloated in appearance, and are liable to sore eyes; and some attribute the circumstance to the immoderate use of sesame oil. Whether this be the case or not, certain it is that this peculiarity in their cookery gives their persons a very unpleasant odour, so that you may know a Jew in the dark. I ought to add, that almost all the Eastern Jews I have seen are very different in the type of their features from those of Europe; and that I do not remember to have noticed the real Hebrew nose more than once—namely, on the face of a young money-changer in Alexandria, whose father rejoiced in a regular pug. The women, on the other hand, in as far as I have been able to ascertain, preserve a very characteristic cast of countenance. They are often handsome and well made. Their mode of life and character resembles that of the Levantines, between whom and them, however, there exists an insuperable antipathy. I knew an Almek, or woman of this race, named Kalah, who gained her living by singing. She had a very fine voice, so that although she had but one eye, was old, and had never been handsome, she was quite in vogue. As is commonly the case now, however, she found it necessary to add a knowledge of dancing to her accomplishments; and I have often beheld her with wonder and regret perform feats of agility of which I could not previously believe the human body capable. But Kalah's favourite occupation was singing; and when she called in passing at the house where I resided to ask for a drink of water, she would often, of her own accord, take up a *darbuka*, or tambourine, and sing a snatch of some one of those tender love-songs with which the Arabic language abounds.

It is the custom for the Jews in Egypt to celebrate very strictly the Feast of the Tabernacle. During eight days they forsake their rooms, and sleep in little cabins made of palm-leaves on the terraces of their houses. (Is this the reason why ophthalmia is frequent among them?) Those who have no convenient place for so doing are invited by their friends, so that on this occasion the roofs of the Jewish quarters are covered with a regular encampment. The streets previously are absolutely filled with camels laden with palm-branches, which fetch a handsome price, for there is an eager demand for them. The Levantines used to tell me that on the first day of this festival the Jews go to their priest, and ask if it will be a good year. He oracularly and gutturally answers, '*Ch—?*' If the year be good, he says, 'Did I not tell you *ch—?*' meaning (*cheir*) good. But if it be a bad year, he says, 'Did I not tell you *ch—?*' meaning (*châra*) bad.

This reminds me that a few years ago, when there was a great drought in Egypt, the inundation of the Nile being unusually delayed, it struck the pasha that it would be wise to apply to all the religious sects in his dominions for their intercession with Heaven. So all the heads of the Moslems, with all the Christian priests, and all the Jewish rabbins, followed by their congregations, went down to the brink of the water to pray. A good deal of bigotry was exhibited on the occasion, and it was attempted to exclude the Jews; but the pasha, who was never very orthodox, wisely determined that he would not throw away a single chance, as the safety of the whole crops of the country depended on the result. He had reason to be amply satisfied; for the Nile, in reality, rose two palms the next night, and continued rapidly rising until there was a very good inundation.

Of late years, the treatment of the Jews in Egypt has

been gradually becoming better and better. It was not, however, until during the early part of my stay in the country, in the year 1846, that toleration was extended to them sufficiently to allow of their burying their dead by day. It was only by moonlight that they could hurry the remains of their departed friends stealthily to the grave. No law, it is true, forced them to this, but only the bigotry of the population. On the few occasions when they ventured to face the daylight, Moslems, Greeks, and Levantines used to pelt the bier and its bearers with stones and rubbish, and often to proceed to the most abominable excesses. No one ever felt ashamed of such acts; but, on the contrary, they were considered meritorious; for there is no object on earth which is regarded in the East as beneath a descendant of Abraham. This may be understood from the progression of their terms of abuse—'ass, bull, dog, pig, Jew!'

Such was the state of public opinion when the death of Mercado el Ghazi, the grand rabbin, happened. This was thought by the Jewish community to be a good opportunity for taking advantage of the growing toleration of the government: Mohammed Ali was absent from the country on his celebrated visit to Constantinople; but Ibrahim Pasha was at Cairo, and to him application was made for two guards. The Sirasker had just returned from Europe, very little improved, it is true, but with some desire to merit the approbation of the civilised world. This was a capital opportunity, because it enabled him to carry out at the same time his favourite system of intimidating and overawing the people who were destined by fate, treaty, and the right of the strongest, to be his most dutiful subjects. So he replied, 'Two guards!—you ask only for two? I will send my own carriage, thirty caresses, and a battalion of infantry; the shops on the whole line of procession shall be closed; and we be to the man who lifts a stone that day!' What was said was done: the people murmured, but remained tranquil, and a bright example of toleration was manifested. It is worth knowing that the greater part of the improvement which has taken place in the conduct of Egyptians to foreigners and infidels is entirely attributable to similar exertions of supreme power; but it is a gross mistake to suppose that, in as far as the government is concerned, anything has been done to soften the rancour of Moslem prejudice. Toleration is not to be instilled into a people by force; and I doubt whether the good that might have been done by increased intercourse with Europeans has not been more than counterbalanced by the envy and indignation excited by the marked favour with which they are treated, and the privileges and immunities they enjoy.

GREEN GARMENTS.

GREEN is the colour *par excellence*—the colour most agreeable to the eye, and upon which it can be fixed for the longest period of time with the least physical inconvenience. The very word *colour* is derived from *chloros*, green, as every student of the Greek language knows. The green fields and the green trees, the green ivy clustering upon decay, to beautify and preserve it, and the green moss upon the gray stone—all these are refreshing to the sight of the lover of nature, whether he be educated or uneducated. The light green of early spring, the full ripe green of the maturity of summer, and the bronzed or yellow green of the decaying year, are severally beautiful. Even midwinter is not without its ornament of this universal colour. Under the frost and snow lies the grass, verdant in all seasons; and the evergreen plants, in all their beautiful varieties, vivify the landscape and the garden when our summer friends have forsaken us. In the balconies of city houses, where they are great favourites, they remind us all the winter of the leafy magnificence of the year that is past, and give promise of the verdure of the year which is approaching, in which, as in its predecessors, 'the spring-time and the harvest shall not fail.' It was a green leaf that first brought joy to the heart of Noah, to whom the promise was given, after his long imprisonment in the Ark, and

which proved to him that the waters were indeed assuaged, and that he and his might again tread the green sward—again walk under the shadow of trees—again cultivate the dry land, and be the progenitors of a new race to subjugate and to civilise the world.

All men love greenery more or less, though possibly most men are not aware of their love for that colour, any more than the good *bourgeois* in Molière's comedy was aware that he had all his life been speaking prose. To know the full value and beauty of green—to feel in its intensity the relief afforded by it to the eye and to the mind—it is only necessary to be shut up for six months in a smoky metropolis, without the indulgence of a ramble into the country. Young and old, after such a privation, feel an infantine delight in escaping from the streets to look on nature face to face; to loll upon the grass, to sit under the foliage, and as Chaucer in his 'Legend of Good Women' says he did—

'To lean upon the elbow and the side
The long day—
For nothing else,
But for to look upon the daisy.'

The poetical and unfortunate Earl of Surrey, on leaving the 'sluggish town,' exclaimed—

'And when I felt the air, so pleasant round about,
Lord! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten out!'

—a feeling which all the lovers of rural greenery will consider to have been very natural.

An ill-natured critic once made it a matter of reproach against certain writers who were in greater repute a quarter of a century ago than they are now, that, like dying Falstaff, 'they babbled of green fields.' Perhaps these writers were not always wise and manly in the expression of their love for the country; but that their sentiment was universal and true, even the critic might have confessed had he been closely questioned. All poets worthy of the name, from the most ancient times to the present, have been lovers of 'greenery,' even although their inspiration has been derived not from rural topics and delights, but from that best source of all poetry—the passions and affections, the errors and sufferings, the struggles and the triumphs of men. In English poetry, more especially from Chaucer, whose

'Elf-queen with her jolle companie,
Danced full oft in many a *grene* mede!'

and Shakspeare, whose woodland invitation—

'Under the *grenewood* tree
Who loves to lie with me?'

echoes like sweet music in the hearts of all his lovers, down to the newest aspirants for the honours of Parnassus, the 'greenwood' and the 'green mead' have been sung and celebrated in all kinds of verse, from the immortal, by wide gradations through all varieties of the good, the bad, and the indifferent.

To cite their praises of field and forest, or even a hundredth part of them, would fill a volume. We shall not enter upon so formidable and useless a task. There is, however, a fondness for green as a costume, which the readers of our earlier poetry cannot fail to have remarked, and which is somewhat curious to trace. When the poets invoke the elves, they almost invariably clothe them in green suits; but this is a costume for these imaginary creatures which we can fancy to be appropriate. Elves, like some real creatures, take the colour of surrounding things. As the hare becomes white in the snow, and the ptarmigan takes the colour of the bare granite precipices which he haunts, the elves, dwelling amid green leaves, or building their small citadels amid the waving grass, wear robes of verdant hue. There is not, however, the same reason for the green coats, green robes, and green mantles of the mortal heroes and heroines of poetry. But there is doubtless another reason—which may have been, that green was actually the colour most in vogue among the rural population. Lincoln and Kendal are two towns that seem to have been celebrated for their green cloth.

Robin Hood, Little John, and their followers, were clothed in Lincoln green:—

'Busk ye, busk ye, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee;
For I'll goe seek you wight yeomen
In *greewood* where they bee.
Then they put on their gowns of *greene*,
And took their bows each one,
And they away to the *green forrest*
A shooting forth are gone.'

In Shakspeare's time, Kendal green appears to have been equally well known, if we may judge from the words of lying Falstaff, who boasts to Prince Henry of his fabulous achievements on Gad's Hill:—

'Three misbegotten knaves, in *Kendal green*, came at my back, and let drive at me.'

It was not merely freebooters and huntsmen that wore green in those early days; for a loose robe or gown of green was the dress of the ancient minstrels, gleemen, minnesingers, and rimours, whose songs, tales, and jests were the delight of our ancestors. When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenilworth by the Earl of Leicester, various masques and ancient plays were got up for her amusement. In one of these entertainments a person in the garb of a minstrel was introduced wearing 'a long gown of *Kendal green*, gathered at the neck into a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper up to the chin, but easily to undo' when the heat was oppressive. 'His gown had side [long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. About his neck he wore a red ribbon. His harp hung before him; the wrest, a tuning instrument, being tied to a green lace hanging by.' It was in this costume, we may suppose, that King Alfred gained admission into the Danish camp, and that Blondel wandered over Europe in search of King Richard I.

The allusions in Chaucer to the green vestments of his male and female characters are frequent. In the prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales' he speaks of his yeoman as

'Clad in cote and hode of *grene*,'

and as bearing a horn, of which the 'baudrik was of *grene*.' In the 'Legends of Good Women,' when he represents himself as lying in the meadow to look upon his favourite flower, he saw

— 'walking in the mede
The god of Love; and in his hand a queene;
And she was clad in royal habit *green*.
A fret of goldé she had next her hair,
And upon this a white coroune she bare
With flowrés smale—and I shall not lie
For all the worldé right as a daisie.
Icrownéd is with whitè leavés light
So were the flowérs of her crounè white.

* * * * *
Icrownéd was the mightie god of Love
In silk embroïdered fule of *grene greces*;
And by the hand he held the noble queene
Crownéd with white and clothéd all in *grene*.'

In the train of these two personages, in the same royal colour of green, he saw nineteen ladies, the heroines of his poem—

'Gode women both maidinis and wives,
That weren true in loving all their lîves.'

In the 'Romance of Morte Arthur,' green, not of Lincoln or Kendal cloth, but of velvet from 'heathen-land,' was the costume of the knights that accompanied Sir Lancelot of the Lake when he restored Queen Genéviève to her husband King Arthur:—

'The other knights everich one
In samyte *green* of heathen-land
And their kirtles, rode alone,
And each knight a *green* garland.'

Dowsabell, the heroine of Drayton's ballad in Percy's 'Reliques,' is thus described:—

'The silk she well could twist and twine,
And make her fine march pine,
And with the needle-work,
And she would help the priest to say
His matins on a holy day,
And sing a psalm in kirk.
She wore a frock of *frailtich green*
Might well besecm a maiden queen.'

When King Hardyknute takes farewell of his wife ere he departs to repel the invasion of the Norsemen, the queen's sorrow is so great, that

'First she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her bodice *greene*.'

In the old Scotch ballad of 'Childe Owlet,' the Lady Erskine is represented as wearing green stays—

'Then she's ta'en out a little penknife
That lay below her bed,
Put it below her *green stays*' cord,
And made her body bleed.'

To 'kilt the green clothing a little above the knee' is a common expression in the old ballads, and occurs almost invariably whenever the ballad-maker has to describe a lady crossing a stream or setting out on a journey. In the tragical ballad of the 'Bent sae Brown,' the mother of the three young men that were slain by their sister's lover, whom they had waylaid,

— 'cut the locks that hung
So low down by her knee,
Sae has she kilted her *green* clothing
A little aboon the knee;
And she has on to the gude king's court
As fast as gang could she.'

'Rose the Red' and 'White Lillio' in another ballad resolve to seek their lovers in the greenwood shade, and to disguise themselves for the purpose in male attire—

'And we will cut our *green* claithing
A little aboon the knee,
And we will on to gude *greewood*,
Two bold bowmen to be.'

In the ballad of 'Childe Waters,' the lover says to his mistress—who offers to accompany him 'far into the North countrie'—

'If you will be my foot-page, Ellén,
As you do tell to me,
Then you must cut your gown of *green*
An inch above the knee.'

When 'Little Musgrave' goes to church on a 'high holy day,' he thinks more of the fine women than of our Lady's grace—

'Some of them were clad in *green*,
And some were clad in pall.'

The bonnie boy 'Gil Morrice' had

— 'hair like threads of gold
Drawn from Minerva's loom;
His lips like roses dropping dew,
His breath was all perfume;
And he was clad in robes of *green*.'

The brother of Lady Maisry suspecting her of a concealed love affair, asks her indignantly—

'Gude-morn, gude-morn, Lady Maisry;
God make you safe and free:
What's come o' your *green* clothing,
Was once for you too side?
And what's become o' your lang stays,
Was once for you too wide?'

The little bird in the ballad of 'Joy Hunting,' who saw the murder committed by the Ladies Maisry and Katherine upon the false lover of the former, warns her to beware of his blood upon her clothes—

'Out it speaks a bonny bird,
That flew above their head,
"Keep well, keep well your *green* claithing
Frae ae drap o' his blood."

The bailiff's 'Daughter of Islington'

'Pulled off her gown of *green*,
And put on ragged attire;
And to fair London she would go,
Her true love to inquire.'

The jealous stepmother of the 'Lady Isabel,' in the ballad of that name, makes it a complaint against her that her husband buys her the commonest attire—the dowie (dreary) *green*—while for his daughter Isabel he buys damask:—

'It may be very well seen; Is'bel,
It may be very well seen;
He buys to you the damask gowns,
To me the dowie *green*.'

In the ballad of 'Sweet Willie and Lady Maisry,' the suspicious father, entering his daughter's bower in search of her lover, asks her—

'What's become o' your charies, Maisry?
Your bower it looks sae teem;
What's become o' your green claithing?'

'Burd Helen,' in her distress, when abandoned by her lover, remembers that—

'When I dwelt in my high bower,
I wore scarlet and green.'

The fair lady beloved by 'Lord Livingstone' was dressed in the same colour:—

'The lady fair into that ha'
Was comely to be seen;
Her kirtle was made o' the pa',
Her gown was o' the green—
Her gown was o' the green, the green,
The kirtle of the pa';
A silver wand intil her hand,
She marshalled o'er them a'.'

'Earl Lithgow' falls in love with a lady who proves more than a match for him:—

'She has killed her green claithing
A little above the knee,
The gentleman rode, the lassie swam,
Through the water o' Dee.
Before he was at the mid o' the water,
At the other side was she.'

Some of the writers of modern ballads, aware of this peculiarity of costume in the ancient heroes and heroines, have taken care to adhere to it in their descriptions. In the beautiful ballad of the 'Braes of Yarrow,' the lady lamenting for her murdered lover, exclaims—

'The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my own sewin';
Ah, wretched me! I little, little thought
He was in time to meet his ruin.'

In the song of 'Lizy Lindsay,' a modernisation of the old ballad of the same name, the bride

'Has gotten a gown o' green satin,
And a bonnie blithe bird is she;
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His pride and his darling to be.'

Wordsworth also, in his 'Peter Bell,' accommodates himself to this traditional costume:—

'A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild.
Her dwelling was a lowly house,
A cottage in a heathy dell,
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.'

Burns in his 'Vision,' when he reproaches himself with having passed his youthful prime—

'And done naething
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing.'

describes the appearance of the Muse of Scotland to him; the heroine wearing a

'Mantle large of greenish hue.'

The sameness of costume among the rural population, which doubtless caused all these poetical descriptions, is of the past entirely. There was a time—and that not very remote—when blue was almost the only colour worn by women in the middle and lower walks of life, especially in places remote from towns and cities; and even now the blue holds its place among servant-girls in the country. But the progress of manufacture, the extreme beauty, the immense variety, and the wonderful cheapness of cotton goods, afford abundance of choice for all tastes, and place these fabrics within reach of the very poorest. A servant-girl of the present day is better clad than rich women were in the days of our ancestors, and can please herself in the colour and in the texture of her dress. We would not disparage green as the colour of a garment; our beautiful mother Earth wears it as her favourite, and looks better in it than in a dress of any other hue, whether it be the brown or the white

which she sports in their proper season. Yet we think it is a change for the better in the condition of the people that a 'gown' does not last a lifetime, and that the industry of our artisans, the enterprise of our manufacturers and merchants, and the ingenuity of our men of science, enable the humblest to choose among the colours of the rainbow for their attire; and the tradesman's or farmer's wife of 1849 to dress with more elegance than the duchess of the ballad period.

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Most readers like to know what is doing in science as well as in politics; with many philosophy is the more welcome of the two; I therefore send you a summary of what was done at the nineteenth annual meeting of the British Association held at Birmingham in September last, when among the assembled savans were philosophers from many parts of Europe and the United States of America, besides some hundreds of Britons. If knowledge and enlightenment are not spread abroad now-a-days, it will not be for want of a multitude of counsellors; the results, however, will best speak for themselves.

In treating on a variety of topics within a limited space, it is not altogether easy to avoid the disjointed and literal style of a catalogue or lexicon; so don't be too hard on such slips of the pen if you meet with them. To begin:—At the opening meeting, Lord Northampton resigned the presidency to the Rev. T. R. Robinson, the eminent astronomer of Armagh, who thereupon delivered the introductory address, in which the advantages of association for a common object were strongly insisted on, and verified by examples in ancient and modern science. When confined to the few, knowledge was once, to quote the Athenæum's report, 'an instrument of superstition or imposture, a delusion to its possessors themselves. Astronomy became astrology, chemistry alchymy, natural philosophy magic. Brewster has shown how the concave mirror brought up an apparition when it would—and Boutigny has revealed how the repulsive energies of heat ministered to the iniquity of the ordeal. . . . He who first finds a physical fact or principle, often fails to trace it to its full extent: preoccupied by some particular object of research, led by special views, he looks at it with reference to them alone; and were he sole labourer in the mine, much of its wealth would be lost. It may be too vast to be explored by the power of one mind, or within the limits of one life, or it may require aids and appliances which solitary individuals do not possess, to say nothing of what is still more important—the increase of energy which flows from the sympathy and admiration of a multitude.' The learned president then went on to particularise the results of the Association's own labours, direct and indirect. These may be briefly enumerated: the publication, at a cost of £2000, of the catalogue of 8000 stars, whereby the place of a star in the heavens may be determined and compared by working astronomers without the 'drudgery' of tedious arithmetical calculations. Then there were the tide-observations: 'the determination of the plane which marks the level of the sea unvarying with the changes of the tide—a precious gift, as, but for it, in a few years the absolute levels of our great national surveys would have become a delusion.' Next come researches on 'the motion and nature of waves,' out of which grew those on 'the resistance and the form of ships:' valuable data for naval architects. These are followed by the palæontological investigations of Agassiz and Owen, in which £15,000 have been expended; and the able reports, 'the taking stock,' as the speaker termed it, of our scientific knowledge. Many other facts were instanced, in which the Association has proved of eminent service to philosophy. I cannot stay to particularise these, and can only direct your attention to the remarks on the 'miserable economy' of allowing men of real scientific genius to waste, as is often the case, in labour for mere subsistence, 'the years, the powers, the hopes, which could have borne light into the remotest and darkest recesses of the realms of inquiry.' This is a reproach which I am happy to say will ere long be wiped

off, as government is about to place an annual grant of money at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Society for the support and encouragement of scientific men.

Section A, which comprehends mathematical and physical science, broke ground with Mr Ronalds' report on the Kew observatory, which, as you know, is kept going by the Association for the purpose of magnetic and meteorological observations. The movements of the magnetometer are now self-recorded by an arrangement contrived for the purpose; and it is somewhat remarkable that two gentlemen should, independently of each other, have invented registering apparatus identical in principle; yet so it is. That by Mr Ronalds is in use at Kew; the other, by Mr Brooke, is adopted at the Greenwich observatory, and may be thus briefly described:—A ray of light from a lamp passes through a slit to the surface of a mirror affixed to the magnet at about equal distances from either end. From this it is reflected to a second mirror, where the pencil of light is condensed, and at the proper focal distance beyond falls on photographic paper attached to a cylinder, which by clockwork revolves once in twenty-four hours. As the magnet moves, its deviations are thus at once traced by the ray on the paper, with the closest accuracy, and with a great saving of time and attention on the part of the observer, who now needs but to supply new paper at the required periods. In Mr Ronalds' contrivance the tracing is produced by a shadow instead of by light; it is, however, equally perfect with the marking of the other apparatus, and being considered best adapted for colonial use, a duplicate instrument has been sent out to the magnetic observatory at Toronto. Both gentlemen have been rewarded by a pecuniary grant from government. The magnetic and meteorological observations are to be continued at Kew for some time longer; chiefly on the 'frequency of atmospheric electricity—a subject unaccountably neglected since the observations of Beccaria at Turin in the middle of the last century.' This is a phenomenon, however, of which regular account is taken at Greenwich.

In connection with this subject comes Mr Birt's report on electrical observations made at Kew within the past few years. The discussion brings out some interesting results. It appears that the tension of atmospheric electricity is least at two o'clock in the morning; it rises gradually until six, then rapidly, and doubles its amount by eight; after which the increase is again slow until ten, and this is the 'first or forenoon maximum.' The tension now declines till four in the afternoon; rises again, and reaches the evening maximum—greater, by the way, than that of the forenoon—at ten; and then decreases slowly to the minimum from which it started twenty-four hours previously. Besides the daily maxima and minima, there is also an annual rise and fall: lowest in June and August; highest in February. The inference is, 'that the positive tensions, especially those of a high value, are more or less due to the humidity present in the atmosphere.' On the other hand, 'when the conductor has been charged negatively, rain, generally heavy, has mostly been falling.' The humidity and cloudiness precede the development of electricity; and 'the similarity between the two sets of phenomena goes far to show that the nature of their connection, if any, is also similar: the one—namely, positive—principally indicating the electric tension of aqueous vapour; the other—namely, negative—the electric disturbances produced by the sudden precipitation of this vapour when existing as cloud.'

The next subject was, 'On the Orbital Motion of the Magnetic Pole Round the North Pole of the Earth,' by the Rev. J. Grover. The author has traced this movement for the past 250 years. At one time, from 1580 to 1723, its rate was accelerated from some unknown cause; but at the latter date it attained a climax, and came to a pause: 'the horizontal movement of the needle was suspended, and the dipping motion changed its course from a downward to an upward motion.' There is doubtless a law for this phenomenon, and future investigations may determine the cycle in which it operates. Mr Grover regards 'the moving magnetic pole in the light of a satel-

lite, or supplemental system, to the isogonal poles, disturbed by the accumulation of ice about the poles in the course of a long series of ages, and generated as a compensative process from an interruption of the original system.'

Subsequently meteors and shooting-stars came on for discussion—an important branch of physical science, as your readers have ere this gathered from your pages. Many eminent inquirers are at work upon it; the report read by the Rev. Baden Powell embraced a large body of facts of a nature to be appreciated by philosophers. One suggestion may be noticed which appears to be new. It is, that 'meteors seen by day passing between the observer and the earth may be in some instances the cause of unusually cold days.' Statements were then made and conversation held on what were described as atmospheric phenomena. Sir R. H. Inglis had seen last summer, while in Switzerland, millions of motes, resembling snow or down, floating in the air on a bright clear day. This led Colonel Sabine to narrate what had been seen by Humboldt while pursuing his scientific labours in South America; and Sir John Herschel communicated an account of the freaks, so to speak, of aerial currents in taking up light bodies from the surface of the earth, while at a little distance all is calm. Something was said too about lumps of ice, fifteen feet in diameter, having fallen from somewhere in the regions of space above us; and Dr Robinson observed, 'that the common idea that wind consisted of one steady current of air in one fixed direction, required to be considerably modified; as, from facts observed by him, when endeavouring to determine the velocity of the wind by firing gunpowder, he found that the direction was frequently wavering back and forwards, and even ascending filaments and currents frequently encountered.' From wind to drought was no very violent transition. You know that meteorologists declare our atmosphere to have been extraordinarily dry during the last summer; and it appears, according to a report read by Sir C. Malcolm, that a remarkable dryness prevailed in India at the beginning of the year, as indicated by electrical instruments at stations widely remote from each other, embracing, indeed, one-fourth of the earth's circumference. It extended to Ceylon, 'where the heat at Colombo in the last week of January was altogether without precedent in the meteorological annals of the cinnamon isle.' The Colombo lake was drying up, canals were all but useless, wells had run dry, and the evaporation amounted to nearly an inch a day.

The chemical section led off with Dr Scofield's paper on 'Basic Acetates of Lead and Sulphurous Acid,' under which title, repulsive as it may sound, is concealed important practical results; as, by means of the agents therein indicated, the use of blood and lime may be avoided in the manufacture of sugar, the whole of the juice may be extracted and converted into sugar at less cost than at present, and in one-third of the time usually required. This paper excited a debate among the chemists. It was followed by proofs of the existence of fluorine in sea-water—on phosphorus in iron—on electric light, and electro-magnetic engines. Photography next put in for a share of attention in the person of Mr Claudet, chiefly as regards certain yet inexplicable influences of light, as affecting the visual and the photogenic focus. The latter is the distance at which the plate must be placed to insure a perfect image; curious alterations take place—sometimes the two coincide, and then again they vary, with no apparent reason why. This inexplicability is an intimation that we want yet more experiments on the illuminating, heating, and chemical rays of light. Then succeeded an interesting account of the manufacture of coloured glass, by M. Bontemps. According to his statement, difference of tint does not depend altogether on difference of colouring matter: variations of temperature play an important part in the process. All the prismatic colours may be given to glass by one substance, oxide of iron, simply by increasing the degree of heat under which the combination takes place. Analogous effects are produced by manganese, which is used to impart a pink or purple hue

to glass. An elevation of temperature changes the purple to brown, then red, next yellow, and last green. Light also effects changes in glass containing manganese; white glass acquires a pale-yellow tinge. Oxides of copper, and silver, and gold, produce similar results. The general conclusion is, that by proper regulation of temperature colours may be produced at pleasure; a fact highly significant, and suggestive, in relation to physical science generally—the point so often urged—that the manifold forms of inorganic nature are apparent rather than essential differences. When such a man as Faraday approves a paper, as he did this of M. Bontemps, you may be sure there is something in it. Afterwards Professor Forchhammer from Denmark described his process for testing the amount of organic matter in water. It is learnedly chemical, and scarcely admits of popular elucidation; yet in these days of sanitary reform and water supply the results are interesting. The professor made weekly observations during a whole year on the water supplied to Copenhagen, and ascertained that organic matter is largest in amount in summer; it is lessened by rain, or exposure to the atmosphere while flowing through long, open channels, and disappears when the water freezes. Then a move was made to the chemistry of geology. Professor Rogers of Philadelphia spoke on the decomposition of rocks by water and weak carbonic acid, a process which serves to explain the phenomenon of decay, and disintegration of hard masses. Mr Pattinson followed with an account of his patented process for extracting magnesia from magnesian limestone, in which carbonic acid is the prime agent. Professor Mallet read a paper on earthquakes; and another on the oxidation of railway bars, and the chemical changes consequent thereon. In the latter, he recommends that all rails should have their upper surface hammer-hardened; and after finishing, be reheated to 400 degrees, and coated with coal-tar, which coating will last, and prevent rust, for four years. Let economising railway directors look to this.

Dr Daubeny brought up a report on experiments undertaken with a view to prove, what has often been asserted, that a large amount of carbonic acid existed in the atmosphere at an early period of the earth's history. An addition of five per cent. to the present constituent quantity produced no ill effects on frogs, some kinds of fish, and plants analogous to those formerly existing. There are wide differences of opinion on this question, which are only to be reconciled by prolonged inquiry and positive experience. Next was a statement on a marine animalcule, the *Noctiluca miliaris*, said to be the cause of luminosity in our circumjacent seas. Dr Pring has been experimenting on the creature, whose diameter is not more than 1000th of an inch; yet sometimes it collects in such numbers, that the sea appears as a sheet of fire. The phosphorescence is increased by galvanism, also by oxygen, carbonic acid gas, chloroform, and certain mineral acids. The last mentioned, however, destroy the life of the animal; sulphuretted hydrogen and ether are also fatal. In the discussion which ensued, it appeared that nobody knew anything certain as to the cause of luminosity. Milne Edwards suggested electricity or combustion. Sir Edward Belcher, who has voyaged much in phosphorescent latitudes, considers it to be not a vital one; whereas a transatlantic philosopher contends that luminosity is an essential effect of life, and that we should see the light of our bodies if their substance were not opaque.

Mr Jukes opened the geological section by a paper on the new red sandstone and coal-measures of part of the Midland districts; and if his reasonings be sound, the coal consumers of the manufacturing regions need entertain no apprehensions of failing supply. It is now believed that coal underlies the new red, though at a great depth—500 or 600 yards; and Sir Roderick Murchison predicts that some day the whole country between Wolverhampton and the Wrekin will be worked for coal. Future generations will rejoice in verifying this theory, if in their day coal should still be required for the production of heat. Afterwards was read a communication

from Mr Isaac Lea, a well-known American conchologist, concerning certain fossil foot-marks, ripple-marks, and prints of rain drops, found in old red sandstone in Pennsylvania, being in geological position 8,500 feet below the surface of the coal-formations. According to Sir Charles Lyell, this is one of the first instances we have of air-breathing creatures of high organisation being found in such strata, or below the Permian. Sir Roderick Murchison then held forth at length on the distribution of gold over the earth's surface, the moral of which may be thus rendered:—that agricultural pursuits are more profitable to a state than gold-hunting. He does not believe that we shall see a large accession to the amount of gold now in circulation; and gives as his opinion, that the time will come when the rich lands of the Sacramento will be more sought after as pastures and farms than as *placers*. In connection with this, I may mention a paper read before the statistical section as to whether prices in this country would be affected by Californian gold, and explaining a means whereby to determine and guard against such a contingency.

I cannot undertake to touch on all the subjects brought forward for discussion; some are not worth the trouble, others are too abstruse; and lastly, where should I find space enough? I shall therefore select such as may be most acceptable. Among matters which came under the notice of the naturalists, was a letter from Mrs Whitby of Newlands, near Birmingham, giving a renewed account of her efforts to introduce the growth of silk into England. Her plantations of mulberry, the species known as *Morus multicaulis*, have thriven; and she describes the trees as easy of propagation as willows. Some of her pupils are forming plantations in different parts of the country; and she observes, 'if gentlemen in England or Ireland who have a few acres or roods of land to spare would plant mulberries for posterity, as they do their oaks, we should in a few years be independent of other countries for our supply of raw silk.' Whether this is a consummation to be wished, is a question which I leave to political economists. Besides mulberry-trees, there was a host of topics in this section—fairy rings, barnacles, zoophytes, and botanical monstrosities, illustrative of morphology of plants. Mr Munby read a paper on the vegetable productions of Algiers, in which he described the *Lichen esculentus*, a plant which grows rapidly in the sandy deserts of that country. The natives eat it; and Mr Munby suggests that a plant of this kind may have been the manna of Scripture. Several able papers were also read on the vital principle, and its correlations to motion, heat, light, electricity, &c.

I must condense the rest. Mr Davison described his process for drying wood: it consists in passing a continuous current of heated air through the chamber in which the wood to be desiccated is placed. The manufacture of the finer kinds of iron and steel, equal to Damascus blades, was explained. Sanitary matters were discussed. Agricultural statistics of Ireland, by Mr G. R. Porter. The superiority of macadamised over paved roads for streets of large towns. On the alphabets of the Indian Archipelago, and the introduction of Oriental words into the English language. Statistics of *Monts de Piété* and pawnbroking. On the progress of emigration: from 1821 to 1831, 738,582 persons left this country; from 1842 to 1848, 985,953; in the first six months of 1849, 196,973; and we are told that during the last three years 'emigration from the United Kingdom has been fully equal to, if not exceeding, the natural increase of the population; and, in short, that emigration has now been carried on to such an extent, as, if it were maintained, must effectually prevent the further growth of the population.'

Thus we have gone from mathematical to social science. There now remains but to add, that sums of money were voted, as heretofore, to enable scientific individuals to pursue inquiries instituted by the Association; that reports on several interesting and important topics are called for; that government is asked to establish a reflecting telescope at the Cape of Good Hope observatory; to have the levels of the ordnance survey of Ireland cor-

rected to the mean sea-level; to have the British arc of the meridian published to its full extent; and that the twentieth meeting of the Association is to be held at Edinburgh in August 1850, with Sir David Brewster as president.

ADVENTURE WITH AN ALPINE BEAR.

My first adventure with a bear occurred when I was about eight years old. It was in summer, when our people lead their flocks to the upper pastures, which the melted snow leaves uncovered. My parents had gone to a mountain chalet, leaving me in the valley under the charge of a servant. One day I made my escape, and set out to meet them. I walked on, eating the bread and cheese given me for breakfast, when, as I was passing through a wood, I saw lying asleep across my path an animal which I took for a huge brown dog. I felt frightened; but the wish to rejoin my parents, who had been detained from home longer than they expected, prevailed, and on I went, gliding as silently as possible past the unknown beast. Despite, however, the little noise I made, the creature roused himself, and came towards me. Wishing to propitiate him, I threw down a bit of bread: he smelt it, swallowed it with apparent pleasure, and stretched out his head as if asking for more. I ventured to caress him, which he suffered me to do, although uttering a sort of protesting growl. Throwing my breakfast behind me bit by bit, in order to occupy the attention of my strange companion, whose presence was anything but agreeable, I reached at length the boundary of our farm. There he ceased to follow me. I entered the chalet, where, to my great joy, I found my father, and told him my adventure. He immediately seized his gun, sallied forth, and returning at night after a fruitless chase, told me that my morning's acquaintance was no other than a bear, from whom I had had an almost miraculous escape.

Twelve years passed on without my renewing my acquaintance with the ursine tribe. I assisted my father in managing his farm, and spent my leisure time in reading, taking particular pleasure in narratives of travel and adventure.

It happened one day that a neighbour named Raymond, a practised hunter of bears and chamois, asked me to accompany him on a mountain expedition. I gladly consented, and we set out, each carrying a carbine on his shoulder, and a small sharp hatchet fastened in his belt.

It was a beautiful autumn day. Towards five o'clock in the evening, having shot only a few birds, we began to think of returning. As we were passing through a thick wood, Raymond, who was grumbling at our want of success, recollected that there lay at a short distance a sort of little meadow where chamois often went to feed. At that hour there was not much chance of meeting them, but Raymond determined to make the trial. Placing me in ambush, he directed me to watch narrowly, and if he did not return at the end of half an hour, to descend the mountain. I saw him plunge into the wood, and then stoop down and creep warily along.

When I found myself alone, my first movement was to inspect the post assigned to me, in order to guard against surprise. Twilight already darkened the tops of the fir-trees, although it was scarcely six o'clock. The fatigues of the day had abated not only my strength, but my courage. I instinctively sought for a fir-tree, less denuded of the lower branches than they commonly are, to serve as an asylum in case of necessity. I then took up my position beneath it, slung my carbine, and waited patiently. The shadows of evening were fast darkening, although the setting sun still gilded the western horizon. The appointed half-hour had expired without my seeing anything, and I began to think of returning. Just as I was about to unsling my carbine, and leave my solitary position, I heard a rustling noise, too loud to be caused by the passage of a chamois. 'It is probably Raymond,' I said to my-

self, and was going to meet him, when it struck me that the approaching tread, crashing through the withered branches, was too slow and heavy for that of my comrade. I retreated to my tree, and another moment revealed the new-comer. It was an enormous bear, with fiery eyes, who came on with lowered head, not having yet perceived me. Almost mechanically I took aim, and fired at him: the shot, I believe, carried off one of his ears; and with a terrific roar he bounded towards me. Throwing away my carbine, I climbed the tree, and when the infuriated creature raised his fore-paws against the trunk, I was seated on a strong branch about ten feet above him. With the courage of despair I drew my hatchet, and waited to see what he would do. For a few moments he continued standing on his hind-legs against the tree, devouring me with his fierce eyes, and snorting with a loud noise: then he began to climb. When he came near, I raised my hatchet and struck. I did so with too much precipitation, for the blow merely cut one of his fore-paws without severing it. Down he dropped, but too slightly wounded to abandon the pursuit. For some time he remained, as it were, undecided, sending forth furious howlings, which resounded through the woods. At length, after having once more begun to climb, he stopped, seemed to change his mind, and redescended. Then I saw him snuffing the earth round the fir-tree, and finally he fell to work in good earnest.

Even to this moment I shudder at the recollection of what he undertook: it was nothing else than uprooting the tree with his snout and paws, in order to bring it down. For a bear, the idea was not a bad one; and I presently learned that whenever this animal fails, it is not for want of perseverance. Happily the tree I had chosen was thick, firmly-rooted, and capable of resisting the enemy's efforts for a considerable time. The only hope I had left was, that Raymond might hear the roaring of the bear, and come to my succour.

Alas, every minute seemed an hour! Night came on, and with its approach my courage gave way. I could no longer see my terrible enemy; his snorting respiration and the dull noise of his indefatigable labour reached my ears, mingled with the last faint evening sounds from the valley, whose inhabitants, happy and tranquil, were going to repose in peace, while I felt myself given up to a horrible and inevitable death. In my extremity I sought help where it is never asked in vain, and I passed that awful night in fervent prayer. Morning dawned, and the bear was still mining away. Presently the tree began to totter. I closed my eyes. But all at once he ceased to dig, and threw up his snout towards the wind. I thought I heard a distant sound amongst the fir-trees; the bear heard it too, and listened, lowering his head. The noise approached, and I distinguished my own name shouted by many voices. Apparently my ferocious adversary perceived that efficient help was coming; for, after having once more snuffed the breeze, he looked up at me with an expression of profound regret, and then plunged into the forest.

Five minutes afterwards, Raymond was at the foot of the tree. It was quite time: it toppled over as I descended!

THE MARSEILLES AQUEDUCT.

THE present era is remarkable for triumphs of mechanical engineering having public utility for their immediate object, and among these the grand aqueduct intended to supply Marseilles with water is well worthy of a brief notice, and the more so, as it affords another proof that extraordinary obstacles may be overcome by skill and perseverance.

The Phœceans of olden time had doubtless sufficient reason for establishing the colony in which Marseilles originated in such an arid territory; and although there may have been water enough for their wants, yet as population increased, the scarcity of the essential element

could not fail to become a serious inconvenience, or worse. The earliest attempts to provide against the deficiency were made in the tenth century by the Counts of Provence, who cut a canal from a distance of 10,000 yards, which delivered 800 gallons of water per minute during six months of the year, and only half that quantity in the hot season. From this source the magnificent fountains in the public squares of the city were supplied.

The idea of obtaining water by a canal from the river Durance was entertained so far back as the year 1507, and letters-patent were issued sanctioning the undertaking. But, as is often the case with such projects, the execution was delayed, then lost sight of, then temporarily revived, until, in 1827, it was again considered; but the council-general of the department refused to co-operate. At last, in 1836, the inhabitants of Marseilles, relying on their own resources, commissioned a young and enterprising engineer, M. de Montricher, to survey the ground, and having obtained the requisite authoritative sanction in 1838, entrusted the execution of the work to his ability. The estimated cost was 14,500,000 francs (about £600,000), an amount which unforeseen difficulties have augmented to nearly a million sterling. The sum was raised by loans, and by an additional tax on all flour brought into the city.

The Durance is an Alpine stream discharging itself into the Rhone, and during the season when the mountain snows are melting, pours down a resistless inundating torrent. It is separated from Marseilles by three mountain chains of no great elevation, but whose ramifications cover the whole territory, so that, in constructing a canal with a regular fall, all the difficulties would be encountered which are generally avoided in following the course of a valley. The aqueduct is conducted across highways, water-courses, ravines, and valleys, by a route not the shortest, but that involving least outlay. The total length is 51 miles, in which are comprised seventy-eight tunnels, whose united length is from 12 to 15 miles, and 500 artificial constructions, rendered necessary by the nature of the ground—these being embankments, cuttings, bridge-aqueducts, or siphons. After traversing fourteen communes, the canal strikes the boundary of the vast basin of Marseilles—a district of desolating aridity—at a height of nearly 500 feet above the level of the sea. From this point it may be made to irrigate a surface of about 25,000 acres, limited on one side by the sea, and on the other by the crest of the amphitheatre whose centre is occupied by the city. For the supply of this district, a 'mother branch' will be led descending from slope to slope, and by means of properly-contrived channels, each proprietor will be able to water his land, or feed his machinery, and the numerous *bastides*, or country villas, obtain a supply for domestic purposes. The different branches will converge at a point 240 feet above the level from which the city itself will be supplied, and thus bring to its busy population, its fountains and factories, the long-desired streams of the limpid element.

The most important works occur along the upper portion of the canal. There are three tunnels, each nearly a league in length; the first, called the tunnel *Des Tailades*, is excavated through a mass of compact calcareous rock, pierced from above vertically by fifteen shafts, each more than 100 yards deep, so as to afford means of carrying on the labours at various points simultaneously. The difficulties of this portion of the work were greatly increased by streams of water issuing from the fissures of the rock: five steam-engines, of from 50 to 100 horses' power, discharging 5000 gallons per hour, were necessary to keep the excavation free from the impouring flood. The cutting away of hard rock, which in ordinary cases costs from twelve to fifteen francs the cubic yard, in this instance rose to thirty or forty francs, the increase due to this cause, extreme hardness of the rock, having added 2,000,000 francs to the original estimate. The two other great tunnels, traversing the mounts known as the *Assassin* and *Nötre-Dame*, are mostly lined throughout with masonry. Although the construction of railways has done much to familiarise the public mind with vast projects, so that no one would be extraordinarily

astonished to hear of a tunnel through Mont Blanc itself, we believe that prior to the undertaking of the Marseilles Aqueduct none of equal magnitude were in existence.

Bridges are numerous along this canal: one over the Touloubre at Valmousse consists of a single row of arches, each 84 feet high and 26 feet span, extending over a length of 552 feet: it was built in two years. But the grand work of this sort is the bridge of Roquefavour, about five miles from Aix, across the valley of the Arc, which is 1300 feet long and 270 feet high, reckoned from the surface of the river to the parapet wall. It is constructed with three rows of arches, resembling three bridges one above the other. The piers of the two lower rows are built entirely of cut stone, with a length of 48 feet, and breadth of 20 feet. The lowest row contains twelve arches, the next fifteen, and the upper, which carries the aqueduct, forty-nine, including, with the foundations, a total of 7500 cubic yards of masonry. An excellent and exhaustless supply of stone was found within a convenient distance, which furnished numerous blocks more than six yards cube, weighing nearly 40,000 lbs., for the lower piers. Ordinary means of transport would of course be inefficient for the removal of such huge masses, and all the improved mechanical facilities afforded by railways, cranes, and trucks, were made available; and advantage was taken of a waterfall to turn a hydraulic wheel, which drew the laden trucks up the inclined plane, moving in this way above 100 cubic yards of material daily. Some notion may be formed of the regularity of the service from the fact, that one gang of workmen thus aided were able to lay an arch in five days. The construction of this huge edifice was commenced in 1839, with materials and instruments valued at 600,000 francs. It is now finished, after having occupied from 200 to 300 masons, and 500 labourers, during seven years.

The appearance of the Roquefavour Aqueduct is most imposing, and competes successfully with that of the famous Pont du Gard. The country around is a barren desert, which the presence of numerous workmen has temporarily enlivened; but there is little doubt that the colossal structure will long prove, as it has already done, an attraction to visitors and tourists.

In the present state of science, such a work as the Marseilles Canal would necessarily be constructed with mathematical precision, and it is honourable to the young and able engineer that his pre-calculations have been verified by the results. In works of this nature the preliminary and collateral proceedings must be expensive. In planning out the canal, the levellings taken correspond to a length of more than 1000 miles: elaborate experiments were also made to test the strength of materials, and discover the best hydraulic cement; besides which, fifteen leagues of roadway, including several miles of rail, had to be prepared beforehand. The excavations of rock and earth amount to about 4,000,000 cubic yards; masonry 250,000; and 50,000 of facings. The whole work was calculated to occupy from eight to ten years: we have not, however, heard of its completion; possibly the political perturbations to which France has been subjected may have caused a delay.

The canal is 30 feet wide at the top, 10 at the bottom, and 7 feet deep; from its source in the Durance to the Marseilles basin, the fall is 125 feet, which it is said will admit of the delivery of eleven tons of water per second. With such a supply, Marseilles will be a highly-favoured city; land in the vicinity will rise to four times its present value; and, not least in desirable results, the people will be able to relieve themselves of the charge under which they at present lie of a fondness for dirt.

LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM AND THE WORKING-CLASSES.

There is no sovereign in Europe who, with so little apparent effort, succeeds so well in ingratiating himself with the labouring-classes as the king of the Belgians. He has a quiet and sincere manner of expressing himself when speaking to or of them; and whenever the opportunity offers, he never fails in rendering them his powerful assistance. A striking example of this occurred a few days since. The burgomaster of Lœken, in which commune is situated

the king's palace, has a very noisy neighbour in the person of a boiler-maker. As he had not obtained from the authorities the special permission to carry on this trade, the burgomaster closed his premises, and caused the seals to be placed on the gates in the absence of the men. They applied to their employer, who referred them to the burgomaster, with whom a warm altercation took place, which ended in the men, about sixty or seventy in number, declaring that since he, the burgomaster, had so little consideration for them, they should try an appeal to the king. No sooner said than done. They adjourned to a public-house, drew up a petition, and went on their way to the palace, where they were met by General Prisse, the military governor of the province, who, on being informed of the cause of the assemblage, took the petition to the king. One of the workmen was immediately sent for into the royal presence; and notwithstanding a little nervousness, he made out a very clear story. To which the king replied in nearly the following terms:—'My friend, this is not right on the part of the burgomaster. He must be aware that I suffer great annoyance from the chemical manufactory of Mr C—, which is contiguous to my grounds. I cannot even walk in my garden when the wind is in a certain quarter. Surely the burgomaster can put up with the inconvenience of your shop, which, after all, is but a little noise. I will see that justice is done.' A messenger was immediately despatched to the proper authority, and the next morning the men were again at work. In the evening they requested to be allowed to give his majesty a serenade, which was granted; and after partaking of a good supper and the royal liberality, they returned highly gratified.—*Morning Chronicle*. [We are not sure that Leopold acted legally or with perfect justice in interfering as above related, though his conduct is to be admired on the score of humanity. It seems to us bad logic that a noisy manufacture should be tolerated next door, merely because a king raises no objections to a chemical work.]

THE SAD POSITION OF SINGLE WOMEN.

Look at the numerous families of girls in this neighbourhood—the Armitages, the Birtwhistles, the Sykes. The brothers of these girls are every one in business, or in professions; they have something to do; their sisters have no earthly employment but household work and sewing; no earthly pleasure but unprofitable visiting; and no hope in all their life to come of anything better. This stagnant state of things makes them decline in health; they are never well; their minds and views shrink to wondrous narrowness. The great wish, the sole aim of every one of them is to be married, but the majority of them will never marry; they will die as they now live. They scheme, they plot, they dress to ensnare husbands. The gentlemen turn them into ridicule; they don't want them; they hold them very cheap; they say—I have heard them say it with sneering laughs many a time—the matrimonial market is overstocked. Fathers say so likewise, and are angry with their daughters when they observe their manœuvres; they order them to stay at home. What do they expect them to do at home? If you ask, they would answer, sew and cook. They expect them to do this, and this only, contentedly, regularly, uncomplainingly, all their lives long, as if they had no germs of faculties for anything else; a doctrine as reasonable to hold as it would be that the fathers have no faculties but for eating what their daughters cook, or for wearing what they sew. Could men live so themselves? Would they not be very weary? And when there came no relief to their weariness, but only reproaches at its slightest manifestation, would not their weariness ferment in time to frenzy.—*Shirley*.

SERVANTS IN AMERICA.

Complaints were often made to us of the difficulty of finding, or of keeping when found, good servants in the States; and amusing anecdotes were told of the independence of American helps in this 'land of liberty'; thus 'a green mountain boy,' of Vermont, engaged himself to a family in town; there was an evening party at the house, and he came in with a tray: seeing some ladies sitting talking in a corner which he could not conveniently reach, he called out, 'Hullo, girls! how are you off for cream and sweetenin'?' Being directed to light a fire in the morning in the parlour for the children, when the mistress came down she found the servant sitting in a chair, with his feet up, and reading the newspaper; without rising, he cried, pointing at the fire, 'Isn't that a roarer?' An Eng-

lishman told me that he was travelling with his younger brother, who was deaf, through Massachusetts. After staying all night at an inn, in the morning the 'help' who had cleaned their boots went to the younger brother and asked him for something; he directed him to his elder brother, who carried the purse; the 'boot cleaner' went to him, and stood before him. 'What do you want?' was asked. 'I'm the gentleman who cleaned your boots, and the deaf man there told me to go to you.'—*Sir J. Alexander's Acadie*.

'I AM SO HAPPY!'

I saw the faded writing, dated oh! so long ago;
The clear round text is fairly traced by childish fingers slow;
'Tis but a simple record of inconstant hopes and fears,
But one short sentence written there I blot with falling tears.

It is this—'I am so happy.' But twenty years have flown
Since those pleasant words were writ to a loving playmate gone;
This is the hand that traced them, they were innocent and true,
This is the heart so buoyant then, as rosy moments flew.

I gaze upon the characters, I ponder o'er them yet;
The many intervening years I struggle to forget;
Oh but to realise them now for one short fleeting hour,
The dark, dark shadows of this life ceasing a while to lour!

'I am so happy'—well-a-day! those strange and thrilling words
Sound soft and sweetly as the song of wild and woodland birds,
In twilight glades at evening fall, when, 'mid the shiv'ring leaves,
A whispering of import sad our busy fancy weaves.

May I not be a child once more? My second birth must be
No day-dream of a sickly mind, but blest reality:
Then, then again those glorious words with truth I may indite—
'I am so happy'—traced within in characters of light!

C. A. M. W.

SHAKESPEARE.

He was not a man to be led away by pretences to glory, or imposed upon by that transparent trickery which excites so much popular enthusiasm, and makes scarlet so becoming a colour in the eyes of those who 'can be pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.' Shakspeare laughed at all such nonsense; he set the buffoon Thersites to turn it into ridicule, and make it a spectacle for the mirth of gods and men; and had heroism been generally seen thus, and studied thus, the world would have got something by it, for it would have cut the great connecting link between the military destroyers of one age and those of a later time. Had the world looked upon heroism with Shakspeare's eyes, the renown of an Achilles would not have been the inspiration of an Alexander, nor that of an Alexander have descended upon a Caesar, nor the success of a Caesar have been the stimulus to the ambition of a Napoleon. All this would have been long before brought to an end: the world would have known to what idol they were paying their homage; they would have ceased to be parties to the continuance of their own misery; they would have ceased to become the aids and helps to the desolation of their own homes; they would have ceased to be the rewarders of their own pests and nuisances, and the profferers of honours and homage to those from whom they and their children reaped nothing save disappointment, misfortunes, and calamities: they would have ceased to follow these destroyers with shouts and acclamations of applause, and instead of striking up at their appearance, 'See, the conquering hero comes,' they would have turned away from them, to have hailed with welcome the author of some useful invention, the propagator of some sound instruction, the holder of some great and glorious gift of mind, although perchance exhibited to them in the person of one of the most lowly and miserable of the human race.—*Fox's Lectures*.

FALSEHOOD.

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Dr Johnson*.

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A BRACE OF NOVELS.

IN looking back upon last year's doings in the way of Romantic Fiction, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the amount of genuine talent that in the present day is expended—should we not say wasted?—upon this department of literature. Many of the works stigmatised by the name of 'novels of the season'—that is, works produced one year, and forgotten the next—contain each as much sterling thought as would have set up a score of such authors in the period immediately antecedent to that of Scott. But has the Art of Fiction made a corresponding advance? Quite the contrary. There is no proportion between the talent employed and the execution of the work; and the reason is, that the talent is general, not special—that it merely belongs to the refined and elegant character of the age, and has no knowledge of the nature of the particular business it undertakes to perform. Till this talent comprehends, what Scott felt intuitively, that a fiction is an artistical work, belonging to the same category as a tragedy or a picture, and that it must be based, like these, in its form and proportions, upon æsthetical principles, there will be but small chance of improvement.

That there is much misapprehension prevalent as to the obvious fact we have mentioned, is manifested in most of the works of the day, and in the silence of all the popular critics. Fictions are praised or blamed not as works of art, but according as the taste in 'light reading' of the individual critic finds a greater or less amount of congenial pabulum. Thus authors whose productions are received with favour fancy that they have succeeded as artists; and when they find, on ceasing to write, that they are instantly forgotten, they lay the blame on an inconstant public. The public, however, is not inconstant in their sense of the word. No man is forgotten, or can be forgotten, who has arrived at excellence in any department of literature; and in their case the failure is brought about solely by their having wasted their genius in groping onward without light, without rule, and therefore without permanent results.

A novel lying before us, which has been received with great, and in many respects deserved praise, by the reviewers, illustrates very forcibly the false position in which authors are placed by the want of genuine criticism so obvious in our literature.* This work, for no other reason than that it assumes to be a novel, and is found agreeable reading by persons of taste and intelligence, is cried up as a work of art, to which character it has but very small pretensions; while its real merits—its minute truth, its natural dialogue, its openness of mind, and consequently the promise it holds out of

brilliant results for the author from *well-directed* efforts—are almost wholly overlooked. This author, we understand, is a lady of mature age and considerable practical knowledge of society, and the present is her first work; but what chance of success can she have when so much pains are taken to prevent her progress in genuine art, and discourage her genius in its true direction? We consider 'Fanny Hervey' to be worthy of any trouble we can take; and we shall therefore at least briefly state what, in our opinion, are its merits, and what its shortcomings.

The story is simply this:—A young girl goes to London on a visit, and there falls in love with the son of her host. The gentleman returns her passion, and she becomes likewise an object of attachment to one of his companions. The latter kills the former in a duel; and the young girl returns to the country, and in due time regaining her spirits, marries a clergyman. This is the material outline; but the spiritual one involves a fine and tragic interest, arising from the circumstance of the hero having formed a vicious intimacy with the sister of his rival before his soul is awakened to the true force of virtuous love. Hence comes the embroglio of the action, and hence the passion which flings a poetical halo over the prosaic occurrences of everyday-life. If this story, simple as it is, had been delivered in half a volume, the stream of the narrative strictly confined within its natural limits, and the personages brought forward either quite alone, or attended only by such walking figures as might be requisite, in the language of the stage, to 'form picture,' we should have had a work of art—perhaps of high art—beautiful in its classical severity. But the author's inexperience has prevented her from turning her talent to such good account. She has crammed her piece with common characters which have not the slightest connection with the plot; and after the true catastrophe, she reverts to a tribe of these whom the reader has forgotten, and tries—but luckily tries in vain—to lead away his thoughts from the exhibition he has just witnessed of tragic power, by describing her heroine's new, uncalled-for, and singularly tame love attachment.

Fanny Hervey is not a pattern heroine, her chief business being to blush, and weep, and look pretty and interesting; but the two gentlemen are more vigorously drawn, exhibiting at once the strength of the male intellect and the delicacy of the female touch. Mrs Vernon, however, Fanny's hostess, is a most distressing personage, who, after a happy marriage of twenty-eight years, goes into awful hysterics on her husband forgetting some of the lover-like attentions of his youth. We would decidedly have made away with this horrid old woman before her son's death; for after the catastrophe, the reader feels no relief, and therefore derives but little enjoyment, from her removal. But notwith-

* Fanny Hervey, or the Mother's Choice. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

standing these faults both in plot and character, there is an almost Richardsonian power in the small details of this author, of which we would fain present a specimen, were it possible to preserve their interest apart from the context. We will rather show how she rises with her subject, and thus lead the reader to the inference we have drawn ourselves—that she is very capable of producing a work of true art, if she will only give her mind to the study of its æsthetical laws. Our best extract for this purpose would perhaps be the duel, but it is too long, and would require too much explanation; and we shall therefore exhibit a contest of another and much more original kind between two ladies.

At a fête given at Mrs Ormsby Cottin's villa, the circumstances occur which bring about the catastrophe of the piece; and the two rival ladies, Fanny Hervey and Lady Emily, meet face to face, after the latter has had only too good reason to suspect that she has been supplanted in the affections of Mr Vernon by our blushing and weeping heroine. Vernon is present, and is in such consternation at the wild and passionate looks of Lady Emily, that he eagerly avails himself of an opportunity to join the archers in another part of the grounds, where they are engaged in a trial of skill for a silver medal. The ladies in the meantime are summoned by their hostess to another trial, to determine by the throw of dice who is to be the owner of an antique bracelet, and the queen of the fête, whose privilege it is to present the prize of archery. 'Colonel Vernon was invited to sit at the top of the table as judge; and for some time nothing else was heard but the rattling of the dice-box, and the repetition of the numbers turned up. When they had all thrown, it was found that three of the ladies had thrown sixes. At the second throw, two out of these three, Lady Emily and Fanny, were again highest and equal. The next trial must of course be final.

'As the number of ladies present could not be less than forty-five or fifty, the interest of the first round was comparatively slight. It was very different when only three came forward to throw; and when the chance was confined to Lady Emily and Fanny, the interest, even to the bystanders, became so deep, that scarcely a word was spoken, and it was evident that the two fair competitors themselves were considerably excited. They, however, bore the anxiety very differently. Fanny was not more than pleasantly animated: her heart beat quicker, and her colour was a good deal raised.

'But to the decision of this appeal to fate between her rival and herself, Lady Emily's imagination, already greatly excited, immediately attached a degree of superstitious importance, which made her bosom heave violently, and her eyes flash with an intensity of eagerness that the loss or possession of ten thousand such trinkets would not have caused. She tried hard to command herself, but her emotion could neither be subdued nor disguised. Mrs Vernon looked uneasily at her. Even Mrs Ormsby Cottin began to suspect, not that there could be anything amiss in Lady Emily's conduct or demeanour, but that she herself had blundered in some way or another—at all events that her well-meant little project was going to turn out a failure; and with her usual good-nature she revolved in her mind a new plan, by which, as she hoped, both her favourites would be spared the disappointment which it was already pretty evident one of them at least would not bear with perfect equanimity.'

Her plan was simply to give a bracelet to each of the

fair rivals. 'But the widow's generous device found no supporters; and if the two fair candidates for the favour of fortune had made twenty instead of two equal throws, the desire to witness the final decision between them would only have been so many times the greater. A low murmur of disapprobation ran round the entire circle; even Fanny looked disappointed; while Lady Emily, with a vain attempt at ease and playfulness, exclaimed, "Pardon me, dearest madam, but your kind plan will not do at all! For suppose even that Miss Hervey and I were content to believe our arms were equally fair, and you generously willing to favour them equally by robbing yourself of both your pretty bracelets, there would yet be a difficulty: you forget that there cannot possibly be *two queens*!"

'Mrs Ormsby Cottin had nothing ready to urge in contradiction to this: she therefore shook her head with an air of much vexation, and at once agreed that it was true, and that the more was the pity. Lady Emily then begged that the dice-box should be again handed to her, that the important affair might at last be settled. But at this moment the discussion was interrupted by Mr Travers, who came quickly into the room, followed closely by most of the archers. With his usual polite equanimity, he announced to Mrs Ormsby Cottin that the trial of skill in the archery field was now over; that he was sorry to say he had come to her with the news of his own defeat—Mr Vernon having beat the field hollow, by first lodging one arrow right in the bull's-eye, and then splitting it almost into two with his next shot.

'As may be supposed, this intelligence was received with anything but indifference by those already the most interested in the case immediately to be decided between the two ladies. Fanny's brow and cheeks flushed to the deepest crimson, as her eyes met those of Mrs Vernon, fixed on her with a look of singular anxiety and interest; while Lady Emily fetched her breath with difficulty, and bit her pale lip till the blood almost sprang from it. She seized the dice-box, and nervously shaking it—"It is full time, you see, Miss Hervey," she said tremulously, "that it should be decided whether this day is to be yours or mine: one of us will immediately be called upon to invest the winner with his medal. Well, here goes for my chance of sovereignty! Ah, I lose! You will hardly go so low as deuce-ace!" Fanny's throw was again high, and she was now proclaimed winner of the cabalistic bracelet, and queen of the day!'

The above extract, taken in conjunction with the preceding remarks, will show that we have warrant for thinking the author capable of something far better than 'Fanny Hervey,' deserving as that work may be; and we would take the liberty of urging her to turn away from the flatteries of friends and the common-places of critics, and fix her mind upon Romantic Fiction, as a refined and difficult art only attainable by means of industry and painstaking study.

We now take up from our table another work of fiction which, like the former, has been warmly greeted by the reviewers.* We choose it for the sake of contrast; for there cannot be two things more opposite, both as to merit and demerit, than 'Fanny Hervey' and 'The Ogilvies.' There is so little sympathy between the authors' minds, that we question much whether the one could comprehend the other's book, or even prevail upon herself to read it.

* The Ogilvies. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1849.

'The Ogilvies' is a story displaying much both of mechanical skill and intellectual power; but it wants reality. It is a poem of ordinary life. The principal personages are not the Mr A's and Mrs B's we meet in society. They are higher and nobler; and their history is not so much the common lacework of material events, as a revelation of the inner life. The author abhors *misses*. 'There is a German fairy fable,' says she, 'of the Elle-women, who are all fair in front, but if you walk round them, hollow as a piece of stamped leather. Perhaps this is a myth of young-ladyhood!' Yet young-ladyhood plays an important part in our artificial state of existence; and the effect of the higher passages would have been better if the general tone of the work had been somewhat lower. The poetry of the author's soul, however, has diffused itself over all her creations; it has etherealised the human passions, till we forget that they have any part in sensation; and we rise from the story with the distinct impression upon our minds that we have been perusing a romance, and not a romantic transcript of actual life.

If this be considered a fault, it is one that may perhaps be accounted for by the author's youth. Her love is a nightmare fancy, not a healthy human passion. It is indebted for its being and growth to no sympathy and no circumstances, but comes instantaneously, full-grown, like a spirit evoked by enchantment. First love, she will know one day, must be either a mere imagination, or a physical preference, such as actuated the heroes of the olden time, before women had become the intellectual companions of men. *Hers* belongs to the former classification, for it has nothing to do with the senses, and it excites in us nothing more than a vague feeling of the poetical.

Katharine Ogilvie sees and loves instantaneously; but the fortunate Paul Lynedon, so far from thinking of her, falls in love with her gentle, sober, and womanly cousin Eleanor. A chance word of his, however, falls upon the ear of the poor dreaming girl, and receives a fatal interpretation.

'And the dark-eyed Katharine?' said a friend, inquiring into the impression made upon him by the family.

'A gentle, thoughtful creature,' he replied; 'evidently full of feeling, and so attached to her cousin. I like—I almost love—Katharine Ogilvie.'

He had said these words idly, and forgotten them as soon as they were uttered; but they gave a colouring to her whole life.

'Oh ye who have passed through the cloudy time when youth is struggling with the strange and mysterious stirrings of that power which, either near or remote, environs our whole life with its influence—ye who can now look back calmly on that terrible mingling of stormy darkness and glorious light, and know on what shadowy nothings love will build airy palaces wherein a god might dwell—regard with tenderness that enthusiastic dream! Perchance there is one of you who has dreamed like Katharine Ogilvie.' This last paragraph gives a hint of the nature and character of the book; but it is necessary to observe—'for we are nothing if not critical'—that although it is skilfully introduced at this important epoch, to impel the reader's thoughts into the desired channel, our author far too frequently interposes between the actors and the audience, like a Greek tragic chorus beginning with 'O!'

Another hint, but of a different kind, is speedily given; and here we perceive the first distinct indication of tragic power. Katharine dreams on, and the unconscious Lynedon has frequently occasion to be with her in her grandfather's presence—a feeble old man in his last dotage. At one of these interviews Sir James becomes very ill, and the young pair are gradually terror-stricken. 'His voice dropped almost to a whisper, and he leaned back with closed eyes, his fingers fluttering to and fro on the elbows of the chair. Lynedon motioned for Katharine to speak to him.

"Are you tired, dear grandpapa, or unwell? Shall I call any one?"

"No, no, no! I am quite well, only tired; so tired!"

"Is your father in the house, Katharine?" asked Paul, who felt more alarmed than he liked to let her see.

"No; he is gone out with Mrs Lancaster—I think to the church."

"Church!" said the old baronet opening his eyes at the word. "Are we at the church? Ah, yes, I remember I promised. And so you are to be married, Katharine Mayhew—married after all? Well, well! This is your bridegroom—and his name?"

"Dear grandpapa, you are thinking of something else," cried Katharine. "Here is no one but Mr Lynedon and myself."

"Lynedon—so you are going to marry a Lynedon? Well, I had not thought so once. But here we are, and I must say the words myself. Give me your hands!"

"Do not contradict him; it is best not," whispered Paul.

Sir James joined their hands together. Even at that moment of terror and excitement a wild thrill shot through Katharine's heart, and her very brow crimsoned at the touch. The old man muttered some indistinct sounds, and stopped.

"I have forgotten the service! How does it begin? Ah, I remember!" said he very faintly—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

Katharine started up and shrieked with terror; for her grandfather had sunk back in his chair white and ghastly. One feeble shudder convulsed the aged limbs—and then all was stillness.

Paul and Katharine—their hands still clasped together—stood in the presence of death!

Katharine loves on, and her self-delusion is confirmed by the conduct of Lynedon, a vain and elegant young man, who looks upon her as merely a pretty little girl. When taking leave at the end of his fateful visit, "You will think of me when I am away—you will be glad to see me when I come again?" he whispered, in those low, winning tones which men like him thoughtlessly pour into a young girl's ear.

"Yes," was all she could answer; but he saw that her slight frame quivered like a reed, and that the large limpid eyes which she raised to his, for one instant only, were swimming in tears. As he gazed, a thrill of pleased vanity, not unmingled with a deeper, tenderer feeling, came over Paul Lynedon. With a sudden impulse he stooped down and kissed the tearful eyes, the trembling lips, which had silently betrayed so much. The young man of the world goes forth from her presence direct to another part of the country, where he offers his hand to the cousin Eleanor, and is rejected. The fate of these two cousins is very skilfully linked together. Lynedon goes abroad, and in process of time Eleanor and he find themselves in the same place and the same society. This gives rise to a report of their intended marriage; and Katharine, still in the heyday of her delusion, hears suddenly the whole story, told with a mixture of truth and falsehood; while Philip, the beloved of Eleanor from her childhood, for whose sake she had rejected the brilliant Lynedon, being likewise a listener, is the victim, not of fact like her, but of an equivocal, which nearly costs him his life.

The grand fault of the book, and one affording irrefragable evidence that the author's reflective are by no means equal to her imaginative powers, consists in the resolution taken by the pure, the loving, the heroic Katharine under these circumstances. She suddenly determines to marry her cousin Hugh, a commonplace but amiable person, who had loved her from his boyhood. This she does with an amusing unconsciousness that she is committing a selfish and criminal act as regards him—that she takes advantage of his mad passion, knowingly and imperiously, to make him marry a woman who does not love him. The lonely vigils of

the marriage eve are described with great power:—
'In a secret drawer lay Paul's letter—his first and only letter. Katharine tore open its folds, and read it slowly all through. But when she reached the end, she dashed it to the floor.'

"His Katharine!—his own Katharine! And it was all false—false! He bade me remember him, and I—poor, vain, credulous fool— But it shall be so no more; I will crush him from my heart—thus—thus!"

'Her foot was already on the letter; but she drew back, snatched it once again, and pressed it wildly to her lips and bosom.'

'There was one more relic: that likeness which bore such a strange resemblance to Paul Lynedon—the head of Keats. Katharine took the long-hoarded treasure from its hidingplace, and gazed fixedly on it for a long time. Then the fountain of her tears was unlocked, and sobs of agony shook her whole frame.'

"Oh, my Paul!—heart of my heart!—my noble Paul!—why did you not love me? Is there any one in the world who would have worshipped you as I? I—who would have given my life to make you happy—who would now count it the dearest blessing only to lean one moment on your breast, to hear you say, 'My Katharine!' and then lie down at your feet and die. Die!—shall I die for one who sported with me, who deceived me? Nay; but I beguiled myself; I only was vain—mad—blind! What! was I to think to win him? Paul—Paul Lynedon—no wonder that you loved me not! I was not worthy even to lift my eyes unto such as you!"

'In this fearful vigil of despair, fierce anger, and lingering love, the night wore on. It seemed an eternity to the miserable girl. At last, utterly broken and exhausted, Katharine's tortured spirit sank into a deadly calm. She sat motionless, her arms folded on the little desk, and her cheek leaning against the mournful relics of a life's dream. Suddenly she heard the twitter of a bird, and saw her lamp grow pale in the daybreak.'

'Then she arose, gathered up her treasures, laid them solemnly, one by one, on the embers of the dying fire, and watched until all were consumed.'

'The next day—nay, the same day, for it was already dawn—Katharine Ogilvie was married.'

From this moment the character of the story changes, and the proofs of the immaturity we have hinted at strengthen, even amid increasing manifestations of a masterly power. The gentle Katharine becomes a disagreeable, imperious, hateful wife; and the shy secluded girl acquires all on a sudden the manners and polish of a *rueuse* woman of society. Then comes her revenge. Lynedon returns; and seeing the pretty little girl with whom he had toyed in former years changed into a most lovely and fascinating woman—*hey, presto!*—he is transfixed to the very vitals.

'He was startled, almost confused; at least as much so as was possible for such a finished gentleman to be. Could that magnificent creature really be the little Katharine with whom he had flirted years ago? "Good heavens!" thought he, "how beautiful she is!"

'Well might he think so, even though the features were white and still as marble, and the dark eyes seemed cold, proud, passionless. Passionless!—as if such orbs could ever be thus except in seeming; as if such lips, whose rounded curves were made to tremble with every breath of emotion, could be thus firmly compressed into apparent calmness except by the strong will which is born with every strong passion. Katharine was beautiful, dazzlingly beautiful; and Lynedon not only saw it with his eyes, but felt it in his heart. He looked at her as he had never yet looked at any woman—with a sensation less of admiration than of worship. He could have knelt down before her, as in his days of youthful enthusiasm before some pictured ideal in Greek sculpture or Italian art. When she gave him her hand, the touch of the ungloved fingers thrilled him—perhaps because they were cold and statue-like,

even as the face. He quite forgot his graceful courtesies, and bowed without a single compliment; only he lifted his eyes to hers with one look—the look of old—and she saw it. Angel of mercy! how much a woman can bear, and live!"

The presence of Lynedon does not make the poor husband more respectable in the eyes of Katharine; but instead of atoning by self-sacrifice for the crime she committed in marrying him, she is only sorry for *her own* sufferings under the burthen of a joyless, loveless yoke. She even desires to revenge upon Paul the unhappiness brought upon her by her own imaginative-ness, and perpetuated by her own unprincipled selfishness.

Here is another of the terrible hints with which it is permitted in a tragic work to point vaguely to the dim conclusion:—'She parted from him with a few words of gentle but distant kindness, which instantly lighted up his whole countenance with joy. But when he was gone, she sunk back exhausted, and lay for a long time almost senseless. Again and again there darted through her heart that sharp arrowy pain which she had first felt after the night when a few chance words—false words, as she now believed—had swept away all hope and love for ever from her life. Of late this pain had been more frequent and intense; and now, as she lay alone, pressing her hand upon her heart, every pulse of which she seemed to feel and hear, a thought came—solemn, startling!—the thought that even now upon her, so full of life, of youth, and youth's wildest passions, might be creeping a dark shadow from the unseen world.'

Another death, however, comes first. Her husband dies, and Katharine is free! Then, and then only, she feels that, although innocent in the worldly sense, she has been in all other respects a bad wife and a bad woman; and, as some atonement for her marriage, she resolves never to receive Lynedon for a husband. But what avail such resolves? They are dissipated by the breath of love as easily as the gossamer web by the morning breeze. The young widow is married before the days of conventional mourning are over! 'She was awakened at dawn by the rooks, who from their lofty nests made merry music over the old churchyard. Katharine rose up, and the first sight that met her eyes was the white gravestones that glimmered in the yet faint light. Strange and solemn vision for a bride on her marriage-morn! Katharine turned away, and looked up at the sky. It was all gray and dark, for the shadow of the village church—the church where she was to plight her vows—came between her and the sunrise.'

'She buried her head again in the pillow, and tried to realise the truth that this day, this very day, Paul Lynedon would be her husband, loving her as she had once so vainly loved him; that she would never part from him again, but be his own wife, the sharer of his home through life until death. Until death! She thought the words, she did not say them, but they filled her with a cold dull fear. To drive it away, she arose. She would have put on her wedding-dress—almost as a spell, that the bridal garment might bring with it happy bridal thoughts—but it was not in her room. So Katharine dressed herself once more in her widow's attire, and waited until the rest of the household were stirring.'

At the request of the bridegroom she changes the ill-omened garb; and in due time they entered the village church. 'A few minutes' space, and the scene which the young passionate dreamer had once conjured up became reality. Katharine knelt at the altar to give and receive the vow which made her Lynedon's bride. Through the silence of the desolate church was heard the low mumbling of the priest—a feeble old man. He joined the hands of the bridegroom and the bride, and then there darted through Katharine's memory another scene. As she felt the touch of Paul Lynedon's hand, she almost expected to hear a long-silenced voice, uttering not the marriage benediction, but the awful service for the dead. They are man and wife; and at length

Katharine begins to hope that the past may be forgiven them, and that they may yet have a happy future. 'We may!—we *will*!' was Lynedon's answer. While he spoke, through the hush of that glad May-noon came a sound—dull, solemn! Another, and yet another! It was the funeral-bell tolling from the near church-tower.

'Katharine lifted up her face, white and ghastly. "Paul, do you hear that?" and her voice was shrill with terror. "It is our marriage-peal; we have no other—we ought not to have. I knew it was too late!"

"Nay, my own love," answered Paul, becoming alarmed at her look. He drew her nearer to him, but she seemed neither to hear his voice nor to feel his clasp.

'The bell sounded again. "Hark—hark!" Katharine cried. "Paul, do you remember the room where we knelt—you and I—and *he* joined our hands, and said the words, 'Earth to earth—ashes to ashes?' It will come true—I know it will; and it is right it should."

'Lynedon took his bride in his arms, and endeavoured to calm her. He half-succeeded, for she looked up in his face with a faint smile. "Thank you! I know you love me, my own Paul, my"—

'Suddenly her voice ceased. With a convulsive movement she put her hand to her heart, and her head sunk on her husband's breast.

'That instant the awful summons came. Without a word, or sigh, or moan, the spirit passed!'

Further comment is needless. Immature in thought, only because young in years and in the world, the author of this remarkable, but far from perfect work is destined to be remembered among the spirit-women of her day and generation. L. R.

CLARK'S PROCESS FOR PURIFYING WATER.

WE have before us a copy of the fourth edition of a pamphlet by Professor Thomas Clark of Aberdeen, explaining a new process invented by him, and now under patent, for purifying the waters supplied to the metropolis and other towns by the existing water companies.* As much attention is at present directed in London, Liverpool, and other places to the subject of water-supply, a brief account of the contents of this pamphlet will not come amiss—the more so as the process, even now under the serious consideration of several English water companies, is destined, we believe, ultimately to become general throughout the kingdom.

It is well known that the water now supplied to all our large towns is very impure. The degree of impurity varies of course according to the nature of the locality; but all waters contain more or less of the following foreign ingredients:—metallic or earthy salts in solution, organic matter in a state of decomposition, living vegetables and animals of minute size, and general adventitious filth. Conceive a river such as the Thames flowing over mile after mile of country, absorbing all sorts of natural impurities from the bed over which it flows, having all sorts more washed down into it by floods, rains, and tributaries; receiving, moreover, in its course accumulations of miscellaneous filthy stuff from cesspools, drains, manufactories, &c. and some notion will be obtained of the kind of water that the inhabitants of London are obliged to drink and otherwise use. And so it is in many other towns besides London. True, there are methods at present in use whereby the water supplied to our towns is freed from its more glaring impurities, and

rendered at least presentable. These methods are—deposition and filtration. Water which, if offered in its native state as taken from the river, would disgust people, becomes clear and tolerable enough after it has undergone these processes—that is, after it has either deposited its sediment of mud in the bottom of a tank, or passed through a filtering medium. But though the amount of purification thus effected is so considerable as to transmute brown and ugly river water into a transparent fluid, it is by no means coequal with the amount of impurity. In the first place, the ordinary methods of deposition and filtration do not separate from the water the whole amount of even its mechanical impurities—such as the floating particles of decomposing vegetable and animal matter, the water animalcules, &c. Let any Londoner take a glass of the water he is in the habit of using, and hold it up between himself and a lighted candle, and—*even should there be no great lobster-looking animal darting to and fro in the fluid, half an inch long, as often happens—he is sure of seeing plainly, with his unassisted eyes, hundreds of whitish rascals of animalcules, moving up and down, as happy as possible, with the ultimate prospect of a lodgment in his own stomach.* No wonder that, in despair, he gives up water as a drinking beverage, and resigns himself to the thick, black, metropolitan porter. To be sure a domestic filter will rid him of much of the inconvenience: not, however, of all; for though neither the lobster-looking fellow, nor his minute acquaintances the whitish animalcules, are to be seen in a glass of well-filtered water, yet it is questionable if any amount of filtration will rid water completely of its organic impurities, while to rid it of its animalcules by this means is notoriously impossible.

But even supposing that filtration could effect both these riddances completely, removing from water every particle of fresh or decaying animal and vegetable matter, as well as every minute living water animal, still there would remain in most waters a vast amount of impurity or foreign matter that no such process could touch—namely, all that foreign matter contained in the water not by mechanical suspension, but by chemical solution. The saline ingredients in most waters—for example, such as the salts of lime, soda, iron, &c.—are quite inseparable from water by any process of filtration, being held in the water in a state of chemical solution, or thoroughly combined with the very substance of the water itself. Now, for drinking purposes, in many cases this would not much matter; water of a certain degree of *hardness*, as it is called—that is, containing saline substances, and particularly salts of lime (which are the chief cause of so-called *hardness* in water)—being most agreeable to drink, and most persons becoming so accustomed to the particular saline solution that goes for water in their locality as to contract a liking for it. In most cases, therefore, the ordinary water of a locality, if carefully freed from its mechanical impurities by filtration, does well enough for drinking. But the quantity of water consumed in drinking is quite insignificant compared with what is consumed in other ways: in culinary operations, washing, the production of steam, &c. Now for all these purposes that hardness—that is, richness in salts of lime and other salts—which is indifferent, or even pleasant, when the water is used for drinking, is a positive evil. To instance particularly the case of washing: the hardness of certain waters, as every one knows, is the great obstacle that the laundress has to contend with. A large proportion of the soap used over the United Kingdom and in other countries is positively wasted, so far as direct utility in washing is concerned—being consumed, not in washing, but in effecting a previous change in the water to render it available for washing purposes. 'One hundred gallons of the waters of London supplied by the companies,' says Professor Clark, 'take from twenty-four to thirty-two ounces of the best *curd-soap* of London, in order to form a lather of such consistence as to remain all over the surface for five minutes.' Of the soap thus used, more than two-thirds is wasted in merely counteracting the hardness of the water. The quantity of soap thus wasted is of course different in different places, greatest where

* A New Process for Purifying the Waters supplied to the Metropolis by the Existing Water Companies: rendering each Water much Softer, Preventing a Fur on Boiling, Separating Vegetating and Colouring Matter, Destroying Numerous Water Insects, and Withdrawing from Solution Large Quantities of Solid Matter not Separable by mere Filtration. By Thomas Clark, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Aberdeen. Fourth Edition. London: Richard and John E. Taylor, Red-Lion Court, Fleet Street.

the water is hardest, and least where it is softest; but everywhere there is some waste, and the total waste over the whole kingdom is something enormous. Hence, even if we regard washing purposes alone, and omit any more specific attention to the other uses of water mentioned above, we are bound to look upon any process whereby water may be softened on the large scale—that is, freed from its chemical impurities, and especially from its lime—as an invention of vast practical importance.

Three processes are at present in use in certain cases for softening water or removing from it such impurities as are not separable by filtration. These are—boiling, distillation, and the use of carbonate of soda. 1. *Boiling*.—If a quantity of London water, filtered to the highest state of clearness and seeming purity, be kept boiling for an hour or two, it will deposit a sediment of chalk, and will be found much softer and purer than it was before the boiling. The rationale of the softening consists in this: the gradual decomposition of the bicarbonate of lime that exists in the water into chalk and carbonic acid gas; the remaining amount of purification consists in the destruction of animalcules, &c. by the heat. Hence for many purposes water is at present purified and softened by boiling. The process, however, is evidently very expensive, and totally inapplicable, except occasionally, and on a very small scale. 2. *Distillation*.—By distillation water may be brought to a higher state of purity and softness than even by boiling; but the process is still more expensive, and still less applicable on a large scale. 3. *The use of carbonate of soda*.—Laundresses, it is well known, almost universally use carbonate of soda, or *soda* as it is usually named, to facilitate their work, and save soap, by softening the water. The rationale of the process is this: the carbonate of soda decomposes the hardening ingredient of the water—namely, the bicarbonate of lime—precipitating chalk, and leaving in the water bicarbonate of soda instead of the previous bicarbonate of lime; and as this bicarbonate of soda has not the hardening properties of the bicarbonate of lime, the substitution is an advantage. To this process, however, useful as it is in lieu of a better, there are two great objections:—In the first place, it is only useful for the purposes of washing, the bicarbonate of soda that is formed in the water being as much an impurity for general purposes as the bicarbonate of lime that is got rid of; and, in the second place, it is expensive.

Professor Clark's process is one which, while it equals in efficacy any of the foregoing processes except distillation, is liable to none of the objections that hold against their use—that is to say, it is applicable on the largest possible scale, it is beautifully complete and simple, and it is cheap beyond the most sanguine expectation of cheapness. The process essentially consists in nothing more than this—the addition of lime or lime-water to the water that is to be purified, thereby converting the soluble bicarbonate of lime that already exists in the water invisibly into another salt of lime—namely, the carbonate of lime or common chalk, which, being insoluble in water, first appears visibly as a milky substance diffused through the water, and then falls to the bottom, leaving the water above soft and clear, with nearly every particle of lime taken out of it, and a great many impurities besides. The theory of the process is thus explained by Professor Clark himself:—

‘To understand the nature of the process, it will be necessary to advert, in a general way, to a few long-known chemical properties of the familiar substance, chalk; for chalk at once forms the bulk of the chemical impurity that the process will separate from water, and is the material whence the ingredient for effecting the separation will be obtained.

‘In water, chalk is almost or altogether insoluble; but it may be rendered soluble by either of two processes of a very opposite kind. When burned, as in a kiln, chalk loses weight. If dry and pure, only nine ounces will remain out of a pound of sixteen ounces. These nine ounces will be soluble in water, but they will require not less than forty gallons of water for entire solution. Burnt chalk is called quicklime, and water holding quick-

lime in solution is called lime-water. The solution thus named is perfectly clear and colourless.

‘The seven ounces lost by a pound of chalk on being burned consist of carbonic acid gas—that gas which, being dissolved under compression by water, forms what is called soda water.

‘The other mode of rendering chalk soluble in water is nearly the reverse. In the former mode, a pound of pure chalk comes to be soluble in water in consequence of losing seven ounces of carbonic acid. To dissolve in the second mode, not only must the pound of chalk not lose the seven ounces of carbonic acid that it contains, but it must combine with seven additional ounces of that acid. In such a state of combination chalk exists in the waters of London—dissolved, invisible, and colourless, like salt in water. A pound of chalk, dissolved in 560 gallons of water by seven ounces of carbonic acid, would form a solution not sensibly different in ordinary use from the filtered water of the Thames in the average state of that river. Chalk, which chemists call carbonate of lime, becomes what they call bicarbonate of lime when it is dissolved in water by carbonic acid.

‘Any lime-water may be mixed with another, and any solution of bicarbonate of lime with another, without any change being produced: the clearness of the mixed solutions would be undisturbed. Not so, however, if lime-water be mixed with a solution of bicarbonate of lime: very soon a haziness appears, this deepens into a whiteness, and the mixture soon acquires the appearance of a well-mixed whitewash. When the white matter ceases to be produced, it subsides, and in process of time leaves the water above perfectly clear. The subsided matter is nothing but chalk.

‘What occurs in this operation will be understood if we suppose that one pound of chalk, after being burned to nine ounces of quicklime, is dissolved so as to form 40 gallons of lime-water; that another pound is dissolved by seven ounces of extra-carbonic acid, so as to form 560 gallons of a solution of bicarbonate of lime; and that the two solutions are mixed, making up together 600 gallons. The nine ounces of quicklime from the pound of burnt chalk unite with the seven extra ounces of carbonic acid that hold the dissolved pound of chalk in solution. These nine ounces of caustic lime and seven ounces of carbonic acid form sixteen ounces—that is, one pound of chalk—which, being insoluble in water, becomes visible immediately on its being formed, at the same time that the other pound of chalk, being deprived of the extra seven ounces of carbonic acid that kept it in solution, reappears. Both pounds of chalk will be found at the bottom after subsidence. The 600 gallons of water will remain above, clear and colourless, without holding in solution any sensible quantity either of quicklime or of bicarbonate of lime.

‘This will give a sufficient idea of the theory of the patented process. Rules for discriminating the waters to which the process is applicable, and for ascertaining the proportion of lime or of lime-water that is proper for each, so as to make the foregoing theoretical principles available in practice, are to be found in the enrolled specification.—(See “Repertory of Patent Inventions” for October 1841.)’

The advantages that Professor Clark enumerates as resulting from his process are these:—

1. *A great softening of the water by it, and a large consequent saving in the articles of soap and soda*.—The extent to which the water is softened by the process Professor Clark indicates thus:—‘If a mixture be made in the proportion of one quart of any water supplied by the companies to three quarts of distilled water, the mixture will be found, if carefully tried, to be no softer than what the supplied water becomes after purification by means of the patented process. Hence the process must remove three-fourths of the hardening matter.’ The saving of soap and soda, it might be expected, would consequently be three-fourths also; that is, were all the water of the kingdom submitted to this process, there should be saved three-fourths of the money now expended on soap and soda—minus, of course, the expense of the process. For

certain reasons, however, specified by Professor Clark, he does not estimate at all so highly the saving in soap and soda. The following he regards as a sufficient approximation to the annual consumption of these materials in the metropolis:—

Soap, 12,000 tons at L.50, ...	L.600,000
Soda, 3000 tons at L.10, ...	30,000
	L.630,000

'Now, since the last parliamentary returns, made in 1834, show that the gross water rent of the metropolitan companies was in that year about L.270,000, we have scope for allowance for a subsequent increase, and yet may be within safe limits when we assume that the value of soap and soda consumed in the metropolis is double the gross water rent. Hence if there be a saving of only 10 per cent. on the value of the soap and soda consumed, it would correspond to a saving of 20 per cent. on the gross water rent.

'It is not, however, alone in soap and soda that a saving arises from the use of soft water in washing. The labour in washing clothes is much increased by the use of hard water, and the wear and tear in consequence is probably a more expensive item than the additional soap. But altogether apart from any saving in soap or soda that may arise to the inhabitants of the metropolis from the adoption of the patented process, there is the consideration of comfort—up to this time the almost unpurchasable comfort of soft water in London !'

2. *The prevention of a fur in boiling.*—On boiling common London water a precipitation of chalk, as we have already said, always takes place, so that in process of time a chalky crust is formed at the bottom and round the sides of the boiler. Though the water itself is rendered soft by this process, yet the process itself is very inconvenient. In cooking, for example, one has the chalky deposit added as an unwelcome condiment to the soup, or whatever else it may be that is being got ready. Now, by Clark's process, all the chalk would be previously withdrawn from the water at the reservoir of the company supplying it, and the fluid would be fitted for the purposes of wholesome cookery.

'Small, however,' says Professor Clark, 'are such advantages in domestic experience, compared with the relief that would be felt by the managers of the numerous manufacturing employments steam-engines. The incrustations cause the boilers to be frequently cleaned and repaired, sometimes to need repair unexpectedly, at a time when the stopping of the engine may be next thing to stopping the whole manufactory. Nor is it, in a place like London, a slight consideration, that the risk of explosion from steam-boilers is increased wherever a fur is formed. More than anywhere such risk should be avoided in the boilers of the high-pressure engines of railways. But the inconvenience of water depositing chalk on boiling is not confined to the boiler, or to the fur that adheres to the bottom. The portion of the chalk in powder kept afloat by the boiling often finds its way into the working parts of the machinery, so as, by rendering necessary the taking asunder of such parts for cleaning, to cause the stoppage of the engine, it may be of a whole manufactory.'

3. *The separation from the water of vegetating and colouring matter,* by which the process may be said to supersede in many cases the necessity of filtration altogether.

4. *The destruction of water insects.*—This is effected partly by the direct action of the lime-water on the insects, and partly by the action of the same lime-water in arresting the growth of the vegetation on which the insects feed.

To this enumeration of the advantages of his process Professor Clark appends one or two general observations to illustrate the applicability of the process on a large scale. At present, he says, the daily consumption of water in the metropolis amounts to 40,000,000 of imperial gallons. Were the purifying process put in operation at the reservoirs of the various companies, there would be separated from these daily 40,000,000 of gallons a daily mass of chalk weighing twenty-four tons—which twenty-

four tons of chalk are at present consumed along with the water, either in the human body or otherwise. The annual amount of chalk separated by the process, and incapable of being separated by mere filtration, would thus amount to 9000 tons; an estimate which includes neither the miscellaneous filth that would be separated from the water at the same time, nor any of the chalk added to the water in the form of the purifying lime-water. Taking both together—that is, the chalk already in the water, and the chalk derived from the lime-water added to it—there would be a deposition of chalk from the water of the metropolis at the rate of 55 tons a day, or 20,000 tons a year. The whole expense of the process, as regards material, would be about L.10 a day—that is, L.10 worth of burnt chalk would make enough of lime-water to purify the daily 40,000,000 of gallons of water required by the metropolis. Were the carbonate of soda to be used instead—that is, were all the water of the metropolis to be softened by the use of soda, as small quantities are now softened by the laundresses for washing purposes, the expense for soda would amount to L.800 a day, or eighty times as much; while, after all, as we have seen, the purification would be less effective—bicarbonate of soda taking the place of the separated bicarbonate of lime in the water. Besides, the real expense of Clark's process might be farther reduced by disposing of the deposited chalk, either as a manure or as a material to make lime from by burning.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BOATING IN THE ALTENFIORD CONTINUED—
HAMMERFEST—QUALSUND.

It was, as already stated, about midnight when our boat turned into the little recess where Hammerfest is situated. Though the sun, as has been said, was above the horizon, there was not a bright light: it was such a dim and eerie duskliness as some may remember occurring at the middle of the great solar eclipse of 1836. Passing round a promontory into an almost landlocked piece of water, we suddenly beheld, through this twilight medium, the harbour, with a crowd of vessels reposing in it, and a shallow or two shooting rapidly across, while the town lay under the cliffy hill behind, with one or two wharfs and moles running out into the sea. Night, giving no darkness, seemed to bring no repose, for there was evidently the stir of life still in the place. On nearing the landing-place, we were puzzled by the appearance of large white patches on the roofs of the houses. These we afterwards found to be skins in the process of drying. Another thing struck us forcibly—a peculiar odour—something quite unlike the odour of any other town we knew—being a compound of peltry, oil, fish, and worse things. Altogether, Hammerfest already appeared to us as a strange, rough, original sort of place, such as was to be expected in so remote and singular a situation.

We had been told that this town, like its sister Tromsø, possesses no hotel. Our hope was, that some private person would take us in as lodgers for one or two days. We accordingly set out with Sörn as our vanguard and spokesman, in quest of the good Christian who was to fulfil this part of the Scriptures. Threading our way up into the town and into an alley, we knocked at a door, when a nightcapped head (sex uncertain) was speedily presented at a casement. It soon appeared, from a colloquy between this person and Sörn, that no admission could be had. We proceeded to another house: the result was the same. To a third; still no admittance. It began to strike us that, considering the determination of the people to give us no up-putting, they detained Sörn needlessly long in talk. It appeared, on inquiry, that all these nightcapped natives, though insensible to our claims on their hospitality, did us the honour, nevertheless, to entertain no small curiosity as to who we were, whence we had come, what we were about, how long we thought of being in Hammerfest, and so forth; and it was for the sake of light upon these

points that they held talk with Mr Sörn. We could not help thinking it rather hard both to be denied accommodation, and have our servant detained from his duty, more especially when, from the advanced hour of the evening, our chance of finding admission anywhere was so rapidly narrowing.

We were returning to the harbour, with the design of wrapping ourselves in our mantles, and sleeping in the open boat (which, by the by, our men did every night), when, observing the name J. over the door of a house of merchandise, it occurred to us that this was probably the husband of one of the lady visitors whom we had seen at Kaaford, and we thought it might be allowable to call for that gentleman and make our case known to him. Mr J. was himself out of the way, or gone to rest; but his younger brother, Mr Johan J., chanced to be within call, and him we accordingly addressed. He at once offered us accommodation in a sort of bachelor establishment, where he and one or two clerks resided. It was an old-fashioned house, like some of those ancient Dutch ones which Washington Irving describes, with a portentous vane creaking on the top, and the appearance of not having been in any regular family use for ages. We were glad, nevertheless, to see its interior. Our young host, who was, I may remark, a person of a somewhat Italian aspect, with a fine cast of features and a moustache, immediately called a girl to prepare beds for us. He himself lifted up a trap in the floor, and descended with a lamp. We were a little startled: the whole scene was like something in one of Mrs Radcliffe's novels. Presently, however, our entertainer reappeared, bearing two bottles of London porter! He had kind-heartedly thought that to two Englishmen nothing could be so acceptable in the way of refreshment. There being some intercourse between Hull and Hammerfest, it is not surprising to find this beverage at the latter place. We were soon allowed to go to rest, which, after so long a day's sailing, was not unwelcome. Mr Johan retired at the same time to an inner chamber. I remarked that no door was locked. My room, being the first, was entered from a passage which was open to the street. Knowing well that such a custom could not be established without good cause, I never thought of attempting to secure my apartment from intrusion, although I observed through the window rough natives walking about the street, any one of whom had only to turn a door-handle to be in my presence.

Waking at an early hour, I found that the room was a kind of library, and I rose to inspect the books, thinking to find one which might lull me into a new sleep. They were, unluckily for me, Norwegian, or rather Danish books; not one in English to be seen, though I afterwards discovered that there was a 'Gil Blas' in our language. At length I lighted upon a German edition of Horace, on which of course I eagerly flew, reviewing with a feeling which only those far from home can fully appreciate the at all times and in all places charming stanzas—now manifoldly eloquent from their appropriateness to my situation—

*Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebule malusque
Jupiter urget;
Pone sub curru nimium propinquum
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.*

Appropriate!—why, Allan Ramsay, the painter, has actually paraphrased the first of them thus:—

*'Should I by hap land on the coast of Lapland,
Where there no fire is, much less pears and cherries,
Where stormy weather 's sold by hags whose leather
Faces would fright one.'*

I might even—which neither Flaccus nor Ramsay could have expected—speak, without much violence to truth, of the near sun, as well as of shores to which houses have been denied. As to the object of the

feeling expressed, it was in my case a little different from that which the poet had in view; better to be described, perhaps, in another of his writings—

*'Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domum atque dulces liberos.'*

But this is a line of remark where readers may be apt to grow impatient.

In the morning we were introduced to Mr J.'s house, which was next door, and there we received a cordial welcome. We found a handsomely-furnished suite of apartments, and abundant tokens of an elegant feminine taste, including the grand symptom of modern civilisation, a pianoforte. Mr J., his brother, the clerks, we strangers, all sat at one table, and when we had nearly concluded, a female, like a housekeeper, came in from the kitchen, where she had been attending to the preparation of the meal, and sat down to her own breakfast. Such is the custom of Norway. The housekeeper is rather the lady's companion than a servant. She always sits at the lady's right hand. After breakfast, Mr J. was kind enough to accompany me on a survey of the town and its neighbourhood. It consists of little besides one line of street running along the side and bottom of a little bay, under the shadow of a schistous cliff of no great elevation. In the harbour are about twenty vessels, mostly Russian, and a great multitude of boats. The street is not paved; it is scarcely even a road: much of it is laid roughly with flags from the cliff. A strange medley of coarse-looking figures is seen moving about, including Norwegians in ordinary attire—Russians in their long pelisses, cylindrical hats, beards, and dirt—Fins in their blanket-like costume or downright skins. A steeped church crowns a promontory at one end of the town. A little way from the other end, a recess in the hilly ground leads back into a little valley, which is filled with a lake. This is the only place where nature assumes any softness; and the softness which she does assume there is not much. All round the lake there is a terrace of transported matter, including blocks, the surface of which, being about 97 feet above the sea, is cultivated. The outlet of the lake is through a cut in this terrace. At the upper end, a stream is received out of a rough valley which descends from the neighbouring mountain of Tuven, the only highly-elevated ground in this district (between 1200 and 1300 feet high). At the entry of this stream into the lake there is some low sheltered ground on each side, and on each plot a lyst-house has been pitched by a merchant of Hammerfest, together with some attempt at a grove and a garden. I remarked in the garden of one of these establishments that the tall timber palings had been painted black in the inside, in order to increase the effect of the sun's rays. To each lyst-house a road proceeds along one side of the lake, being the only specimen of such a convenience within fifty miles. Each of the gentlemen to whom the lyst-houses belong keeps a curicle, with a couple of horses, for no other purpose than to drive out occasionally to take his pleasure here. There are only four more horses in the town or in this part of the world. I expressed surprise that they should not have a bridge built across the stream, in which case it would be possible for each proprietor to make a circuit of the whole lake, and I was informed that this plan is about to be adopted. The Hammerfestians will then have a drive of about an English mile and a-half without going twice over the same ground.

It is impossible to conceive how this ring terrace could be formed, otherwise than by the sea working against the hill-sides, and receiving their debris into its bosom, when the relative level of sea and land was at a point fully 97 feet above the present. Water-laid gravel and sand are still to be seen upon its surface. In the recess at the head of the lake there is a lesser terrace at 64 feet, and a rough terrace, composed almost solely of blocks from the cliff above, runs along at this height behind the town. Near by, at Mølle, a gentle hill-side presents short terraces of shingle at various heights

(87, 123, and 144 feet); and these, being but scantily covered with moss and herbage, seem as if they had been but recently deserted by the dash of the tide.

The most remarkable natural object connected with Hammerfest is the piece of the upper terrace of erosion which is presented on the cliffs to the north of the town. It is very sharp and distinct, about 85 feet above the sea. I made a voyage in the afternoon to Høiøe, a tall narrow island, somewhat like the Bass, but much larger, which lies about four and a-half miles to the westward. We landed at a rough angle of the isle, amidst a party of poor Fins, who conduct fishing operations there, with little to shelter them but the overhanging ledges of rock. The terrace of erosion runs across the whole of the green face of the island towards Hammerfest, a deep firm cut in the rock, but softened a little by soil and vegetation. It is just about the same elevation as the line above spoken of. I somewhat hurried this observation, because the wind was rising, and I observed a thick fog coming on from the north-east. We had a rough sail back to port, and I felt relieved from some anxiety on finding myself once more under Mr J.'s hospitable roof.

Hammerfest is comparatively a modern town. The Danish government made a station here for mercantile purposes about the middle of the eighteenth century, and it was not considered as a town till 1789. It so chanced that the old-fashioned house into which we were received last night was the original government-house: the date (1750) cut out of the vane indicated the exact period when the settlement originated. I slept in what had long been the business-room and audience-chamber of the government officer, by whom the settlement was conducted. It is now the seat of a great trade in collecting and exporting peltry, oil, and fish, the annual value sent out being not much less than 300,000 specie dollars, or from L.70,000 to L.80,000 sterling. There are four or five merchants (one of them, by the way, a Scotsman) who have the whole of this trade in their hands, each keeping a store, from which he dispenses every imaginable article of necessity and luxury in exchange for the fish, &c. which are brought to him. My host was an example of this class of men, and, judging from him, I would say their style of life is far from despicable. There are seven or eight retail shopkeepers, whose circumstances are such, that the merchants and they form but one society. Awful spells of card-playing they have, I understand, in the long winter evenings, or rather during that one night which reigns with but little interruption of daylight for three or four months of the year. There are three houses licensed to sell spirituous liquors in the town; but a license of this kind is an important thing, and costs 300 dollars per annum. There are two schools, which serve for the children of all ranks.

I learned at Hammerfest that the Laplanders, usually here called Fins, form a proportion of nearly a third in the entire Finmark population, which is about 26,000. They may be considered as a race destined to melt into the rest of the population; for I was assured that whenever a Fin gets education, and fairly settles in Hammerfest, he hastens to be as Norwegian as possible, and is apt to designate himself as such, instead of avowing his Lap descent. Of course a nationality ashamed of itself cannot long exist. Hammerfest is the immediate centre of a considerable mass of people, itself containing 1200 inhabitants. In such a cluster of population in England, the poor-rates would not be less than L.2000 a year: even in Scotland they would be L.700 or L.800. In Hammerfest, not more than L.50 is each year spent formally by the public in support of the poor. There are old helpless people of course, but most of them have their seats by the firesides of their juniors, and their shares of the family dish and the family cup. Such is the natural system of things, and such an arrangement is always found practicable in the earlier stages of civilisation. The greatest admirer of modern systems of industry, and of modern wealth and refine-

ment, must admit that there is a tremendous problem yet unsolved in that which he admires, in as far as self-abandonment, destitution, depravity, despair, appear invariably to increase in the ratio of the advance of his system, forming at least an appalling deduction from the blessing and the joy of largely-developed resources. How comes this? Is it remediable or avoidable? One may surely hope that civilisation does come charged with a solution of the problem in its bosom, could we only get at it. We have confident speakers on the subject, in many various tones; but they are all empiric. Sociology is a science of which as yet we have only seen the infancy.

Having taken a kind farewell of the Messrs J., whose hospitality and pleasant manners had won much of our regard, we set out on our return along the fiord, designing to try, if possible, to detect the places where, according to my surmise, the terraces shifted their levels. We now parted also with the hot weather, for all after this time was exactly such as we find in Scotland in a cool August. It is, I suppose, a perfect mystery how the great heat which occasionally prevails during the Norwegian summer is produced. Some speak of the great prolongation of the sun's influence in that latitude; but why has he not the same power in the same latitude in other parts of the world? Others speak of the Gulf-stream beating on the coast; but this stream beats also on the Hebrides, with comparatively little effect on the weather. Others, again, think it may be owing to the closeness and shelter of the deep valleys of the country; but if so, how shall we account for the similar heats on the open coast? No theory which I have heard of seems to me fit to account for so tremendous a fervour in a country so far removed to the north.

As we repassed through Strömen, I observed that the rocks dipping into the sea are glacially smoothed. As this is a situation where we should expect the dash of the waves to have unusual force, it would appear as if the presentment of a smooth inclined face, by allowing the water to slip easily along, protects the coast at that place from erosion. This observation set us a speculating on the condition of smoothing in connection with inclination, as that which might, in many places, determine whether a coast was to have a line of erosion formed upon it or not. We landed at a green spot called Stoholmen, where the two lines were expressed by indentations in the bank. From the measurement, we felt sure that the upper one had risen at least 40 feet from Hammerfest; yet we had failed to detect the promontory or interval where the change took place. This was vexing, and threatened to give occasion for our going back upon our course. We found here a few Lap huts. At one, of which I took a sketch, though it had no characteristic external features, we found the inmates, twelve persons in all, men, women, and children, standing at the door, full of curiosity regarding us. I was at a loss, on inspecting the interior, to understand how so many persons lived in a space so small. Yet there was that sufficient provision of the utensils necessary for domestic economy which has given me a conviction of the superiority of the Laplanders to many of our own inferior population. In this hut there were three spinning-wheels, some cards for wool, and many wooden milk dishes, showing that the inmates were not destitute of either nourishing food or comfortable clothing.

Early in the afternoon, having left the island of Qualøe behind, we came opposite to a round promontory of the mainland called Beritsmol, and here I narrowly scanned the coast, to ascertain if any abrupt change of level took place in the upper line between one side of the prominence and the other. There was an appearance of such a change, but it could not be clearly made out, on account of the interposition of a rough unmarked space at the angle. The height on one side proved to be 129.22; on the other, at the distance of a mile, it was a foot and a-half higher; a difference so small, as to

leave the matter in doubt. At the latter place the line is formed by a broad ledge, sufficiently equable of surface to be adopted as a kind of path by men and animals. I was here using my instruments without any thought of interruption, when, amidst the perfect stillness, the tramp, tramp, tramp of the feet of an animal was heard, and looking hastily round, I beheld a tall, dusky creature, with great branching horns, looking down upon me from a little eminence. The sailor who held the staff announced it as a reindeer, which I should have quickly surmised it to be, though it was the first specimen I had seen. Not knowing what its motions might be, I snatched up the tripod, and got out of the way with all possible despatch; but the movement was unnecessary, as the animal, after a minute's pause, glanced down off the terrace, brushed through the rough ground below, and, soon after reascending, bounded along its original route with great speed. Half an hour after, sailing along, we observed it with a companion grazing quietly on an elevated slope.

Passing now into Qualsund, a few miles out of our former course, we applied for lodging at the house of a kioptman there—a quiet, respectable man named Hinschel. The favour was most cordially granted, and all possible hospitality shown to us. The house is situated on a terrace beside a creek, where a nameless stream comes down from the moorlands. A few Lap cottagers raise grass on the neighbouring slopes, and amongst them is placed a small chapel, being that already alluded to as having service performed in it only once a year. What was remarkable about this valley, the soft terrace on which the kioptman's house is situated proved to be ten or twelve feet below the lower line as expressed on the clifly coast beyond the intervening promontory. This circumstance served to support my suspicion of a change of levels taking place at such places. Another remarkable feature was, that the upper line passed up the valley on both sides as a grassy terrace, till, two miles off, it was lost in the rise of the country. It here appeared 137 feet above the sea.

The next day proving rainy, we were not able to do much. On the next again, the weather being somewhat more tolerable, we took leave of Mr Hinschel, and proceeded once more towards Varg Sund. In sailing along, we observed a couple of Lap tents on the shore of Qualse, being a temporary station which a group of that people had taken up for fishing. We landed to pay them a visit. A man was cutting up some good large tusk fish on the stony beach. A family group stood looking at us from the door of the principal tent. A few sheep and goats, and one or two dogs, were moving about. Having spent some minutes in observing the wonderful dexterity of the man in cutting up the fish in halves, free of the vertebral column, and connected only at the tail, so as to be hung over a pole to dry, we advanced to the tent, and, as usual, made free to enter. To our surprise, the people had disappeared, and the tent seemed empty. A wooden dish, with the remains of a quantity of fish, which the family had been eating, was thrust aside in a recess. The fire on which it had been cooked was expiring in the centre. Various utensils lay scattered about. We were at a loss to understand how the people had so completely vanished from our sight, when, narrowly examining the objects on the floor, we discovered the whole party, men, women, and children, *perdus* under skins around the circle. Even the baby, in its little pupa-like case, was there. All were silent and motionless, as if they had been asleep. It was evident that the poor creatures had taken refuge in their beds, or what they considered as such, merely to avoid meeting us, and to escape our observation. I find that such timidity or bashfulness is a peculiarity of the Laplanders, observed so long ago as the sixteenth century by Paulus Jovius. He says that they are so fearful, as to fly at the sight of a stranger, or the approach of a foreign ship to their shore; and Olaus Magnus adds that it originated in their fear of

being carried off as slaves.* The whole scene was rude, savage, and dirty beyond conception. To be a dweller in tents sounds romantically, and artists can make wonderfully elegant and interesting groups out of that form of domestic life. I would not recommend them to study, with a view to any improvement in such delineations, actual nomadic life as exemplified on the shores of Lapland. Even here, however, I maintain the superiority of the people, with their fishing, their sheep and goats, and their domestic furnishings, to portions of the Connaught peasantry, and many other hordes of our own people.

The weather prevented us from making many observations to-day, and we arrived in the evening at Komagford, with only the conviction that some further investigation, and that of a closely-searching kind, was necessary before the problem of the terraces should be solved. That this might be done rightly, I deemed it proper to pause a couple of days, while the boat should return to Kaaford for some needful articles. Mr Pad-dison took advantage of the opportunity to return thither, leaving me to prosecute my researches alone.

During the first of my days of pause, the weather proved so bad, that I was able to move but a very little way from home. One circumstance casually mentioned by Mr Fantrom somewhat startled me. 'The great drawback of Finmark,' said he, 'is its having so many wolves and bears.' I had heard some of the ladies talking of their escapes from wolves while pursuing sledge journeys in winter; but the narration sounded only like something in a book; and I never had allowed the idea of danger to myself to cross my mind. Of bears, too, some of the gentlemen talked; but they talked so much like sportsmen, that I paid little attention. A genuine case of a bear actually encountered and slain, seemed about as rare a phenomenon as the authenticated capture of a forty-four pound salmon. Now, however, sauntering along the shore with Mr Fantrom, when I heard him illustrate his remark by telling that, four winters ago, a bear had carried off a little cow from the back of that small outhouse, I must own that a certain feeling of alarm came over me. He said that bears certainly were now and then met with in this district, though in summer they were disposed for the most part to confine themselves to the fields. I bethought me that to be met by a wolf while pursuing levelling operations might prove seriously unpleasant, because, not having that confidence in moral powers of self-defence against this species which Horace expresses in the ode already quoted, I might perchance have less than his good fortune in the Sabine wood.† As for the bears, I knew of no valid defence, moral or physical, beyond what lay in a good pair of heels.

From Mr Fantrom I got some idea of the amount of business which a kioptman will do in a year. There had been collected last year at Komagford, he said, of cod-liver oil 130 tons, of stock-fish 1500 vogts (a vogt is equal to 40 English pounds), of sei-fish 400 vogts, of rodsjer (another kind of fish) 300 vogts. The kioptman gives for these articles, often anticipatorily, the goods which he has for sale in his shop. He sends them to one of the merchants at Hammerfest, whose agent he may thus be said to be. The shop is a curiosity from its miscellaneousness. I found in it a barrel of Medoc from Bourdeaux, and blanket tunics for the Lapland ladies. There were checked prints and gingham for

* Scheffer's History of Lapland, English translation (London, 1704), p. 27.

† Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

Hor.

Translated by Henry George Robinson (1844):

For as I strayed in careless mood,
Beyond my bounds, in Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage, alarm'd,
A wolf fled from me, though unarmed.

the Norwegian females, and tobacco and brandy for the men. A large store at the wharf was full of barrels of flour, sacks of potatoes, and other bulky articles. It was curious to see a window presenting some of the things customary in grocers' shops, and to reflect that the shop could not be visited except by a formal boat-voyage, and that days must often elapse without the appearance of a single customer.

Mr Fantrom, though he spends the summer half of the year with his father-in-law, conducts business as a kioptman during the winter at the inland Lap town of Karasjok, of which every stranger hears much in this part of the world. It is a hamlet of twenty-four families, or 120 souls, in a district containing a population of from 570 to 580 persons. Amidst these Laps he is the only Norwegian, besides Mr Zetlitz the clergyman, who lives with him. The leading occupation of the people is the keeping of reindeer on the fields. The *Field Fins*, as they are called, are a comparatively rich people. A reindeer is worth about 12s. English, and some Fins have several hundred. They are also a comparatively honest people, and he trusts them to some extent. The general business is the dispensation of meal, tobacco, salt, sugar, brandy, clothing, and money, in exchange for their own raw wealth. Last year Mr Fantrom collected in this manner, of reindeer flesh 300 vogts, of reindeer skins 450, of fox skins 30, of squirrel skins 140, of wolf skins 10. He carries all his merchandise to and from Karasjok on sledges drawn by reindeer, each carrying five vogts. He showed me some of the handkerchiefs, and various kinds of cloth—scarlet, blue, and yellow—designed for the Fins: these articles come from Hamburg. The Fins have not as yet acquired a taste for tea or coffee. The sugar they take is used with brandy, or as a luxury for the palate. They do not, however, drink brandy to any excess. Mr Fantrom speaks favourably and kindly of his customers. He tells me, and this I heard from many persons, that a few of them are men who would pass as rich in almost any community. There is one, for instance, at Karasjok called Johannes Nilsson, who possesses between two and three thousand reindeer, and between two and three thousand specie dollars besides. The rich men of the tribe either have no idea of living in any better style than their poorer neighbours, or are prevented from doing so by public sentiment. Nilsson dresses himself exactly like his neighbours, and his house is in no observable respect better than theirs. The only use the wealthy Fin makes of his abundance is to purchase for himself a little more brandy, and to munch a little more sugar. They have no idea of putting their cash into a bank, or lending it at interest. It is deposited by the owner in some secret place under ground, generally without the knowledge of even the nearest kindred, so that it is not uncommon for a family to lose all benefit from their father's wealth; and *poses* are now and then lighted upon. R. C.

MEMORIALS OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S LAST DAYS.

THE widespread popularity of Macaulay's History of England has awakened attention and curiosity to some of the unexplained points with which all history abounds. Perhaps the most striking passage in the book is the account of the battle of Sedgemoor; the last, happily, which polluted the soil of England. Connected with it and the miserable flight of Monmouth, two or three interesting circumstances have come to light since the publication of Mr Macaulay's volumes, which we think it will be interesting to notify.

The readers of the first volume need hardly be reminded how picturesque and clear his description has been rendered by the trouble the author took in personally going over the moor, and collecting from it and the neighbouring town of Bridgewater a store of the local traditions which still float about the district. It will be remembered that on the fatal Monday morning (July 6,

1685), after the five or six thousand colliers and ploughmen which composed the rebel army of the Duke of Monmouth had fought against James II.'s battalions of regular cavalry and infantry for a couple of hours—enveloped in a dense marsh fog—the routed rustics came pouring into the streets of Bridgewater utterly broken. 'The uproar, the blood, the gashes, the ghastly figures which sank down and never rose again, spread horror and dismay through the town. The pursuers, too, were close behind. Those inhabitants who had favoured the insurrection expected sack and massacre, and implored the protection of their neighbours who professed the Roman Catholic religion, or had made themselves conspicuous by Tory politics; and it is acknowledged by the bitterest Whig historians that this protection was kindly and generously given.'

It was perhaps unfortunate for Monmouth and the leading Whigs that they had not sought protection from such generous Jacobites, instead of flying across the country as the duke did, with Lord Grey, Buysse, and a few other friends, making such good speed towards the Bristol Channel, that although the party commenced their flight at four in the morning, their stout horses had put twenty miles behind them by six. They then mounted fresh ones, changed their course, and pushed on for Hampshire, in the hope that the cabins of the deer-stealers of the New Forest might for a time afford security. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages; but on Cranbourne Chase in Dorsetshire the strength of their steeds failed, and they turned them loose, hiding the saddles and bridles. Here they disguised themselves as peasants, and proceeded on foot towards the New Forest.

Thus far Macaulay; but since his account was published, some persons interested in the minute illustrations of these events have notified the precise spots at which these little incidents occurred. The horses were, it seems, dismissed near a well-known road-side inn, a few miles south-west of Salisbury, on the road to Blandford, called 'Woodyates Inn.' It would seem that Monmouth had changed once again his determination, and was making the best of his way to the Hants coast, either to Christchurch or to Bournemouth, 'where he expected to find a vessel,' says the Earl of Shaftesbury, the present owner of the estate on which the duke was ultimately captured.* He and his companions passed the night in the open air, and when morning dawned, they found by certain indications—even around the remote spot where they had been concealed—that their enemy's scouts encompassed them on all sides. In fact Lord Lumley, who lay at Ringwood with a strong body of the Sussex militia, had sent forth parties in every direction; while Sir William Portman, with the Somerset militia, had formed a chain of posts from the sea to the northern extremity of Dorset. Still, the wretched fugitives tried to pursue their way, but with the precaution of occasionally separating. We now once more take up Mr Macaulay:—

'At five in the morning of the 7th, Grey was seized by two of Lumley's scouts. . . . It could hardly be doubted that the chief rebel was not far off. The pursuers redoubled their vigilance and activity. The cottages scattered over the heathy country on the boundaries of Dorsetshire and Hampshire were strictly examined by Lumley, and the clown with whom Monmouth had changed clothes was discovered. Portman came with a strong body of horse and foot to assist in the search. Attention was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land separated by an enclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields the rye, the peas, and the oats were high enough to conceal a

* This, and some of the subsequent information we shall presently adduce, was elicited in an exceedingly useful weekly publication which has been recently established in London, called 'Notes and Queries, a Medium of Intercommunication for Literary Men, Artists, Antiquaries, Genealogists, &c.' In this instance Mr John Bruce the antiquary put in one number of the work certain 'queries,' which were promptly answered from the best possible authority—the nobleman on whose ground the Duke of Monmouth was taken. This single example shows the utility of 'Notes and Queries.'

man; others were overgrown by fern and brambles. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share in the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded; the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence; and several dogs of quick scent were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the search could be completed; but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge; but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert: once they were seen and fired at; they then separated, and concealed themselves in different hidingplaces.

At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buysse was found. He owned that he had parted from the duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire; but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely grey, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw peas, gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, recipes, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles II. had decorated his favourite son.*

All who love particular localities for their historical associations, must have regretted the vague description here given of the place in which the rash but unfortunate duke was arrested. A knowledge of such spots fixes the events enacted on them in the mind, and gives them a vivid and enduring interest. Even when the charms which time throws over remarkable circumstances are absent, particular places are cherished and eagerly visited; and pilgrimages are made to the landing-place of royalty, the scene of a recent crime, or the death-place of a great character, merely from the associations they call up. What would the Nether Bow in Edinburgh be but for John Knox's house? and would St Leonard's, under Salisbury Crags, be half so much visited as it is but for the cottage which fiction has made classical by the bare supposition that it was the residence of Jeanie Deans? It is therefore doing good service to rescue scenes of even minor historical interest from obscurity. This, then, has been done in reference to the exact spot on which the Duke of Monmouth fell into the hands of the emissaries of his uncle. It is correctly but too generally described by Mr Macaulay as 'separated by an enclosure from the open country.' The enclosure, in fact, lies in the parish of Woodlands, Dorsetshire, and being a kind of oasis in a small desert called Shag's Heath, has always had the name of 'The Island.' At the north-eastern extremity of this enclosure the duke was found, on the 8th July 1685, crouching in a ditch under an ash-tree. The field, of which the ditch is a boundary, has ever since been called 'Monmouth Close.' Lord Shaftesbury gives some account of it:—'The whole of Woodlands now belongs to me. The greater part of it was bought by my late brother soon after he came of age. I knew nothing of Monmouth Close till the year 1787. When I was shooting on Horton Heath, the gamekeeper advised me to try for game in the enclosures called Shag's Heath, and took me to see Monmouth Close and the famous ash-tree there. I then anxiously inquired of the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses respecting the traditions concerning Monmouth Close and the celebrated ash-tree, and what I then learnt I have printed for the information of any person who may visit that spot.'*

We subjoin his lordship's interesting memorandum:—

'The small enclosure which has been known by the name of Monmouth Close ever since the capture of the Duke of Monmouth there in July 1685, is one of a cluster of small enclosures, five in number, which stood in the middle of Shag's Heath, and were called "The Island." They are in the parish of Woodlands.

'The tradition of the neighbourhood is this: namely, that after the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemoor near Bridgewater, he rode, accompanied by Lord Grey, to Woodyates, where they quitted their horses; and the duke having changed clothes with a peasant, endeavoured to make his way across the country to Christchurch. Being closely pursued, he made for The Island, and concealed himself in a ditch which was overgrown with fern and underwood. When his pursuers came up, an old woman gave information of his being in the Island, and of her having seen him filling his pocket with peas. The Island was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who passed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighbouring cots. As they were going away, one of them espied the skirt of the duke's coat, and seized him. The soldier no sooner knew him, than he burst into tears, and reproached himself for the unhappy discovery. The duke, when taken, was quite exhausted with fatigue and hunger, having had no food since the battle but the peas which he had gathered in the field. The ash-tree is still standing under which the duke was apprehended, and is marked with the initials of many of his friends who afterwards visited the spot.

'The family of the woman who betrayed him were ever after holden in the greatest detestation, and are said to have fallen into decay, and to have never thriven afterwards. The house where she lived, which overlooked the spot, has since fallen down. It was with the greatest difficulty that any one could be made to inhabit it.

'The duke was carried before Anthony Etterick, Esq. of Holt, a justice of the peace, who ordered him to London.

'His gold snuff-box was afterwards found in the pea-field, full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs Uvedale of Horton. One of the finders had L.15 for half the contents or value of it.

'Being asked what he would do if set at liberty, the duke answered that if his horse and arms were restored, he only desired to ride through the army, and he defied them all to take him again.'

Thus much of the localities: we have now to describe the recent discovery of one of the cherished articles found on the duke's person at the time of his arrest.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the above facts, an interesting relic of them was brought to light at a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. Dr Anster exhibited a manuscript volume of 157 pages, which he declared to be the identical 'album filled with songs, recipes, prayers, and charms,' found in Monmouth's pocket when seized. It was purchased at a book-stall in Paris in 1827 by an Irish divinity student, was given by him to a priest in the county of Kerry, and on the priest's death, became the property of the present possessor. Respecting its identity and history, from its removal from the rebel duke's pocket down to its production at the Royal Irish Academy, Dr Anster showed that after Monmouth was beheaded—which he was on Tower Hill, by the too-celebrated John Ketch, on the 15th July 1685—the articles found on his person were given to the king. At James's deposition, three years afterwards, all his manuscripts, including those that had belonged to Monmouth, were carried into France, where they remained till the Revolution in that country a century afterwards. Dr Anster, in exhibiting the book, showed that the remains of silver clasps had been destroyed, and a part of the leather of the covers at each side was torn away, seemingly for the purpose of removing some name on a coat of arms with which it had been once marked; and this he accounted for by the belief that at the period of the French Revolution the persons in whose custody they were, being fearful of the suspicions likely to arise from their possession of books with royal arms on them, tore off the covers, and sent

* Notes and Queries, No. 6.

the books to St Omer's. The after-fate of the larger books was, that they were burned; some small ones, we are distinctly told, were saved from this fate, but seem to have been disregarded, and all trace of them lost. The Abbé Waters—a collateral descendant of Lucy Waters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother—was the person with whom George IV. negotiated for the Stuart papers, and from whom the volumes which have since appeared as 'Clarke's Life of James the Second' were obtained; and it is from the Abbé Waters we have the account of the destruction of King James's autograph papers. Dr Anster showed, written on the inner cover of this volume, the words, 'Baron Watiers' or 'Waters.'

As to the identity of the book, Dr Anster quoted several passages from contemporary authors to test their account of the contents of the 'album' with those of the book he was describing. In the 'Harleian Miscellany,' vol. vi. p. 323, it is stated in Sir John Heresby's memoirs, that 'out of his [Monmouth's] pocket were taken books, in his own handwriting, containing charms or spells to open the doors of a prison, to obviate the danger of being wounded in battle, together with songs and prayers.' Barillon describes the book in what is nearly a translation of this—'Il y avoit des secrets de magie et d'enchantement, avec des chansons des recettes pour des maladies et des prières.' Again, in a note by Lord Dartmouth to the modern editions of 'Burnett's Own Times,' we have the following statement:—'My uncle, Colonel William Legge, who went in the coach with him [Monmouth] to London as a guard, with orders to stab him if there were any disorders on the road, showed me several charms that were tied about him when he was taken, and his table-book, which was full of astrological figures that nobody could understand; but he told my uncle that they had been given to him some years before in Scotland, and he now found they were but foolish conceits.'

The actual contents of the manuscript volume show a great resemblance to these descriptions. The most curious passages which it contains are the duke's memorandums of his journeys on two visits to the Prince of Orange, in the year previous to his last rash adventure. His movements up to the 14th of March 1684-85 are given. The entries do not seem to be of much moment; but they may accidentally confirm or disprove some disputed points of history. There is an entry without a date, describing the stages of a journey in England, commencing with London and Hampstead: it ends with Toddington. This forms a strong link in the chain of identity; for Toddington is a place remarkable in the history of the duke. Near it was the residence of Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, baroness (in her own right) of Nettlestead, only daughter and heir of Thomas Lord Wentworth, grandchild and heir of the Earl of Cleveland. Five years before the duke's execution, her mother observed that, despite the duke being a married man, her daughter had, while at court, attracted his admiration, and she hurried her away to Toddington. In 1683, after the failure of the Rye-House Plot, Monmouth was banished from the royal presence, and it was to Toddington he retired. When, on retracting the confession which he had made on the occasion, he was banished the kingdom, the companion of his exile was Lady Henrietta Wentworth. 'I dwell on this,' said Dr Anster, 'because the accidental mention of Toddington seems to authenticate the book: the name of Lady Henrietta Wentworth does not occur in it, and the persons in whose hands the book has been since it was purchased in Paris do not seem to have noticed the name of Toddington, or to have known that it had any peculiar relation to the duke's history. It occurs twice in the book—once in the itinerary, and again in a trifling and unmetrical song which is probably the duke's own composition; written probably on the eve of his flight with his romantic but guilty companion to Holland:—

"With joy we leave thee,
False world, and do forgive
All thy false treachery,
For now we'll happy live.

We'll to our bowers,
And there spend our hours;
Happy there we'll be,
We no strifes can see;
No quarrelling for crowns,
Nor fear the great one's frowns;
Nor slavery of state,
Nor changes in our fate.
From plots this place is free,
There we'll ever be;
We'll sit and bless our stars
That from the noise of wars
Did this glorious place give
(Or did us Toddington give)
That thus we happy live."

In Macaulay's history we find that the latest act of the duke on the scaffold, before submitting to the stroke of the executioner, was to call his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick-case, the last token of ill-starred love. 'Give it,' he said, 'to that person!' After the description of Monmouth's burial occurs the following affecting passage:—'Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington in Bedfordshire witnessed a yet sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestead. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest: her name, carved by the hand of him she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.'

In further proof of identity, Dr Anster pointed out several charms and recipes which the manuscript volume contains. The conjurations are in general for the purpose of learning the results of sickness in any particular case, and of determining whether friends will be in certain circumstances faithful. There are also incantations for the use of several maladies, and one to make gray hair grow black. No 'charms against being wounded in battle,' such as Sir John Heresby mentions, are to be found in the volume; but there are some prayers against violent death, which have the appearance of having been transcribed from some devotional book. There is evidently a mistake in supposing that this book contains any charm for breaking open prison doors, and it is likely that Sir John Heresby was misled in this way:—There is in page 7 a charm in French to procure repose of body and mind, and deliverance from pains; and the word for 'pains' is written in a contracted form; it might as well stand for prisons; but examining the context, it is plainly the former word which is meant.

The rest of the entries consist of extracts from old recipe-books, mixed in the oddest way with abridgments of English history, and the most trifling memorandums, chiefly of a private and personal kind. Altogether, this commonplace work is highly indicative of the weakness, vanity, and superstition which stood forward so prominently in the character of the rash but unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

THE HUNCHBACK AND THE HARLEQUIN.

It was a very hot day in the month of July 1768: five o'clock had sounded, and the performance in the Italian Theatre in Paris was about to commence with a harlequinade, in which the celebrated Carlin was to appear.

The curtain drew up: Carlin advanced on the stage, and casting a glance around the building, perceived that pit, boxes, and gallery were all equally empty. He stood silent for a moment; and then addressing the leader of the orchestra, said, 'Really, my dear friend, I have no mind to act for your sole amusement. I shall just quietly go home, and I advise you and your musicians to follow my example.'

'By no means!' cried a sharp voice issuing from a remote corner of the pit; 'I bar that: I have paid my thirty sous to see the play, and I insist on having the worth of my money.' Looking in the direction of the

voice, the actor with some difficulty discerned a being about four feet in height, making desperate efforts to approach the stage by climbing over the benches.

'My dear sir,' said Carlin, 'if you think so much of your thirty sous, my comrades and I are quite ready to return them; or, if you like it better, I will even double the sum, and we will have a bottle of wine together.'

'Sir,' replied the little man, as he climbed on a bench, 'I am not thirsty: I have paid for seeing the play, and the play I must have—so do me the favour to commence.' So saying, he assumed an upright attitude, which displayed to great advantage a huge hump on his back.

'My dear sir,' said Carlin, mimicking his tone of voice, 'it can't be.'

'Why not, pray?'

'Because, in beginning, I should have to address myself to the public, and unhappily there's no public here to address.'

'I am here, sir; for what do you take me?'

'I take you for a hunchback.'

'You're an insolent fellow!' Carlin took off his mask.

'Doubtless,' he said, 'you don't know me. Learn that my name is Carlo Bertinazzi; that before going on the stage, I served as an officer in the army of his majesty the king of Sardinia, and that I never allow an insult to go unpunished.'

'You mistake,' replied the hunchback coolly; 'you are not Carlo Bertinazzi: you are the harlequin whom I have paid for seeing act. My name, Master Harlequin, is Joseph Dubreuil; I am an attorney's clerk, and I live in the Rue St Honoré. To-morrow I shall lodge my complaint with the lieutenant of police, who will be very likely to lodge you quietly in prison if you refuse to commence your performance immediately.' Having so spoken, the little man, with an air of much dignity, resumed his seat. Carlin was in the wrong, and he knew it. He resumed his mask, and began to recite his monologue, intermingling it with pointed extemporaneous allusions to his troublesome auditor. The latter was delighted, and applauded with might and main. However, when it came to the turn of Carlin's fellow-actors to speak, they did so with the utmost negligence; and the hunchback, feeling his dignity invaded, drew from his pocket an enormous key, which, when applied to his lips, served to produce a most sonorous hiss. At this unexpected though well-known sound the actors paused.

'Come,' exclaimed the little man, 'you played badly, and I hissed you: 'tis quite according to rule.'

'The gentleman is right,' said Carlin: 'he stands on his privilege. Let us pay respect to the public and to ourselves.' The remainder of the act was played in a most satisfactory manner; and just before the curtain fell, Carlin addressed his spectator:—'Sir,' said he, 'should you happen to meet any of your friends this evening, perhaps you will have the kindness to commend our performance, and advise them to visit us to-morrow.' With much sincerity the hunchback promised to accede to the request, and went out of the theatre during the interval between the acts.

It so happened that, during the last hour, thick clouds had gathered in the sky, and before the second act had commenced, a fearful torrent of rain was pouring down on Paris. The pedestrians who thronged the streets were glad to take refuge in any open building, and in a few moments the Italian Theatre was not only filled, but crowded. Standing on a bench in the centre of the pit, the diminutive hunchback made himself conspicuous by the extraordinary series of gestures which he directed towards the stage, first pointing to himself, and then to the crowded ranks of spectators, whose leader and conqueror he seemed to be. Of course these pantomimic signals were lost on the newly-arrived public, but they were perfectly well understood by Carlin, who smiled applause on his ambitious little friend.

Next morning, as the latter was setting out for his office, a servant in livery handed him a letter, bearing the seal of the Italian Theatre. Its contents were as follow:—'M. Carlin and his friends request the honour of M. Dubreuil's company at breakfast, and will feel gratified by his accepting a free season-ticket to the Italian Theatre, as a slight mark of their esteem.' The hunchback gladly accepted the invitation: the breakfast was delightful, the entertainers and the entertained being equally pleased with each other. From that time the little man seldom missed a representation at the Italian Comedy, and became the most intimate friend of harlequin, whom, when outside the theatre, he no longer hesitated to recognise as M. Carlin.

THE LEGAL POSITION OF SAVINGS' BANKS.

At this moment we conceive it would be rendering an essential service to the industrious orders of the community, more especially to such of them as are depositors in savings' banks, if the position of such depositors with respect to the security they possess for the money they have lodged in them were clearly stated. The recent serious defalcation of an actuary of the Rochdale Savings' Bank, following as it does so closely upon the widespread privation and ruin inflicted on hundreds of the industrious poor in Ireland by the failure of kindred institutions in Dublin and Tralee, must have tended to create alarm in the minds of those who have a stake in the savings' banks of the country; whilst it certainly necessitates some more vigilant supervision by the trustees, if not on the part of the government itself. Already has the legislature hedged round those institutions with safeguards against fraud and dishonesty, but that that protection is not wholly effectual, is proved by the instances of defalcation already referred to, and by those which occurred a few years ago in connection with the Northampton and St Albans Savings' Banks.

Since the institution of savings' banks, early in the present century, a number of acts of parliament have been passed with the view to their encouragement and protection; and one of the main provisions of these acts is, that the trustees of savings' banks are empowered, and indeed bound, to invest the monies of the depositors on government security, and on that alone. At the commencement of the banks, and for some time afterwards, the benevolent persons who associated themselves for their establishment and management pledged their joint personal security to the depositors; but in course of time it was found that an immense aggregate sum had been lodged in savings' banks, and it became obvious that some more solid foundation ought to be provided for maintaining the confidence of the industrious orders. Thence originated the provision referred to for investing the deposits on the security of the government itself, and various other minor regulations calculated to remedy and prevent fraud and dishonesty on the part of those intrusted with the management: such as the rendering it incumbent on paid officers to provide good and sufficient sureties for the proper discharge of their duties, the enabling the trustees to sue defaulters on behalf of the general body of depositors, and the preventing any small number of the trustees from withdrawing the funds of the bank from the hands of the government, except with the consent of the whole or a competent part of them.

In the year 1817, when there were about seventy savings' banks established in England, the first legislative provision was enacted for their management. Acts were passed (57 Geo. III. c. 105 and 130) with the view to afford protection to those already established, and encouragement to the formation of others. By these acts the trustees and managers were prohibited from receiving, directly or indirectly, any personal emolument or advantage from the institutions with which they should be connected, beyond their actual expenses; and they were required to

enrol the rules of their institutions at the general or quarter sessions of the county. The treasurer, or other person intrusted with the receipt or custody of the deposits, was to give security for the due discharge of his duties; and in case of forfeiture on the part of this officer, the clerk of the peace was empowered to sue the sureties to make good the defalcation. A fund was established in the office for the reduction of the national debt in London, under the management of the government, entitled, 'The Fund for the Banks for Savings,' and to this fund the trustees of savings' banks were bound to transmit all deposits when the sum amounted to £50 or more. For the amount so invested the trustees received a debenture, carrying interest at the rate of 3d. per centum per diem, or £4, 11s. 3d. per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. The rate of interest then usually allowed to depositors was 4 per cent. The trustees were absolutely prohibited from placing any of the deposits confided to them in the hands of a private banker, or upon any one's personal security, excepting such sum as should necessarily remain in the savings' bank to answer its exigencies. In Ireland the depositors were restricted to the investment of £50 in each year; and in England the same restriction was imposed, with a relaxation in favour of the first year of the deposit, when £100 might be received. A short act was passed in July 1820 (1 Geo. IV. c. 83) for settling the rate of interest to be allowed by the government to the trustees of savings' banks at the sum mentioned above, and for preventing any individual member of the trustees, or any person acting as the agent of the bank, from withdrawing any portion of the money lodged with the government, unless duly authorized by the other trustees. At the time when the first of the acts cited were passed, no further restriction than that already mentioned as to the amount to be invested by the depositor seems to have been necessary, nor was he prevented from investing simultaneously in as many different savings' banks as he might deem advisable. This power was found liable to abuse, and an act was passed in 1824 (5 Geo. IV. c. 62) which restricted the deposits to £50 in the first year of the account being opened, and to £30 in each subsequent year; and when the whole should amount to £200, exclusive of interest, no further interest was to be allowed. Subscribers to one savings' bank were likewise prohibited from making deposits in any other, but the whole money deposited in one savings' bank might be drawn in order to be placed in another. The trustees were also required to draw up annually accounts of the progress of their respective banks, and of the amount of money remaining in the bank, and in whose hands, and to transmit such accounts to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, who were empowered to close their accounts with the trustees of any bank who refused or neglected to comply with this requirement.

In 1828 a subsequent statute was passed (9 Geo. IV. c. 92), entitled, 'An Act to Consolidate and Amend the Laws relating to Savings' Banks.' By this act, under the provisions of which all savings' banks are at present conducted, it is enacted, 'that the rules of every savings' bank shall be signed by two trustees, and submitted to a barrister appointed by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the same are in conformity to law; and the said barrister shall give a certificate thereof, which, together with the rules signed by the trustees, shall be laid before the justices for the county, riding, division, or place, at the general or quarter sessions; and it shall be lawful for such justices to reject and disapprove of any part or parts thereof, or to allow and confirm the said rules, or such parts as shall be conformable to the act.' The rules and regulations so made and confirmed are required by the act to be deposited with the clerk of the peace for the county or division, and are then declared and deemed to be binding on the officers and depositors of the institution. As

in the preceding acts, the money deposited in savings' banks must be invested by the trustees in the Bank of England, or of Ireland in the case of Irish savings' banks, in the names of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. By this consolidation-act the interest which the receipts or debentures given to the trustees for the deposits invested with the government carried was reduced from 3d. per cent. per diem, or £4, 11s. 3d. per cent. per annum, to 2½d. per cent. per diem, or £3, 16s. 0½d. per cent. per annum; while the interest paid to depositors, which was at first 4 per cent., was limited to 2½d. per cent. per diem, or £3, 8s. 5½d. per centum per annum, the difference between the sum allowed to the bank for interest by the government and that allowed by the bank to the depositors being retained by the trustees to defray the expenses of carrying on the bank. Depositors are not allowed to make deposits exceeding in the whole £150, and when the balance due to any depositor amounts, with interest, to £200, no further interest is to be allowed. Charitable and provident institutions are empowered to lodge funds to the amount of £100 in any single year, or £300 in all, principal and interest included.

By a further act (3 Wm. IV. c. 14), the industrious classes are encouraged to purchase annuities, to commence at any deferred period which the purchaser may choose; the purchase-money being paid either in one sum, or by weekly, monthly, quarterly, or yearly instalments, as the purchaser may determine.

The act 5th and 6th Wm. IV. c. 57, passed in 1835, repealed the law relating to savings' banks in Scotland, and in lieu of it extended the 9th Geo. IV. c. 92 and the 3d Wm. IV. c. 14, abstracted above, to those institutions in Scotland, and placed all parts of the kingdom in this respect on a similar footing.

The last act passed relative to savings' banks was the 7th and 8th Vict. c. 83 (9th August 1844), and it reduced the interest payable on the receipts issued to the trustees by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt to the sum of £3, 5s. per cent. per annum, and that payable to the depositors by the trustees to £3, 0s. 10d. per cent. per annum. It also constitutes the act of an actuary cashier, or secretary, or any person holding any situation or appointment in a savings' bank who shall receive deposits and not pay them over to the managers, a misdemeanour, and renders him liable to punishment. And it has likewise this important provision (section 6) limiting the responsibility of trustees and managers—'That no trustee or manager of any savings' bank shall be liable to make good any deficiency which may hereafter arise in the funds of any savings' bank, unless such persons shall have respectively declared by writing under their hands, and deposited with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, that they are willing so to be answerable; and it shall be lawful for each of such persons, or for such persons collectively, to limit his or their responsibility to such sum as shall be specified in any such instrument, provided always that the trustee and manager of any such institution shall be, and is hereby declared to be personally responsible, and liable for all monies actually received by him on account of, or to, and for the use of such institution, and not paid over or disposed of in the manner directed by the rules of the said institution; and an abstract of the above provisions shall be enrolled as one of the rules of the institution.' The act also limits the annuities created and payable under 3d and 4th Wm. IV. c. 14 to £30, and specifies the scale of the consideration money to be paid with respect to them.

Such is a succinct statement of the existing law applicable to savings' banks, from which it will clearly appear that the depositors in these institutions possess the best possible security for their money, and that the earnest solicitude of the legislature has been evinced towards them from time to time. It remains for us to correct an erroneous notion generally prevalent with re-

gard to the relationship subsisting between the government and the depositors in savings' banks. We refer to the belief that the government is under an obligation to make good any loss to the depositors occasioned by the fraud or defalcation of the manager or other person connected with a savings' bank. That is not the case. The government is simply chargeable with whatever money the trustees of a savings' bank may lodge with it, under the terms of the acts of parliament already cited. Beyond that, the depositors in savings' banks have no legal claim upon the government for any loss they may sustain; nor have they any remedy, according to the statute law at least, against the trustees or managers for such loss, unless the trustees or managers have declared in writing that they are willing to be answerable; and even in that case their responsibility is limited to the specific amount they may insert in their written declaration. The trustees and managers are, nevertheless, personally responsible and liable for all monies actually received by them on account of, or for the use of the bank, and not paid over or disposed of in the manner directed by the rules. In addition to this, in cases of loss or defalcation, the depositors have a good remedy against the sureties of any officer defrauding them, by suing such sureties for the penalties mentioned in the bonds given by them to the bank, whilst the principal himself is liable to punishment for a misdemeanour. We may add, that in no case of defalcation that has yet occurred in England or Scotland in connection with savings' banks have the depositors suffered loss. In the cases of the Northampton and St Albans Savings' Banks, the trustees, to their lasting honour, made good the deficiency out of their own private fortunes.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The commissioners on this subject report that, for several centuries, marriages within certain degrees of affinity were prohibited by the church; but that, by the authority of the pope, dispensations were granted, though to what extent, and in what cases, is not ascertained. In England this was the state of the law up to the time of King Henry VIII., whose marriage was pronounced null and void by Archbishop Cranmer. From that period the ecclesiastical court dealt with these marriages, at first by pronouncing them null and void, notwithstanding one or both of the parties might be dead when the suit was sought to be commenced. But in the time of James I. the courts of common law interfered, and prohibited the spiritual courts from proceeding to pronounce them null and void after the death of one of the parties. Hence all these marriages came to be called voidable marriages, in contradistinction to those which were void, as in the case of a marriage where there was a first husband or wife living at the time of the second marriage; or where one of the parties was a lunatic at the time of celebrating a marriage. Marriages, therefore, within the prohibited degrees were only voidable; and if they were not pronounced null and void by the competent ecclesiastical tribunals during the lives of both parties, their validity could not be afterwards questioned, nor the legitimacy of the children be impeached. This state of the law continued unaltered in England until the year 1835, when the statute 5 and 6 William IV. c. 54 (commonly called Lord Lyndhurst's Act) passed. The effect of that statute was to prohibit the ecclesiastical court from entertaining any suit for the purpose of pronouncing null and void marriages within the prohibited degrees of affinity, celebrated before the passing of the act; and all such marriages celebrated after the passing of the act were declared by it to be null and void. The commissioners proceed to observe, 'That they find from a mass of evidence, that marriages of this kind are permitted by dispensation or otherwise in nearly all the continental states of Europe.'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A DINNER IN CALIFORNIA.

The 'New York Tribune' gives an account of a 4th of July dinner (the anniversary of American independence) at the mines in California. It says—'It was given by Ramsey to his customers, and fifty sat down, or rather lay down, for our dinner was spread on a level, which was made by felling a tree, trimming it, and filling in above it with earth

and stones. We had a cloth along the centre, and scraps of mats and blankets along the sides of each, on which we reclined in Oriental style. Each man had a tin plate, and a tin pot for his liquor, water not being allowed on the table; champagne and other liquors were too plentiful to make it desirable to but few. There was some lack of dishes to serve up in; but with wash-basins, the pans of the gold washers, and a cast-iron bake-kettle, and with the assistance of two large soup tureens, the numerous dishes were displayed. We had, among other luxuries, fresh blackberries and bon-bons: the latter were rather dry, and had no doubt travelled far. Each man had a three-pronged iron fork, and a regular case-knife. The cost of the dinner, exclusive of wines and meats, was 1100 dollars.'

SONG OF THE WINDS.

HURRA—hurra—hurra!

Exultingly let us sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, alone are free.
The earth hath a zone, and the sea hath a bound,
But our rest and our home have never been found.
We play with the clouds on the mountain's brow,
We wreath on the flowers in the vale below,
We lash up the waves in our hoisterous mirth,
Or idly roam through the bright lands of earth.
Oh! whatever we will we do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, alone are free.

Hurra—hurra—hurra!

Let us boldly, proudly sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the mightiest be.
A nation's navies went forth to fight,
We swept o'er the waters—and where was their might?
We flew o'er the earth in sport as we passed,
The kings of the forest were strewn on the blast;
We paused in our wrath where a city lay,
And its beauty and pride have passed away.
Oh! whatever we will we do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the mightiest be.

Hurra—hurra—hurra!

Let us gladly, gaily sing, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the merriest be.
We dance on the flowers of the joyous spring,
We cradle to rest where the bright birds sing;
We play with the tress upon Beauty's brow,
Or kiss the rich gems on her breast of snow;
We scatter perfumes in our wayward flight,
Or melody breathe through the starry night.
Oh! whatever we will we do, for we,
Of all nature's creatures, the merriest be.

Hurra—hurra—hurra!

Triumphantly let us sing, for we
O'er the human soul hold mastery.
For the blood of the merchant-prince grows cold
As we toss on the waves his heaps of gold;
And mother and maid turn pale with fear
As the tone of our midnight wall they hear;
And the mariner's heart beats quick for life
As we revel and rave in our reckless strife.
Oh! nothing in all the wide earth or sea
Can boast of such mighty power as we.

A. S.

MODERN LETTERS.

What characterises the literature of our time is—its *human interest*. It is true that we do not see scholars addressing scholars, but men addressing men; not that scholars are fewer, but that the reading public is more large. Authors in all ages address themselves to what interests their readers; the same things do not interest a vast community which interested half a score of monks or bookworms. The literary *polis* was once an oligarchy; it is now a republic. It is the general brilliancy of the atmosphere which prevents your noticing the size of any particular star. Do you not see, that with the cultivation of the masses, has awakened the literature of the affections? Every sentiment finds an expositor, every feeling an oracle.—*The Customs.*

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

BOATING IN THE ALTENFIORD CONCLUDED— RETURN TO TRONDHIEM.

THE third morning, which was that appointed for my return to Hammerfest, proved wet and misty, and fresh snow appeared on the summits of the Seiland mountains, as it sometimes does on our Ochils and Pentlands about the middle of October. As it was only a week since I had sailed at midnight into Hammerfest bay under an experience of the mildest airs, I had sufficient reason to conclude that the summer of Finmark was not to be praised for consistency. There was, however, one favourable circumstance—the wind was fair for Hammerfest. I therefore set out immediately after breakfast.

For several hours we made fair progress, and the weather was not so bad as to prevent me from making observations on the coasts. After midday the wind shifted several times, and then became violent. It required the greatest watchfulness on the part of the men to prevent the boat from being thrown over by the gusts which occasionally came out of the gullies on the sides of the fiord. As it was, there was a terrible tossing, and much shipping of water. Having heard that a boat containing two gentlemen connected with the copperworks had once been upset at this very place in similar circumstances, when one of the passengers was drowned, and the other only saved by clinging for three hours to the wreck, I was not without some apprehensions, although very much cooler about the dangers of the case than I could have previously supposed. In these circumstances I could not but admire the patience of the boatmen, as they strove to control the movements of the vessel, never complaining of either the cold, or the drenching which they were getting. It was interesting also to observe the effects of their skill in keeping the boat alive, the more especially as it was a kind of skill of which I had myself no share. Probably, I thought, I could explain the principle of *displacement* better than these poor fellows; but as to the practical management of the vessel, I should be comparatively as a child. After enduring the storm for some time, Sörn deemed it prudent to go before the wind for Klokke-havn, a creek in the island of Qualøe, where he knew we should have shelter. I was glad to step ashore at this place, though it was a perfect wilderness, several miles from any human habitation.

After consulting with the men, I deemed it best to take one of them as a guide, and walk across the mountains to Hammerfest, which I was assured we should reach in two hours. Meanwhile Sörn and the other man would wait with the boat till fair weather should allow them to bring it round to port. To make their circumstances as endurable as possible, I surrendered to them

the best of my provisions, and likewise promised to send assistance if it should appear unlikely that they should be able to bring off the boat before night. I then set out, through wind and drizzle, over as wild and irregular a tract of ground as I had any recollection of ever passing. After an hour's walk, I came to a small farm in a nook of the coast, where the poor people were striving to save their hay, hanging it, as is their custom, across horizontal poles and over walls. On entering the cottage to take a few minutes' rest, we were hospitably offered coffee, which, however, I declined. We then passed along the brow of the rough coast and over the skirts of the Tuven mountain, wading without ceremony each mountain streamlet we came to. The whole affair reminded me of the description of some of the more dismal wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart in the Hebrides. At length, after a rapid walk of between three and four hours, we reached Hammerfest, where once more I was most kindly welcomed by Mr J—. In the evening, to my great joy, Sörn made his appearance with the boat.

The next day, which was a tolerably fair one, was devoted to a series of measurements along the line of terrace between Hammerfest and the place called Siøholmen, each so near the other, as to leave no chance of a change of terrace taking place in the interval. The result was a perfect conviction that the upper line is, in reality, as in appearance, one unbroken and undivided piece of ancient sea-margin, and, strange to say, on an *inclination* which gives a rise of several feet for every mile of direct space.* It appeared, then, that M. Bravais was right in describing his two lines in Altenfiord as stooping, and as thus proving that, since the time when these lines of erosion were made by the sea, the frame of the land had undergone a remarkable movement out of its original plane. The proofs for this were now, I conceived, complete, as far as the above space of ground was concerned. It only remained that I should make a few more observations along the fiord, and endeavour to arrive at such generalisations as

* The particular measurements were—

	Feet.
Hammerfest, - - - - -	84.73
A geographical mile to the west, - - - - -	87.84
A little farther along in same direction, - - - - -	89.49
In Rypfiord, - - - - -	91.58
At Saragamma, 2½ miles of direct distance from Hammerfest, - - - - -	93.69
In Akkerfiord, 3½ miles of direct distance from Hammerfest, but not on the same line, - - - - -	104.60
Molstrand, about a mile farther on, - - - - -	106.11
Indre Siøholmen, - - - - -	114.32†

At Quinaes in Seiland, nearly opposite to the latter place, the terrace was 107.

† In this table geographical miles are meant.

were attainable regarding the ratio of the inclination in various parts, and its axis of direction.

To-day, while making the observation in Akkerflord, a small but characteristic circumstance came under notice. It was a rough, uninhabited valley, with no appearance of life anywhere to be seen. Indeed so still and cheerless were these solitudes in general, that I had ceased to look for or even think of living things. I was taking a sweeping survey with the telescope of the levelling instrument, to see if any traces of the terrace were to be detected on the level of that portion of it on which I stood, when something moving came into the field of view. It was very indistinct, but at length I made out a reindeer, and finally two. To the naked eye they were totally imperceptible. I know not how to apologise for mentioning a thing so trivial, unless by reference to the romantic emotion which the sight of such objects in such circumstances excited within myself.

After another hospitable night at Hammerfest, I bade this place a final adieu, and proceeded on my last voyage along the fiord. It was a rough, wet day; nevertheless I made some important observations, tending to support the conclusion arrived at on the previous day. When I parted with my friends at Komagflord next morning, I was embarrassed to find that nothing could induce them to treat me otherwise than as a friendly guest. They were, however, too good people to render it possible that I should resist this kind feeling of theirs too much; and I remembered, moreover, what we are too apt to forget in such circumstances that, if we assume to ourselves the privilege of little regarding money in payment, we ought equally to allow to others the right to be indifferent to it in receipt. Worthy Mr Hinschel at Quasund had acted in the same hospitable manner. In fact, so it chanced that I never paid a bill during the whole five weeks I was absent from Trondhiem, except those on board the steamer. It was an entire month of the old kind-hearted world which knew not rigid reckonings and the accursed love of gold.

A sail of six hours next day brought me to Talvig, a pleasant recess in the coast, where there is a parish church, with a village, and where barley and potatoes are reared without apparent difficulty, while well-grown birch woods clothe the neighbouring slopes. I was entertained very kindly at dinner by the parson, Mr Ors, and his pleasant wife, whom I found, as is not uncommon in Norway, conversant with the works of Scott, Bulwer, and Dickens, through the medium of Danish translations, while all our more solid writers are totally unknown. When I chanced to mention that I had been acquainted with Scott for fully ten years of his life, though only as a young and obscure man may know an elderly and a great one, the worthy couple evidently regarded me with a highly-increased interest. It was delightful to be able to expatiate, from personal knowledge, on the fine gracious character of Sir Walter Scott, in a Norwegian prestegaard under latitude seventy. Here I met Mr Stour, the kiopman of Talvig, an intelligent, elderly man, who has travelled over most of Europe, and speaks nearly the whole of its languages. How extraordinary would it be to meet a man of such accomplishments in any similar mercantile situation in Great Britain! He mentioned to me that rye would be raised at Talvig as well as barley, if it were not got on more advantageous terms from Russia. He considers the Laps or Fins as in some respects even better people than the humbler class of Norakmen. They have an old traditional morality which serves as a better restraint upon them than any possessed by the Norwegians. They are also less prejudiced about the common affairs of the world. A Norak farmer declines to adopt any obvious improvements, or enter upon any new courses, however promising, on the old plea—'My father did not do so, and yet was very well: I shall fol-

low in his steps, and thus be sure to be right.' A Laplander has no such hesitations. Strange to say, it was one of these people, living in Kaafjord, who first cultivated potatoes on any considerable scale in this district. He raised as much as 300 bushels on his little bit of ground.

Mr Stour remarked that it is good for a fisherman along these lonely shores to cultivate a little ground. It does not interfere with his ordinary duty: it rather occupies well a leisure time which might otherwise be spent detrimentally. By the results he is better prepared than he otherwise could be to bear the calamity of a bad or poor fishing season; but the moral effects are those of the greatest importance. When a man has a little something to look to in the ground round his cottage, he seems to become a superior being. He is raised in his own esteem, and acts so as to gain that of his fellows. I considered Mr Stour's unasked opinion on this point important, as it must have been the result of mere observation, there being no great question on the subject in Norway, as with us. It is just here perhaps that the manufacturing system shows worst in contrast with humbler kinds of industry. From local and other circumstances, and from the engrossing toils to which it leads, this system does not admit, at least does not readily admit, of being attended by any subordinate kind of labour, such as gardening or farming, on however small a scale, which might serve as something to fall back upon when mills had to stop for want of foreign orders. Although, therefore, it gives greater gains while full work lasts, yet, as little is saved, the evil day of non-employment finds its children unprovided with the means of living a single week: starvation or pauperism immediately supervenes; and the result is a practical barbarism in the midst of civilisation, worse than any barbarism known on these desolate coasts. One of the greatest social requisites of our day is undoubtedly something that would raise the manufacturing labourer—and, I may add, the rural labourer also—above the moral and physical ills which seem inseparable from a life of bare weekly wages. The labourer, so remunerated, never knowing the dignity of any but the most fleeting possession, is a man on a low moral platform, even compared with the Norwegian fisherman, whose total income does not perhaps amount to a third of his. So receiving his gains, he is either deficient in the will or the power to save. Legislating only for the week, he is never more than a week from a state of pauper-like dependence on his master or his neighbours. The intervals of non-employment which occur in this system of things are certainly the immediate cause of a vast proportion of the ills of our state. It may be, I think, seriously questioned if they do not counterbalance all the advantages of freedom, in the contrast between the independent labourer and the slave. Indeed, to talk of our labourers being independent, when they at all times are so near to pauperism, is mockery. The slave is, in comparison, like a man with a regular providence over his head. Query—Is this a system of things quite unalterable or irremediable? Are we to believe that, when simple gives place to combined industry, the hand-work to the work in which hands are assisted by vast machinery, small economy to grand economy, the results are to be hopelessly destructive to the wellbeing of the great multitude of the industrious, and the last state of that nation to be worse than the first? Surely not: yet who can say how the remedy is to come, or what form it shall take?

Two rivers come into the sea at Talvig, and the valleys are filled up with their sandy detritus exactly like those of the Kaafjord elv and the Alten. This detritus forms plains and terraces, clasping round the bases of the hills. One remarkably round, smoothed, rocky hill, on the coast to the east of the village, with a belt of sandy terrace round it, reminded me of a globe with its artificial horizon. That terrace is 205 feet above the sea, being somewhat less than the height of the similar terraces at Kaafjord and Alten.

The general result of the investigation of the terraces, when I afterwards deduced it from the facts in my notebook, was, that there is a district of at least forty geographical miles in extent between Hammerfest and Kaafjord, which has undergone several distinct movements out of its original plane, in the course of the time during which the last changes of the relative level of sea and land took place. This portion of country has moved on a fixed point, the situation of which is about a third of the space from the northern extremity of the part examined; namely, near a place called Noeverfiord, two or three miles from Beritsmol—the elevation of the upper line being there the same as at Tromsøe. At Hammerfest the sink is *fifty-eight* feet. At Kaafjord the tilt up is *ninety-eight*. The rise having been found tolerably equable along the sound between Seiland and Qualøe, which is in a direction a little to the east of south, but considerably less when we turn to the points of observation in Varg Sund, which runs nearly from N. E. to S. W., I was led to suppose that the axis of the line of rise was in the former direction, and that the latter partly crossed it. On consequently protracting the first line, being one exactly 14 degrees to east of south, or near the line of the magnetic meridian, and raising on it perpendicular lines touching the points of observation, it was found to be actually the case, that *equal degrees of the rise are passed through in equal portions of that meridional space*; so that it appears that the dip and cant of the moved territory is N. 14 degrees to W., or S. 14 degrees to E. One fact connected with this raising of perpendiculars was very conclusive; namely, that that farthest to the south not merely suited the elevation of the Alten alluvia, but passed thence through the terraces at Bosilokp, Quenavig, and Kaafjord elv, a space of ten miles in all—these being accordingly all of one elevation. The Talvig terraces at 205 are a little lower in fair proportion to the distance along the meridional line from which a perpendicular would have to be raised in order to cross them. The breadth of the territory affected appears from these facts and others to be not inconsiderable; but on this point, and its length, my observations were not exhaustive. The data respecting the lower line were such as to show that a similar angular movement had been undergone after it was formed; but the marking having been too vague to admit of very precise measuring, we only attain a general probability of its indicating the same axis of movement as the upper line: it certainly is very near. As to the eleven intermediate terraces seen at Komagfiord, and repeated in greater or less number elsewhere, they are too fragmentary to admit of connections being established amongst them; but, involved as they are in the same system, they must be regarded as sufficient evidence of an equal multitude of angular movements. The general fact must be regarded as one of some importance in physical geography, as it shows the possibility of very considerable local movements of the earth's surface, as well as that these may be upon a central pivot, and equable over certain spaces.

I arrived at Kaafjord late in the evening, and received a warm welcome after my various perils and toils—*'multo jactatus per Alten,'* as a wag observed. The affair had occupied exactly a fortnight. I may remark, that the conduct of my boatmen had been in all respects satisfactory. They had undergone great fatigue and considerable hardship without the slightest complaint; on the contrary, they were always cheerful and obliging. I had had occasion, too, to admire the frugality and temperance of these hardy sons of the north. They lived upon a mere trifle of rye bread and cheese, drinking only the crystal spring. They were content to sleep under their sail in the stern of the boat. It seemed to be their great object to take home the fee which I had to give them (22½ specie dollars) entire to their families, probably as a reserve for the winter. Their unaffected joy in receiving the reversion of my small stock of provisions was a sermon to me on contentment.

Next morning (August 14) the *Prinds Gustaf* once more made its appearance in the fiord, entering almost to the minute of our expectations. The arrival of this three-weekly vehicle of communication at any part of its course is, as I found in Kaafjord, an event of high consequence. Either visitors are to come or to depart, perhaps both; journeys are to be commenced, or long-absent members of families restored. The event occupies the thoughts and conversation of the people for days beforehand. They date little incidents from it, as other people do great ones from plagues and conflagrations. The *Prinds Gustaf* being on the way to Hammerfest, we now lost all our lady visitors, as well as Parson Zetlitz, receiving in exchange a gentleman from Scotland, whose aim was health and salmon-fishing, the one through the medium of the other. He landed here on his way to the Alten River, and we spent an agreeable day together in inspecting the works.

The copper-mines are in the form of long winding passages in the interior of the hill, some of them in operation, others exhausted and disused. At the mouth of each adit is a great spoil bank, and here a considerable number of women are engaged in searching for small pieces of ore formerly thrown away or neglected. There is a large smelting-house on the shore below; for instead of taking the ore to the coal in England, they bring the coal to the ore here, and export only the refined metal. As formerly mentioned, about 700 persons are employed, many of whom are Queens or Finlanders. As far as I could learn, the lives of these people are not in any measure exempt from the moral conditions which seem generally to attend severe and systematic toil. One painfully-expressive fact is the great mortality of young children. A gentleman told me that he knew three married women who had had each ten confinements, yet none of them had a surviving child. There is little affection seen between parent and child after the earliest youth is past, because the child can then, by taking work, become independent; and having no occasion to look any longer for parental protection, he seems at the same time to feel relieved from filial duty.

The next day, proving rainy, was devoted to indoor occupations. I embraced the opportunity of conversing with a Norwegian gentleman of official rank regarding the laws for the transmission of property, which are here so peculiar. The old udal arrangement was, to divide the family possessions into shares, each brother getting one, and each sister a half; and amongst themselves they could make an arrangement whereby one could retain the landed estate, and make compensation in money to the rest. Connected with this was a right of the next heir of any person who had sold an estate to buy it back within a certain period at the price paid for it, to which must now be added the value of improvements effected upon it. We are apt to feel a prejudice against an arrangement tending to the subdivision of the land, but I never could find that the evils we are apt to apprehend from that source are much experienced in Norway. By one means and another the estates remain from age to age with little change—few very large, but few also too small, and no sensible progress making towards their further comminution. Whether there is something in the moral character of the people which saves them from the apprehended consequences, I cannot tell; but so is the fact. Another circumstance is worthy of special remark—property is as persistent in the possession of particular families in Norway as it is in England. There are numberless families which have for centuries enjoyed particular estates, although these are perhaps very small. And this gives rise to a pride among the peasant proprietors somewhat incongruous with the democratic nature of their institutions. Some of them watch the marriages of their children with the most scrupulous care, so as to prevent alliances with families less dignified. And the line of demarcation between this class and the unpropertied peasantry is perhaps the most rigid class-line anywhere to be met with.

Were a stranger to arrive at the Tofte post-station in Gulbrandsdalen, he would probably think himself amiably condescending if he were to enter into conversation with the landlord; but what would be his surprise to learn that this person counts kindred with some of the old kings of Norway, and would not allow his children to ally themselves with any inferior blood! And this is a characteristic case. There are inconveniences, I believe, in the necessity often incurred of borrowing money to pay out the younger members of the family; but I question if, after all, the debts of the actual landholders on this account exceed those under which the landlord class almost everywhere groans, in consequence of the temptations to a heedless expenditure, not to speak of the burthen to which they also are liable on account of provisions for younger children.

There are, however, several features of the Norwegian rule of property to which I could not reconcile myself. One, above all, is the depriving a man of all right to use his discretion in bequeathing his property. It must perforce be divided among his children, whatever their special characters may be, or however undutifully they may have behaved towards himself. It shows the effect of custom in reconciling us to the most objectionable procedure, and raising a prejudice against the opposite, that, when I spoke of the hardship of not having one's own will in the disposal of property, the Norwegian gentleman replied by asking, 'But were men free in this respect, would they not often act according to their partialities, and be unjust to children against whom they had a causeless antipathy?' It had never occurred to him that nature herself takes care of all these things. This is not the whole extent of the error; for in Norway, when a married woman dies, the property of her husband is divided by a public officer, and one-half devoted to her children, who, if above twenty-one years of age, enter on immediate possession: in the other event, it is sequestered by the law, and reserved for them till they shall be of age. I was told of one unfortunate gentleman who had at one time been worth twenty thousand dollars, which makes a rich man in this country; but first ten thousand were left from him for the children of one wife, and then, having married again, five thousand out of the remainder was taken for the children of the second; so that he was left in the end of his days an embarrassed and impoverished man. All such interferences by the law with the course of a man's will in connection with his property must certainly tend to take away from the value which men are disposed to set on worldly possessions, and consequently to diminish the stimulus to industrious exertion. If there are countervailing advantages, I should like to see them explained. I am bound, in the meantime, to remark that the Norwegians are rather more generally content with their laws as to property than we are with ours. No complaint on the subject is ever heard. And if the general prosperity of a country is to be appealed to as a test of the excellence of such laws, it is unquestionable that Norway leaves a Briton little room to pick faults; for this country is certainly on the whole prosperous. I have remarked that the unendowed and unskilled labouring-class shows no better than our own; but then this class is not proportionally a large one, as it is with us. The grand fact in Norwegian prosperity is the large proportion of its propertied middle-class. It has less capital to expend on great objects than England, and so far is a weaker country, even in the proportion of its population; but it is by no means certain which is the best kind of strength for a country to possess—that of masses of wealth in the hands of a few, or that of a large happy population, the great bulk of whom is under the dignifying sense of property, and engaged by the strongest ties to defend and support the whole fabric of things under which they live.

On the morning of Thursday the 16th August I took leave of my friends at Kaafjord, with ineffaceable impressions of the kindness I had experienced in that

nook of the world. The weather was cold and ungenial, and new snow on most of the hills. I should have thought it a commencement of winter, suitably early for this latitude; but I was assured that it was only an outlying patch of winter which often occurs in Norway in the middle of August, and which the people recognise under the name of the *Iron Nights*. The first evening of our voyage southward gave us a clear though cold sky, and I had occasion to admire the golden-greenish tinge of the fading sunlight upon the snowy summits of the mountains.

The voyage, being a doubling back upon a former track, was less interesting than that from Trondhiem to Kaafjord. The weather was also less agreeable. To the former features of our cabin party there was now added an English lady, and, strange to say, a recently-married one. A gentleman and his young wife had chosen to take a marriage jaunt, or what was almost such, to Norway, and, being at Trondhiem, had seen no reason why they should not have a sail to Hammerfest and back, since they could be on board a good steamer during the whole trip. They had experienced literally no inconvenience in this adventure, excepting in the want of a hotel at Hammerfest in which to spend the day between the arrival and return of the vessel. They had, however, made bold to apply to the English consul (the Scotsman formerly alluded to), and from him they had received all needful hospitality. Of course, if these Hammerfest people choose to be without a hotel, they must lay their account with acting as good Christians towards all decent-looking strangers who may come to their shores.

There being two tables in the cabin, a segregation of the company seemed almost necessarily to take place, the Norwegians sitting at one, the English at the other. I amused myself by contrasting the manners of the two parties. To the natives I felt sure that our easy informal manners must have appeared a sort of barbarism. To us they appeared, on the other hand, ultra polite towards each other, and especially the gentlemen towards the ladies. The English degree of mutual courtesy seemed to me—but then I may be prejudiced—just about what was rationally necessary to make all happy and at ease. The Norwegian, in my opinion, went beyond this point. In one respect, with all their politeness to the fair, the Norsk gentlemen fell sadly below the English, and this was in their habit of smoking in female company, and the freedom with which they indulged before ladies in all the consequences that flow from the use of the pipe. The habits of some gentlemen were a source not merely of remark, but of wonder amongst us English. You would come down into the cabin, take a seat, and commence reading. In the course of a few minutes you hear something between a shout and a shriek proceed from some one at the opposite table, and look up in the fear that a passenger has gone off in the last agonies of mortality. You see only a well-dressed healthy-looking man, reading a newspaper, with his eyes near the sheet, and altogether unconscious of having given any cause for alarm, for he has only been clearing his throat of a real or imaginary something, unknown in the physiology of the English subject. Similar shrieks go off every two minutes or so for an hour, and none of his co-patriots of either sex seem to regard him as anything but a well-bred person.

After a voyage unvaried by any incident worthy of remark, and rendered comparatively cheerless by the cold weather, we duly arrived in the bay opposite Trondhiem at eleven in the evening of the 21st. Amidst a pell-mell of boats which came rushing through the dark to the sides of our vessel, I was glad to hear the voice of my bold dragoon, eager to hail my return, and facilitate my getting on shore.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.'

Such was my feeling in meeting the good soul, whose whole unsophisticated nature was for the present bound up in my comfort. In how much more are we all kin than alien, and how much more joy is there in what unites than in what divides us!*

R. C.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

'THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.'

SUCH of the incidents of the following narrative as did not fall within my own personal observation, were communicated to me by the late Mr Ralph Symonds, and the dying confessions of James Hornby, one of the persons killed by the falling in of the iron roof of the Brunswick Theatre. A conversation the other day with a son of Mr Symonds, who has been long settled in London, recalled the entire chain of circumstances to my memory with all the vivid distinctness of a first impression.

One evening towards the close of the year 1806, the Leeds coach brought Mr James Hornby to the village of Pool, on the Wharf, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. A small but respectable house on the confines of the place had been prepared for his reception, and a few minutes after his descent from the top of the coach, the pale, withered-looking man disappeared within it. Except for occasional trips to Otley, a small market-town distant about three miles from Pool, he rarely afterwards emerged from its seclusion. It was not *Time*, we shall presently see—he was indeed but four-and-forty years of age—that had bowed his figure, thinned his whitening hair, and banished from his countenance all signs of healthy, cheerful life. This, too, appeared to be the opinion of the gossips of the village, who, congregated, as usual, to witness the arrival and departure of the coach, indulged, thought Mr Symonds, who was an inside passenger proceeding on to Otley, in remarkably free-and-easy commentaries upon the past, present, and future of the new-comer.

'I mind him well,' quavered an old white-haired man. 'It's just three-and-twenty years ago last Michaelmas. I remember it because of the hard frost two years before, that young Jim Hornby left Otley to go to Lunnun: just the place, I'm told, to give the finishing polish to such a miscreant as he seemed likely to be. He was just out of his time to old Hornby, his uncle, the grocer.'

'He that's left him such heaps of money!'

'Ay, boy, the very same, though he wouldn't have given him or any one else a cheese-paring whilst he lived. This one is a true chip of the old block, I'll warrant. You noticed that he rode outside, bitter cold as it is?'

'Surely, Gaffer Hicks. But do ye mind what it was he went off in such a hurry for? Tom Harris was saying last night at the Horse-Shoe it was something concerning a horse-race or a young woman; he warn't quite sensible which.'

'I can't say,' rejoined the more ancient oracle, 'that I quite mind all the ups and downs of it. Henry Burton horsewhipped him on the Doncaster race-course, that I know; but whether it was about Cinderella that had, they said, been tampered with the night before the race, or Miss Elizabeth Gainsford, whom Burton married a few weeks afterwards, I can't, as Tom Harris says, quite clearly remember.'

'Old Hornby had a heavy grip of Burton's farm for a long time before he died, they were saying yesterday at Otley. The sheepskins will now no doubt be in the nephew's strong box.'

'True, lad; and let's hope Master Burton will be regular with his payments; for if not, there's Jail and Ruin

* It will be remembered that, in the first of this series of articles, a description was given of the disappointment of the passengers *per* the Hull steamer, on finding at Copenhagen that the attestations of health which they had obtained from the Danish consul at Hull were not to save them from waiting under quarantine till the expiration of five days from their leaving England. The author now learns that, from some cause which does not clearly appear, the passengers were under a misapprehension of the effect of those attestations, which at the most could only save them from waiting longer than five days. The author has to express his belief that the respectable consul was not to blame on this account.

for him written in capital letters on yon fellow's cast-iron phiz, I can see.'

The random hits of these Pool gossips, which were here interrupted by the departure of the coach, were not very wide of the mark. James Hornby, it was quite true, had been publicly horsewhipped twenty-three years before by Henry Burton on the Doncaster race-course, ostensibly on account of the sudden withdrawal of a horse that should have started, a transaction with which young Hornby was in some measure mixed up; but especially and really for having dared, upon the strength of presumptive heirship to his uncle's wealth, to advance pretensions to the fair hand of Elizabeth Gainsford, the eldest daughter of Mr Robert Gainsford, surgeon, of Otley—pretensions indirectly favoured, it was said, by the father, but contemptuously repudiated by the lady. Be this as it may, three weeks after the races, Elizabeth Gainsford became Mrs Burton, and James Hornby hurried off to London, grudgingly furnished for the journey by his uncle. He obtained a situation as shopman in one of the large grocer establishments of the metropolis; and twenty-three years afterwards, the attorney's letter, informing him that he had succeeded to all his deceased uncle's property, found him in the same place, and in the same capacity.

A perfect yell of delight broke from the lips of the taciturn man as his glance devoured the welcome intelligence. 'At last!' he shouted with maniacal glee; and fiercely crumpling the letter in his hand, as if he held a living foe in his grasp, whilst a flash of fiendish passion broke from the deep caverns of his sunken eyes—'at last I have thee on the hip! Ah, mine enemy!—it is the dead—the dead alone that never return to hurl back on the head of the wrongdoer the shame, the misery, the ruin he inflicted in his hour of triumph!' The violence of passions suddenly unreined after years of jealous curb and watchfulness for a moment overcame him, and he reeled as if fainting into a chair. The fierce, stern nature of the man soon mastered the unwonted excitement, and in a few minutes he was cold, silent, impassable as ever. The letter which he despatched the same evening gave calm, business orders as to his uncle's funeral, and other pressing matters upon which the attorney had demanded instructions, and concluded by intimating that he should be in Yorkshire before many days elapsed. He arrived, as we have seen, and took up his abode at one of the houses bequeathed to him in Pool, which happened to be unlet.

Yes, for more than twenty bitter years James Hornby had savagely brooded over the shame and wrong inflicted on him before the mocking eyes of a brutal crowd by Henry Burton. Ever as the day's routine business closed, and he retired to the dull solitude of his chamber, the last mind-picture which faded on his waking sense was the scene on the crowded race-course, with all its exasperating accessories—the merciless exultation of the triumphant adversary—the jibes and laughter of his companions—the hootings of the mob—to be again repeated with fantastic exaggeration in the dreams which troubled and perplexed his broken sleep. No wonder that the demons of Revenge and Hate, by whom he was thus goaded, should have withered by their poisonous breath the healthful life which God had given—have blasted with premature old age a body rocked with curses to unblest repose! It seemed, by his after-confessions, that he had really loved Elizabeth Gainsford with all the energy of his violent, moody nature, and that her image, fresh, lustrous, radiant, as in the dawn of life, unceasingly haunted his imagination with visions of tenderness and beauty, lost to him, as he believed, through the wiles, the calumnies, and violence of his detested, successful rival.

The matronly person who, a few days after the Christmas following Hornby's arrival at Pool, was conversing with her husband in the parlour of Grange farmhouse, scarcely realised the air-drawn image which dwelt in the memory of the unforgiving, unforgetting man. Mrs Burton was at this time a comely dame, whose *embonpoint* contour, however indicative of florid health and serenity of temper, exhibited little of the airy elegance

and grace said to have distinguished the girlhood of Elizabeth Gainsford. Her soft brown eyes were gentle and kind as ever, but the brilliant lights of youth no longer sparkled in their quiet depths, and time had not only 'thinned her flowing hair'—necessitating caps—but had brushed the roses from her cheeks, and swept away, with his searing hand, the pale lilies from the furtive coverts whence they had glanced in tremulous beauty, in life's sweet prime; yet for all that, and a great deal more, Mrs Burton, I have no manner of doubt, looked charmingly in the bright fire-blaze which gleamed in chequered light and shade upon the walls, pictures, curtains of the room, and the green leaves and scarlet berries of the Christmas holly with which it was profusely decorated. Three of her children—the eldest, Elizabeth, a resuscitation of her own youth—were by her side, and opposite sat her husband, whose frank, hearty countenance seemed to sparkle with careless mirth.

'Hornby will be here presently, Elizabeth,' said he. 'What a disappointment awaits the rascally curmudgeon! His uncle was a prince compared to him.'

'Disappointment, Henry! to receive four hundred pounds he did not expect!'

'Ay, truly, dame. Lawyer Symonds' son Frank, a fine, good-hearted young fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather—Lizzy, girl, if that candle were nearer your face it would light without a match!'

'Nonsense, father!'

'Very likely. Frank Symonds, I was saying, believes, and so does his father, that Hornby would rejoice at an opportunity of returning with interest the smart score I marked upon his back three-and-twenty years ago.'

'It was a thoughtless, cruel act, Henry,' rejoined his wife, 'and the less said of it the better. I hope the fright we have had will induce you to practise a better economy than heretofore; so that, instead of allowing two years' interest to accumulate upon us, we may gradually reduce the mortgage.'

'That we will, dear, depend upon it. We shall be pushed a little at first: Kirkshaw, who lent me the two hundred and fifty, can only spare it for a month; but no doubt the bank will do a bill for part of it by that time. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Here is the money for Hornby at all events; and here at last comes the shrivelled atomy; I hear his horse. Fanny, light the candles.'

If Mrs Burton had consciously or unconsciously entertained the self-flattering notion that the still unwedded bachelor who had unsuccessfully wooed her nearly a quarter of a century before, still retained a feeling of regretful tenderness for her, she must have been grievously surprised by the cold, unrecognising glance which Hornby threw on her as he entered, and curtly replied to her civil greeting. That was not the image stamped upon his heart and brain! But when her eldest daughter approached the lights to place paper and pens upon the table, the flashing glance and white quivering lip of the grave visitor revealed the tempest of emotion which for an instant shook him. He quickly suppressed all outward manifestation of feeling, and in a dry business tone demanded if Mr Burton was ready to pay the interest of the mortgage.

'Yes, thank God,' replied Burton, 'I am: here is the money in notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Count them!'

Hornby bent down over the notes, shading his face with his hand, as if more accurately to examine them, and the glance of baffled rage which swept across his features was not observed.

'They are quite right,' he said, rising from his chair; 'and here is your receipt.'

'Very good! And now, Hornby, let us have a glass of wine together for the sake of old times. Well, well; you need not look so fierce about it. Let bygones be bygones, I say. Oh, if you will go—go in God's name! Good-night!'

'Good-night!'

'Baffled—foiled!' muttered Hornby as he rode homeward. 'Where could he get the money? Borrowed it,

doubtless; but of whom? Well, patience—patience! I shall grip thee yet, Henry Burton!' And the possessed man turned round in his saddle, and shook his clenched hand in the direction of the house he had quitted. He then steadily pursued his way, and soon regained his hermitage.

The month for which Burton had borrowed the two hundred and fifty pounds passed rapidly—as months always do to borrowers—and expedient after expedient for raising the money was tried in vain. This money must be repaid, Kirkshaw had emphatically told him, on the day stipulated. Burton applied to the bank at Leeds with which he usually did business to discount an acceptance, guaranteed by one or two persons whose names he mentioned. The answer was the usual civil refusal to accept the proffered security for repayment—'the bank was just then full of discounts.' Burton ventured, as a last resource, to call on Hornby with a request that, as the rapid advance in the market-value of land consequent on the high war-prices obtained for its produce, had greatly increased the worth of Grange Farm, he would add the required sum to the already-existing mortgage. He was met by a prompt refusal. Mr Hornby intended to foreclose as speedily as possible the mortgages he already held, and invest his capital in more profitable securities. 'Well, then, would he lend the amount at any interest he chose?'

'The usury laws,' replied Hornby, with his usual saturnine sneer, 'would prevent my acceptance of your obliging offer, even if I had the present means, which I have not. My spare cash happens just now to be temporarily locked up.'

Burton, half-crazed with anxiety, went the following day to the Leeds bank with the proffer of a fresh name agreed to be lent him by its owner. Useless! 'They did not know the party.' The applicant mused a few moments, and then said, 'Would you discount the note of Mr James Hornby of Pool?'

'Certainly; with a great deal of pleasure.' Burton hurried away; had his horse instantly saddled, and galloped off to Pool. Hornby was at home.

'You hinted the other day,' said Burton, 'that if you had not been short of present means you might have obliged me with the loan I required.'

'Did I?'

'At least I so understood you. I am of course not ignorant, Mr Hornby, that there is no good blood between us two; but I also know that you are fond of money, and that you are fully aware that I am quite safe for a few hundred pounds. I am come, therefore, to offer you ten pounds *bonus* for your acceptance at one month for two hundred and fifty pounds.'

'What?' exclaimed Hornby with strange vehemence. 'What?'

Burton repeated his offer, and Hornby turned away towards the window without speaking.

When he again faced Burton, his countenance wore its usual colour; but the expression of his eyes, the applicant afterwards remembered, was wild and exulting.

'Have you a bill stamp?'

'Yes.'

'Then draw the bill at once, and I will accept it.'

Burton did not require to be twice told. The bill was quickly drawn; Hornby took it to another table at the further end of the apartment, slowly wrote his name across it, folded, and returned it to Burton, who tendered the ten pounds he had offered, and a written acknowledgment that the bill had been drawn and accepted for his (Burton's) accommodation.

'I don't want your money, Henry Burton,' said Hornby, putting back the note and the memorandum. 'I am not afraid of losing by this transaction. You do not know me yet.'

'A queer stick,' thought Burton, as he gained the street; 'but Old Nick is seldom so black as he's painted! He was a plaguy while, I thought, signing his name; but I wish I could sign mine to such good purpose.'

Burton laid the accepted bill, face downwards, on the bank counter, took a pen, indorsed, and passed it to the

managing clerk. The grayheaded man glanced sharply at the signature, and then at Burton, 'Why, surely this is not Mr Hornby's signature! It does not at all resemble it!'

'Not his signature!' exclaimed Burton; 'what do you mean by that!'

'Reynolds, look here,' continued the clerk, addressing another of the bank *employés*. Reynolds looked, and his immediate glance of surprise and horror at Burton revealed the impression he had formed.

'Please to step this way, Mr Burton, to a private apartment,' said the manager.

'No—no, I won't,' stammered the unfortunate man, over whose mind a dreadful suspicion had glanced with the suddenness of lightning. 'I will go back to Hornby;' and he made a desperate but vain effort to snatch the fatal instrument. Then, pale and staggering with a confused terror and bewilderment, he attempted to rush into the street. He was stopped, with the help of the bystanders, by one of the clerks, who had jumped over the counter for the purpose.

The messenger despatched by the bankers to Hornby returned with an answer that the alleged acceptance was a forgery. It was stated on the part of Mr Hornby that Mr Burton had indeed requested him to *lend* two hundred and fifty pounds, but he had refused. The frantic asseverations of poor Burton were of course disregarded, and he was conveyed to jail. An examination took place the next day before the magistrates, and the result was, that the prisoner was fully committed on the then capital charge for trial at the ensuing assize.

It were useless, as painful, to dwell upon the consternation and agony which fell upon the dwellers at Grange Farm when the terrible news reached them. A confident belief in the perfect innocence of the prisoner, participated by most persons who knew his character and that of Hornby, and that it would be triumphantly vindicated on the day of trial, which rapidly approached, alone enabled them to bear up against the blow, and to await with trembling hope the verdict of a jury.

It was at this crisis of the drama that I became an actor in it. I was retained for the defence by my long-known and esteemed friend Symonds, whose zeal for his client, stimulated by strong personal friendship, knew no bounds. The acceptance, he informed me, so little resembled Hornby's handwriting, that if Burton had unfolded the bill when given back to him by the villain, he could hardly have failed to suspect the nature of the diabolical snare set for his life.

In those days, and until Mr, now Sir, Robert Peel's amendment of the criminal law and practice of this country, the acceptor of a bill of exchange, on the principle that he was *interested* in denying the genuineness of the signature, could not, according to the English law of evidence, be called, on the part of the prosecution, to prove the forgery; and of course, after what had taken place, we did not propose to call Hornby for the defence. The evidence for the crown consisted, therefore, on the day of trial, of the testimony of persons acquainted with Hornby's signature, that the acceptance across the inculpatory bill was not in his handwriting. Burton's behaviour at the bank, in endeavouring to repossess himself of the bill by violence, was of course detailed, and told heavily against him.

All the time this testimony was being given, Hornby sat on one of the front seats of the crowded court, exulting in the visible accomplishment of his Satanic device. We could see but little of his face, which, supported on his elbow, was partially concealed by a handkerchief he held in his hand; but I, who narrowly observed him, could occasionally discern flashes from under his pent brows—revelments of the fierce struggle which raged within.

The moment at last arrived for the prisoner, whose eyes had been for some time fixed on Hornby, to speak or read his defence, and a breathless silence pervaded the court.

Burton started at the summons like a man unexpectedly recalled to a sense of an imperious, but for the moment forgotten, duty.

'James Hornby!' he suddenly cried with a voice which rang through the assembly like a trumpet, 'stand up, and if you can face an innocent man!'

Hornby, surprised out of his self-possession, mechanically obeyed the strange order, sprang involuntarily to his feet, let fall the handkerchief that had partially concealed his features, and nervously confronted the prisoner.

'Look at me, I say,' continued Burton with increasing excitement; 'and as you hope to escape the terrors of the last judgment, answer truly: did you not, with your own hand, and in my presence, sign that bill!'

'This cannot be permitted,' interrupted the judge.

'If you do not speak,' proceeded the prisoner, heedless of the intimation from the bench; 'or if you deny the truth, my life, as sure as there is a God in heaven, will be required at your hands. If, in consequence of your devilish plotting, these men consign me to a felon's grave, I shall not be cold in it when you will be calling upon the mountains to fall and cover you from the vengeance of the Judge of heaven and earth! Speak, man—save me: save your own soul from mortal peril whilst there is yet time for mercy and repentance!'

Hornby's expression of surprise and confusion had gradually changed during this appeal to its usual character of dogged impassibility. He turned calmly and appealingly towards the bench.

'You need not answer these wild adjurations, Mr Hornby,' said the judge, as soon as he could make himself heard.

A smile curled the fellow's lip as he bowed deferentially to his lordship, and he sat down without uttering a syllable.

'May the Lord, then, have mercy on my soul!' exclaimed the prisoner solemnly. Then glancing at the bench and jury-box, he added, 'And you, my lord and gentlemen, work your will with my body as quickly as you may: I am a lost man!'

The calling of witnesses to character, the opening of the judge's charge, pointing from its first sentence to a conviction, elicited no further manifestation of feeling from the prisoner: he was as calm as despair.

The judge had been speaking for perhaps ten minutes, when a bustle was heard at the hall, as if persons were striving to force their way into the body of the court in spite of the resistance of the officers.

'Who is that disturbing the court!' demanded the judge angrily.

'For the love of Heaven let me pass!' we heard uttered in passionate tones by a female voice. 'I must and will see the judge!'

'Who can this be?' I inquired, addressing Mr Symonds.

'I cannot conceive,' he replied; 'surely not Mrs Burton!'

I had kept my eye, as I spoke, upon Hornby, and noticed that he exhibited extraordinary emotion at the sound of the voice, to whomsoever it belonged, and was now endeavouring to force his way through the crowded and anxious auditory.

'My lord,' said I, 'I have to request on the part of the prisoner that the person desirous of admittance may be heard.'

'What has she to say? Or if a material witness, why have you not called her at the proper time?' replied his lordship with some irritation.

'My lord, I do not even now know her name; but in a case involving the life of the prisoner, it is imperative that no chance be neglected.'

'Let the woman pass into the witness-box,' interrupted the judge.

The order brought before our eyes a pale, stunted woman, of about fifty years of age, whose excited and by no means unintellectual features, and hurried, earnest manner, seemed to betoken great and unusual feeling.

'As I'm alive, Hornby's deformed housekeeper!' whispered Symonds. 'This poor devil's knot will be unravelled yet.'

The woman, whose countenance and demeanour, as she gave her evidence, exhibited a serious, almost solemn intelligence, deposed to the following effect:—

'Her name was Mary McGrath, and she was the daughter of Irish parents, but born and brought up in England. She had been Mr Hornby's housekeeper, and remembered well the 4th of February last, when Mr Burton, the prisoner, called at the house. Witness was dusting in an apartment close to her master's business-room, from which it was only separated by a thin wooden partition. The door was partly open, and she could see as well as hear what was going on without being seen herself. She heard the conversation between the prisoner and her master; heard Mr Hornby agree to sign the paper—bill she ought to say—for two hundred and fifty pounds; saw him do it, and then deliver it folded up to Mr Burton.'

A shout of execration burst from the auditory as these words were uttered, and every eye was turned to the spot where Hornby had been seated. He had disappeared during the previous confusion.

'Silence!' exclaimed the judge sternly. 'Why, woman,' he added, 'have you never spoken of this before?'

'Because, my lord,' replied the witness with downcast looks, and in a low broken voice—'because I am a sinful, wicked creature. When my master, the day after Mr Burton had been taken up, discovered that I knew his secret, he bribed me with money and great promises of more to silence. I had been nearly all my life, gentlemen, poor and miserable, almost an outcast, and the temptation was too strong for me. He mistrusted me, however—for my mind, he saw, was sore troubled—and he sent me off to London yesterday, to be out of the way till all was over. The coach stopped at Leeds, and, as it was heavy upon me, I thought, especially as it was the blessed Easter-time, that I would step to the chapel. His holy name be praised that I did! The scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I saw clearer than I had before the terrible wickedness I was committing. I told all to the priest, and he has brought me here to make what amends I can for the sin and cruelty of which I have been guilty. There—there is all that is left of the wages of crime,' she added, throwing a purse of money on the floor of the court; and then bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed with passionate earnestness, 'for which may the Almighty of his infinite mercy pardon and absolve me!'

'Amen!' responded the deep husky voice of the prisoner, snatched back, as it were, from the very verge of the grave to liberty and life. 'Amen, with all my soul!'

The counsel for the crown cross-examined the witness, but his efforts only brought out her evidence in, if possible, a still clearer and more trustworthy light. Not a thought of doubt was entertained by any person in the court, and the jury, with the alacrity of men relieved of a grievous burthen, and without troubling the judge to resume his interrupted charge, returned a verdict of acquittal.

The return of Burton to his home figured as an ovation in the Pool and Otley annals. The greetings which met him on all sides were boisterous and hearty, as English greetings usually are; and it was with some difficulty the rustic constabulary could muster a sufficient force to save Hornby's domicile from sack and destruction. All the windows were, however, smashed, and that the mob felt was something at all events.

Burton profited by the painful ordeal to which he had, primarily through his own thoughtlessness, been exposed, and came in a few years to be regarded as one of the most prosperous yeomen-farmers of Yorkshire. Mr Frank Symonds' union with Elizabeth Burton was in due time solemnised: Mr Wilberforce, the then popular member for the West Riding, I remember hearing, stood sponsor to their eldest born: and Mary McGrath passed the remainder of her life in the service of the family her testimony had saved from disgrace and ruin.

Mr James Hornby disappeared from Yorkshire immediately after the trial, and, except through his business agents, was not again heard of till the catastrophe at the Brunswick Theatre, where he perished. He died penitent, after expressing to Mr Frank Symonds, for whom he had sent, his deep sorrow for the evil deed he had planned, and, but for a merciful interposition, would

have accomplished. As a proof of the sincerity of his repentance, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to Mrs Symonds, the daughter of the man he had pursued with such savage and relentless hate!

EFFECT OF THE CALIFORNIAN DISCOVERIES ON EUROPEAN EMIGRATION.

ONE effect is being produced by the recently-discovered Californian mines, to which the dazzling attractions of their gold seem to have almost blinded statistical writers—and that is their influence on the movement of emigration. Since the Sacramento River revealed the secret of its treasures, a new wave has risen in the tide of emigration, which, although it directly affects the United States, has an indirect influence over this part of the world. A vast amount of labour and some capital have already been withdrawn from the Atlantic shores of America; and although this has not yet been sufficient to cause so sensible a diminution in those first necessities of a comparatively young republic as to make room in the United States for immigrants from the old countries, yet if the movement of population towards the Pacific go on as it has begun, such an effect may be safely anticipated. The population of California in July 1846 was about 15,000, exclusive of Indians. Mr Larkins, who was, till recently, consul for the United States at Monterey, states that in July 1849 it had arisen to upwards of three times that amount, or 40,000; by far the larger moiety of increase having taken place during the previous year and a-half.

To show, however, with what rapidity the future augmentation may be anticipated, we must add, that while Mr Larkins wrote, a number of emigrants were on their way to the new state—by the most dangerous, painful, and tedious land route—equal in themselves to the entire population already settled. Colonel Craushaw arrived at the 'Wearer Diggings' on the 2d of September with a pack-mule company, bringing up the rear of an enormous army of emigrants, which had been collected at a particular point of the western extremity of the United States, and had travelled together for mutual assistance and safety. This gentleman states, that from the unerring data of a register kept at Fort Sarmie (an Indian trading port of the American Fur Company, 670 miles from the States' frontier), which all were constrained to visit *in transitu*, he ascertained that 10,273 wagons had passed and 240 pack-mule companies. The average number of travellers to each wagon was five, while each pack-mule company consisted of twenty. Thus there have arrived overland from the United States alone, since Mr Larkins' computation in July, upwards of 56,000 persons. But further; the same gentleman declares that only a minor proportion of the immigrants into California from the United States enter it by that route, the majority going by sea either round Cape Horn, or landing at Chagres, cross the Isthmus of Panama, and re-ship for San Francisco. This is borne out by an intelligent traveller, who, writing in September, says, 'It would not be an extravagant guess to set down 100,000 as having come over the isthmus or round Cape Horn, according to the best information I can collect on the subject'—all Americans. It appears, therefore, from these data, that since the breaking out of what the people of the States called the 'Californian fever,' nearly 200,000 of them have changed their residences from the centre and eastern shores to the western side of the continent. Neither has the fever abated since in the least, for the accounts constantly received more than confirm the first reports of the extent of the golden treasure distributed over the new territory. Indeed, from statistics of the federal government just received, we find that the torrent of emigration still flows without abatement. A competent authority estimates, that by the end of 1850 more than half a million of the enterprising citizens of the United States will have changed their abodes.

Nor can this be regarded otherwise than as a mo-

derate estimate. It must be remembered that the emigrants, up to this time, have been exclusively adult males, who have left behind them female and juvenile connections. Arrived in the new country, these men are rapidly forming settlements; for it must not be supposed that all are delvers for gold and wanderers; there is a due proportion of traders and artisans, who have departed to practise their trades. Once 'settled,' these emigrants will send for their families; many have indeed begun to do so already. Hence the exodus of hosts of 'family connections' will cause an additional draught from the United States' population.

These are facts to which the absorbing topic relating to California—its gold—must not blind the political economist. Half a million of its working hands cannot be abstracted from so active and eminently industrious a nation as the American states without disturbing that balance of classes which keeps the labour-market equably supplied, and without making it imperative that the broken ranks should be filled up with fresh recruits from elsewhere. Those who have not perused, like ourselves, private correspondence and newspapers from America during the last twelve months, can hardly form an idea of the mania for California which has raged, and still rages. We have already indicated the number who have left their homes and kindred; we have also made it our business to find out, from the most reliable sources, the professions and states of the majority of emigrants, so as to ascertain in which trades and classes the widest gaps have been left.

From careful enumeration, we have found that unquestionably the greatest number of desertions have taken place among agriculturists. At least one-third of the United States' emigrants to the Pacific side of the continent have been the proprietors of not only small, but often of large farms, amongst whose owners the desire for the gold country has burned so fiercely, that we can quote instances in which well-appointed estates have been offered in the market at 30 and even 50 per cent. under intrinsic value, and in many—indeed, so far as we can judge from accumulated evidence, in most instances, without finding a solitary customer. But this was no discouragement. Their owners raised, at usurious rates, sums sufficient on mortgage for their outfit, and to maintain their families until a sufficient harvest of gold should be gathered to transport the entire household to the modern Dorado. Those numerous farms have lain unproductive, and not a few have been wholly abandoned, with a *carte blanche* from the proprietor to the land-agent or mortgagee, to sell at any price that will cover the mortgage, and leave a small surplus.

Another third of the absentees are blacksmiths, white-smiths, and other metal-workers, who are of course, together with carpenters, in the greatest request—joiners, tailors, saddlers, and small traders. The other section, after enumerating a few merchants of repute, some store-keepers, shop-assistants, and medical men, consists of the 'loose fish' of North American society, such as gamblers, bankrupts, and adventurers of that peculiar do-nothing class existing nowhere else but in the States, and known as 'loafers.'

These circumstances considered, it must be obvious that the gaps thus made in various occupations in different parts of North America must be filled up, and that solely from Europe; for from thence alone can farmers and skilled artificers come. In no case, however, has this change in the condition of transatlantic society created as yet such a demand as to call specially for immigrants. Although many farms have lain rank and unproductive during the past season, and tracts from which supplies of corn were previously drawn have sent nothing to market, yet neither their extent, nor the period they have lain barren, has up to this time been great enough to have any marked effect on the corn market. Again, there has not yet been time for even the smaller communities to feel the loss of but a few of their carpenters, tailors, or blacksmiths. But time runs on, and, as we have already stated, the attrac-

tions of California continue undiminished; so that, from all we can gather, we cannot but anticipate that, unless some unexpected check is applied, at no distant date the breaches in the agricultural and operative classes which are daily widening will have a visible effect on prices.

Here, then, we reach the indirect effect which the gold mines of California are likely to produce on European emigration. They will in all probability soon have caused such a demand for British capital, for British and—let us hope, above all—for Irish labour, as to make emigration to the United States a better speculation than it has hitherto been. The English farmer, instead of setting up his son in the next farm to his own, and making him a direct competitor against himself and his neighbours both for land and produce—raving at the same time to all the world that he is already ruined by high rents on the one hand, and low prices on the other—will find it far more advantageous to venture his son and his capital in a cleared estate in the transatlantic republic.

If, again, our anticipations be well based, it cannot be long before encouragement will be offered to enterprising artisans to emigrate to the United States. The blacksmith will at no distant date find in the States not a few cold and silent smithies ready for his bellows and his hammer, the carpenter here and there an empty workshop, and the shoemaker an empty stall—all encouraged to work by customers waiting for their services.

Another consideration strengthens these hopes:—while Californian gold-seeking is drawing off a surplus population from the great republic, it is at the same time creating fresh demands for labour and capital. The commercial accounts from America already testify to this fact. The shipping interest of the States has, during the past year, received a visible impulse—and so have the provision and timber trades—from, it is said, the new commerce with California. A railway over the enormous expanse between the States and the Pacific, so as to grasp the whole breadth of the gigantic continent, is already a feasible project; and already the preliminary operations have been commenced for a canal and railway across the Isthmus of Panama, to be cut by American enterprise.

We wish, however, impressively to be understood that the advantages here pointed out are only in prospect. They cannot be said to be in actual existence at this time: they are only to be anticipated; although, on the other hand, the anticipations we have formed from correct existing data, dealt with by applying the simplest doctrines of probability, offer every chance of their realisation. Our object is to place before the eyes of those who take an interest in emigration materials for deduction—to apply the spur to inquiry, and to promote an additional watchfulness of such events as may tend to the safe and prosperous relaxation of the ruinous competition which exists in certain over-worked branches of British industry.

CHÂTEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

CHRISTMAS AND A CHRISTENING.

MARSTON MANOR wore its winter attire very gracefully. The lawns presented one unbroken surface of glittering, spotless white, looking like gigantic Twelfth-cakes. The old beeches and tall spruce-firs had wreathed even their tiniest branches with feathery snow-flakes, and the holly-trees—they are of unusual size at Marston—proudly displayed their scarlet berries and crowns of smooth green leaves, the sharp prickly ones, nearer this rough earth of ours, bearing up little snowballs in cups of emerald. A solitary magpie—to which we saw the girl from the farm curtsy for luck as she passed—and a robin perched on the china jars under the portico, were the only living and moving things in that still picture, over which the cloud-encum-

bered sky hung heavy with another storm. Portia and I, as we looked from the library windows, came to the conclusion that we should be more comfortable within doors than without, and returned to our seats and occupations near the fire; her work being not of Berlin wool, but of gray worsted, from which she was manufacturing stockings for the poor; and mine the completion of some heraldic paintings undertaken for my kind host. When weary of our labours, we relieved them by reading aloud, or chatting till the luncheon bell, with a heavier and duller sound than usual, called us to the dining-room.

The spacious apartment was no longer prepared for the reception of a number of guests, as we were now only a family party; but close to the hearth-rug stood a semicircular table, embracing, as it were, the glowing fire, the blaze of which, however, was not permitted to visit our faces too roughly, the inner side of the table having a glass screen attached to it, so that we enjoyed the brightness of the blazing brands without being scorched by them, whilst our feet had all the benefit of the genial warmth. On this most comfortable of winter tables were placed the hot dishes only, the cold turkey, ham, and beef occupying a more distant position on the yellow marble slabs; and beside the dish of the season—the mince-pies—stood a huge tankard of silver, once the property of the celebrated Sir Everard Digby, the Gunpowder-Plot conspirator. Perhaps, full of as potent home-brewed ale as that it now holds, it passed round the circle at Drystoke, and was raised to the moustache of the too 'well-beloved' Catesby, or to the smooth lip of the hypocrite Garnet. Be that as it may, its contents had power to warm our chilled blood; and a labourer chancing to pass at the moment on his errand of path-sweeping was called by Portia to the window, and presented with a brimming glass, the merits of which he warmly attested.

The letters of the second post-delivery brought us an invitation to attend the christening of the heir of Marston's infant son—himself the probable inheritor of a large fortune. We were to go on the morrow; and as the journey could not be wholly made by the railway, some interest was excited about the state of the roads. Portia proposed, as she had several commissions to execute for the coming Christmas, that we should drive to Ivinghoe, and thus ascertain whether it would be possible to accept her brother's invitation or not. Warmly clad in furs and cloaks, we departed therefore in the open barouche, meeting a very cold salutation of falling snow-flakes as our carriage passed beneath the beeches. There were few people stirring in the village, but those we did meet made their rural obeisance with a glad smile. I think they partly guessed our errand; for every Christmas-eve two carts issue from Marston Park, the one bearing blankets, shirts, and flannel petticoats, the other beef and tea, to be so distributed by the bailiff, Forest, that no cottage shall lack its portion of good cheer to keep a merry Christmas. Ivinghoe is scarcely five miles from Marston: it is a nice, clean, quiet little town, dependent on a ducal residence in its immediate neighbourhood; but it was more still and quiet than usual as we drove into it this December afternoon, four o'clock being the tea hour of many of its inhabitants, of whose glowing hearths and cosy tea equipages we caught occasionally a passing glimpse. We stopped at Mr Good's the linendraper, and took into the carriage a large supply of blankets and linen; and then proceeded to Mr Dodd's the stationer, to order paper, &c. The bookseller, a neat, sensible-looking, little man, came to the carriage for orders; and whilst Portia (with whom he was high in favour, because, as she once laughingly observed, 'he knew all our little ways!') was giving them, the knell tolled suddenly from the ivy tower of the beautiful church opposite the shop, and a humble funeral entered the churchyard, headed by the white-robed priest. Alas, there was a vacant place in one homestead at least this Christmas! The solemn sound and the now deepening gloom saddened

us a little as we returned to Marston, and we gladly hailed the bright light which the fire cast from the library windows, flickering and flashing as if it *knew* that it had been compared to 'a good deed,' and was grown Pharisaical; and hurrying into the hall, we speedily laid aside our out-of-doors gear, and sought its genial warmth. Here, with a cup of tea each, Portia in an easy-chair, and I at her feet—I am sufficiently Oriental to love a low seat—we discussed old times, old people, old books, and some new ones, till both were thoroughly warmed; then my companion, moving to the piano, sung me in her low, rich voice a quaint old ballad, whilst I watched the flickering shadows and the faces in the fire.

Dinner brought Mr Marston home, and our journey for the next day was planned, 'the baby' talked about, and the sponsors named and described. As we re-entered the library, the chimes of Marston church burst into a merry peal. The ringers were at once warming themselves and hailing the coming season; and Portia told me the same musical greeting would be continued till the old year should have passed to those 'before the Flood.' They still ring the 'passing bell' at Marston—a custom now nearly obsolete in England. It originated, they say, in the popular superstition, that bells, which were in the middle ages honoured with baptism, had the power of scaring away the fiends supposed to be watching to impede the parting spirit in its passage to another state of existence. It was at this hour I usually read to Portia; but now the bells kept up a sort of accompaniment to 'Tasso's Lament,' that made us not unwilling to close our book, and move, as the men entered with the urn and tea-things, to prepare for tea. The night proved cold, but clearer than we had hoped; and when the housekeeper, in consideration of the severity of the weather, brought us a hot glass of her own elder-wine to our bedrooms, she promised us a fine day for our morrow's excursion. And so, in truth, it proved: the sun shone forth brightly, and the cold blue sky appeared the clearer from the contrast of the yesterday's gloom. We found the young mother looking very delicate and pretty; and shortly after our arrival, the nurse was summoned to bring the baby to be introduced to his aunt. The 'Sairy Gamp,' who shortly obeyed the order, was quite a model nurse—fat, middle-aged, with a jovial expression of countenance, and a cap rejoicing in the reddest of red ribbon. As every presentation of her little charge was attended by a liberal donation from the guests (rather an unfair tax, by the by, levied by 'babies' on the British public), she was well pleased to exhibit the tiny stranger, which was of course 'the finest child' she had ever nursed; and in truth I believe the good woman really liked it; she looked down on its unconscious face with such an expression of motherly kindness. It was a pretty child, not fat, yet with really intelligible features—that is to say, one could distinguish its nose; and its eyes, when open, were blue and brilliant. It was speedily transferred from its comfortable resting-place in Sarah's arms to ours; and after an hour or two of nursing, during which the baby manifested occasionally profound sensibility, it was unanimously resolved that I excelled Portia in 'my notion,' as Mr Pecksniff would have said, of taking care of an infant.

The next day, on which our new acquaintance was to be admitted into the Christian community, was also bright, clear, and frosty. It would be quite un-English not to describe the weather!—and numbers of carriages rolled up the elm avenue of Langton, bearing the guests who were to attend the christening. The church was fortunately close to the house, consequently we all walked thither about noon; and in a time-honoured edifice, the carved stone font of which attested its antiquity, the service of baptism was performed. It was an exceedingly pretty scene: the frosty sunlight broke through the painted glass window above the altar, and streamed upon the font, resting with a propitious splendour on the white-robed clergyman and the tiny crea-

ture slumbering in his arms. 'Baby' behaved charmingly, sleeping as profoundly as any worthy old gentleman at a two hours' sermon, till the cold water touched its little brow, when it moved its waxlike arms, and uttered a low plaint, reminding me of the pretty story of Queen Mary's 'Good Master Amen.' On our return to the house we found a splendid second breakfast awaiting us, the most distinguished ornament of which was the christening-cake, made of the same rich materials as those of which wedding-cakes are usually composed. It was covered with almond-paste, and with an admirable mimicry of the frozen snow on the lawn, surmounted by a sweetmeat-cradle and baby, of really exquisite workmanship. 'Master Philip's' health was drunk in sparkling champagne, and his father returned thanks in due form: then followed the usual routine of a breakfast. As we left the dining-room, our host proposed that those of the party who were not afraid of the cold should walk to the village inn, where the poor of the estate (it was one belonging to his father) were assembled at a christening dinner. The proposal was gladly accepted, and a short walk brought us all to the Marston Arms. Here we found about thirty or forty blithe labourers and their wives seated at a long table covered with roast beef and legs of mutton. Ale was liberally dispensed; and soon after our entrance, the spokesman of the party proposed the health of their landlord and his heir (pronounced 'hare'), which was drunk with loud applause. As the cheering subsided, we withdrew, meeting huge plumpuddings, ornamented with holly sprigs, at the door, on their way to succeed the beef and mutton, whilst a fiddler seated in the passage, employed in tuning his fiddle, suggested the prospect of further rural hilarity. Mr Marston desired that dinner might be given to the minstrel also; and thus another merry guest was added to those whose hearty mirth was still audible as we left the inn. On our return to Langton, the sponsors presented the usual christening gifts—a morocco-case containing a gold spoon and fork, a gold cup, and a coral with silver bells. The baby, splendidly dressed in a robe manufactured in the East from the pine-apple fibres, and trimmed with old point-lace, made its appearance again for a short time, and seemed duly to appreciate the latter offering, showing quite a philosophical contempt for those which typified his animal destiny of eating and drinking.

Dancing occupied the evening; old and young joining in a final 'Sir Roger de Coverley'; then the village choristers making their appearance, sang the 'Old English Gentleman' and 'God Save the Queen,' and we retired to bed, leaving the deserted hall for the fairies (who, once upon a time, always attended on such occasions) to hold their revels in if they pleased; though, as I looked from my bedroom window upon the white plain without doors, and at the fairylike frostwork of branches glittering in the clear silver moonlight, I thought the 'good people' would be more at home there than in an earthly dwelling.

We carried back with us to Marston Portia's married sister, and another lady connected with the family; and the early part of Christmas-eve was spent by them and us in sending forth the garments destined for the poor. It was quite a business: but Portia had a book containing lists of what had been distributed the previous year, and we were thus enabled to give each old dame the habiliment she most required, without running a risk of bestowing a superfluity of flannel-petticoats. Our fingers were exceedingly cold when our task was ended; and to warm us, Portia's sister, whose delicate loveliness was greatly enhanced by her vivacity, proposed a visit to the larder to look at the beef, also about to be sent into the village, and thither we accordingly adjourned. There was a great bustle in the servants' offices through which we passed. The housekeeper was busy making mince-meat; the gamekeeper had just brought in a fine hare and some partridges, and was receiving in turn a cup of potent ale: every one seemed busy, and all

looked pleased; for Marston Manor was that day acting as an English manor ought, and its inmates felt a reflected satisfaction of the good deeds that bring blessings. Outside the larder quite a picturesque group had assembled. Forest, his face radiant with honest pleasure, was superintending the removal of the huge pieces of beef into a cart decked with green boughs and mistletoe: near him stood the under-gardener, holding an immense basket full of holly, rich in scarlet berries. Parrot, with a supply of mistletoe flung over his shoulder, stood looking on with foolish glee; an old woman in a red cloak and the keeper's two fine dogs completing the picture. As we have before said, the larder is close to the stable-yard; we were therefore easily induced by Portia to pay a visit to her favourite Arab. The grooms ran eagerly to open the doors for us as we crossed the slippery pavement. The yard was well covered with straw, and we were speedily in the stables, the warmth and comfort of which, contrasted with the severe cold of the winter sky, was very delightful. Even Selim, the graceful, bright-eyed Arab, was keeping Christmas, his stall being duly decked with holly. Nothing can exceed the exquisite order and arrangement of the stables at Marston. The greater number of the stalls are closed in, some open; but all beautifully clean, and with due heraldry the style and title of each good steed is emblazoned above his manger. The coach-house can boast of the best 'turn-out' displayed during the season in Hyde Park. The carriages are kept aired by means of hot-water bottles placed inside them, and have the modern invention—a whispering-tube—attached to the check-string, by which orders can be conveyed without the footman's descent from his place behind the carriage. The harness-room is equally the abode of the genius of order, and is so well furnished, that one can scarcely conceive the number of good steeds that might be saddled and bridled from its resources.

By the time eventide closed in, the old manor was as gay as the scarlet berries of the holly and the pearl blossoms of the mistletoe could make it; and such a Yule log burned upon the library fire—for the Marstons love to keep up old customs. We drew close round it; and as we sat in its light, one of the fair guests, whose graceful intellect and sweet voice made her a meet companion for the social hour, told us many strange stories touching the manner of celebrating Christmas in some of the Teutonic and Slavonian nations she had visited. 'The Servian peasant goes forth,' she said, 'on Christmas-eve, and cuts from the nearest wood an oak sapling—a huge Yule log—called a *Badujak*. He brings it home, uttering as he enters the house the greeting, "Good-evening, and a happy Christmas!" The fireside group reply, "God grant it thee, thou happy one, rich in honour!" and cast corn over him. The log is then placed on the coals. In the morning a visitor, previously chosen, comes to the house. He throws corn from a glove into the doorway, exclaiming, "Christ is born!"—and some one within answers, "He is born in truth." They then strike the *badujak* with the poker, so that the sparks may fly in great numbers, saying at the same time, "As many sparks, so many oxen, sheep, goats, and beehives, mayst thou possess—so much good-fortune and happiness!" The goodwife then envelops the visitor in a coverlet of the bed, and the smouldering log is carried to the orchard. They have no church-service for the day; but at the evening meal every one appears bearing a lighted taper: these are all fastened together, and placed in a dish filled with different sorts of grain, and with a roll of unleavened bread, in which a piece of money is concealed. The tapers are then extinguished, and the bread broken, and he who finds the piece of money in his portion, is expected to be most fortunate during the ensuing year. The table is not cleared, nor the room swept, for three days afterwards, and open house is kept for all comers till New-Year's morning.'

Late in the night, even as we were in a half dream of Servian forests and blazing Yule logs, we were roused

by the observance of one of our prettiest national customs—the Waits (or Wakes?). Sweetly that simple strain of holy melody stole upon the stillness of midnight, reminding us of the sanctity of the season, and of happy days of childhood, when the quaint Christmas carol had appeared the perfection of music and poetry. We thought of the dead and the distant—nay, even of the widowed hearth at Ivinghoe; for music, even the rudest, wakes at times strange echoes in our memory; and then we turned on our pillow, gazed upon the still bright embers of our fire, and, remembering that many blessings were still left to cheer us, resolved to let 'by-gones be by-gones,' and slept again.

Marston church was splendidly decked on Christmas-day, great contributions having been levied on the evergreens about the manor; and the congregation displayed their best attire in honour of the festival. Mr Marston's pew (built of course some three or four centuries ago) was a small room, having a stove, or rather fireplace, reading-desks, &c. in it. The floor was covered with matting, and on the walls were spotless white marble tablets, recording the deaths of Johns, Philips, and Cicelys, who had lived in the course of the sixteenth century. Three of the large church-windows were contained in the pew, and through them a twig of ivy had here and there forced its way, and crept along the wall. In commemoration of the day, the village choir had prepared an anthem; and much to their own satisfaction, if not to that of their fellow-worshippers, sang for nearly the space of half an hour the words, 'This shall be a sign,' in every possible variety of tone, shrill and nasal. The anthem was, however, followed by an admirable sermon from the rector; and as we returned home, we were greeted by many old people, who had 'made shift,' as they phrased it, 'to come to church that day at least.' Even blind Betty had found her way thither, and Parrot was delighted to offer his services to the ringers, who chimed till the congregation were out of sight.

We had the neighbouring clergyman to dine with us (a character, as several of the very old parochial clergy in the neighbourhood are), and were more amused than was quite befitting, perhaps, by his quaint manner and primitive simplicity; but the good man was quite unconscious, and prosed on till after dinner, when sleep proved more powerful than our attractions, and he nodded in his chair. As we left the dining-room, an expected guest, who had disappointed us, arrived: this was the hussar. He had been hunting recently near Marston with the Osbaldistones, and had consequently been invited to make one of the Christmas circle at the Manor. An accident that had happened to his carriage had delayed his arrival; and as he stood in the hall, making eager apologies to Portia for his apparent rudeness, I thought I had seldom seen him look handsomer or more animated. Who can tell what may chance before the snowdrops peep? My attendant Jane observed, in a rather loud whisper to the house-keeper, as I passed them in the corridor at night, 'That it was quite ominous—Captain Arthur Montgomery had been the first to speak to their young lady under the mistletoe bough!'

And thus closed Christmas-tide at Marston.

WILLIAM M'NAB.

LATE CURATOR OF THE EDINBURGH BOTANIC GARDEN.

THE operations of gardening are so intimately connected with the various branches of science, that we would naturally expect gardeners to evince an inquiring and cultivated mind. Such we find to be the case: they indeed form one of the most intelligent and best-educated classes of working-men, and among their ranks have been displayed some of the most singular instances of zeal and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge. This is more particularly the case with *Scottish* gardeners, who, as a class, have been long and justly celebrated as the first gardeners in the world—a fact evi-

denced not only by the advanced condition of horticulture in Scotland, but also, and not less powerfully, by the circumstance that many of the most important horticultural appointments in almost all countries where any progress has been made in the art, are held by men who have been reared amid the heath and bracken of our northern hills. And these men, too, have, as a general rule, begun their career in the obscurity of the lower class of society, from which they have emerged by their own unaided diligence, so as ultimately to become ornaments to society and an honour to their country. We need but to mention the name of Loudon to recall to the reader's recollection a gardener of universal fame; or that of Douglas, to summon up reminiscences of one of the most indefatigable travellers who ever set foot on transatlantic shore.

William M'Nab, who for nearly forty years held the 'post of honour' among the gardeners of Scotland, was born in 1780. His place of birth is the parish of Dailly, in the classic county of Ayr, where the poet of Scotland first saw the light. Like Burns, too, M'Nab was the son of a crofter or small farmer; and, as is still the custom with boys of his degree in the rural districts of Scotland, he was sent at an early age to tend the cows and flocks of a neighbouring farmer—an occupation ill calculated for the intellectual training of most youths, but nevertheless one which has yielded up some glorious spirits to literature and science. M'Nab was naturally of a contemplative cast of mind, and even in those youthful times felt that 'it was not solitude to be alone.' He did not, herdboy-like, look upon the birds, and bees, and flowers, among which his daily avocations led him to linger, as the idle playthings of an hour; for he saw something in them to admire, to study, and to love, and day by day were their hidden beauties more and more disclosed to his searching eye. The *foggy bees* in their mossy homes, the *water-wagtail* by the streamlet's marge, and the linnet of melodious song, all yielded him delight, and helped to relieve the monotony of his shepherd wanderings. But the wild flowers attracted his attention in an especial manner, and of these there are not a few in the county of Ayr. The 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon' bloomed then as fresh and fair as now, and our shepherd-boy would find in his daily wanderings on the hill-side the hardy heath of purple hue, and the bright blue bells of Scotland; while in the boggy spots, the two little butterworts, the snowy grass of Parnassus, and the rosy bog pimpernel, would gladden his boyish eye with their beauteous flowers, unknown to him *then* by Linnean names, yet not less capable on that account of yielding delight to one

'Whose pleasures were in wild fields gathered.'

Thus nursed among his native hills, did M'Nab acquire an inextinguishable love of nature, more especially of the vegetable creation; and as

'The child is father of the man,'

so this taste determined the course of his future life.

At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed (according to his own choice, and with his father's consent) to the gardener at Dalquharran in Carrick, where he remained for three years, assiduously devoting himself to his profession. So diligent was he, that at the expiration of this time he was, on the recommendation of his employer, engaged by Mr Walter Dickson, nurseryman in Edinburgh, to go into the gardens of the Earl of Haddington, at Tynningham in East Lothian. After remaining there for about a year, he proceeded to London with the view of farther improving himself in his profession. He was fortunately recommended to that 'prince of gardeners,' the author of the '*Hortus Kewensis*,' and Mr Aiton accordingly gave him employment in the Royal Gardens at Kew. The advantages afforded by these magnificent gardens for his improvement were of the most ample kind, and he indeed availed himself fully of them; for he had not been here more than three years, when

he so attracted the able superintendent's special notice, by his diligence and perseverance, that he was advanced to the highly-responsible situation of foreman. While holding this prominent position, he was favourably noticed by George III., who had a strong predilection for rural pursuits, and was then a frequent visitor at Kew. His proficiency in botany and his general intelligence, combined with his unobtrusive manner, also attracted the attention of Sir Joseph Banks, who was alike keen in the appreciation, and generous in the encouragement, of real merit. He had frequent opportunities of conversing with Sir Joseph, and to him was he indebted for the honourable appointment at Edinburgh, which he so long and faithfully held.

Mr Nab had held the situation of foreman in the Kew Gardens for a period of three years, during which time he had discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction of his superiors, when the curatorship of the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh became vacant. The filling up of the vacancy devolved upon the professor of botany in the Edinburgh university, then Dr Daniel Rutherford (an uncle of Sir Walter Scott), and he applied to Sir Joseph Banks to name a person to fill it with the necessary experience and ability. Sir Joseph immediately recommended Mr William M Nab, and he accordingly received the appointment. He was installed in his office in May 1810, and continued zealously to discharge its duties till the day of his death. The Botanic Garden was then situated in Leith Walk, but has since been removed, under Mr M Nab's care, to the grounds which it now occupies at Inverleith Row. The success with which he effected the removal of even large specimens and trees to the new grounds was quite surprising to the horticulturists of the time; and indeed, in the words of Professor Traill, formed a remarkable instance of his 'indomitable industry.' He published an account of his practice in the plantation and general treatment of evergreens, which forms a valuable guide to growers of these shrubs.

'M Nab's Treatise on the Propagation, Cultivation, and General Treatment of Cape Heaths,'* published in 1832, is still the standard work on the subject, and contains an amount of practical information rarely found within so small compass. Professor Lindley says of it—'No man has ever given such excellent practical directions for the whole management of heaths, from their first stage of a seedling or a cutting, to their last of a noble full-grown bush, as Mr M Nab of Edinburgh. . . . It is one of the very best practical horticultural papers in any language.' And again, the secretary of the London Horticultural Society, in quoting from the treatise, says, 'Borrowed from Mr M Nab, and therefore may be implicitly relied upon.' Mr M Nab was no mere writer on heaths; he was an excellent heath-grower; and his proficiency in the culture of this lovely tribe of plants is amply testified by the many gorgeous specimens still in the Botanic Garden. We believe we wrong no one when we say that he was the best heath-grower of this or any other country. In De Candolle's 'Prodromus' (vii. 612), Bentham has dedicated a genus of heaths to him under the cognomen *Macnabia*, and its etymology is thus referred to, '*Cl. Macnabio curatori indefesso horti Edinburgensis, Ericarum cultivatori diligentissimo dicatum*'—that is, 'Dedicated to the illustrious M Nab, the indefatigable curator of the Edinburgh Garden, a most industrious cultivator of heaths.' Long may *Macnabia* flourish, to commemorate an honourable name, and be a remembrance to young aspiring horticulturists of the height to which, through untiring study and industry, the lowliest merit may attain!

As a botanist, Mr M Nab was of high standing; and a most accurate estimate of his character is contained in the following eulogy passed upon him by the Botanical Society, in recording the loss which botany and horticulture had sustained by his death:—'Long and

ardently devoted to the cultivation of plants, Mr M Nab had carefully observed the influence of particular treatment on their evolution, and had acquired very distinct conceptions of the nature and limits of variation, and the conditions of healthy vegetation. To a profound technical and practical knowledge of his profession, he added a frankness in imparting his information, conjoined with a correct view of his social position, and a singleness and modesty of character, by which he secured a rare amount of respect and esteem.' Professor Balfour says of him—'Few men ever had a greater number of friends, in all ranks of society, during his lifetime; and none ever died more generally regretted. His death is a loss to the city, and will be deeply felt by all the practical gardeners of the country.'

Mr M Nab was elected an Associate of the Linnean Society, an honour of no mean kind; and in 1844 a valuable testimonial was presented to him in Edinburgh, among the subscribers to which we find the names of almost all the botanists and horticulturists of eminence in this country, and not a few in other countries.

This useful and estimable man died at his post at the Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, on the 1st December 1848. With his talent was wedded a kind and generous spirit, and an anxiety to promote the welfare of all engaged in botanical and horticultural pursuits; and with perfect truth does he say—'I have had a considerable deal to do in recommending persons to situations of responsibility, both as head-gardeners and as under-gardeners; and my invariable advice to them has been, first to serve their employers well and faithfully, as being the best way to serve themselves. . . . I have acted on the advice I have given to others.' The curatorship of the Royal Botanic Garden is now held by his son, Mr James M Nab, A.L.S., who so long distinguished himself as the able superintendent of the Caledonian Horticultural Society's Experimental Garden.

It is proper to mention that the materials for the present memoir are chiefly obtained from biographical notices of the deceased, published since his death in the 'Botanical Gazette' and the 'North British Agriculturist,' together with the published speeches delivered on the occasion of the testimonial having been presented to him in 1844, to which we have already referred. We understand that his gardening friends have set a movement on foot with the view of erecting a meet monument to his memory. Should permission be granted by the government authorities, it is proposed to place it in the Royal Botanic Garden—

* Where, by his hands arranged, in order grew
His chosen trees, his favourite flowerets blew.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

ABSENCE of mind is so common, that there are few who may not find instances of it in themselves. But though it is so general, it arises from various causes in different individuals. It is often the result of mere mechanical movement, or, to speak more correctly, of the force of habit. Thus nothing is more common than for a person to wend his way unconsciously to a house where he has been in the constant habit of visiting, and not recollecting, till he is at the very door, that the friends he wished to see have removed elsewhere, and been succeeded by strangers. It was absence of mind of this kind which Mr Bunover experienced when he deliberately shaved himself before the place where his shaving glass had hung, but which had been removed without his knowledge; it was not till after the operation had been safely completed that he was made aware of his achievement. Sometimes, by a ludicrous mistake, we detect ourselves in a state of forgetfulness. A friend of ours, who came home late, and fatigued, went to his room to dress for a dinner-party, to which he and his wife had been invited. She was ready, and waited for him in the drawing-room. A length of time passed without his appearing; and the lady, knowing it

* Edinburgh: Thomas Clark, 35 George Street.

was beyond the time mentioned in the invitation, went up stairs to hurry him. She found him in his bed, comfortably settled, as it were, for the night. As the act of undressing always preceded his going into bed, the moment his clothes were off, he mechanically put out his light, and stepped in. We are told that Monsieur Thomas, 'a French writer, and profound thinker, would sit for hours against a hedge, composing in a low voice, and taking the same pinch of snuff for half an hour together without being aware that it had long disappeared.' Perhaps, however, there is no case of absence of mind so extraordinary as that where communication between the external senses and mental perception is suspended—where objects may be presented to the eyes, and sounds ringing in the ears, without making the slightest impression. Thus, Dante went to see a public procession from a bookseller's shop; and taking up a book by chance which lay upon the counter, became speedily so absorbed in its contents, that though surrounded by all the noise and bustle of the exhibition, he confessed, when he returned home, that he had seen or heard nothing of it. The attention having been so intently rivetted on the subject of the book, accounts for this abstraction from everything else; but there are many cases where nothing of an interesting nature appears to occupy the persons whose minds are away from what is about them. We have known some take out their watches and look intently at them, and while putting them up again, ask, 'What is the hour of the day?' There was scarcely a member of a large family with whom we were acquainted, who lived close to a church, who have not been known to inquire whether the bell had rung for prayers, though it had tolled a loud peal for a quarter of an hour. It has happened, in like manner, that some of the officers at a barrack have inquired whether the drum has beaten for mess, though it might have been heard a mile off. But perhaps as strange an instance of this wandering of the mind from the influence of the senses, is that in which whole pages have been read with the eyes, sometimes even aloud, without conveying any idea to the mind. In a case such as this the mind is usually said to be 'engaged on something else.' This is true. But let us observe that two distinct mental operations must be going on at once—the faculty of recognising and reading the print before us, and the faculty of reflecting on some separate and very different subject, all at the same time. Might we not imagine from this that the mind is a combination of things or agents, not one thing? The power of double thought is, however, very imperfect; and the habit or the instinct of doing accounts for much curious phenomena. Some people make use of their hands without the slightest consciousness. It was during a conversation with his sister, in which he was deeply interested, that Richard Brinsley Sheridan took up a pair of ruffles, which she had just worked at the expense of much time and pains, as a gift for her father, and with a pair of scissors, which chanced to lie upon the table, gave them a snip for every word, till the communication and the ruffles were at an end together.

Mr C—, during the fits of abstraction to which he was subject, never suffered his hands to remain idle. One day he was shown, before the arrival of company, into the drawing-room of a lady with whom he was to dine; and being alone, he fell into one of those musings to which he was liable. When his hostess entered the room, she found all the hairs plucked out of the hearth-brush, and strewed over the person of her guest, who held the denuded handle in evidence of his industry. We are told of Hogarth, that he was so entirely occupied with the designs which engaged his pencil, and the scenes which had struck his fancy, that he could attend to nothing that was going on. In these reveries he was extremely fidgetty, and would sometimes get up in the middle of dinner, and twirling his chair round, sit with his back to the table. Then he would as suddenly rise again, place his chair in its proper position, and resume his dinner.

Newton's fits of abstraction were very frequent, and he was in some measure aware of them himself. His friend Dr Stukely called to see him one day, and was shown into the parlour: Newton sent word that he would be with him directly, but thought no more about it. The doctor had come a great distance, and after waiting for a length of time, became excessively hungry. Newton's dinner was laid in the room where he was, and a nice roasted fowl served up. This considerably increased the doctor's appetite: its cravings became so urgent, that they were irresistible, and he applied himself so vigorously to the fowl, that there was not a morsel of it remaining when Newton came down, and perceived that it was gone. 'I protest,' said he, 'I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner. You see, doctor, how oblivious we philosophers are!' The Count de Brancas is supposed to have furnished Bruyere with his idea of the 'Absent Man.' It is told that he was reading by his fireside when the nurse brought his infant to him. He laid his book on the table, and took the child into his arms, and was admiring her, when a visitor of consequence was shown into the room; upon which the count, confounding by some extraordinary process the ideas of the babe and the book, flung down the poor infant on the table, who soon informed him of his mistake by her loud cries. So little, indeed, did he give his attention to what was before him, that one day, as he was walking in the street, he said to the Duke de la Rochefoucault, who crossed the way to speak to him, 'God help you, my poor man!' Rochefoucault smiled, and was about to speak—'I told you,' interrupted the count somewhat impatiently, 'that I had nothing for you; there is no use in your teasing me; why don't you try to get work? Such lazy idlers as you make the streets quite disagreeable.' A hearty laugh from the duke brought the absent man to his recollection.

Persons engaged in sublime meditations, and elevated above the ordinary affairs of life, are sometimes quite unconscious of the lapse of time. Socrates would remain for an entire day and night without changing his posture, his eyes and countenance directed to one spot, from which they never wandered during his whole hours of profound thought. In the same way La Fontaine would remain in one reclining attitude from early morning till late in the evening, under the shade of a tree. 'It has been told of a modern astronomer,' says Mr D'Israeli, 'that one summer night, when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been collecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before it is too late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it.'

Poets and painters have been ever remarked for their love of solitude—perhaps from its being favourable for that mental abstraction which seems essential in their pursuits: they love to turn to the ideal world of their own creation, and to transform themselves into the imaginary beings they would represent. Crebillon, the great tragic poet, often sought the deepest retirement, that he might wander undisturbed through the scenes which his fancy suggested, and thoroughly identify himself with the characters in whom he took most interest. He was thus indulging himself one day when a friend entered his study. 'Don't disturb me,' he exclaimed; 'this is a moment of exquisite happiness. I am going to hang a villain of a minister, and to banish another who is an idiot!' Domenichino, while busy at his canvas, always acted for the figures which he sketched. While he was painting the martyrdom of St Andrew, Caracci found him in a violent passion, speaking in a most furious tone. His anger was directed against a soldier, who was represented as threatening the saint. When his rage had subsided, Caracci threw himself into the painter's arms, declaring that from him he had now

learned the true way of catching the expression which he wished to represent. Fuseli was liable to fits of abstraction, and often, when given up to the wild fantasies which suggested subjects for his pencil, he has been heard to call out 'Michael Angelo!' in a loud voice, as if that great master were within call.

A YARN IN THE HALF-DECK.

'Did you say you served your apprenticeship in the *Arethusa*?'

'Yes; I served my time in the *Arethusa*.'

'What age were you when you went to sea?'

'I was sixteen.'

'Put down sixteen, Bill.'

The scene of the present dialogue was the fore-castle of a collier brig at anchor in the Thames: the speakers an old seaman, and three others scarcely arrived at middle-age, one of whom, behind the old man, acted as clerk, with a piece of chalk on the lid of his own chest.

'Put down sixteen, Bill,' whispered one; and the number was put down.

'Then how long were you in the *Arethusa*?'

'I served five years,' said the old man; 'then I stopped by her other three: I was eight years in her altogether. I liked the ship very well, but I did not like the owner.'

Bill, who was all attention, put down an eight below the sixteen.

'But you would be a young fellow then: I should think you would not be long out of a ship?'

'I got a ship directly, and sailed for North America. Well, as it happened, we were water-logged as we were on our passage home: all hands took the rigging, where we were three days without a bite of anything, or as much as a drink. On the fourth day, got hold of a dead bird of some kind that was floating past—ate it, feathers and all. Well, I did not get you told all hands died but myself, and the only way I could keep myself alive was by sucking the grease out of the ropes. I knocked about upon the rigging for a month. At last I was picked up by an American vessel, and taken to America. The Americans used me very well; so I traded back and forward among the American ports for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose you were in America altogether?'

'I was away ten years from leaving home.'

'Didn't you go into the Greenland trade after that?'

'No; it was not till some time after. I was on board of a man-of-war before I was in the Greenland trade. Somehow or other the pressgang got scent of me: a good run we had; I was nimble on my feet then; if I had not slipped and fallen souse into an ash-midden, I believe they never would have taken me: but take me they did. Well, I was seven years in his majesty's service, and I liked the service very well; but one day the captain and I had a few words, and said I to myself, "The sooner we part company the better, old fellow." So I ran away: it was in the West Indies. I knew they would be after me; so I got myself stowed into a hogshead of sugar, and sent aboard of a merchantman, and got clear off that way.'

Bill, who was listening in silence, put down, 'On board man-of-war seven years.'

'Then did you get home all right?'

'Yes; and then I went to Greenland. My eyes! what sport we had there the first ten years I was in the trade! I was there that year when there wasn't a whale to be seen, and we loaded the ship with seals. A weary job we had: the ice was short and hummocky,

and the seals as shy as foxes. Somehow we always found one or two fellows, who'd been fuddled maybe the night before, that forgot the way into the water. When the brutes make a dive, they are out of sight in a minute.'

'How long were you in the Greenland trade?'

'I was nineteen years altogether. Then I fancied I would like to be in a warmer climate; so I got into an East Indiaman, and traded to the East Indies for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose?'

'About thirteen years. At last the ship was taken by the pirates, and the most of the crew had to walk the plank; only three of us saved our lives by consenting to be pirates with the rest. I never liked a pirate's life; so one day when we were ashore on a large island watching, I took leg-bail and ran away. I'd been with them three years, which was quite enough. Well, I got among the natives of the place, who were mighty kind in their way; and as I was a brisk young fellow, I wasn't long in finding a wife among them; so I lived there just like a savage for sixteen years; for there was no chance of getting away, and it was just as well to make myself happy. But at last an English ship put in for water, and the longing came over me to go back to my native land; so I smuggled myself on board just as she was ready for sea, and glad I was that my wife didn't follow me.'

'Did you get home all right and tight?'

'All right and tight, boh!'

'Then I suppose you would not lie up any time at home?'

'I didn't lie up at all. When I got home I found my brother had gone to America; so nothing would serve me but I would go seek him, as I had not seen him for a long time. So I got a ship, and off I went; but I never saw him from that day to this, although I wandered through America for five years seeking him. I turned tired of wandering, and got into a little vessel trading between Prince Edward's Island and the mainland; and I traded in her for ten long years—ten long years I can assure you.'

'Haven't you been a long time in the coal trade?'

'I was thirty years in the coal trade before I went to China.'

'How did you like the China trade?'

'I liked it very well. I was only in it about five years. After that I got into the Baltic trade. I was seven years in it; but I tired of it, so I got a ship and went off to the West Indies, where I was put ashore sick, and lay in the hospital for three years. When I did get better, I was a better man than ever, so I started negro-driver in a plantation, where I whipped the poor fellows on for nine years, till at last the old fit came on me, and I would be off to sea again.'

'Was that before you were captain of the old *Clinker*?'

'Yes; that was just before I got to be captain of the *Clinker*.'

'Weren't you a long time captain of the *Clinker*?'

'I was captain of the *Clinker* for nineteen years. I was captain of her till she was lost on the Gunfleet Sand: it was as much as we could do to save our lives that time.'

'What ship was it you lost in the Swinver?'

'That was the *Peggy*. I was a long time in her both mate and master. I was four years mate and eight years master.'

'How long is it since the *Peggy* was lost?'

'Let me see: it will be fourteen years this next month: just fourteen exactly.'

'Then you must be a good old fellow now?'

'Ay: I'm a good age now, you may depend on't.'

'See what age he is there, Bill, will you?'

Bill, who had been listening in the background, and taking notes on the lid of his chest, proceeded to read off the following items:—

'Went to sea in the Arethusa,	16 years old.
In the Arethusa,	8 years.
In America,	10 ...
On board man-of-war,	7 ...
In Greenland trade,	19 ...
In East India trade,	13 ...
Among the pirates,	3 ...
Among the savages,	16 ...
Travelled in America,	5 ...
Traded to Prince Edward's Island,	10 ...
In the coal trade,	30 ...
In the China trade,	5 ...
In the Baltic trade,	7 ...
In the hospital,	3 ...
Negro driver,	9 ...
Captain of the Clinker,	19 ...
In the Peggy,	12 ...
Since the Peggy was lost,	14 ...

Total, 206 years.'

'Then you'll be two hundred and six years old!' said Bill with a chuckle.

'Bravo!' said Tom; 'there's not a man like him in the fleet!'

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

The growth of the city of New York is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this country. Its natural advantages are very great, and these seem to be appreciated both by capitalists and mere adventurers. The number of buildings going up is very large, and among these is a large proportion of princely residences. For £5000 a house may be purchased in a fashionable part of the town, with thirty-three feet frontage, sixty-five feet depth, with a height of five storeys. The interior, for I have an instance in my eye, is finished in the most costly manner. The halls are paved with marble, the decorations are in the highest style of art; every convenience of the kitchen, of baths, of water-closets, of ventilation, and of heating, is carefully attended to. This will doubtless be the residence of some successful merchant, or professional man, who began the world fifteen or twenty years ago without a penny. Before he takes possession, the most expensive carpets, mirrors, candelabra, china, and plate, will be provided for his comfort; a luxurious carriage will be ready to take him from the door, and servants in liveries (very probably) will usher him into his new home. This is New York—this is American life. If he happens to have a wife of good connections and education, she will at once slide into her new position, and leave her former humble apartments with a belief that she has fully deserved her good fortune. At once, and as if by magic, she dresses with taste and propriety; falls into the manners of the gay world as if she had always practised them; and if she has wit and beauty, she attracts about her the most distinguished of our male society. She patronises the Opera, attends the most fashionable church of her own particular denomination, and floats along in a sea of delight. Her husband, rewarded by the novelty of his new pleasures, looks back to his former career with the satisfaction of feeling that to himself alone he owes his advancement. He next looks forward to see how his prosperity may be prolonged in his family. Generally, if he have children who have passed their infancy in restrained circumstances, his cares are of no avail. The daughters marry, and often badly, to young men who have pretensions without money or worth; and the sons, if they have not been disciplined in the school of the father, become gay young men about town, with no other views than to expend money for the sake of personal pride or personal pleasure. The second generation generally, therefore, undoes the work of the first, and the third ends where the first began. There is no country in the world where fortune is so easily won or so easily lost as in the United States. It depends entirely on the character of the individual who possesses it whether it is or is not honourably and usefully enjoyed. The great wealth of the city of New York is manifest, not only by the number of its magnificent private residences, but by the official statements annually published of its taxable resources. What we term its real estate, or, in other words, the real estate of its citizens, is now valued at about 150,000,000 of dollars, and, according to our system of undervaluing for taxation, may be set down as

one-half more. The personal property of the inhabitants is estimated at 58,000,000 of dollars, and this does not include, in fact, the plate, the jewellery, the private securities, or the amounts of cash they are possessed of. In five years the aggregate of this value has increased more than 16,000,000 dollars. We should like to know of any city in the world which, in proportion to its age and population, compares with New York. Take another instance. The last day's receipts at the customhouse for duties has been 75,000 dollars, and the balance in its vaults is within a fraction of 4,000,000 dollars, notwithstanding the continued draughts on it for the public service.—*New York correspondent of the Daily News.*

THE BIER-PATH.

I'll lead thee to my favourite ground within the valley nigh,
Where a narrow rushing river foameth ever wildly by—
O'erhung with rugged rocks which glance from out a leafy screen—
Their gray and sombre sides festooned with canopies of green.

Around the entrance-porch are twining no bright summer flowers,
It leadeth to no garden trim or rose-encircled bowers;
But welcome is the solemn shade from garish light of day,
Where gloomy yews of age unknown survive amid decay.

A pathway windeth from the porch—a broad and decent way—
Adown it in the evening-time young footsteps often stray.
It hath no rustic resting-seat, no fragrance round it shed:
It windeth through the lone churchyard—the bier-path of the dead!

No nightingales frequent the spot, but oft-times may be heard
The robin's note in cadence sad—the melancholy bird!
It hoppeth lightly o'er the sod, disturbs no grassy bed:
But soft and sweetly singeth still a requiem for the dead!

Ah! hallowed is that old bier-porch, since when, in mute despair,
I knelt beside a dismal load the bearers rested there!
That bier-path is the dearest path in all the world to me—
For it alone, my lost beloved, can bring me near to thee!

May I be borne beneath that porch when journeying to the home
From whence this weary, wasted form, shall never thenceforth roam!

May I be borne along that path—retracing it no more—
My wanderings all ended here, and all my sorrows o'er!

C. A. M. W.

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THE STRENGTH AND DUTIES OF POVERTY.

THE change that has come over the efforts and aims of men in the gradual progress of civilisation, is not more apparent in anything than in the growing attention excited towards the condition of the poor. Whatever measure of good may arise out of the flood of evil that now overwhelms the continent of Europe will probably take a social direction; for a desire after social amelioration still ferments universally, notwithstanding the crushing influences of military despotism. To this desire we owe, in our own country, whatever reforms have been effected or contemplated of late years—our free trade, our attempts at national education, our endeavours after financial reform; above all, our organisation for sanitary improvement—a reform at the foundation of all others, and without which, as a basis, all others will fall far short of their intended good.

This direction of effort has necessarily brought into strong relief the inequalities of our social position, the contrasts between rich and poor, and the woes and evils of poverty. And it is right that it should be so in a country where one infant is born to the inheritance of hundreds of thousands a year, and may choose, when he comes into possession, between five or six princely habitations; while another has no place for him but, it may be, the corner of a wretched cellar, or the shelter of a hedge or of the arch of a bridge, or the warmth of a cinder-heap. But there is another side of this question. Poverty has her blessings as well as her woes, her strength as well as her weakness, her duties as well as her wants. The mass of the people have been described as 'a dumb animal, crying in its pain and misery towards Heaven;' and so it may be in one of its aspects: but there is another, and it is that other on which the people must learn to fix their thoughts. The cry must go forth to them—'You have strength in spite of, and in some measure arising out of, your weakness. You must be up and doing, and work out your own regeneration, or all that is done for you will fail; for it will be the mere outside cleansing—the whitening of the sepulchre. Do not think that the rich only have their duties; you also have yours, and they are arduous and imperative.'

Yet if the poor will listen to this appeal, do not let them misunderstand it, or think it is made in forgetfulness of their wrongs, or of the apathy which has left undone that which they cannot do for themselves. It is made, on the contrary, under the painful consciousness of the errors and injustice recorded in our history, and clinging to our institutions, which have combined to plunge so many into pauperism; and in especial, of the neglect which has left the great body of our people a prey to disease, and has lessened the duration of their lives in every part of our country by many years; while in some of our crowded cities the life of the poor man measures,

on an average, less than one-half that of the rich. It is made under the conviction, that while the very elements have become sources of poison to them by the pollution of the free air and pure water given for blessings to all, they cannot, with brain dizzy and heart sick, listen to the voice of their souls, nor act with energy in any direction. But these things cannot last. One after another, these errors and evils will give place to truth and justice. Even now, light, and air, and purity are on the point of taking the place of the abominations that surround their physical condition; and the very pestilence that has afflicted us has, like all other evil, tended to advance the good work. When it shall be accomplished, health of body and mind will, as far as human endeavour can obtain these, mainly depend on themselves. Now such blessings are unattainable, but then the great mass of the people may rise to their proper place in the social scale, if they are prepared to receive the boon, if they will learn to perceive and to act upon the conviction, that improvident expenditure, absence of foresight, intemperate and unrefined habits, and narrow and unimproved minds, will poison their lives, even though bread is cheap, and the pure light and air of heaven are streaming round their abodes. There are signs of movement in the right direction in many places. Individuals and bodies of men are every here and there rousing themselves with energy out of the disadvantages of their position; still, as a class, they expend their tens of millions on intoxicating drink, and lay by nothing in times of prosperity against the evil day, remaining thus at the mercy of every accident and every fluctuation.

But do not let the rich man, because, unhappily, these things are so, declare 'that the working-classes are hopeless.' We have all 'one human heart,' all one common nature; and whenever large numbers among us manifest peculiarities, the causes exist, and may be discovered. The causes of the prevalent intemperance of the working-classes are becoming every day clearer. The bubbling cesspool, the reeking graveyard, the tainted and scanty spring, the neglected lane, the stifling wynd, the noisy, damp, dark, wretched home, the vacant mind—these are the supporters of the gin-palaces! To throw off sickening influences, to drown carking care, to pass away heavy time, men as capable of good as their more fortunate brothers sink into degradation and ruin. Many there are among them who have strength to resist the evil. Many a bright example among working-men might be cited at this moment, and many a name known in art, science, and literature which has risen from their ranks might be brought forward to show that even now they can take their places among the honoured of the earth; but it is too much to expect of them as a body. It may, however, be possible to rouse them to take advantage of better circumstances when they come.

It is most important, as the commencement of any

satisfactory improvement, that the people should cease to dwell on the wants and weakness of their position, and should learn to appreciate its advantages and strength. Beggary, pauperism, the suffering of cold and hunger—these are real evils. For these the heart must mourn; to diminish the numbers of those who are so sorely afflicted must be the aim of all. But poverty, and pauperism or beggary, are perfectly distinct terms. It has been clearly shown that the worst evils that cling round poverty are all removable. There is no more reason why the poor should be inconveniently lodged, surrounded with miasma and the prey of fever, than that the highest of the aristocracy should. Our Metropolitan Buildings and Model Lodging-Houses are demonstrations of this. Every class in the country may have—let us hope shortly *will* have—domestic accommodations, each suited to its respective habits, in equal perfection; and as we have been promised, let us have faith, that typhus will be banished from the poor by our sanitary measures, as the jail fever has been from the prisoners by John Howard; and this is a faith not based on hollow theories, but on the clearest reasoning deduced from facts.

These physical evils being removed, the inequality of human condition, or the possession of less or more wealth, is of so little importance as to be unworthy of a thought. Every class deceives itself on this matter. Those who can make fifty pounds a year fancy they should be in perfect ease if they made a hundred. They who make a hundred wish it were two or three; the fortunate possessors of three are equally longing for five, or a thousand; and so on to the top of the scale; while the truth is, that (as far as this is concerned) they are all on equal terms. The power to live independently on what we have, or can make, being granted, and the removable evils of poverty being annihilated, our wellbeing depends on the inner life solely; on the development of the individual nature, and on the degree of harmony into which it has brought itself with the great centre of life.

All the best gifts of the Creator to us his creatures are free and priceless. They could not be bought by all the gold of all the mines hid in the earth. No money can purchase love. Yet the affections in all their varieties of tenderness, sympathy, disinterestedness, devotedness, and intensity, are the soothers, blessers, and purifiers of our nature. It is the same with all real good—the sense of beauty, the perception of harmony, the perception of order, the faculty of imagination, the gift of genius, the pleasure of acquiring knowledge, of exercising the intellect, of sympathy with our fellow-creatures, of working for them, of giving pleasure, of mitigating sorrow; above all, the happiness of aspiration towards the Infinite in religious feeling. What wealth, let it be repeated, could purchase one of these! These are powers belonging to our nature, and with these powers the outward world in which we are placed is in harmony. Here prince and peasant are equal; nay, in some respects it is the peasant who has the advantage; for the good seed is still, as it has ever been, liable to be choked by the thorns, the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches.

There are sources of strength also which are peculiar to the poor. They have strength in their numbers. Their numbers become a source of weakness to them in one single relation—namely, the competition for work; in all others they are, or should be, their strength. It is true that the necessity of finding work is of primary importance to them; but if they set themselves earnestly to discover the various sources of strength which lie in numbers, having many interests in common, and acting together for the common good, they would so greatly elevate their condition in all respects, as indirectly to conquer the greatest evils which result from a competition for work in a populous country.

The principle of combination is at work in every direction among the middle and monied-classes. They use it politically and socially: they exert a moral influence

over the legislature by it. We see its effects wherever we turn our eyes. Clubs, railways, bridges, docks, public buildings, banks, life-insurance, fire-insurance, shipping companies—all these and many more bear witness to the powers of co-operation. The working-classes have their friendly societies and clubs, and have, besides, tried the means of combination for other purposes—sometimes for good, more frequently for evil. They might use it for objects of vital importance to themselves and the whole community; but to do so, they must gain intelligence and acquire knowledge, so as to comprehend what are their true interests, and must get the command of money. It has been truly said that the penny of the millions is as good as the pound of the thousands. Why should not the poor combine their pennies, find out what are the objects at which they should aim, and erect their companies also?

There is included in the term 'poor' a great variety of grades, stretching downwards from the poorest of the middle-class and the well-paid skilled artisans (who are, strictly speaking, poor, when compared to the possessors of property), till we reach the helpless victims of pauperism and crime. These would all be powerfully influenced by any movement in advance made by the working-class; but it is to the working-class we must look for the movement.

To be always on the brink of starvation—entirely to depend on the daily labour for the daily bread—is a wretched condition. Those so circumstanced can scarcely wish to live to be old. They are, indeed, like slaves; for whatever terms are offered them, they must submit: hunger impels them to work as effectually as the driver's whip. Still worse is it to have neither power nor inclination to exercise the best faculties with which our nature is endowed; to be ignorant of ourselves and our brother men; to live in this wonderful universe, seeing and comprehending nothing of its infinity.

But to gain intelligence, knowledge, and the command of money, arduous duties must be undertaken. The first step must be to throw off the stain of intemperance. Those millions spent on intoxicating liquors might accomplish much, and the brains now heated and stupefied would discover how to use them when set free from this pernicious habit. The following passage should be read and taken to heart by those concerned. It is quoted from the Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain, drawn up by Edwin Chadwick, Esq. in 1842:—'The amount expended in ardent spirits (exclusive of wines), tobacco, snuff, beer, &c. consumed chiefly by them (the labouring-classes), cannot be much less than from L.45,000,000 to L.50,000,000 per annum in the United Kingdom. By an estimate which I obtained from an eminent spirit-merchant, of the cost to the consumer of the British spirits on which duty is paid, the annual expenditure on them alone, chiefly by the labouring-classes, cannot be less than L.24,000,000 per annum.' According to the growing conviction of those who have studied the subject, and to the increasing experience of large numbers of working-men themselves, this enormous sum is expended to produce pure evil. There is evidence on every hand that the nutritious food, warm clothing, fuel, better houses, which could all be secured by a tithe of this outlay, would give strength, comfort, and a sound mind; while those so-called luxuries which swallow up all the means of all other luxuries, produce, it is true, a temporary excitement wearing the semblance of strength, but undermine the constitution, predispose to disease, shorten life, darken the intellect, and overturn the moral being. The Report quoted above contains statements from all parts of England and Scotland, to the effect that comfort does not depend on the wages of the labourer in anything approaching the degree in which it depends on his habits. Whole bodies of men having wages from thirty shillings up to three pounds a week, may be found living in wretchedness, bare of every decency of life, and without a shilling laid by; while others, having less than half of the least of these sums, bring up their families respectably, and have comfortable homes. Indeed it appears that so prevalent is the habit

of spending all beyond the sum wanted for the bare necessities of existence on drink, that high wages too often tend solely to demoralise. We all know the efforts now made by the friends of temperance to conquer this dreadful evil. Sanitary reform and improved dwellings will powerfully second the good cause; and it is not too much to hope that the rising generation will, by all these aids, and the increasing means of education, rise above it, or even that the present one may shake it off in a great degree.

A small portion of the means now spent on intemperance would put within their reach all the means of education. They might either take advantage of the schools now or hereafter established for themselves and their children, or establish schools of their own. The same with all mechanics' or literary institutions, halls, or atheneums, which they could either join or erect for themselves. By combining together, they could all have the best periodicals and newspapers, and well-stored libraries of standard works, at present to be had for a small amount of money. Time is wanting! may be said. Unhappily it is so with many, but not to the extent believed. Many hours not thought of now might be found by zealous learners; and there is a suggestion on this subject which might be improved. There are many occupations that are monotonous, and become perfectly mechanical, throughout which a mind stored with ideas, and seeking fresh knowledge, might work. Whoever has observed a sawpit, a stone or marble-cutter's shed, or a rope-walk, will perceive the truth of this; and in proof of it, there are to be found many fine mathematicians among weavers. Skilled labour which requires thought is better paid, and consequently does not last so many hours.

But there are other ways of economising their means besides the cessation of intemperance. Every one who has observed the habits of the poor is aware that their domestic economy is in general very badly managed. This is especially true of the manufacturing districts. In regard to many of the necessities of life, they pay a higher price than the rich, and get worse articles for their money, because they buy in small quantities at bad shops, and often on credit. Some useful observations and calculations are made on this subject in the Report already quoted.

This is a matter in which the strength that lies in numbers having common interests and habits might be admirably employed. If a fund were formed for the purpose by weekly contributions, wherever, as in large towns, numbers are congregated, a combination among themselves to buy in large quantities, for ready money, at wholesale prices, would procure for them all they want at a much lower rate than they now pay, and of good instead of bad quality. Let any one observe the one article of fuel, for example, especially where coals are dear, as in London, and the mode in which the poor obtain it a little at a time, the price rising as the weather becomes more severe, and imagine the difference to them if they could fill a large common cellar in summer when it is cheap, and distribute it by properly-appointed officers as wanted. Such institutions as the Metropolitan Buildings would facilitate plans of this kind; but they might be carried out in any populous neighbourhood. Another great saving might be accomplished by combining together for a common kitchen. The new Model Lodging-House in Spitalfields has begun this excellent arrangement, and it might be applied to families equally well. Something like Associated Homes—a combination of the club and the improved dwelling-houses already built—would thus be established, wherein, while each family should be, as at present, preserved in entire union and privacy, common stores, kitchens, &c. might exist.

The comparative simplicity in the domestic habits of the poor, the fact that they can 'put their hand to the work,' and be their own servants, and that their gains, though small, are certain, and paid to them at once; that if they can get work they will receive their wages; all these would be so many sources of strength to them in such undertakings.

But if they cannot get work! Here is the difficulty to

which we come at last. Let us imagine, however, an intelligent population, who read and think, and know what is going on in the world, and can form a clear judgment on their own concerns; temperate, and masters of themselves; freed by the well-administered laws from the removable physical evils of poverty; having well-ordered homes, sound health, and funds at command, collected by their combined foresight and economical arrangements. Such a population would undoubtedly conquer this difficulty in great measure; at all events, would be in a position to meet fluctuations and emergencies like men, instead of like machines thrown aside when no longer wanted.

The difficulty is local, not universal. It is seldom true even of one country that there is no work anywhere for the hands who are ready to do it; and ages must roll before it is true of the whole world, or rather it is an absurdity to imagine such a condition. If our own agriculturists find out that they must improve their modes of farming, so as to meet the new relations imposed on them by free trade, there will be an increasing demand for labour at home; and this becomes more likely every day. If any set of circumstances should induce capitalists to bring even a moiety of the waste lands of the United Kingdom into cultivation, there would be a dearth of labourers; and this is possible. If the poor—the mass of the people—should ever find themselves able actually to supply their own wants; to furnish themselves with warm and ample clothing, bedding, and household furniture suitable to their mode of life, all the workshops and factories in the kingdom would be working full time for several years to come, and would be kept continually at work to supply the demand; and it needs only foresight and temperance to bring this about. If man ever sets himself in earnest to fulfil the primeval command 'to replenish the earth, and subdue it,' then all our so-called 'crowded populations' would look like a scattered remnant, in comparison with the vast, fair, and fertile regions that wait for them. The real difficulty is, that the workers are ignorant where they are wanted; have not the means of moving there if they were informed, nor the inclination to go even if they had. They have little idea of moving, except to flock into some of our large towns, often at the worst time, and with the worst results. Plans of emigration are set on foot by companies, and even contemplated by government, and at times of great distress numbers emigrate, as we see at present in Ireland; but it is done as a last resource, while it ought to be a habitual means of acquiring and maintaining independence. It is so with the middle and monied-classes in general. They spread themselves everywhere throughout the United Kingdom, its colonies and foreign countries, in search of employment and wealth; and among them a father would never keep a family of sons idle at home if by any means he could settle them abroad.

This is the habit which is required to be formed among the poor. A spirit of enterprise arising in the working-class, analogous to that existing in the monied-classes, might enable them to find the means of moving. If they could set apart a certain fund, raised by combined subscription, to the purpose of acquiring exact information as to the demand for labour in their own and all other countries; to fitting out a certain proportion of their children, and apprenticing them to trades in any of these places; and to enabling all out of work among themselves to move wherever they knew labour was wanted—either by their own means, or by taking advantage of means appointed by government or companies—the whole aspect of that which is called the 'labour-market' would be changed; and it would be the interest of all to subscribe to such a fund; for it is the few who are out of work who lower the wages of the whole body. Neither would they be left unassisted in such a movement. It is so clearly the interest of each class in every country to promote the welfare of all, that facilities and aids would be set on foot on every hand. Moreover, a people rising in their strength, and performing their duties in this 'spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind,' would exert a healthy influence over the councils of nations; and governments would soon be

found efficiently co-operating in the great movement. Until this invigorating element is infused into the social fabric, the Christian principle of brotherhood fails of its realisation. When it comes, men will learn to prize the great boon of life, and the slight inequalities in the possession of a little more or less wealth will be forgotten, or found conducive only to the general good. M. G.

THE BLACK HUNTER.

AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

BY PERCY R. ST JOHN.

WAR is the passion of all savage nations, and of none more than of the people of Madagascar, who have felt its fatal influence for centuries. Many a terrible and tragic narrative have these endless strifes given occasion to; and one which we select by way of illustration may perhaps afford counsel to nations more advanced than the Madagascariotes.

Simandra was, at twenty, chief and monarch of the Betsimsaracs, a small tribe of Malgaches. Simandra was a Mulatto, though his grandfather was a Frenchman. Tall, handsome, and of noble mien, the young king seemed far more disposed for peaceful occupations than for that turbulent existence which is the fate of nearly all his race. He was a great hunter, and used the *zagaie* or lance to perfection; while his rifle, studded with brass nails, was famous in the land. His grandmother, last of the ancient line of the rulers of Yrondrou, had given him much of the instruction she had gained from his French ancestor; and Simandra used these lights to make his people happy. His village was surrounded by fields a little better cultivated than usual, and by rich herds of cattle, while a vast marshy plain was turned into a great rice-field. And thus the Betsimsaracs of Yrondrou prospered, and would have continued to do so, had not the young chief's father left him a longer legacy of feuds than of privileges. Still, Simandra got over these difficulties by successful campaigns and fortunate treaties of peace; and by the time he was one-and-twenty, appeared to have more brilliant prospects than ever.

The hereditary enemy of the chief of Yrondrou was Sialin, monarch of Tamatava, a state that bordered on his own. During the wars, Simandra heard great reports of the beauty, modesty, and wondrous charms of his only daughter and child. She was painted as something far beyond ordinary Malgache beauty; and the young man's imagination being fired, he demanded a truce, and visited Sialin with all the pomp and circumstance of savage state. All the ardent warrior wished was to see the child of Sialin. 'The long-desired day came,' says Simandra; 'Sialin presented me to his daughter, and her sight sufficed to make my reason wander, for she was far more beautiful than she was represented in her portraits. Stranger, never will Zanaar ever show you anything equal to the marvel; but if you would have a just idea of her, consult the men of Arabia brought hither by commerce, and they will read to you from an old manuscript, which they have from a great geni of their country, a passage where they paint the features, the graces, the ravishing form of Volalouda, or Silver-Silk.' This young princess, educated more modestly than the Malgache women in general (her grandfather, like Simandra's, was a Frenchman), received the undisguised homage of the visitor with favour, and peace was at once concluded, with the prospect of permanently uniting the two tribes by a marriage.

While the courtship was going on, and just as Simandra and Sialin were advancing to an excellent mutual understanding, there appeared among them Jean René Boucher, a half-caste son of an Antatschim woman. Jean was rich; owned flocks, and herds, and powder; had a house at Foulpoint, and a country villa at Taniou. He saw and loved Volalouda, and boldly asked her of her father; but Sialin rejected the little, ugly, and cowardly half-

caste, who thereupon determined on revenge. He had the cunning of a snake and fox combined, was soft of speech, and added Malay astuteness to French audacity, but not French courage. His brother Fiche was a pure native; and in his own mind he planned to make this savage the monarch of Yrondrou and Tamatava. He had asked for the young princess as much from ambition as from love; but hiding both, he went and complimented his successful rival, who admired his generosity, and became his devoted friend. Interpreter to the French government, as well as trader, Jean had much influence. His hundred barrels of powder, his boxes of muskets, his cloth, and, above all, his arrack, dazzled the eyes of the people; for the Malgaches combined the two kinds of intemperance—the love of drinking, and the love of fighting.

Meanwhile his agents were at work, and about a month before the day fixed for the marriage of Simandra, the northern mountain-tribes declared war on Sialin and his future son-in-law. Both were thrown into consternation. Sialin had neither guns nor ammunition, while Simandra had used all his powder in his late wars. They were both compelled to apply to Jean, which was what the traitor expected, who readily consented to aid them, on a condition which at first sight did not appear too arduous of fulfilment. A *kabar* was held; and in solemn council Jean agreed to supply arms, ammunition, and arrack, on condition that, if in one moon after the termination of the war the above were not paid for, he was to be received as joint ruler with Simandra and Sialin. These chiefs plunged their lances into the flanks of a bull to ratify the promise. For the war Simandra could only count on the aid of one caste, the Zafferaminians, while Jean gave the assistance of several hundred armed negro slaves, his devoted body-guard. One battle decided the campaign, and the allied powers were victorious, and peace was again proclaimed.

The victors returned home, and in festivity and joy passed the ensuing moon. Simandra married Volalouda, who proved as attached and devoted as she was lovely. At last the moon expired: Jean Boucher came, surrounded by his formidable guard, to ask for money or power. The *kabar* sat under the cocoa-trees in council. Rice was the only important article of commerce of the Betsimsaracs; but Jean had contrived that, since his agreement, none should be bought, and the people and the two kings were without money. Simandra asked for time; but several hired orators rose, and in flowery language proposed to pay the national debt by giving the creditor an equal position with their rulers. To this revolutionary measure the honest chiefs could say nothing. Jean had their bond, not signed and sealed, but spoken. The half-caste was proclaimed, and the very next day he deposed Sialin in favour of Fiche, aided by arrack and his Caffre guard.

Simandra fled to Yrondrou with Volalouda, resolved to defend his paternal inheritance. He fortified his village as well as he could, and made every preparation for a contest. The majority of his people fled or joined René, but the Zafferaminians remained true. Jean soon came with his brother Fiche, and sat down to the siege of Yrondrou. For many months Simandra prolonged his defence, until, overpowered by numbers, and his *toubis* and village all in flames, he fled with his insensible wife in his arms. Chased by the negro guard, the young husband used his whole strength and agility to escape, and at nightfall took shelter in the dark recesses of a cavern, where, that very evening, Volalouda brought forth prematurely a son to inherit his father's misfortunes. Simandra, alone with his lovely bride, tended her as would have done the gentlest woman; and at dawn of day, joined by about a dozen faithful Zafferaminians, made a litter, and thus bore mother and child into the deep recesses of the mountains. Some generous mountaineers braved the resentment of the cruel and ambitious Jean, and gave them shelter.

Simandra took but few days of rest in the society of two beings he loved more than himself; for the kingly feelings were still strong within him, and he started on a long tour to all the neighbouring chiefs, to demand their

* This narrative is paraphrased and completed from the narration of Simandra himself, told one night in the woods to a European trader.

assistance to punish the usurper, and to aid him to reconquer his paternal inheritance. But he was now poor, and without influence, and his voice was listened to no more. The heads of tribes bethought them of the power of Jean and his agreeable arrack punch, and they one and all decided to reject an alliance which could only be productive of honour, but promised very little profit. Hitherto Simandra had seen the smiling aspect of human nature: he now saw the reverse, and he conceived a profound contempt for his species; and would probably have felt equally careless about life, had not the remembrance of his wife and child come home strongly to his bosom.

Still vengeance was the dominant feeling for the moment, revealing how strong was savage nature still in the heart of Simandra, and he joined Volalauda only to put her and her infant in safety with a friend in the retired valley of Bezonzons. This man owed everything to the generous gifts of his sovereign, who was also his relative, and at once agreed to guard the sacred deposit with every care and deference. The parting was tender and sad. Volalauda, in tears, implored her husband to care no more for the grandeur of the world, to abandon all thought of revenge, and retire to the mountain fastnesses, where, in an obscure hut, he might find in the hunter's life a happiness which royalty could not give. Simandra was much moved, but he could not bend his heart to yield. An inward shudder seemed to warn him how fatal would be the parting; but he went on his way, accompanied by his dozen faithful followers, to the residence of Rafaralah, chief of Antsianee, and afterwards brother-in-law to the celebrated Radama.

Rafaralah received him in a manner suitable to his misfortunes and his station; and though then engaged in a bloody war, authorised Simandra to recruit among his subjects, and even gave him arms and ammunition for his desired expedition. The number who associated themselves with the young chief were few, but they were bold and determined men; and as Simandra trusted to stratagem rather than force, they answered his purpose. He plaited his hair like an Antsianee, and then driving cattle before them like traders, the adventurers started on their daring expedition. They were a hundred soldiers to reconquer the lands of Yrondrou and Tamatava. They made first for the latter place, and halted in the woods in a secluded spot. Then two or three went forth, disguised as traffickers, and offered some of the oxen for sale. With difficulty did the young man control his impatience; but he knew that he had no other resource. Leaning on his long gun, habited in black clothes, and dark with ponas, Simandra was already known as the Black Hunter. Presently the spies returned, and dire was the rage and despair of the king of Yrondrou. To attack Jean Boucher was impossible. Secluded as he was in a house of wood—erected after the model of those of the Mauritius, the only one in Tamatava—it would be necessary to climb a palisade of twenty feet high, and to swim a ditch. The house was entered only by a bridge; while around, above, below, everywhere, were the savage negro body-guard, with loaded muskets, watching over their master. The palisade was, moreover, covered by spikes, and the ditch full of traps: Jean had taken every precaution which cunning and cowardice could devise. But the town of Yrondrou, where resided Fiche, was said to be guarded carelessly; and thither the expedition directed their steps.

Yrondrou, the habitation of the usurper, is situated on the banks of a river, while the dwelling of the chief is so placed that a piroque can come up to its principal entrance. The other entrance faces the village, which has a numerous population. The ex-chief resolved to attack from the water. The whole party silently made for the hut of a Zafferaminian, whose brother was of the expedition, and which lay out in the woods. This man was faithful to the Black Hunter, and had only been prevented from following his fortunes by a large family, wholly composed of wives and daughters. This hut was made the camp; and thence sallied forth scouts and foragers to collect piroques and paddles, which were secured in sufficient number by nightfall to carry over the

party. It was a silent, calm, and lovely moonlight, as the bold party crossed the river on their terrible expedition. They reached the great hut without difficulty, and crossed the palisade; but the faithful watchdogs barked, and a sentinel alarmed Fiche. The Malgache guard fired in confusion, and Fouchiloh, principal minister of the usurper, and ex-favourite of Simandra, fled to alarm the village. The Black Hunter fired at him, but this only gave him lighter heels. After a short resistance, however, they became masters of the dwelling, where they found Fiche surrounded by his women, and drunk with arrack. Still he darted a spear at Simandra, who leaped on one side, and instantly the usurper was stabbed to death. The women and other persons present fled. Next minute a smart firing was heard. Fouchiloh, at the head of many hundred men, came up. The followers of the Black Hunter prepared for a desperate defence. He himself walked forth, and called to his subjects to lay down their arms. But fear of Jean and love for his arrack blinded them, and their shots were all directed at Simandra. A frightful struggle ensued: the Zafferaminians fought desperately: they reached the bank: the canoes were all gone; and presently Simandra was alone, swimming across the river, full of caimans, and exposed to a furious discharge of musketry from his people. Escaping both crocodiles and balls, the unfortunate chieftain reached the shore only to fall senseless from loss of blood on the arid sand. His insensibility lasted until morning.

And now Simandra rejoiced at one of the many good actions he had committed while in power. At dawn of day an old woman came down to the river to draw water: she saw a man, as she thought, sleeping, and curiosity made her approach. Startled at the sight of blood, and at the horrible aspect of the dead, she was about to fly, when a glance at the face made her pause. She was Vouloumanour, an aged slave, who, in recompense for her long service with his family, he had emancipated, and amply provided for. Stooping low with a low howl, she at once perceived Simandra yet breathed. Throwing down her bamboo tub, she ran back to her hut, which was near at hand, and brought down her son, a young fisherman, with whose assistance she bore him to shelter, and dressed his wounds. Youth and nature did the rest, and the Black Hunter began to recover. But Vouloumanour heard at Yrondrou that the woods were to be searched for the daring chief who had so nearly recaptured the capital of his state. Believing him in danger there, she, jointly with her son, put him in a piroque, and carried him to the hut of another son, some miles up the river, this poor Ampinare vying with them in attention and devotion.

Vouloumanour was born in the land of the Sakalavas of the south, and was, like all the women of that warlike race, wise in herbs and in plants useful to the wounded and sick. Having lit a warm fire, and placed a clean mat, with clean linen, on the ground before it, she carefully dressed his wounds, and having sought herbs in the woods, cunningly tended the sick man. She then gave him to drink an infusion of saffron, gum, and certain herbs, which wonderfully revived the Black Hunter.

But the convalescence of Simandra was tedious. Fatal visions and thoughts filled his mind. The massacre from which he alone escaped, the fate of the prisoners taken by the Antu-Yrondrou, and, worst of all, his deep anxiety relative to his wife and child, made his blood boil, and retarded his recovery. His wounds of the body were as nothing to the wounds of the mind. Of a warm disposition, needing gentle affection, devotedly attached to Volalauda and her babe—all that now remained to him in the world—his eager desire to go forth and seek them almost neutralised the good effects of his nursing. He longed for other hands to tend him, for other eyes to beam upon him, and longing made him feverish. His very helplessness was itself a cause of futile rage and despair.

One day the young fisherman, who often visited him, told Simandra that Sialin yet lived, and that he hid from the satellites of Jean Boucher in the tangled woods and

thickets of the neighbourhood. Simandra at once sent to him a dagger covered with figures, which he knew the old man would recognise; and overjoyed at the prospect of seeing at least the parent of Volalouda, became for a while light-hearted and full of hope. The unfortunate man little guessed at the tidings which his father-in-law was to bring.

The next night there was nearly a hurricane; thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, with the raging thoughts of the helpless chief, combined to keep the Black Hunter in a state of frenzy. The rain beat heavily on the leaf-roofed hut, and the bat flapped its wings, and gave forth its hideous cry. It was a night for war, and pestilence, and slaughter; and when a rude knock came to the door, Simandra started. His mind, disposed by suffering and the storm to sinister thoughts, heralded a message of death. But the Ampinare recognised the voice of the son of Vouloumanour, and opened.

He entered, followed by a trembling old man, in whose decrepit form the Black Hunter recognised with some difficulty Sialin. He was haggard and pale, his eyes were red with weeping, and his whole mien showed terror, grief, and despair. The young man knew that his altered fortunes had not caused this change; for Sialin was a mild and good old man, totally without ambition, and caring only for domestic joys. Simandra shuddered, closed his eyes, and listened. The following are the exact words of Sialin as related by Simandra:—'Sharpen the iron of thy zagale, for vengeance is the only thought which can henceforth dwell in thy bosom, and give thee strength to live. I dwell in retirement near Tamatava since I was expelled by my perfidious comrade; a few attached friends came now and then to see me; they told me of thy expedition to Yrondrou, but the joy it gave me was short. Jean, greedy of the Mulatto blood, soon found means to make it flow; thy relative, gained by his emissaries, sacrificed to his avarice his honour and the remembrance of thy bounty, and gave up thy family in exchange for some European goods. The victims, dragged to Tamatava, were joined with thy faithful Zafferaminians and to some warriors of Antsianee, made prisoners at Yrondrou, and the next day witnessed a scene of fearful horror. Jean took the prisoners out to the plain of Tanion, where was the tomb of his brother Fiche. The Betsimsaracs did all they could to save my daughter; the whites, both English and French, offered large sums of money to Jean if he would spare her: the tyrant was inflexible: he ordered his savage Miangourandes to strike thy babe: he was killed in his mother's arms, she falling a few minutes after. Fourteen more prisoners were massacred, amongst whom were thy most faithful friends and adherents, before the eyes of René. I only knew of these awful events in the evening: had I before known of the massacre, I should have shared their fate; but I went, dragging my aged limbs, aided by some friends, to give the victims burial. But no! the savage negroes guarded them: Jean gave them no grave but the vulture! They would not let me go near: but my tears moved one negro: he went and cut off the hair of thy wife and child. I bring it thee, that thou mayst feel thy revenge every hour. May this talisman preserve thee from the pitfalls of the wicked, my son, and give thee courage to live for revenge! I—feeble and useless old man, a stranger on the earth where I was born—I shall die wandering and miserable; for the blood of the ancient Mulatto is extinct.'

A month after this, a solitary hunter was often noticed in the woods around Tamatava. Wearing a fantastic costume, half-savage half-European, he was the dread of the neighbourhood. Several of the guardsmen of Jean who straggled from their party were found shot in the head. Jean beat the woods: it was in vain: not a trace of the Black Hunter could ever be found. It was noticed that no one but the guards was touched, although these suffered fearfully even when in parties. Jean grew terrified, and secretly left Tamatava for his country residence. He took with him a portion of his negroes, and locked himself in his great house, which had two floors and a large garret. Surrounded by a lofty palisade and ditch, its

front was towards an open prairie or clearing, its back to a thick wood, whence the materials of construction had been taken. There was a large garden both back and front, and in the latter Jean often walked, avoiding the former, as his quick eye saw that he might easily be shot from the upper branches of the neighbouring trees. But neither near Tamatava nor Tanion was tale or tidings heard of the Black Hunter from the day that Jean left the town for the country.

This was during the moonlight nights: but presently storms came on; and then, one night about the middle hour, when all was still in the house, a man stood on the edge of the ditch, which he sounded with a pole. Satisfied with this examination, he entered the water, after hiding a gun in the grass. Once across the ditch, he stopped at the foot of the palisade, and laying his hand upon the poles, began to work. A long, thick, sharp knife was taken from his belt, with which he laboured at the thick beam for four long hours. But his patience was rewarded: just as the dawn began to break, he passed through the open palisade, replacing it artistically, and then looked around him. Before him was the house, and he himself was in the garden. The gray light enabled him to discover a long ladder, used in mending the roof—an article of René's importation—and it would have rewarded any curious eye to observe the characteristics of the desperate man who thus crept into the still and sleeping house. He was tall, and of noble mien, but his ragged hair and beard, floating on his bony shoulders, showed one either wild by nature or by circumstances. A black Arab *burnouse* or cloak covered his form. Besides this, he wore nothing but a waistcloth, and on his back a whole bundle of short lances for throwing. These, with his long knife, were all his arms. His mission was revenge!

Taking the ladder in his sinewy arms, he placed it against the house, and climbed up. The ladder reached to the very summit, and Simandra stood upon the flat roof. A trap-door was under his feet, and this he instantly raised: a stair appeared, descending into one of the garrets, and he went down. On one side was a door, on the other a ladder, going to the lower rooms. The door was ajar, and Simandra could see that it was full of lumber. Voices were at this instant heard below, and he entered the lumber-room, which was piled with goods. As the persons were probably coming thither, the Black Hunter glided into a narrow passage between several bales, where, placing his lances in a dark corner, and preserving only his knife, he stood crouched and expectant. For an instant all was dark, and then light came to his eyes and to his heart. A mat under her, and a mat over, lay Volalouda and his babe, calmly sleeping! She was thin, and pale, and worn; but it was she, alive, safe, and free from insult, for she was in hiding. Simandra was dizzy: he thought his senses had deceived him. He crawled, suffocated with emotion, to her side; and there he vowed on the instant, if the god of his people enabled him to escape with his wife, to abandon all idea of revenge.

'Vola,' said he in a whisper.

She woke with a start, recognised him, and then crushing within her very heart her emotions, she said not a word, but looked unutterable things in his eyes.

'I came to kill him,' whispered the Black Hunter, 'and I find you alive.'

'Some good white people paid large sums to the negroes to spare me. But four are in the secret, and they are absent. A black girl, devoted and admirable creature, brings me daily food.'

'You were not hurt then?'

'Neither I nor the child was touched. We fell shrieking, as if mortally wounded. René would let none come near to bury us, and this kept up the deceit until night. We then came here.'

'But oh unhappy forgetfulness! I have left the ladder,' said Simandra in an agonized voice. 'We shall be discovered.'

'Have you killed him?' said Volalouda anxiously.

'No.'

'Then think no more of death. Let us think of happiness, my husband: no more of glory, no more of power, but of life, of joy, of our child.'

'I live now but for you,' replied the Black Hunter with terribly-repressed emotions.

'Hush—here is Chaffette! Come in, girl: nay, start not; it is my husband!'

'Girl,' said Simandra rapidly, 'is any one up?'

'No one but Chaffette and Popo.'

'Will you follow us?' asked the Black Hunter.

'Everywhere.'

'Go then at once: ascend the roof: look well around: descend the ladder, and in an instant Simandra will follow.'

All acted with rapidity and caution. The young chief raised the lamp that illuminated the dark hole where had lain his wife; she took the child, and Chaffette bore a small bundle—all the ex-princess's clothes. The women went out upon the roof; Simandra watched them down the ladder; and then hurrying back, piled all the dry things he could find together, and fired them. With the rapidity of lightning he then flew to join the fugitives, descended the ladder, opened the palisade, swam the ditch with the child in his arms, followed by the women, and as the flames burst forth, reached the wood. This saved them. The ladder and the opening in the palisade were seen ten minutes after their flight; but Jean Boucher thought more of saving his goods than of revenge.

Twelve months later, a Zafferaminian fugitive wandering in the mountains, and guided by a column of smoke, reached a secluded valley which opened on a solitary lake. At the mouth of the valley were two huts and a small field, and on the lake a boat. In the boat stood a tall, handsome, contented-looking young man, guiding the canoe with a paddle cautiously (for it was full of fish), and a boy of eighteen months rocked it by his gambols. A young woman with a newly-born infant, a negress, and an old man, stood on the shore awaiting the arrival of the canoe; and then the young woman clapped her hands as the little fellow paddled through the shallow water to her, and the old man smiled gravely, and the fisherman looked supremely happy.

'Oh, my master,' said the Zafferaminian, falling at his feet, 'have I found you?'

The tranquil group were a little alarmed at first; but Simandra recognised a faithful servant and follower, who, sole remnant of the devoted band which had proved true to him, was at once received into the family, and soon after took Chaffette for his wife. Simandra was happy: he knew nothing of war, of strife, or of revenge. Sialin, Volalanda, his children, were around him, and he missed not his little court, never so true as the two followers who had joined his fortunes. He heard without a pang that Jean René was invested by Radama with the dignity of hereditary Prince of Tamatava, and commander of the Betanimenes; and infinitely preferred his peaceable and happy life, as the Black Hunter of the mountain lake, to the cares and sufferings of that petty sovereignty, which, without the importance, had more than the contingent disadvantages, of a great one.

THE HOUSE-SPARROW.

BY RUSTICUS.

I LOVE the sparrow! He is entertaining in all his ways: he is funny in love, in war, in nesting, in feeding, in roosting. The year before last I joined some of our wiseacres here in making voluminous computations about grains of wheat. One more sagacious than the rest counted twenty-seven grains of wheat out of the crop of a sparrow he shot on the 31st of August. It was a late year, and plenty of wheat was still out. We agreed to allow the little gormandiser to have swallowed a grain a minute, and then, with the assistance of a pewter pint, 'Cocker's Arithmetic,' and our slates, we made out how many minutes go to a year, and how many grains of wheat to a pint, a peck, a bushel, a quarter, and so forth; and finally, we found with great alacrity how many quarters, bushels, pecks, and pints

of wheat every sparrow ate every year. I was for making an allowance for nights, and gained my point too, although a plethoric farmer, who was regarded as a kind of oracle, objected that he 'was up early and late, and always saw the vermin at work.' I tried another amendment, on the ground that ripe wheat was not so plentiful all the year as on the 31st of August in a late harvest; but I lost this amendment on the ground that, 'when the wheat was not to be got in the fields, it was to be had from the ricks.' The upshot was, that I joined the *un-holy* alliance against the sparrows, and have repented it ever since. I look on that act as one of unmitigated folly.

The weapon to be used was poison, and *nux vomica* was the drug most strongly recommended. It went sorely against the grain with me; but I steeped some wheat in the prescribed poison, and strewed it along the top of a brick wall that divided the poultry-yard from the garden, the very place where I had before, and have since, given the sparrows many a wholesome meal. They soon came, and pecked away in perfect confidence; but I saw them, one after another, fall giddy, and stagger off the wall. I watched them crawl away under the laurustinuses to die. It was very sickening, but I strewed more wheat, and killed more victims. At last the survivors profited by the warning, and left the wheat untouched. In the spray of a pink hawthorn would they sit, look on the plump corn with distrustful eyes, and chirp out 'Physic! physic!' whenever they saw me pass. At last they deserted the wall and house altogether, and confined their attention to a patch of marrowfat peas that I was saving for seed. In vain I mounted scarecrows of the most frightful kind, in vain I set a boy to make the most hideous noises: I lost the seed-peas entirely; I could not save a dozen pods. Determined on an armistice with my feathered thieves, I set a lad to brush away the poisoned wheat, and strew the wall with bread-crumbs. The boy obeyed: he brushed the wheat into the poultry-yard; my bantams and Javas pecked it up, and died: I lost every one. So ended my first and last crusade against the sparrows.

The loves of the sparrow are very funny, and the complacency with which the hen receives the oft-repeated attentions of the cock most edifying. But he is greater in war than in love. It is delightful to behold a regular fight, or, as we call it, an 'Irish row' among the sparrows. I have often seen a dozen or more sweep through the air, and dive pell-mell into the very heart of a tortured lime-tree before my window, all chattering at the top of their voices, and none listening; driving one another through the twigs and leaves; pecking right and left; or, as it might be described, each running a muck at all the rest. And lo! after the fight has raged with indescribable fury some forty seconds, and seems at its very zenith, and threatens slaughter to all concerned, it ceases as suddenly as it began, and each bird goes about his business as methodically and quietly as if nothing had happened out of the common way.

The nesting of the sparrow is subject to that variety which our schoolboy copies assure us is charming. The usual nesting-place is a hole in the roof of a house, barn, stable, or rick, the entrance generally just under the eaves; but the mud-nests of the house-marten, and the deep holes of the sand-marten, are very commonly used for the purpose. The lawful occupants of these domiciles are too weak to contest the matter, and obey the notice to quit with a remarkably good grace. But there is a piece of audacity and impertinence the sparrow is sometimes guilty of that is of a very different character: he ventures to appropriate a part of the rook's, or even heron's nest to himself; and there is scarcely a rookery or heronry in the kingdom but has its colony of sparrows, and many of them have a settlement of starlings also. The rook's nest is very substantial, and forms a capital protection against the weather. The sparrow fixes his abode beneath, using partly the rook's building materials, partly his own: the

sticks are the rook's property, the straw and feathers his own; and here, without abating an iota of his usual noisy and pert familiarity, he rears his young in a like contempt of his betters. Sometimes, however, this familiarity has been carried too far. I have more than once seen the intruder forcibly ejected, his building-materials cast loose on the wind, and his callow young hurled headlong to the ground. Sometimes rooks, starlings, and sparrows are joint tenants, but not tenants in common of one domicile. I once observed, by the aid of a pocket-glass, that a pair of sparrows had taken possession of the cellar of one of these bulky dwelling-places; three starlings were feeding their young on the ground-floor, and two aristocratic rooks occupied the drawing-room flat. I know not what part each family had contributed to the edifice; but the loose straws and feathers at bottom showed the sparrows had done their share. However, the oddest freak of the sparrow in the architectural line is, when he determines to be serious, and to build, like other birds, a ship-shape nest of his own in a tree. He collects about half a bushel of hay, straw, feathers, leaves, and sticks, and with these materials makes a huge, unsightly nest among the branches of a tree close to your house. The design of this nest—I won't say *shape*—is oval like the long-pod's; and, like the long-pod also, he goes in by a hole in the side; but in elegance and neatness no two nests can form a greater contrast. Whenever one pair of sparrows take to this seemingly-natural kind of building, others are sure to follow the example; and a solitary sparrow's nest is as uncommon as a solitary rook's; so that, where the fancy takes, we have sparroweries as well as rookeries. I know of an establishment of this kind where there are nearly fifty nests, or fractions of nests; the fractions resulting from the spirit of persecution which pursues the sparrow with such dogged pertinacity. When these nests are left alone, they serve for breeding-places in summer, and for roosting-places in winter.

In autumn the sparrow has a way of roosting peculiar to himself—vociferous and multitudinous. Just as the leaves begin to fall, the sparrows begin to hold their 'evenings at home;' and strange evenings they are: such chattering and chirping; such hopping up and down; such changing of places; such bickering and squabbling; such fidgetting and wriggling; the row often lasting more than an hour, and only ceasing when they have chattered themselves to sleep!

Now we come to the sparrow's eating, or I will say *biting*; for I believe a good deal of biting on some occasions goes to a very little eating. In the spring the sparrow has a most mischievous propensity for biting: scarcely anything fresh out of the ground seems to come amiss to him. The gay flower of the crocus is often plucked off by the sparrow, and its flaming petals scattered on the ground. Peas, sweet and green, directly they show above the surface, are first nipped off, and then drawn up carefully, root and all, and laid on the surface. Radishes share the same fate. Even grass sown for a lawn is lugged up, and its root exposed to the influence of sun and wind. Flower-seeds of several kinds are served in the same way. The object of all this biting and pulling up is not manifest. Perhaps the sensation is pleasure to their beaks, just as brats and puppies delight in using their teeth. Then the sparrows have a very tiresome trick of picking the buds off the currant-bushes and plum-trees, just in the same way that the bullfinches serve the gooseberry-bushes. Now there are some would-be benevolent people who pretend that the bud-picking birds only nip off those that are blighted, and have a grub in them; but this is not so. I have looked at hundreds of these picked-off buds—for they generally fall to the ground—and I have always found them sound healthy bloom-buds; and so great is the propensity for this bud-picking in the bullfinch and sparrow, that I have often known more than half the crop destroyed by it. Now this is all very bad, very mischievous, very immoral—call it what you

please. But this bud-picking just precedes the breeding-season, and this picking up of growing seeds is in the breeding-season; and as a set off, we must recollect that at this very season the good deeds of the sparrow far more than compensate for his evil deeds; for he is a most inveterate foe to all manner of grubs and caterpillars, gray and green. In fact, as to colour, he is most impartial; but not so as to skin, giving a great preference to the smooth over the hairy.

Those who have not closely watched the proceedings of birds can have but little idea of the eating powers of that section of the ornithic community commonly called the 'callow young.' I wish some gifted disciple of Cocker would turn his arithmetical powers to account in favour of the sparrow, by reducing the caterpillars required by a single pair of sparrows to supply the callow young of a single season, into pecks, bushels, quarters, and so forth; and I verily believe the 'sum-tittle of the whole,' as the honourable member for Middlesex beautifully explains it, would astonish the most enthusiastic member of a sparrow-killing club. After the juveniles are fledged, and forsaking the paternal roof or rick, as the case may be, have essayed their first powers of flight, and been coaxed by parental affection from gutter to gutter, from tree to tree, it is very pleasant to observe the care of the mother, and to watch the young one, almost a man in size, though a very baby in helplessness, approach her with shivering wings, and receive the writhing caterpillar, or, haply, moistened bread-crumbs from her beak.

After this, old and young together are off to the wheat-field and the pea-field, and plague the farmer—there is no doubt about that; and rob him too—there is no doubt about that either; and so, forgetful of the caterpillars eaten in the spring, without a particle of gratitude for past services, and smarting under present losses, the sufferer girds on the weapons of destruction, and forms offensive alliances against the whole race. Short-sighted man!—he has previously destroyed the friend who would have protected his wheat and his peas—a friend seemingly destined for the very office of tending the crops before they are harvested—I mean the windhover.

As if especially to protect the ripening wheat from the pilferings of the sparrow, a bird, beautiful in plumage, but the sparrow's chiefest dread, is appointed to take his station on winnowing pinions above the field. From time to time this winged mouser—for it is mice, and not sparrows, that she is seeking—moves her station fifty or a hundred yards, then again she resumes her stationary position, fanning the summer air as before. Anon she stoops; perchance a mouse has ventured from a heap of stones collected by the hedgerow; how graceful her sweep, and with what grace she rises again to hover, having missed her prey.

What with the windhover by day, and the screech-owl by night, the rats and mice must have a poor time of it. The tyrants relieve each other at sunrise and sundown; and by the perpetual presence of the windhover, the poor sparrow is deprived of even that slender pittance which he might fairly claim in compensation for grubs devoured in the spring. He dare not face the active windhover. Whilst she is in the air, he leaves the drooping ears untouched. If man were to direct his best attention to the construction of a scarecrow to save his ripening corn from the feathered thieves, perpetually looking out for an opportunity of stealing it with impunity, he could not devise one so efficient as the hovering windhover. Why is this? Because nature has implanted in the bosoms of little birds an instinctive dread of all manner of hawks; whereas the fear of tending-boys, with their execrable cow-horns, and more execrable shoutings; of old hats stuck on bundles of rags; of ragged coats and dog-skins stuffed out with straw; of cats elongated into the similitude of juvenile crocodiles, is not a natural, not an implanted fear. A sparrow may ponder over these little demonstrations of eccentricity, may view them

askance, and at a distance, for a few days; but he soon gets accustomed to them: his logical pate rapidly decides that they are mere bugbears, and then he resolutely refuses to be frightened at them. I once knew a pair of sparrows build in an old hat that was stuck up in a garden to protect three rows of peas from their depredations. It is a curious fact that animals have no instinctive fear of man or his contraptions: they learn by sad experience to dread the gun, but that dread is not innate.

The windhover-hawks do this good office for the farmer without entertaining any evil design on the sparrows. They are perfectly content with mousing, and now and then gobbling, like fern-owls, a few cockchafers and door-beetles; but such is the natural dread of the sparrow for the hawk, that he will never enter a field while the windhover is suspended over it.

How do our farmers repay this good service? Of course they welcome and protect the windhover; of course they encourage these admirable mousers; of course they forbid their people to offer them the slightest molestation! No such thing: they follow the windhover with unrelenting hostility; they trap him, they shoot him, they crucify him on their barns; and they serve their next best friend, the screech-owl, the same. They expend their money and their time in the most inveterate persecution of those creatures which an all-wise Providence has given them as protectors of their property. There is an infatuation about this that we cannot comprehend. Argument is lost upon them. Times and often have I tried to convince the farmers of their folly, calmly and quietly; all to no purpose. There is, however, a little secret that must out: nearly all our farmers are sportsmen also, unqualified, uncertificated certainly, but sportsmen nevertheless. They commonly keep greyhounds, setters, and pointers, and enter them as sheep-dogs. Well, when I have contested the point about the kestrel, I have often been told in reply, 'They play such havoc among the birds.' Now the kestrel never by any chance touches a partridge—I need scarcely say that the term 'birds' refers exclusively to partridges—but this is of no moment. As with hedgehogs sucking cows, tradition declares it, and tradition is paramount, so reason is out of the question. I would enact a law which should inflict summary punishment on the offender. Every farmer by whose hand or by whose order a windhover or a screech-owl was killed and crucified, should be nailed by the ear to the same barn, and there remain during the space of six hours. It would do him no deadly injury; and spending a few hours in such a position might possibly induce that right-thinking for which it would give him such ample leisure.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

TRONDHIEM REVISITED—JOURNEY TO SUNDSVALL.

It was pleasant to awake next morning in Madame Sylow's clean, cheerful Hôtel Bellevue, and look out upon the broad, sunny street of Trondhiem, where a fountain, playing into a public tank, broke the silence with a welcome monotony. It was now necessary to prepare for a long land journey, for I designed to cross the country to Sundsvall on the Gulf of Bothnia, for which no guide-book allows less than six days. Quist was therefore instructed to get the carriage and harness inspected, and put in full repair. Meanwhile I contemplated spending a couple of days in the city before starting, having particularly in view a visit to the cathedral; an object never omitted by the stranger in Trondhiem.

The weather had once more become warm, and blue skies ruled over the green fiord. There was some life in the inn, as well as in the neighbouring Hôtel d'Angleterre [by the by, it is curious to find the hotel system making its way into Norway under French

appellatives]. The bustle seemed to be mainly caused by English tourists and salmon-fishers, some of the latter on their way to the Namsen, for which, I suppose, the season was not yet too far advanced. It is evidently thought a great thing for a hotel in this part of the world to have an Englishman or two about it. An old Bossikop boatman suggested the probable reason in his somewhat enthusiastic exclamation to me one day—'Anglishmen the best men'—in which respect the best we need scarcely stop to inquire. Seriously, however, I everywhere throughout Sweden and Norway found the English name held in respect. The scoundrelly and vulgar English, who introduce a doubt on the subject in the more frequented parts of the continent, have not yet been tempted into the north. Respectable men alone appearing there with the English name, it is quite what might be expected that the appellation is an object of esteem.

One experience of the morning, though of a trivial nature, seems worthy of notice. Quist had found a letter or two, and five English newspapers, lying for me at the post-office, and he brought me intelligence that the charge for them was two specie dollars and ninety skillings, being very nearly thirteen shillings of English money. On inquiry, it appeared that for the letters, which were not foreign, the charge was only ten skillings. All except this trifle was on account of the five newspapers, being somewhat more than half-a-crown a piece, besides twopence, which I afterwards learned had been paid on each when they were posted at Edinburgh. In my thirst for intelligence from home, I yielded to this enormous charge; and perhaps there might have been dearer luxuries; for in my subsequent journey, stinting myself to one paper per diem, I found it the greatest treat imaginable in the circumstances. But certainly there can be no justification of a system which puts a prohibition price upon this kind of communication. The Norwegians have lately obtained a cheap internal postage, ordinary letters being charged only about fourpence when the distance is within a certain limit by no means narrow. I was surprised, however, to find that letters cannot be sent after a traveller from Norway into Sweden without the postage being paid in the Norwegian office. For two countries so intimately connected, this is a discreditable state of things. I could not help suspecting that it must be owing in some measure to that unfortunate jealousy which, with or without just cause, exists on the part of Norway towards Sweden.

The cathedral is a massive old structure, in various styles, and partly ruinous, yet all in fine order as far as mere care-taking and cleanliness are concerned. It struck me as something finer and more interesting than tourists and guide-books usually allow. The choir and nave are entire, and fitted up as a Lutheran place of worship. They exhibit a curious combination of Norman and early Gothic architecture, and the light structure of arcades above arcades at the altar seemed to me a beautiful thing, though the casts of Thorwalden's Christ and Twelve Apostles placed below were perhaps a little incongruous in such a situation. I believe that a study of the styles of architecture combined in this church, and the many curious ornaments scattered over its walls, would amply repay the trouble of both the tour and the examination to an English ecclesiologist. One is surprised to think of Norway in the twelfth century producing a fane of so much grandeur and beauty.

I again experienced on this occasion the warm-hearted hospitality of the Messrs Kaudtzen. A curious

fact was cited in the course of conversation. A few years ago, when a member of a porter-brewing firm in London chanced to be at their house on a salmon-fishing tour, the amount of the revenue of Norway was mentioned—namely, L.300,000. With this sum, it was stated, the government supported its army of 16,000 troops; its navy, composed of a few war-vessels and steamers; and the expenses of the government itself, and those of its customhouse, judicial establishment, &c. 'Well,' said the English stranger, 'it is so curious a circumstance, that I cannot forbear to mention it, that our firm pays more towards the British revenue than the total amount of yours!' If Norway considers this any cause of disgrace, she may be consoled in reflecting that her governmental expenses are on the increase. The estimate for the ensuing year is L.543,140. For an army and navy of such amount, the charge of L.225,500 seems moderate; and probably the most zealous of our financial reformers and advocates of peace would regard this as no extravagant sum for a nation of 1,500,000 to spend in defending a country extending over fourteen degrees of latitude. The Swedes, however, remark with some little asperity that while Norway is so suspicious and cantankerous towards Sweden, it is content to take advantage of the indirect benefits of the Swedish court and the Swedish military force, without any return but that of hard words and sulky looks. How matters exactly stand in this respect I do not know; but if I were a Norwegian, and saw Sweden willing to keep up more troops than there is any occasion for, I should certainly protest against being held in anyway responsible either in money or in gratitude.

I here made the last of my observations on ancient sea-levels. As already mentioned, the rocky hill-face overlooking Trondhiem on the west exhibits a dark band running across it horizontally. This, on ascending to it, proves to be a deep cut in the cliff, leaving a level ledge, along which you may walk at ease for a mile with scarcely any obstruction, and which very little labour would convert into a good carriage-way, though all the rest of the hill-face is to a high degree irregular. Over it rises a steep cliff from twenty to forty feet high. In short, it is a terrace of erosion—that is, an ancient shore of the sea, exactly like those in Finmark, and not less resembling the beaches on a rocky coast of the present day. This terrace proved, on an exact measurement by levelling, to be 522 feet above the present level of the sea. A detached mass of the hill near a place called Vollamshaugen presents a curious appearance. Its green sides terminate abruptly in a sharply-defined ledge of rock, perfectly flat all round, and out of this starts up a short column of bare rock, with a flat top scarcely large enough to be the basis of a good-sized house. This isolated ledge is at the same level with that already described, and, like it, is a terrace of erosion—the shore of what had once been a little island. It is altogether a most eloquent and unequivocal trait of the ancient history of this part of the world. From the remarkably-isolated form of the rocky summit, it had been early laid hold of as a defensible position, and it yet bears the name of Sverrosborg, from a castle built upon it by a Norwegian king of the twelfth century.

The valley of the Nid, for several miles backward, presents terraces of clayey alluvium at lower levels, being all of them indications of pauses in the process by which sea and land were parted down to the present point. The adjacent valley of the Gula, forming the termination of my former journey to Trondhiem, presents similar objects, and in addition, a very grand terrace, of a sandy character, which extends for fully twenty miles inland, apparently at about the level of the terrace of erosion. A more particular account of these objects

would not be appropriate here. For this I refer to the work quoted below.*

The road to Sundsvall, though apparently a cardinal line of communication, has not been fully formed as a carriage-road for much more than twenty years. Mr and Mrs James Dickson of Gottenburg were the first to travel by it in a wheeled vehicle. It is still little used, and therefore is not well furnished with inns. By great good-fortune, there were three young fellow-countrymen in the Hôtel Bellevue, who had resolved to travel by this route, starting on the same day with myself. We soon came to an agreement to keep together for the sake of company, and for a saving in the expense of forebud notices. To speak of them more particularly, they were only fellow-countrymen in a general sense, being in reality the sons of an eminent member of the Irish bar. They had made a tour of Western Norway in an open drosky, without any servant, and with minimised baggage, and now they proposed seeing a little of Sweden. It was lucky for us both that we should have been able to associate in this manner; for six days of solitary travelling, through an almost uninhabited country, must otherwise have proved somewhat more *triste* than it did.

At Trondhiem I purchased a respectable book, by a writer named Tvethe, containing the statistics of Norway. One set of facts presented in it seems sufficient to illustrate the movement of the country in a career of prosperity, and to speak favourably also of its moral progress. The amount of coffee imported in 1819 was only 973,370, and of sugar 904,002 pounds; they were, in 1846, respectively, 6,737,647, and 7,082,698 pounds. The consumption of tobacco has advanced in the same time from 1,712,899 to 2,345,133 pounds. Considering that the use of coffee represents rational and virtuous life, while tobacco represents a vice, or, at the best, a low taste, these numbers ought to give comfort to the Norwegian moralist. In Forsell's 'Statistics of Sweden,' it is noted that the coffee imported in 1842 was 6,227,012, and the tobacco 3,648,510 pounds (exclusive of a quantity of this article re-exported). If my view of the comparative use of coffee and tobacco be a right one, Norway will stand morally above Sweden, for the proportion of coffee which it uses is much greater. Tea, I may remark, is little used in Norway in comparison with coffee. They make it weak, and call it, with equal appropriateness and modesty, *tea-vand*—that is, tea-water. The use of coffee, however, is one of the conspicuous features of life in this country.

We left Trondhiem in the morning of the 24th of August, on our way to Sundsvall. Had the day not unfortunately been rainy, we should have better enjoyed the many fine views which the road presents, as it winds northwards along the coast. Nevertheless, the calm sheets of land-locked water which we passed were generally very beautiful: one called Thete Fiord, in particular, impressed us much. It is a district of micaceous slate, and many of the rocks, especially near the sea, are rounded, polished, and scratched. In the evening we came to Levanger, the most northerly town in Norway, excepting Tromsø and Hammerfest, and the seat of a remarkable traffic between the rude people of the north and the merchants of the south, as well as with the northern Swedes. It is a neat, clean-looking place, at the head of a fiord, with a good deal of smiling country round about it. Our rest for the night was at a homely station called Thynaes, a few miles further on; but we regretted not stopping at Levanger, where we should unquestionably have had better accommodation. Towns are not so plentiful in this part of the world as to admit of a traveller despising the advantages which they present.

Next morning we were once more upon the road at an early hour; and now the weather was fortunately

* See Jameson's *Edin. New Philosophical Journal*, Jan. 1850, for a paper by the author, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dec. 3, 1849.

improved, since we had to cross to-day over the mountain range which divides Norway from Sweden. Traversing some high ground, we speedily came into the valley of the Voer (Voerdal), of which Mr Laing gives so pleasant an account, as a district of thriving farms placed almost on the outskirts of civilisation. It seemed to my fellow-travellers and myself a fine, open, green valley; but we should not have thought of praising it highly. I felt interested in a large district of alluvium near the embouchure of the river, which is in the course of being converted from a marshy into a wooded and arable country. After leaving it, we come to the more ancient alluvial formations, which are found near the openings of all valleys: objects originally precisely similar to the flat just described, but which, being afterwards deserted by the sea, and partially cut down and carried off, have at length assumed their present appearance of a range of sandy and clayey terraces. These form a bright green region, where much grass seems to be realised by the farmers.

While walking by myself along one of the deep gravelly roads by which the terraces are ascended (the carriages having gone on before), I met a picturesque travelling party, consisting of a young native gentleman on horseback, two or three baggage-horses, a few dogs, and a group of attendants, with guns and other weapons for sport. The cavalcade moved slowly, on account of those who walked. The principal figure looked a good deal like an English gentleman in his sporting dress; but I was told he was a wealthy Swede on his way to some sporting quarters in Norway. Being under the impression that he was a countryman of my own, I was careful to make no advances to him, notwithstanding our meeting in so remote a solitude. Had I known that he was a Swede, I might have attempted a brief conversation. We passed each other with a courteous salute, and I could not help turning about and contemplating the party as long as it remained in sight. Such, I reflected, must have been the manner of travelling of a Scottish chieftain or laird in the sixteenth century. It was a glimpse of the old primitive life of our own country, seen by reflection in the present life of one somewhat behind it in the march of civilisation.

The road, by and by, leaves the Voerdal, and passes into a lateral, rocky valley, which it pursues by steep inclinations till we cross over the summit-level of the country. Population and cultivation now give place to thin pine-forests, spread over great rocky slopes, amidst which there are no human habitations besides the lonely inns where we stop to change horses. My attention was here attracted by the extraordinary condition of the woods. In sylvan scenery, heretofore, I had always seen the utmost care taken of the timber, as a valuable kind of property. Here was a totally different state of things. Everywhere were seen prostrate trees, rotting away, and old trees still erect, but falling into ruin. Noble pines, of seventy feet high, and as straight as an arrow, had in manifold instances been rudely cut down at about four feet above the ground; their want of market value making it of no importance to cut low or to cut neatly. These trunks were usually half-burned, implying that the sole aim of the country-people was to get quit of them as an encumbrance to the ground. It was distressing to see such fine natural objects, and so intrinsically valuable a commodity, treated in this ignominious manner; but it was simply a result of there being no population at hand to use the timber, and no means of carrying it economically to any market.

The last station on the Norwegian side is a lonely one called Kongstuen, where, I was told, the innkeeper requires some extraordinary privileges to induce him to keep an open door for travellers and baiting for their horses. Even here, however, though it is probably 1800 feet above the sea, I found the family engaged in cutting some fine natural grass. Hitherto the rocks within sight of the road had appeared rough, as if exempt from the ancient glacial forces; but now, when

the valley becomes more contracted, they begin to exhibit the usual polishing and furrowing, the line of marking being coincident with that of the valley, which is east and west. As we approach the plateau of the range, the ground becomes clear of wood, and expands into great slopes, all perfectly smoothed, with a few angular blocks scattered over them. The high valley through which the road is carried across the summit is curiously seamed with narrow longitudinal cuts, and near one of these I observed an unusually fine example of the *reisenlopfes*, or giants' tubs, the general character of which has been already described. The rocks are here of chlorite schist, in nearly vertical strata. Now the remarkable feature of this district, which is said to be 2000 feet above the sea, is, that it is all smoothed and furrowed with the finest possible superficial polish, but not in the line of the general valley and its longitudinal hollows, but *obliquely across that line*, or nearly north-east and south-west. The agent, which had been constrained to go in the direction of the valley, east and west, had in this opener space been free to proceed in the line of its own proper impulse; it had also been of so massive a character, as to overcome all constraint from the hollows above-mentioned. I looked round with wonder upon the hieroglyphics in which nature had here painted a part of her own history, and seeing a small piece of the surface lying loose, picked it up, and brought it away with me, as a memorial of one of the most extraordinary scenes I had ever beheld. This fragment, though little bigger than the crown of a hat, is amply sufficient to testify that the cutting of the surface has gone sheer through the stratification, and is perfectly independent of cleavage and all other accessory circumstances, to which it has been sometimes attributed on supposition by those who, merely from having never seen it, are disposed to be incredulous as to the actual cause.

The descent on the Swedish side is comparatively gentle, and the traveller soon finds himself passing over ground of a totally different character from the western valleys. He quickly perceives that an abundance of detrital matter covers the surface. It spreads in sandy plains interspersed with peat-bogs. Water-laid gravel, which cannot be believed to have been anything but the work of the sea, appears scarcely 200 feet below the summit-level. At Skilstuen, the first station on the Swedish side, one of the sandy plains terminates in a sort of tongue or projecting ridge—a new and striking object in the configuration of the ground. It is the first of the celebrated *öar* of Sweden, of which I shall afterwards have occasion to speak more particularly. In the drive from this station to the next, Skäljermatugan, there are many more specimens, generally appearing as appendages of sandy or gravelly terraces. Judging from what I saw to-day, I would have supposed them to be relics of alluvial sheets, taking this peculiar ridgy shape from some circumstances attending the withdrawal of the sea. They contain many rounded stones, which have come from a distance—granite, gneiss, &c.—besides many of the schistous rocks of the district; also many blocks of all these rocks scattered over and imbedded in them.

At Skilstuen, while waiting for some Swedish money in exchange for our remaining stocks of Norwegian coin, a native sportsman, who seemed temporarily settled there, came up and addressed me in French. Finding me to be an English stranger, he entered into a dissertation on the game of the district, which, from his report, did not appear to be very attractive. He then offered for my inspection a musket with a peculiar arrangement for loading, which, he said with some pride, had been invented by a Swedish common soldier, and was now adopted generally in the army. A piece at the end of the stock was opened up on a hinge, and the charge laid into it, after which it was closed down and fastened. It was like Dr Beaumont's mode of feeding his patient, Alexis St Martin, by opening up his stomach and depositing his dinner, and then

closing up the aperture. If the Swede entertained any notion of astonishing an Englishman by an exhibition of the inventive powers of his country, he was destined to a mortifying disappointment; for having loaded the piece, and levelled it at an object on an opposite barn, he drew a faithless trigger. 'Diable!' A new percussion-cap was quickly applied, and the piece once more levelled. Still a mere flash. 'Sacré!' With some excitement, my friend put in an entirely new charge, and then—flashed once more. If he had gone on thus much longer with his 'ineffectual fires,' I suppose I should have heard him go through the whole decalogue of Swedish execrations—from 'thousand devils' to 'ten thousand devils,' and so on to 'ten thousand millions of bushels of devils,' which I understand is the last expression of human ire and mortification; but my good-nature could no longer forbear coming to his rescue, with some reference to the dampness of the day, and its effect upon gunpowder, together with an expression of interest in the ingenuity of the invention: so matters came smoothly off after all; and, my money-account being now adjusted, and fresh horses ready to start, I bade him a courteous adieu.

We paused for the night at Skäljernstugan, being the second station within the Swedish frontier, and comparatively a poor one. Having come on in advance of my fellow-travellers, I endeavoured to prepare tea against their arrival, but succeeded very badly. In the principal house there was no fire. Making my way into another, I found there both fire and water, but no other of the necessary articles. The fact turned out to be, that this latter house was not a part of the inn at all. The honest woman in charge of it was continually endeavouring to impress something upon me; but, hopeless of understanding her, I persisted in putting a kettle upon her fire, and sitting down in front of it to warm myself. A dirtyish gentleman, who proved to be a customhouse-officer, was constantly coming in to try and explain or accommodate matters; but it was all in vain. I held to the boiling kettle as the one great principle in the case, and utterly refused to go to the house which had no fire. At length, by some treaty among the various powers, tea-things were brought in from the other house, and we did effect one of the roughest of all possible meals. I am afraid our whole conduct was rather arbitrary here; yet as I kept up a constant demonstration of good-humour, and at the last conferred a rix-dollar on the lady of the kettle, I suppose we came off without leaving any very marked tarnish upon the English name. It is, by the way, most important on such occasions, and indeed on all occasions, in travelling, to keep up at least an appearance of good-humour. It puts the people amongst whom you are thrown at their ease, and disposes them to serve you. In all my sojournings amongst strangers, I have ever found that a smiling face is the best passport, and that even jealousy and prejudice are softened by it; as if, by holding out the usual signals by which men judge that you have no bad feeling in your bosom, you extinguished everything of the same kind in theirs. I should, indeed, add my belief that, if the smile be the expression of a genuine feeling within, it will be the better in all respects for the wearer.

In the principal house, when our meal was done, we found tolerable beds, each of which had a coverlet of kids' skins, an article of comfort perfectly new to us, and which seemed remarkably well suited to the climate. In the morning, getting into conversation with the people, we found that these coverlets might be purchased, and I was glad to possess myself of one as an addition to my means of comfort in travelling. The cost was sixteen rix-dollars, equivalent to eighteen shillings sterling.

The whole of the previous day's journey, excepting a small portion at the beginning, was through what may be called an uninhabited country. The winter in these uplands is so extremely severe, that human nature

shrinks from the struggle, and the few station-keepers require particular temptations to induce them to keep houses for the benefit of travellers. The greater part of the present day's journey was through a district still too inhospitable to allow of any but the scantiest population. The general slope is gentle, but it is composed of broad terraces of detrital matter, the fore-edges of which are perfectly well defined, so that it is only at certain intervals any observable descent is made. The general composition of the detrital matter in these terraces is that confused mixture of angular or unworn stones of various character, with clay and sand, which a student of glaciers recognises as identical with their products, the well-known *moraines*. From the terraces, however, there branch out long ridges (*ösar*), in which the stones are waterworn and the sand is water-laid. Low hills of rounded rock are seen at a distance on either hand, betokening that the whole of the solid fabric of the country has been at one time under ice. It becomes evident that the country has in the first place been subjected to the grinding action of vast glaciers passing across it from the north-east, and leaving it almost wholly overspread with the rubbish arising from that action. It is equally clear that this rubbish has afterwards been under the sea, which, detaching certain portions, has worked the stones into round forms, separated the sand and clay, and left the whole in a new arrangement—namely, that of terraces, with long branching ridges or banks. The ridges are a form of the surface not unknown in other countries. In the north of Ireland there are a few, called *eskers*. In Scotland they are less conspicuous; but they are sufficiently remarkable in a few places to have caused their general appellation of *kames* to be applied as a special name to certain localities. In Canada such ridges run across the country for many miles, very often with public roads formed along their tops. But nowhere in the world are such ridges so notable as in Sweden, of which, indeed, they may be said to form the most characteristic feature. In the southern and more level districts of that country they extend for hundreds of miles, without any regard to the interruption of lakes or rivers, sometimes thirty, sometimes fifty, and occasionally not much less than a hundred feet in height above the base; and here, as in Canada, on account of the dry footing which they afford, they are often used as roads. I was particularly interested in now finding them connected as spurs with large plains mainly composed of moraine matter; for this fact, which I had not seen previously remarked, seemed to afford a pretty clear hint of their origin in the agitations of a sea which had succeeded to the reign of the glacial influence.

At Dyfid, the first stage of this day's journey, we found a customhouse, at which it was necessary to exhibit passports and luggage, and pay a small fee to an officer. The country was now beginning to display signs of cultivation and of population, and we were less afflicted than heretofore with the sight of woods running to waste. We were told, however, that only a few miles off there were camps of nomadic Laplanders, with great herds of reindeer, the country generally being still in the condition of a common where every man was at liberty to feed his flocks. It was felt as quite a relief when, after so long a sojourn through a wild and inappropriate country, we came to a green place beside a sparkling river, where a good house made its appearance, surrounded by the usual array of timber outhouses, and circled by shaven fields dotted with hay-ricks. Still, however, there was no trace of cereal crops. After a drive of about fifty-five miles, performed with only three changes of horses, we arrived about the dusk of a drizzly, uncomfortable evening, at Berge, which proved to be even a worse station than the last. I have seldom seen a place so devoid of comfort. Having outstripped my fellow-travellers, I entered by myself, and set about preparations for an evening meal. There was but one woman to serve, and she was far from being prompt to

enter into my views. A number of peasants—neighbours who had dropped in to chat with the family—sat on a form in the kitchen, looking at me without one particle of intelligence in their eyes, while I kindled fires in two rooms, and, with Quist's assistance, got a pot hung on to boil water. There was a coffee-pot, lined with the inky fur of a thousand makings, and which, therefore, could not be encountered. There was no teapot: neither were there any provisions but eggs and coffee. I forget how we managed to get some tea prepared; but the meal was altogether a wretched one, and we 'bitterly thought of the morrow.'

That morrow came with an equally miserable breakfast, as well as a continuation of the previous evening's drizzle; so we commenced our fourth day's journey in no great good-humour. The country over which we passed is generally open, there being only rocks perking up here and there. On some of these I observed strise in a different direction from what is common—namely, from north-west to south-east, which is not always, though it is sometimes, the direction of the valley in which we were travelling. Owing to the peculiar superficial formations, the rivers in this district manifest a tendency to expand into lakes. Numerous ösar are seen, many of them in a direction transverse to the rivers and lakes. Eight or ten appeared all at once on the borders of a lake passed between Haste and Östersund. Having to pause on the borders of this lake for a boat by which to cross, I took a saunter along its shores, and at a sheltered spot fell in with an illustration of the ös-formation in certain little ridges which had been left by the water on its drying down to a lower level. The whole object was a perfect miniature of what we see exemplified on a gigantic scale in the country at large.

It was pleasant about the middle of the day, which had meanwhile become fair, to come within sight of a well-built, whitewashed, rather gay-looking town on the borders of a lake, being the only object of the kind between Levanger and Sundsvall. This is Östersund, the capital of its province. Notwithstanding a note of alarm from Murray as to the charges at the hotel, it was with a feeling of eagerness that we drove up to that place and ordered dinner, a meal which we had not partaken of for four or five days. It proved marvellously good; and the whole expense for the four persons, including a bottle of Madeira, was 10 riggs—equal to 11s. 3d. sterling; so we unanimously voted that our friend of Albemarle Street had been misinformed. Our evening drive to Grimnaes was through a district presenting vast numbers of granite blocks scattered over the surface, being fragments of the rock here prevalent. I again found surfaces marked in a north-west to south-east direction, being contrary to that most common. Grimnaes proved to be another poor station, though not so wretchedly poor as Berge. We now saw that we had made a bad selection of stopping-places all through our journey, though how far it is remediable I could not pretend to say. Undoubtedly, however, we had made one mistake in not sending on our forebud each evening to order arrangements for our accommodation. By such a procedure much of the inconvenience we had suffered might have been obviated.

We recommenced our journey at seven next morning, and passed through a granite district, marked by ridges and blocks. After the second station onwards (Jamt Krogen), the weather being agreeable, I walked on a mile before the carriage, and observed the features of the country more narrowly. Great ridges of loose matter appear near the road, sometimes melting into a terrace form, all thickly covered with trees. Judging from the breaks of the surface made for the supply of road-metal, the general composition appeared moraine-like—that is, clayey, with nests of waterlaid sand, and included angular stones; but there is often an alluvialisation on the surface; thus still supporting the idea of a succession of the glacial period by one of immersion. We dined, according to forebud notice, at a place called

Borgsjöbyn, which seemed a considerable improvement upon previous stations, not to speak of the group of houses by which the inn is surrounded, and the cluster of people who had met to see us alight. From the neat appearance of the detached saloon into which we were shown, we expected an entertainment not much, if anything, short of Östersund. A dish of eels, or, more properly, one large eel dished, made its appearance, and we treated it rather tenderly, in the expectation of better solacements to come. Followed a large dish of gooseberry-fool with milk, which my young companions attacked with great zeal. I hung off, under the impression that it would suit better at the close of dinner; but on inquiry, it was ascertained that the eel and the gooseberries were designed as the whole of our repast. There was no help for it, except that a good joke is worth half a dinner at any time. Quist, unable to eat his share of the eel, had merely bread and milk. So much for the hospitalities of Borgsjöbyn. The charge, however, must be allowed to have been modest, being only 2½ riggs for the gentlemen, and half a dollar for Quist, or 3s. 4½d. in all.

In the latter part of the day's drive we passed along the valley of the Njurunda, and for the first time since crossing the summit began to observe sand and beds of river-mud. A more curious object was an ös, or sand-ridge, running down the valley, occasionally interplaiting with the river, generally from 20 to 40 feet high. The road, for a considerable space, passes along the top of it, and the traveller wonders to find the river in the hollow close under on one side, while the hollow on the other side is dry meadow-ground. Vast quantities of loose stones are everywhere strewed about, except where cultivation has caused their removal; and the mixture of these objects with bleached stumps and trunks of trees, as well as green and living vegetation, produces a somewhat extraordinary landscape. A few villages were passed to-day, and grain crops began to appear, the elevation above the sea-level being now probably under 500 feet. The always joyful sight of the first reaping of the season here met our eyes. We stopped for the night at Kjallsta, which proved a tolerable place, though still deficient in many things which we thought necessary.

I rose next morning at an unusually early hour, and walked two miles back to have a leisurely examination of the ös. It here runs along the middle of the valley, on the left bank of the river, winding slightly, but generally in the same direction as the valley, which is north-west and south-east by compass. The greatest elevation is about 70 feet above the river, the breadth from 100 to 300 feet. The constitution here is gravelly; but farther down the valley it always becomes more and more sandy, though gravel is seldom altogether lost sight of. It terminates at a contraction of the valley a little below the Nedansjö station.

At Wattjom the road crosses over from the Njurunda valley to a minor one, where we begin to find denser population and bustling harvest operations. Our attention is here attracted by a harvest apparatus, new to us, but which we found to be prevalent throughout Sweden generally—namely, a tall frame of wood with cross beams, somewhat like a clothes-screen, but on a gigantic scale—the purpose of this being the speedy drying of the sheaves which are bound to it, for the sake of ready exposure to the air. Our forenoon's drive was enlivened by the cheerful sight of the autumnal fields, and the knowledge that we were approaching the end of a long and toilsome journey. At length, at two o'clock, we entered the town of Sundsvall, and joyfully emerged, at the *Kallare*, into clean clothes, tolerable accommodation, and a civilised style of eating. We have taken five and a-half days to the journey of 360 miles from Trondhiem. Were it to do over again, we could improve a little upon our arrangements. We should adopt the following as our stopping-places: first night, Levanger; second, Dyfid (same as Forssa), a long day's journey, but not so long as appears from Murray's

third, Ostersund; fourth, Borgsjöbyn (notwithstanding the eel-dinner); fifth, Sundsvall. Finally, we should take care to send notice of our intended arrival to each station where we were to sleep; because, travellers being so few, the people are otherwise totally unprepared, and the guests must therefore fare badly; whereas, with premonition, it is wonderful how good an entertainment may be had.

R. C.

JOHN COAD THE REBEL.

In a note to a passage in Macaulay's 'History of England,' which describes the sufferings of the rebels condemned by Judge Jeffries during the 'bloody assize' which succeeded the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection, the author says, 'The best account of the sufferings of those rebels who were sentenced to transportation is to be found in a very curious narrative written by John Coad, an honest, God-fearing carpenter, who joined Monmouth, was badly wounded at Philips-Norton, was tried by Jeffries, and was sent to Jamaica.' This manuscript found its way into Mr Macaulay's hands in a mutilated state; but the fragments have since been discovered, put together, and printed. It forms a bit of extremely curious contemporary history.

The 'Memorandum of the Wonderful Providences of God to a Poor unworthy Creature during the time of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, and to the Revolution in 1688, by John Coad, one of the Sufferers,' is prefaced by a few remarks, from which we learn that when Monmouth first landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire, Coad dwelt at Stoford, a hamlet of Berwick parish, near Yeovil in Somersetshire. He was manifestly possessed of a certain amount of landed estate, inasmuch as he was called on to serve in the militia, to which only such persons were at that time liable. He performed this service with no good-will, for he was much opposed to the popish tendencies of the existing government, being a staunch Independent. His 'memorandum' commences by stating, in the orthography peculiar to his time, that 'After the death of King Charles the Second, and the advance of the Duke of Yorke to the crowne, Popery and arbitrary government did more visibly appear in continuall and unwearyed plotting and contriving to weaken the Protestant party, which gave great cause of feare of the subversion of our religion and liberties, from which we had great hopes of deliverance by the Duke of Monmouth's appearance, and declaration for the Protestant religion and liberty, who arrived at Lyme 11th of July 1685. The 13th day, being commanded out in my traine armes for King James, went from home with full resolution to goe to the duke's assistance as soone as I could; but considering the weight of this affair, and the danger of such an enterprise, had grent reasonings within me while marching in the king's traine: the hellish oaths and ribaldry of many of that company strengthened my resolutions in going off. But the two opposites in my apprehension was plainly Popery and slavery, and Protestantism and liberty. To contend for the former, and oppose the latter, was directly against my principle and conscience. The conclusion then was, it is best to keepe peace (most well this noble resolution) within though there was war without; better to incur the wrath of an earthly king than an Almighty God.'

Had all the rebels—especially the arch-rebel Monmouth—been actuated by the same unselfish motives as John Coad, the bloodless Revolution of 1688 would have been anticipated by one three years earlier, and one which would have been, like most other successful rebellions, a struggle for a deeply-rooted principle. In the duke's case it was a war of private ambition; and when this was discovered, friends cooled, and humbler adherents held back; for men will not fight for persons unless when they are the representatives of principles. This was proved by the succeeding change in 1688, which was a happy because a bloodless one.

Coad's companions appear to have been neither loyal

nor brave; for 'the next day,' the autobiographer continues, 'we advanced from Charde towards Axminster; but on the news of the enemy's being at hand, the most were driven with feare backward, but I was drawn by love forward; and next morning, wading through a river to escape watches, being the 16th day, came to Axminster, and tendered myself and armes to the duke, was kindly accepted, where I found Mr Ferguson at prayer; and soon after Major Foxe gave the orders of the army, giving strict charge against swearing, thieving, and plundering, &c. with penalties on the breach thereof.'

It will be remembered that it was Ferguson who, about three weeks after, preached the famous sermon on the eve of the battle of Sedgemoor (Sunday, 5th July 1685), taking for his text the awful imprecation by which the Israelites who dwelt beyond the Jordan cleared themselves from the charge of rebellion brought against them by their brethren on the other side of the river.* Coad proceeds to state, that from Axminster he and his companions travelled eastward to Keynsham, 'where the enemy came upon us at unawares, and assaulting 3 passages to the towne, but could not prevaile, but retreated with the loss of about 20 men, where I came to push of pike with them, yet through the protection of God had no harm. From hence, marching eastward, we lay one night at Philips-Norton. Next morning our enemies, coming on us by surprise, attacked the north-west entrance to the towne, guarded only with two companies, of which I, being in one, received a shot through my left-hand wrist, and also under my left breast, at which instant falling to the ground, bleeding excessively, lay under foot during the fight, being cut down, but not cut off; cast down, but not forsaken; for the fight being over, was taken up alive, but almost without sense of seeing or feeling. Some means were used to stop the blood; but my wounds being judged mortal, and wondering I was not dead, the chirurgions refused to dress my wounds; but the same evening, notwithstanding the great raine which fell, our camp moving eastward, I was cast on a waggon with few clothes about me. The shaking of the waggon made my wounds bleed afresh; yet my senses being something restored, despairing of life, I desired death, but could not obtain it: went on eastward to towne. The good and gracious God still showing his power, in my weakness bearing me up as it were by miracle of mercy, being in great measure destitute of all outward accommodations, as friends, food, raiment, or physitian. Then returning westward, after 3 days lying in my blood undressed, came to Shepton Mallet. Next morning obtained the favour of being dressed. One Mr Hardy, an apothecary in Lyme, cutting off my bloody clothes, stetched and stuck fast to my body, in searching found the bullet lodged in the loins of my back, cut it out; but the army being still in motion, and marching westward, had no opportunity of being dressed, until I came to Middlesex, where meeting with my wife in the time of the 4 days Act of Pardon, being disabled as to any further service, came away intending to lay hold on the act; but the same day was taken with a violent fever, could reach no farther than Long Sutton, where I could obtain neither physitian nor chirurgion. My condition seemed dismal and desperate; yet by the goodness and mercy of my God, and the slender meanes that was used by the midwife of the place, who adventured to come to me privately by night for a while, life was prolonged, the swelling and rage of my wounds something abated; an incredible deal of waterish blood working still out of the wound of my backe, was still under great affliction, yet through the malice of some neighbours, was deprived of the assistance of the midwife, &c.

It was while in this deplorable condition that Coad heard of the total rout of the Duke of Monmouth's followers at Sedgemoor. Being in the hands of enemies,

* Joshua, chap. xxii. verse 22.

they triumphed over him, helpless as he was. 'One night,' he says, 'there came soldiers on purpose, having had information who and what I was, as they swore desperately they would kill me, and put me out of the pain. As they came up stairs, one of them having a pistol in his hand, fired in the chamber where I lay: the pistol, being overloaded, did me no harm, but hurt his hand that discharged it, which made him run down cursing and swearing as fast as he came up stairs.'

These people informed against him, and he was incarcerated in Ilchester jail for ten or eleven weeks, at the end of which he was drawn in a train to Wells assize, 'where,' he says, 'we had a church for our prison, a board for my bed, and something more than the shadow of death for my comfort.' Judge Jeffries, as is too well known, made short work of these trials, and honest John Coad, all wounded as he was, was sentenced to be relieved of his sufferings by death. Having pleaded guilty, he was condemned to be hanged and quartered, along with 600 more. He heard his sentence with fortitude. 'Even,' he states, 'when I stood before the bloody Nero, Geo. Jeffries, I found such inward support and comfort, that I could not say that I feared any evil; but when above 600 condemned men fell on their knees, and most dolorously cried for mercy, I could not bow a knee or speake a word for mercy; but had such workings of spirit, and something did, as it were, speake within me, that if it were a thing possible to be done, I would not exchange conditions with the judge at the bench though I was condemned at the bar.'

It was ordered, however, that the courageous carpenter should not die by the hands of the executioner. His escape is so singular, that it partakes more of the nature of romance than reality. Soon after he had received his condemnation, 'while,' he relates, 'I was at prayer with many others, in a morning came my sister that attended me, and calling hastily upon me, I went to her; and she told me there was an officer come into the cloister to call 200 men for Jamaica; she much pressed me to endeavour to get out amongst them, she being much troubled that morning by an information that she had, that my flesh was to be hung up before my dore, at which she swooned away twice that morning. I, seeing her in so sorrowful a plight, did go with her to the officer, and privately told him the circumstances I was under, and offered him a fee to take me into his list, which he refused, but told me that when he called a man that did not answer, I might answer to his name, and step in. To deny my name I was cautious of, and stood by while many others under my circumstances went in, for I judged there was near 30 saved by so doing. I seeing the list full, went away; but such was the wonderful providence of God, there stood a poor woman of Charde, a stranger to me, who observed one of the company unwilling to be transported, came after me, and pulling me to the man, he hastily shifted himself out of the string, and put me in his place, and told me if I was called, his name was Jo. Halker.'

The danger had, however, not yet passed away; for while on the road, and resting at Sherbourne in Dorsetshire, where Coad was well known, a constable recognised him, and demanded of the officer of the convoy whether Coad's name was in the list of transports, he apparently knowing that it had been already inscribed in the 'dead list.' The fellow insisted on seeing the former document, and not finding John's name upon it, went away, leaving the wretched carpenter in hourly dread of being recalled to the gallows—a fate which had actually happened to one Shepherd the day before. But in the end the whole party got safely on board ship at Weymouth, and set sail for Jamaica.

The hardships suffered on the voyage may be judged of from one sentence in the journal:—'The master of the ship shut ninety-nine of us under deck in a very small room, where we could not lay ourselves down without laying one upon another.' Diseases of the most shocking character were the consequence; and twenty-two of the convicts died, besides several of the crew and free

passengers. Happily the voyage was remarkably short, for it only lasted six weeks and three days, the ship arriving at Port Royal on the 24th November 1685. On landing, Coad was sold to a Mr Hutchenson for L.12; but became so ill, that the doctor left him for a dead man. 'But,' ejaculates the pious convict, 'it pleased the Lord again to show his power, love, mercy, goodness, and truth, in my weak, low, destitute condition. When friends failed, physician failed, hopes failed, yet He failed me not; but to the admiration of all about me I was raised up, and made again a monument of His mercy, and made a wonder to myself for what end I should be preserved through so many dangers and visible deaths.'

After Coad had worked among negroes as a slave, enduring a variety of hardships, the news arrived in 1688 of the expulsion of James II. from the throne of Great Britain, and the landing of the Prince of Orange. This intelligence brought with it hopes of freedom; but it was not till May 1690 that a new governor of Jamaica was appointed, and from him emancipation was expected. This was petitioned for at first without success; but Coad drew up another petition, and determined to present it at a fitting opportunity. One evening he watched the governor walking in his garden, and backed by a companion, seized that moment for his purpose. 'We came to the first guard, and told them we had business to my lord. They said, pass on. When we came to the second guard, we told them that we had business to my lord. What is your business? said they. Then I delivered the petition, which they read, and one of them carried it to the governor his master, and waited for his answer at the entrance of the house; and we were detained at the other gate, and could see him walk to and fro in the court, perusing the petition, and considering the matter a considerable time.'

This must have been a moment of surpassing suspense.

'At length he [the governor] asked where are the men? The men that waited his motion beckoned to us, and we went in before him, who received us very kindly. With a compliment of a small bow he asked me, Are you one of the men that was with me before? I answered, No, my lord; I never saw your excellency till this day. His answer was, I have received an order to set you all free; and the king hath given orders for your coming home: go and pay your respects to your master, and in two or three days your business shall be accomplished. I humbly thanked his excellency, and wished him a happy government, and withdrew. The tidings went through the town like lightning, and our fellow-sufferers met us in the street before we got into our quarters, making a great noise. They would have an ox roasted in the street. I told them that we were ordered by the governor to behave ourselves respectfully to our masters, and if they would make such disturbance, I would begone and leave them as I found them. They replied they would go and give us wine; I told them we would have none of their wine; and with many persuasions we sent them to their houses, and we showed ourselves to both our masters, with one and the same man, who said, I hear you have got your freedom. We answered, We have the king's order by the governor for it.'

After many delays and difficulties, Coad was shipped home, and reached Plymouth on the fifth anniversary of his sad landing at Port Royal—namely, on the 24th November 1690. On arriving in his native town, he found his wife and three sons living, but in poor circumstances. Even after his return from banishment, therefore, his troubles had not ceased, although, as the author of the preface to his memorandum quaintly remarks, 'his courage was unshaken; for soon after, his wife dying, he took unto himself in his old age another—a woman young enough to be his daughter. The offspring of this union were a son and daughter: the former, Thomas, became a dissenting minister of Dorking in Surrey, where may still be seen a mural tablet to

his memory. The daughter, Sarah, married; and it was on the death of her granddaughter—who was buried at St Cross near Winchester in 1808—that the original manuscript, from which the present little work is printed, was found in her trunk. When John Coad died, or what became of the rest of his family, is not known: all that could be discovered was, that there are now in Stoford churchyard tombstones marking the resting-places of many of his name and lineage.

Every lover of the minuter lineaments of history will thank Mr Macaulay and his publishers* for having brought this instructive and interesting memorandum to light.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

From forty to sixty a man, who has properly regulated himself, may be considered as in his prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given him judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over his business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence: the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called 'The Turn of Life,' which, if crossed safely, leads to the valley of 'Old Age,' around which the river winds, and then flows beyond, without boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, the 'turn of life' is a turn either into a prolonged life or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close, like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength; while a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigour until night has entirely set.—*The Science of Life.*

COMPOUND INTEREST.

The following simple rule will show the number of years in which a single sum will become double in amount, by the accumulation of compound interest, for all rates of interest not exceeding 10 per cent.:—Divide seventy by the rate of interest per cent., and the quotient is the number of years required. Thus 70 divided by ten, will give seven years; by five, 14 years; by four, nearly 18 years; by three, nearly 23 years; by two, 35 years.—*News-paper paragraph.*

THE CONVICT GIRL.

Well, do you see, at night we used to amuse each other by telling our tricks—egging one another on in daring, vice, and wickedness. Well, amongst us we had one uncommon clever girl—a first-rate mimic, and she used to cause us grand sport, and was a vast favourite: she used to make us roar with laughter. Well, this fun had been going on for weeks; she had gone through most of her characters, from the governor to the turnkey, when she starts on a new tack, and commenced taking off Parson Cowper and Father Therry. Some way it did not take, so she went back to Newgate, and came Mrs Fry to the very life; but it would not do: we did not seem to enjoy it—there was no fun in it for us. So, then, she began about the ship's leaving, and our mothers crying, and begging of us to turn over a new leaf; and then, in a mimicking, jesting sport, she sobbed, and bade us good-by. Well, how it happened I know not, but one after the other we began to cry, and 'Stay, stay, not my mother,' said one. 'Let Mrs Fry alone. Father Therry must not be brought here, nor Parson Cowper—stay, stay.' Well, she did stop; but tears were shed the whole of that night. Everything had been tried with me: good people had sought in vain to con-

vince me of my evil ways: but that girl's ridicule of my mother I could not stand. Her grief was brought home to me, and not to me alone, but to many. I do believe that night was a great blessing to many. I was so unhappy, that the next day I tried to get out of sight to pray; and when I got to a hiding-place, I found three girls on their knees. We comforted each other, and then how we spoke of our mothers! Mine was dead. She left this world believing me past hope—but the picture of her grief made me earnest in search of that peace which endureth for ever.—*Mrs Chisholm.*

THE 'CROCHET-WORKER.'

SUGGESTED BY ETTY'S PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1849.

See with what nimble ease her fingers ply
The coloured threads, that deeper-coloured grow
By contrast with the hook of Ivory,
And fingers pure as the transparent glow
That tints the shell, or in the virgin rose
'Blushes in praise of its own loveliness!'
Looping and twisting, dropping with a close,
In all the beautiful unconsciousness
Of industry intent. Dear Beauty! stay
Thy busy fingers, and look up and bless
Me with a smile; from crochet-work I pray
Spare me a glance! Yet, no—I must confess
Thou teachest much by silence. Happiness,
I see, is occupation; for thy face
Is not a blank of pretty thoughtlessness,
But redolent in innocence and grace.
Grace to the gracious—goodness to the good!
Rest in endurance—Hope, submission's child!
So God ordains; and leaves, alas! the rude
To chafe in sorrow, by rebellion wild.
I'll not be jealous of thy web, dear maid!
Cast on thy stitches fast and manifold;
Let thy mind struggle still in thought, unstayed,
Unscathed by phantom tempters. I enfold
Thy image to my dearest memory—
A treasure of the beautiful within—
To teach and mutely preach of industry,
Saviour subordinate of man from sin!

GEORGE SEDGWICK.

TO BACHELORS IN PARTICULAR.

See, my friend, that you make your house a home. A house is a mere skeleton of bricks, laths, plaster, and wood: a home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart. It is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves—for children to love, and learn, and play in—for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, to make life a blessing. A house where the wife is a slattern and a sloven cannot be a home: a house where the husband is a drunkard cannot be a home: a house where there is no happy fireside, no book, no newspaper, above all, where there is no religion and no Bible, how can it be a home? My bachelor brother, there cannot, by any possibility, be a home where there is no wife. To talk of a home without love, we might as well expect to find an English fireside in one of the pyramids of Egypt.—*E. P. H. in Moral Reformer's Almanac for 1850.*

INVENTION FOR DISCOVERING THE POSITION OF AN ENEMY AT NIGHT.

The 'Carcass,' fired at Woolwich on Captain Boxer's plan, was a beautiful spectacle, the shells ascending to a great altitude, and when at the highest point, an explosion took place similar to the bursting of a rocket in the air, and out came a parachute, fully six feet in diameter, and about three feet in depth, suspending the brilliant blue light, and gradually descending in the south-east direction, owing to the point of the compass from which the wind was blowing at the time, and lighting the part of the common on which it descended with a light nearly equal to what is given by a full moon on a clear night.

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* Messrs Longmans.

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THE WEST OF SCOTLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

TIMES have changed, all allow, but whether for the better or the worse is a disputed point between the old and the young, whilk will ever remain undecided; for the young naturally desire and admire novelty, and those whose young feelings have long since died away, as naturally regret the time when they felt as we only can feel once in our lives, 'when all things please, for life itself is new.' We are apt to forget that, even were the same time to come over again, we could not feel as we did then; because, however altered the world may be, and is, the great change is in ourselves. Can the most scientific, nay, the most beautiful and pathetic *new* music, ever awaken in us the sensations we experience on hearing again the 'Baa Croon'—'Can ye sew cushions?' or other simple old tunes, with which 'the mother that looked on our childhood' lulled us to sleep? Or does the most spirited *all'gretto* make our hearts dance and our eyes brighten like the blithe lilt we heard carolled in the hayfield, when the bairns'-maid guided our infant steps there, to see the corncrakes' and partridges' nests which the mowers had come upon, and to look for the little field-mice, 'wee cowerin', timorous beasties,' that ran so fast? No, no! the very sun had a blink then it has never had since, to our eyes at least: summer was a lifetime, and a day like a modern week, so many fresh ideas and sensations impressed themselves upon the white paper of our minds.

How does the very scent of some wild flowers recall our infancy and early rural walks! And even the sight of the daffodil, polyanthus, grape hyacinth, double primrose, and 'all the flowers that children pull' unchecked, because too numerous and common to be cared for by florists and gardeners, take us back into a long vista of years. 'Old familiar faces,' old familiar voices, rise up before us with the distinctness of yesterday; and we have to recall to remembrance the changes death and time have made, before we can persuade ourselves that all is gone for ever, and that 'no more, no more—ah, never more on me the freshness of the heart can fall like dew!' To us the alterations for the better that our reason tells us to applaud are to our feelings no improvement; and even when we sink, tired and indolent, into the comfortable cushions of a feteuil-Voltaire, in a splendidly-furnished room, of which also we acknowledge the increased comfort, our affections revert to the scanty curtains and straight-backed chairs that stood in the same room long, long ago, when our hearts were gladdened by the kind faces of our lost parents, and the light laughter of brothers and sisters, now dead and dispersed, or forming part of other families, where their affections centre far away from us. What would we give to have it all back again, with the healthy frame,

the hoping heart, of bygone days! London was then further off than Rome is now, and India was another world: letters and papers travelled slowly, and we had time to digest one piece of news before another arrived. Languages were then laborious studies; a man who had made the grand tour was a lion; and a miss or madam who had written a paper in a magazine a learned lady, privileged to ramble about with inky fingers and untidy hair. No reasonable being ever expected to find a decently-dressed dinner at her house, any more than to hear her talk of common things with common sense. She set herself up, in short, for a blue-stock, in whom dirt and disorder were supposed to be excusable. In *this* instance the most bigoted old persons of my acquaintance allow that the *blues* of the present day are an improvement upon those of their own.

Forty years ago I was five years old. My father's regiment was ordered to India, whither my mother decided upon accompanying him; and I was left at my uncle's house, to be educated with his own daughters in the meanwhile, and sent out at sixteen to my parents. My childish despair at the parting it is needless to enlarge upon; but my tears were soon dried by the kindness of my relatives, who taught me, ere six months were at an end, to consider myself in all things one of themselves. Glenbrechan was a fine old place, with fine old trees. The castle itself was in ruins, haunted by ghosts and rats at night, and by the lovers of wallflower—which grew in every crevice—during the day. The modern dwelling was large, very plainly and not very amply furnished; the table as abundant as it was homely; the servants, regular and irregular, as numerous as they were inefficient. There were but six real servants, over whom was an old woman called 'the mistress,' who never did a hand's turn herself, but saw to everything—cooking and cleaning, mending, making, &c.; but then there were innumerable helpers and hangers-on—lassies that ca'd the kirk and the kye, laddies that carried coals or curried horses, suld wives that shelled peas and washed potatoes, and old men that did nothing but sit in sunny places, giving their sage opinions on theology and politics. These primitive beings looked up to the laird and ledly as something superior, and ranked them, it would seem, far above any English nobility; for when the Duke of Launceston rented a shooting-box in the neighbourhood, they invariably called him *Launceston*. 'You must say the Duke of Launceston,' observed Miss Birch: 'it is not respectful—it is taking a liberty to call him Launceston.' 'Leeberty!' answered old Dawnie Macalister; 'do I no say Glenbrechan?'

The family was large and cheerful, hospitable and kind to a degree. I shall never forget my first introduction, nor how the uproarious gaiety terrified me; but very soon I became in thoughts, habits, and expression like those I lived with; and the eleven years I

spent at Glenbrechan are still among the happiest of my life. My cousins Ninian, Charlie, and John, tall, stout, handsome lads, filled the house with noisy companions, who came when it suited them, and ever found a warm welcome, and a large room at the top of the house, containing seven beds, and called 'The Barracks,' always ready. These young men brought servants and dogs, horses and high spirits, with them; and I never but twice remember the barrack-room totally untenanted. Many ladies also came to stay besides the regular county families, who were visited and entertained at stated periods; but young ladies, old maids, or married women, I seldom remember above one or two who brought with them these nuisances—ladies'-maids, as every one of far inferior rank and fortune does know.

My female cousins were of all ages, well-grown, handsome, though coarsish girls, with large extremities, high complexions, and high noses. There were seven of them, and the youngest was three years my senior. The governess, a staid, starched person, taught us all she knew, which was very little after all: being what would in the present day be called the *rudiments* of French and music, and a certain quantity of grammar and geography, which, with pages of dictionary and dull prosaic poetry, we were daily forced to commit to memory—called and considered *tasks* by the teacher and the taught. Upon Sundays this routine was diversified by the learning of long hymns and interminable *questions*, and every one read aloud for nearly an hour some 'good book,' which was generally at the same time very dry. Margaret, Christy, Beatrice, and Belle, had finished their education, to which they added painting shells, gay and grassy, reposing in nests of sea-weed, and bunches of roses and sweet peas, surrounded by the tendrils of the blue convolvulus; but as this was not an accomplishment of Miss Birch's, we had a little meek man from a village two miles distant, who taught us to draw in pencil from models, and laid the foundation of what some of us have since excelled in, when perfected by the instructions of more talented teachers. 'The Battle of Prague' and 'Lodoiska' were the most difficult pieces to which any one ever aspired, and when we had mastered them, we were pronounced finished musicians. Those of the girls who had done with the school-room, took out their work-baskets regularly every morning, and made frilled shirts or other articles of dress, or perhaps embroidered handkerchiefs (seldom writing, and never reading), till at half-past one our dinner and their luncheon-bell rung. An immense tureen of barley broth, or hotch-potch, or an equally huge plate of potatoes, were standard dishes, flanked at the four corners by jugs containing both sweet and butter-milk; but besides these were other things according to the season. In summer, strawberries in profusion, of which each person ate more than one large soup-plate full, and covered plentifully with thick cream, ladled out of an immense china-bowl in the centre by Maggy, whose arms were the longest. This meal despatched, the elders drove in the capacious family-coach, and the young ladies walked or rode; for there were three saddle-horses, and ponies in plenty for the catching, little, spirited, ungroomed beasts, with fiery eyes gleaming through long, shaggy manes that fell half over their faces—until the firing of guns, the yelping of dogs, and shouting of hoarse voices, announced the return of the gentlemen from shooting, and the near approach of the five-o'clock dinner.

This meal outdid in profusion all the others: meat, poultry, and game were there in every variety; soups, strong and tasty; black-puddings, white-puddings, meal-puddings, liver-puddings, and a haggis, whenever a sheep was killed, when its singed head was made into broth, and served up with the trotters as a dish; apple-pies appeared, of which it was the custom to invite the guests to partake merely of the

'apples.' Cream was eaten with everything, as well as apple-pies and strawberries, boiled rice, 'calves'-feet jelly,' English puddings even, when they had them, which was very rarely indeed—(mince-pie meat put into skins was called 'sweet-puddings')—and the quantity consumed was an answer to the usual question of English visitors—'What *can* a private family want with so many cows?' Two large china jugs stood at each end of the table, containing a pleasant sort of beer they called 'twopenny,' out of which every one drank; but each had a wine-glass to himself in my day, although a few years previous four were supposed enough for a large company, placed on the middle of the table, with green muffings on the feet. Claret was then drunk out of the cask, and the port and sherry were both famed. After all this feasting, my readers may suppose tea was but a ceremony: no such thing. At half-past seven it was brought in, shortbread, currant-bun, and seedcake handed about, and there was usually a plateful of caraway-comfits, into which you dipped your thickly-spread bread and butter, and few let these good things pass them. Cards, music, and dancing concluded the evening at ten o'clock, when a capital hot supper was served—roast fowls, calf-head hash, and dishes as substantial, smoked upon the hospitable board—of which the whole company partook, with hearty appetites, washing them down with a liberal supply of wine and cold punch.

In those days dyspepsia and nervous complaints had not come into fashion, and at half-past nine next morning all were ready for breakfast; and such a breakfast!—piles of scones, pyramids of rolls, farls of crumby oat-cake, and more butter than is now eaten in a week, in pots of all sizes, just out of the churn; honeycomb at one end, cut with no sparing hand; and jams and jellies down the middle, not delicately put in cut-glass dishes, but unblushingly presented in their original pots, which were quite emptied every day; hen and turkey eggs, tea and coffee, were always there: but some ate porridge and milk; some supped sowens; some liked rizzered haddies or kippered salmon; and others contented themselves with the beef-ham that ever stood on the side-board: all jested, laughed, talked, and ate as if they had not seen food for twenty-four hours; and none took offence at the personal remarks and practical jokes which in these unsophisticated days every one indulged in, but which any person presuming on now, would be *chassé* from all wellbred society.

'The laird' (always called Glenbrechan) and 'the lady,' as Mrs Hetherfield was commonly termed (though very old-fashioned people spoke of and to her as Lady Glenbrechan), were treated with great respect and deference; but there was no restraint in their presence, and all looked and behaved as if they felt perfectly at home. Upon Sundays, when the carriage could not contain all the party—the numbers it *did* hold outside and in are incredible—and when it was too wet to walk to the old kirk of Drumbrechan, a cart was put in requisition, furnished with sacks stuffed with straw for seats, and driven by Sawnie Machuffle, who lectured us all the way there for 'makin' siccan a din on the Lord's day;' but spite of sacks and Sawnie's sermons, we preferred it to the more aristocratic conveyance. Upon this day we were, on the whole, very demure; and after dinner sat with 'good books' in our hands, until the laird led the way from the dining-room, earlier than common, but not soon enough to prevent the gentlemen from having imbibed more port and punch than was quite proper.

What religion Glenbrechan professed was never accurately ascertained, for although he abused in no measured terms the reformers who had pulled down the old castle, he showed no predilection for the faith of his ancestors in whose time this misfortune happened; quite the contrary indeed. Once he was prevailed upon to enter an Episcopalian chapel, but he pronounced the service 'most redeecus.' 'To hear Bess Forfar,' mut-

tered he, 'skirlin' to the Lord to preasirve her frae sin, as if her face and her fifty years wadna do that!''* To the kirk he seldom or never went; yet notwithstanding these outward and visible signs of indifference, he was upon friendly terms with the excellent minister, and certainly the most benevolent, kind-hearted, hospitable being that ever breathed the breath of life. Every Sunday night regularly he made it a rule to read a sermon to his household; and upon his wiping his spectacles, putting them on, and glaring gravely round at each person, all seated themselves, and after three or four premonitory 'hems,' the worthy squire began, and with more solemnity, it must be confessed, than correctness. Upon one occasion, I remember, the male part of his audience looked more unsteady than usual, and that very evening the sermon in turn was one of Blair's, beginning, 'When I cast my eyes upon the objects that surround me.' A laugh stopped him; and in great wrath he laid down the book, delivering an exordium of his own, perhaps better adapted to the then powers of comprehension displayed by his gentlemen auditors, though especially addressed to the lady laughers. It was in those days a rare event for a man to join the tea-table on steady legs; and any one indeed who did so, rather lost than gained in the opinion of his companions. After the sermon, we sat and tried to talk with a gravity becoming the day, but very soon relapsed into our usual joking, jesting style: There was little intellectual conversation. Occasionally, indeed, Glenbrechan touched upon politics, if an unmeasured abuse of democrats may be so termed; to which word, by the by, he gave what he imagined was the true French pronunciation, calling them 'demmy craws.'

But the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' was scarcely missed in that true-hearted, happy, hospitable family: people were quite contented with what they found; and the few *habitudes* that live to remember the dear old place and its *then* inhabitants, turn with a fond regret to these days of auld langsyne, days that will never return again. Steamboats, and railways, and modern accomplishments *ont changé tout cela*. Music was confined either to the pathetic Scotch and Irish airs, or reels and strathspeys for dancing; and the expression given to the first, and the spirit to the last, seem now to be lost; for those who execute other music with taste and brilliancy, fail utterly when attempting our national tunes. Of course it was only at the latter end of my stay that I made one of the society above described: we children stayed in our school-room, and were every day dressed in white frocks, to be ready, when sent for, at the dessert; and taken to the drawing-room by the ladies after we had gone through the dread ceremony of drinking everybody's health round, and the more agreeable one of eating some fruit or sweetmeats. When the tea was brought in, we were sent to bed with a slice of cake, and a kiss from every lady present. Except at luncheon, we never associated with our elders at any other time; for the pernicious Scotch custom of bribing children to eat more porridge than they were inclined for (supping porridge being considered in the nursery as a moral virtue, entitling the little gormandiser to rich reward), by a promise of a 'shave o' laif wi' marmalade on't,' at the dining-room breakfast, never prevailed at Glenbrechan.

We were, however, so thoroughly happy in our own pursuits, that we never wished for anything different from what it was. Lessons, to be sure, sometimes bored us, and Miss Birch lectured us upon order and neatness, but these were the only shades to our sunshine: we never quarrelled, and were never ill; envy, jealousy, and such petty passions we had never seen in others nor felt in ourselves; and when we were

told that the good would go to Heaven, the only heaven we could imagine was like a certain woody glen where the clear water from the hills dashed down over rocks on the goodly burn beneath, forming a pool, or *linn*,* as it was called, in which we bathed, dressing and undressing under the trees, where the birds carolled merrily in spring, and the insects hummed drowsily in summer, quiet and sheltered always in all weather; and where, when those who were ready first, sat waiting for the others, singing, 'Oh happy, happy was the time on yon burn-side;' or wandered about pulling bunches of the blue wild geranium, watching the solitary large mountain bee (bumbee we called it, from the booming or humming noise it made) sucking the sweets from the foxglove or heather-bell; or the caller trout, whisking from one stone to another; or we went peering into every bush and brake in search of the birds'-nests, so cleverly concealed by the thick foliage of June. No sickness nor sorrow had we, no fears for the future, no anxiety for the present: all we loved were near us, and we knew so little of death, that we could not separate it in our minds from a sound, calm sleep. This was our idea (at least it was mine) when we reflected upon the subject at all. But truth to say, we rarely spent our time in meditation, either sacred or profane: if we had nothing particular to say, we had always plenty to sing, for all the old ballads were familiar. We had an intense love of music, and could frame a simple second to every tune we loved, with a true accent and taste, such as none who are not Scottish-born and bred can attain, any more than they can the right staccato touch of the Scottish reel, that sends the young blood dancing through the veins.

All rural occupations we took interest in, and knew something about; we could tell the note of every bird, the name of every flower, 'that sips the dew,' and an accomplished young lady from London was looked down upon as an ignorant savage because she did not know a lime from a beech, nor a lark from a linnet. Our plays were rural, and we made the most of our summer; danced round the trees, swung in their branches; made bowers here, seats there, 'houses' wherever we could find a gnarled and knotted stem on which to fix our broken bits of plates, nut-shells, and crab-claws. Fir-tops were our cows, and our 'kail-pat' the bottom of a broken wine bottle turned up, in which crumbled cake, wild mint, and spring water formed the broth. When the cows were milked, then was a happy time with us, as, with our 'luggies' in one hand, and a bit of toasted cake in the other, we waited for the 'afterings' of a favourite cow, or whiled away the time in wandering from one cool spring-well to another, tasting the waters, and pretending to fancy we found different flavours in each; or washing radishes and young turnips in them, which we carried off triumphantly under the very eyes of James the gardener himself, whose 'bark' we knew was 'waur nor his bite,' in spite of his threatenings. These humble cakes were to our unvitiated palates quite as good as the most recherché hothouse peach or pine-apple. Then the charm of scrambling after wild fruit—blueberries and brambles, nuts and wild raspberries! The gooseberries of the garden were nothing to these dainties, obtained with some difficulty, although we made considerable havoc there too, especially in the jam-making season, when we got a holiday expressly to assist in the 'topping-and-tailing,' and when we ate quite as many as we pulled or prepared. What plagues we must have been to the old henwife! for we *must* see every goose, turkey, or hen that was sitting, and every fresh pig that was produced; *must* penetrate into the dark

* I persist in thinking that linn is the pool, not the fall; and that Burns, when he wrote,

'She missed a fit, an' *o'er* the linn,
O'er head and lugs she plumpit,'

meant to write 'in the linn, *over*,' &c. All the common people and the old people understand linn to be the pool. 'To bathe in the linn' every one says.

* This anecdote (somewhat refined in the text) was related by a lady of rank and fortune, and of the highest respectability, in the hearing of the author's father.

recesses of the henhouse, and gather the eggs, feed the calves, count the kittens; and when we had exhausted her department, off we were to the stable-men, begging to play with the puppies, or pat the new foal. God bless their honest hearts, these old servants! they loved us dearly, and not the less so for thinking themselves privileged to scold us whenever we were in mischief. Dear old nurse, however, never scolded: in her eyes we could do no wrong. She was a gentle creature, full of the milk of human kindness, and possessing an inexhaustible collection of old tales and stories. Even when stone-blind, she knew our every step, as well as she did our voices; and her husband, old William, was just such another, leaving his work to swing us in the 'shuggy-shoo,' canting us high among the green branches with unwearying arm, and relating a choice anecdote between each performance, invariably beginning, 'I mind ance'—a delicate way, perhaps, of reminding us that 'rest renders labour lighter.'

But it was at length necessary for me to leave these scenes, and hasten to a fashionable boarding-school, where it was supposed a year would polish off the rusticity acquired in Scotland, after which I was to sail for India. What my free spirit and vigorous appetite endured in this polite abode would scarcely, I suppose, interest my readers; suffice it to say, I lost my health and happy spirit; I lost, too, my ignorance of evil, and gained very little in exchange. Right glad was I to go, and when Mrs Vane Trimmer delivered me up to the lady who was to *chaperone* me across 'the deep waters of the dark-blue sea,' she said most truly, 'Miss Heatherfield is a very different person from what she was upon coming to me from Scotland!'

LEARNED SOCIETIES IN FRANCE.

THE first volume of a work, to be continued annually, has been published under the authority of the French government, intended to furnish a periodical notice of the various scientific societies throughout the kingdom. The attempt is praiseworthy, as it will in all probability be the means of making generally known a number of useful institutions, which otherwise might never have been heard of beyond their immediate locality, and thus increase the stimulus of good example. The want of such a publication has often been felt in this country. How few persons are aware of the numerous provincial associations, each busy in its own neighbourhood, doing something, more or less, for the advancement of philosophy, science, and literature! The work under consideration contains some instructive particulars, from which a general idea may be gathered as to the state of learned societies on the other side of the channel.

Such societies, it has been remarked, more than other institutions, have passed harmless through political changes and convulsions. Generally speaking, rulers, whether wise or warlike, vicious or stupid, have afforded them a certain degree of countenance and protection: perhaps they may have had a suspicion that it was better to tolerate these assemblages, than that their promoters should betake themselves to the study of politics. From some of these societies, as in the reign of Louis XIV., an annual ode or triumphal poem was sent forth, in which the sovereign came in for more than his share of adulation. Among other notable events, this monarch's reign was marked by a considerable increase of associated bodies; they, however, did little besides discussing literary subjects, until the Revolution came, and gave them a new impulse. By a decree of the Convention, August 8, 1793, all the academies founded by royal letters-patent were suppressed; more, however, with a view to their reconstitution on a diffe-

rent basis, than from a desire for their abolition. At this period some of the Parisian associations were animated by as much zeal for science as their compatriots for liberty; more particularly the Philotechnic Society and the Athenæum of Arts. The members of the latter body sent a deputation with an honorary crown to the illustrious Lavoisier three days prior to his execution. It was at this time also that public courses of lectures were opened under Lamarck, Cuvier, Fourcroy, Monge, Chénier. Science was kept alive in the metropolitan institutions when learning in other parts of the country was terrified into silence.

The societies formed during the Empire were all more or less literary; and were so imperfectly constituted, as to have in most instances but a short existence. The Revolution of July 1830 gave a new impulse to intellectual culture, which, shared by the leisure orders of society, spread rapidly and extensively among the industrious classes. The new feeling was fostered by the minister Guizot, who, in one of his official circulars, wrote, 'the more elementary instruction becomes general and active, the more is it necessary that higher studies, great scientific undertakings, be equally progressive.' All societies were recommended to correspond with the minister of public instruction; and thus the first approaches were made towards active and systematic co-operation.

There are in Paris, at the present time, thirty-six learned societies, recognised and approved by the government; several of them, yielding to the movement of the age, have abandoned literature for positive science, while others have become little better than debating or musical societies. We have already alluded to the Athenæum of Arts. There is now a Royal Athenæum, where lectures are given on almost every subject—magnetism, Fourierism, homœopathy, cranioscopy in its relation to civil justice, the value of colour in the organic kingdom, folly considered as a discordance of the encephalic functions, being a few of the more remarkable. The lecturers are not paid; and the institution is said to be a sort of training-ground for aspiring savants. There is a Society of Literati—of dramatic authors, the latter numbering nearly five hundred members, all engaged on some branch of dramatic literature. The first Ethnological Society, we believe, was formed in Paris; it started in 1839, and has published two volumes of memoirs, or treatises upon the physical characteristics of mankind, their language, religion, belief, worship, traditions, influence of soil and climate upon different nations. London and New York now each reckon an Ethnological Society among their scientific associations. The Historical Institute, founded in 1833, has published eighteen volumes of memoirs, devoted chiefly to the history of France, its language, and early literature; while the Society of French Bibliophiles charges itself with the publication of inedited works, and reprints of old and rare books, which throw light on the ancient national history. During the thirty years that this latter society has existed, it has done good service by bringing to notice many important writings and documents which otherwise might never have been heard of. The Society of Antiquaries was founded by Napoleon in 1805. In the early years of its existence it was called the Celtic Society, and directed its attention more particularly to the customs and literature of ancient Gaul. In 1814, however, the members determined on taking a wider field of operations, and they now investigate antiquities generally, whether of art, science, literature, or philosophy.

The Geographical Society, which dates from 1821, as far as warranted by the funds at its disposal, undertakes the sending out of expeditions for foreign discovery. To this society we owe Caille's voyage and the discovery of Timbuctoo, as well as other important journeys. An annual prize of 1000 francs is awarded to any European traveller who, within the year, has made the most important geographical discovery: during eighteen years that the society has existed, the prize

has been awarded thirteen times. A second prize of 2000 francs was afterwards instituted by the Duke of Orleans for the geographer or traveller who shall have most benefited agriculture, manufactures, or humanity, by what he has brought with him into France from the countries he has visited. The society has paid away altogether 60,000 francs in prizes, published seven quarto volumes relating to ancient voyages, and forty-three volumes of the *Bulletin*, or what may be called geographical transactions.

Paris has also its Geological Society, devoted to the progress of the science in general, and the study of the soil of France in particular, in its relation to industrial art and agriculture. The society numbers 500 members, native and foreign: no other qualification is required than an introduction by two members, and a payment of thirty francs annually. A bulletin is published for the use of the subscribers, in which it is said a 'Report on the progress of geology during the past ten years' will shortly appear. Next we have the Entomological and Cuvierian Societies; membership in the latter, as we are informed, is constituted by subscription to the 'Zoological Review.' The Philomathic Society was established in 1788, and has reckoned some of the most eminent philosophers as its members—among whom may be mentioned Lacroix, Laplace, Chaptal, Ampère, Fresnel, Cuvier: it is sometimes called the Little Institute. The ablest philosophers of France are still in its ranks; its discussions are remarked by acumen and thoroughness of investigation; nothing is taken for granted, but every fact is rigidly demonstrated. The Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, founded in 1802, has had a most active and direct influence upon material progress: down to 1845 it has distributed 392,850 francs as prizes, all for objects beneficial to the national economy. It comprises a large body of individuals favourable to the cause of free trade, and earnest for the removal of impolitic restrictions. Education is not left unnoticed: there is a Society of Elementary Instruction, which, ever since its foundation in 1821, has laboured to bring instruction within reach of the poorer classes; particularly of children who, set to work at an early age, have no time for study through the day. Schools are opened for them at the hours most convenient for them to attend. The society has not been content to follow a stereotyped routine: it has gone on adding to its experience and improving its methods; training at the same time a band of skilful teachers to be distributed in the provinces; in addition to which, a 'Journal of Popular Education' has been published, abounding in excellent precepts and useful suggestions.

In common with other large capitals, Paris reckons among its institutions several devoted to active philanthropy; among these we may specify the Society of Christian Morals, established in 1821 by the Duke of Larochehoucauld-Liancourt, its object being the application of the precepts of Christianity to social relations; and, in the words of the statutes, to demonstrate 'that the greater part of the errors and vices which impede the course of truth, justice, and peace among men, originate in ignorance or forgetfulness of Christian principles.' There are 275 members in the society, divided into seven committees; each has special duties to perform: thus we find the committee of charity and beneficence—of orphans—of prisons—of peace—of moral amelioration—of the abolition of the slave trade, and last, for the moral improvement of the liberated. These committees leave national and sectarian differences quite out of sight in the discharge of their duties: their proceedings have been printed in forty volumes: they have correspondents in every part of the world, among others the Society of Universal Morality, recently formed at Constantinople by some benevolent Turks under the patronage of the sultan.

In addition to the societies already enumerated, there are eight connected with surgery and medicine, besides a multitude of others unchartered, and but little

known either to one another or to the public; these include sculptors, architects, painters, musicians, artisans of every degree, and orators. There are about 150 singing societies, composed exclusively of working-men; some of these require the candidate for admission to improvise a few couplets on wine, glory, or French song, as a title to membership. Apart from these useless requirements, it must be confessed that in these musical reunions the working-classes are taking a step in the right direction. It is, however, somewhat remarkable in the present day to see a Heraldic Society, whose occupation is to emblazon the arms of all its members upon long sheets of parchment: it may be perhaps the artistic amusement of a few idle people. Many of these last-mentioned societies are open to women: the ladies, too, have an Institute to themselves. In 1836, a course of lectures was opened at the Ranelagh, by a celebrated lady, on the social rights of women: from this arose the Ladies' Institute, which is now licensed. A rich and clever lady, noted for her literary enthusiasm, is at its head: the programme was most liberal: the female academicians were to be lodged and paid after the example of the Royal Institute; their first work is said to be a new dictionary of the French language. The first ten ladies were nominated in 1845, with power to elect their colleagues to the number of forty. It remains to be seen whether the labours of these female philosophers will have any stimulating effect upon those of the other sex.

Turning from the capital to the provinces, we find that, in 1788, there were in France forty-eight other societies of various pursuits, of which it was said by Voltaire 'they have created a spirit of emulation, have impelled to exertion, accustomed young men to useful studies, dissipated the prejudices and ignorance of certain cities, inspired politeness, and, as much as may be, driven out pedantry.' The eighty-six departments of France at present contain 189 learned societies, besides twelve archæological commissions, fifty agricultural societies, and 664 rural associations—showing a prodigious increase over the number for 1788. Many of these bodies publish annual reports of their proceedings. In point of literature, the predominance inclines to the southern section of the country; while in the north (the chief seat of manufactures) the subjects considered most worthy of attention are history, agriculture, and the application of science to industry. The most solid and active societies are said to be found in Toulouse, Strasburg, Caen, and Lyons; the difference, however, between these and other provincial towns is comparatively small. The associations, generally, still feel the impulse described by Lamartine in his address to his colleagues of the Macon Academy: 'You have felt, gentlemen, that knowledge is yours only on the condition that you diffuse it, and that to raise the low is to elevate the high. Around you all is progressing. Will you stand alone? will you suffer yourselves to be overtaken? No, gentlemen, men of leisure, or rather ourselves workmen, but workmen of thought and science, it is for us to be the first to participate in the movement. In a state of civilisation, where intelligence gives power, rank is maintained only by the maintenance of moral superiority; when the intellectual order is deranged, disorder is not far off.' As may be supposed, the publications of the various societies exhibit different degrees of science and utility; we may instance one specimen—a long treatise in the *Memoirs of the Scientific Society of l'Aube*, 'On the Influence of Coffee and Wine upon the Poetry and Literature of France'—in which the author decides that, while coffee may do very well for philosophers and mathematicians, wine is the only drink for poets. This, however, is an exception to the general rule, which is towards improvement. In some of the manufacturing towns, the societies have established courses of lectures explanatory of the relation of science to the arts, as a means of instructing large bodies of workmen; prizes have also been instituted, to be awarded by the operatives them-

selves. At Mulhouse, one of the seats of the cotton manufacture, an industrial museum has been founded; a technological library of 3000 volumes; two gratuitous schools, one for mechanics and linear drawing, the other for painting, attended by more than two hundred pupils: sixty prizes were distributed in 1842. The same example has been followed by the societies at Metz, Cambray, Nantes, and other places. The subjects chosen for their essays are usually those most affecting the wellbeing of the industrious portion of the population.

We have only space for a concluding word on the agricultural societies, which are said to comprise more than a million members. When it is remembered that in France the number of those engaged in the cultivation of the soil amounts to twenty-five millions, we shall become aware of the necessity that must exist for combined and energetic action among these societies. Model farms have been established, inducements are offered to the inventors of agricultural implements, which, with the large meetings frequently held for discussion, will probably lead to a knowledge of that great desideratum—the real capabilities of the soil.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

I AM at home now: I call it home because I have lived in these, my lodgings, for some years. My street has grown beneath my eyes; passing from its infancy of three new-built houses and a brick-field, through a comical, one-sided, half-paved youth, to the dignified maturity of a respectable suburban thoroughfare. The time when my sketch begins was between the first and second era—when there rose up before my gaze, instead of the brick-field, one solitary house—and its inhabitants became, *par excellence*, my 'opposite neighbours.'

It really was quite an event in my life when they came into possession, and I had positively something to look at and somebody to watch. Now, reader, misjudge me not; I am no prying old maid—though of necessity I sit at my window the greater part of the day: the secret is, I am a wood-engraver. Oh the weariness of labouring from breakfast-time till dusk, hearing no voices but the scoop—scoop—scoop of the tool against the wood, save when listening with nervous eagerness to the boom of the near church-clock, that marks the passing of another hour, every moment of which is worth so much precious coin! Oh the relief of lifting one's head for a brief space to drink in light and air, and to gain a few passing interests of life without that may drive away the throng of memories which such a dull, mechanical occupation cannot fail to bring! Surely 'my opposite neighbours,' if ever so retiring, would not have grudged me this innocent recreation.

They were very retiring indeed. They came into their new abode at dusk, and for several days I saw no specimens of living humanity except the small servant, a tidy, little, rosy-cheeked country-girl, who enlivened her dreary existence each morning by cleaning the steps, which, during the succeeding day, were never defiled by any footmarks save her own. Moreover, if there were no visible inhabitants, it also seemed as if there was no visible furniture, for the drawing-room shutters were kept closed, and the parlour blinds half-drawn down.

However, ere the week ended, I saw, placed within the wire-blind, one of those framed advertisements which are used by 'genteel' professions. It bore the inscription, 'Miss WATERS, Milliner.' I saw, too, the hand that was placing it there—one evidently belonging to a young woman—round, pretty, and rosy. And on the very next day, Sunday, I beheld its owner.

At church-time two persons walked out of the house, one a girl, apparently just gliding out of her teens into maturer womanhood; the other a tall thin stripling of a boy. They were very like one another—brother and sister apparently—and both wore that fresh simplicity which we designate 'a country look.' Moreover, as the boy took his elder sister's prayer-book, and gave her his arm to lean on, it was with an air of independent dignity, as much as to say, 'I'm quite a man at last.'

For months I never saw anybody in the house but these two. I supposed they lived there all alone, a desolate, perhaps orphaned pair. Oh the number of those who are early doomed to merge youth's pleasures in age's lurking cares—to spend their life's tender spring in self-dependent but bitter toil, and so grow old long ere winter comes!

I pictured to myself a cold, half-furnished house, and the brother and sister—forced misers!—sitting with pale, early-wrinkled brows, counting up their little store. Little it must be, for there came no customers to 'Miss Waters, Milliner.' And as for the boy, I saw him pass in and out daily, not with the quick, active, self-important step of one who 'must be at his office at nine,' but with the dull lounge of one who has no occupation, no aim in life. He grew taller and thinner every day, his long limbs shaming the boy's jacket—a shabby one too—which he still wore. At last, from taking his walks in the broad noon, he never went out until dusk. Poor lad! I well guessed why. Moreover, his sister now went to church alone. I marvelled not that it was with a drooping head, and a veil scarcely ever raised—but still she went.

'God help her!' I said to myself. 'One-half the fellow-worshippers will never know, and never heed, how solemnly to her sounds the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."'

One morning I was surprised to notice on the window a second framed inscription—'Mr ALFRED WATERS, Artist.' And then I penetrated into a little mystery which had puzzled me for weeks—namely, that the shutter of the second-floor window was almost always kept half-closed. At once I pictured to myself the poor young artist's studio—the self-made easel, the common colour-box, and all the adjuncts of that wretched struggle of genius against poverty.

'Simpleton that I am!' I sometimes said to myself, 'how do I know that the lad's a genius! May he not be one of those lazy drones who take to art because daubing canvas, and lounging about, sketch-book in hand, seems easier than learning a trade?'

But I looked in the boy's face as he sat one evening at his attic window, gazing out on the sunset, and I knew that he *was* a genius. And if so, what miserable heart-burnings he must have felt—what shame in being obliged to make money out of the crude productions which in years to come he would wish consigned to oblivion—what self-degradation in writing up after his name the word 'artist,' just as he might have written 'bricklayer!' Poor fellow! I had almost rather have read in his face the assurance of conceited puppyism than of delicate, sensitive genius.

My young friends—for so I called them in my heart—had interested me for at least six months. One day, a little before Christmas-time, I sat speculating rather drearily on my own Christmas and on theirs—how lonely both would be spent, and what a pity it was that I had not riches at command to send them in anonymously a capital Christmas dinner, and invite myself to dine with them!

As I looked, there seemed to be a slight confusion in the house; and through the opened folding-doors I distinguished the pretty, slight figure of Lucy Waters flitting to and fro, clearly visible between the windows. She moved cheerily, as one does in pleasant expectation, now stirring the fire, now arranging the table, and anon pressing her cheek close to the frosty pane, and looking anxiously down the street. She was evidently waiting for some person or persons unknown. I thought to myself pensively, how happy it was to have some one to wait for, anxiously, expectantly—to arrange all little things—to watch and keep the fire bright and blazing—to wheel the easy-chair, and have the pet footstool ready—to listen eager, yet trembling, for the striking of the appointed hour—and then to sit down and try to 'play patience'—perhaps indifference, talk of common things, and look quite calm and careless—as though the heart within were not leaping wildly at every sound. Ah, fool!—fool! to call up such visions when thou sittest silent, looking down

the murky street, along which no foot will come; or gazing with dull, vacant stare upon the winter fire, that will shine upon no face save that pale, tear-blinded one—thine own! But patience, patience; if hope may come no more to thy lonely hearth, there sits there ever—one whom no chance or change can now take from thee—the solemn, meek-browed angel Memory!

I could gaze no longer on my opposite neighbour. So, remembering that I had a block to take home, I put on my bonnet and walked out. As I opened the street-door, a trunk-laden railway cab drove up, and there was an inquiry for the name of 'Waters.' Just then a stream of light darted on the wet pavement, from an opened door on the opposite side, and the long thin boy came bounding across the narrow street.

'Father—mother—here's the house. Lucy, hold the light: they're come at last!'

So my young people were not orphans. It took away from the romance, but it added to the joy. Ah, they at least would keep a happy Christmas-day!

I knew they did. I saw them all go to church together, the boy supporting his mother, and Lucy leaning on her bluff old father's arm. Then, judging from their appearance, I added to my romance that of a ruined country farmer, whose duteous children had tried to make for their broken-down parents a London home. Well, poor as it was, there was great joy within its walls this day. The little family had a visitor, too, a tall young man, who, in mien and bearing, was superior to any of them, except Lucy. At dusk, when, thanks to the firelight and the undrawn blind, I had a complete Dutch picture of the whole circle, I noticed how the guest sat between old Mrs Waters and her daughter. And once, when a clear bright gleam flashed on her face, I saw Lucy regarding him with a look of such intense pride—such deep tenderness! 'Ah,' thought I, 'it is the old tale once more.'

After that time I did not wonder to see the stranger knocking certainly thrice a week at the Waters' door. Smiling, I sometimes repeated Hood's rhyme—

'There is a young man very fond
Of calling o'er the way.'

He always came at the same hour, and I generally guessed the time by seeing Lucy sit, working at the parlour-window, her eyes glancing every five minutes down the street. And when the door was opened to him, it was ten to one that the janitor was no other than Lucy's own smiling self.

Thus matters went on for several months. There was apparently a decided improvement in their circumstances, though whether through the increase of Miss Waters's business I could not tell. But I rather thought not, especially as there appeared in addition to the millinery advertisement one which informed the public in general that within there was 'wax flower-making taught on moderate terms.' Also, shortly after, I noticed a 'Times' advertisement, stating that 'A respectable person would be glad to have intrusted to his charge bookkeeping, the collecting of accounts, &c.:' also that there were 'unfurnished apartments to be let in a quiet family.' The address no other than that of my friends the Waterses.

Truly, if ever there was a hard-working, struggling family, it was my opposite neighbours.

They were to me a positive blessing. It did me good to have such sweet heart-warming interests—although all secret. And little harm my watching did them. The old mother, coming in blithely from her small marketings, knew not of a hidden eye that, gazing, wished that ten-fold plenty might come to her basket and her store: the boy-artist was none the worse for the sympathies that penetrated his half-closed shutters—understanding well the life he led within: and when Lucy and her lover—as of course he was—walked out together in the gloaming, were they less happy because of the silent blessing that followed their footsteps from the heart which felt the more what such wealth of love must be, because itself through life had been so poor!

One evening they took a shorter walk than usual, and when they re-entered the house, I saw Lucy's hand-

kerchief to her eyes. It made me quite unhappy: I thought of it constantly, as I sat at my engraving till late at night. When I went up stairs at last, I looked mechanically over the way: there was still a lamp burning in the Waterses little parlour. Then I saw the door open, and Lucy, holding a light, stood in the passage. Beside her was their usual guest—her supposed lover. They stood talking for many minutes, he clasping her hand all the time. At last he moved to depart; she put down the light, and throwing her arms round his neck, hung there in such utter abandonment of woe, that I felt the parting was not for a day, a week, but one of those farewells that wring the very heart-strings of youth.

He went away—the door closed—and there was darkness. What darkness must then have fallen on that poor girl's soul! I knew—none better than I!

After that night I never saw the lover again—Lucy took her evening walks alone. For a time I fancied that her step was slow, and her head bent; but these tokens of grief changed. Youth can bear so much, and for so long. In spite of her trouble, Lucy Waters looked well and pretty, and I was glad to see her so. Moreover, the family fortunes seemed still improving, for ere summer ended, the drawing-room shutters were at last taken down, furniture came, and, I supposed, an inhabitant—for there appeared on the door a goodly brass-plate with 'MR GAMBIE, Surgeon.'

I saw this said individual in due time. He was rather small—and I, like most little women, have an aversion to little men; he wore green spectacles, which I hate; he was slightly bald; and might have been any age from thirty to fifty. I did not take any interest in him at all. I only noticed that he seemed on good terms with the Waterses, and went to church with them every Sunday.

'Pray can you tell me anything about your opposite neighbours?' said to me one of those few benignant friends who take compassion on my loneliness, and now and then enliven my engraving by chatting to me the while.

I did not like to reveal what was only a romance founded on guess-work, so I answered, 'Why do you ask?'

'Because I saw they taught wax-flower-making, and I wanted my Harriet to learn—just for amusement. So I went in there to-day, and saw the nicest family. Such a mild-looking old woman is the mother—and the daughter, Miss Lucy Waters, so very pretty and lady-like! I was quite charmed. Positively Harriet shall learn of her.'

And Harriet did: and consequently Harriet—the most blithe, good-natured lassie that ever sported through her teens—was continually putting her merry face in at my parlour-door, with various legends of my opposite neighbours; legends, too, always of the most favourable kind. Never was there such a charming old lady as Mrs Waters, such a clever youth as Mr Alfred, and such a complete angel in every way as Miss Lucy!

One day my friend Harriet sprang into my room with such a burst of joyance that I was quite overpowered.

'Oh, Letty!'—(Reader, do you know the sort of people whom everybody calls by their Christian names—all except the very wee folk, towards whom they bear a universal aunt-hood? Well, such am I!)—'Oh, Letty, I've found it out now. I thought I should. I know why they're all been smiling, and whispering, and dressmaking, and putting off my lessons now and then; and'—

'Well, my lassie—why?'

'Because she's going to be married: sweet, darling Lucy Waters is going to be married. They're all so glad; and so am I, even though I wish it had been somebody younger and handsomer than that quiet Mr Gambier.'

'Mr Gambier!' My block fell to the floor. 'Impossible, child! Don't tell me so—don't let me think that pretty, quiet creature, such a'—

I stopped. I would not for worlds have revealed what I knew. I pressed down the indignation, the scorn, which rose up in my bosom. I listened to Harriet's story of the merry wedding to be next week, the bride's good-luck, the bridegroom's excellent property.

'Ay, there it is!' I said to myself when my young favourite was gone. 'One more added to the list of weak-minded, unstable women: faithless, heartless; changing their lovers as easily as their gloves; ready to marry anybody, so that they are married at last. Oh, Lucy, Lucy! to think that you should be one of these!'

When, next day, I saw her walk down the street leaning on Mr Gambier's arm, looking so quietly happy, as a betrothed bride should, I positively hated the girl. I would have gone from home on the wedding-day, so as not to see the atrocious sacrifice of broken faith; but that foolish, bewitching Miss Harriet came with her coaxing ways, to beg she might see the wedding from my windows. I never can refuse that lassie anything, so I stayed. But I would not go near the window.

'Tell me all you see, Harriet dear.' And so she did, and a great deal more too; for her little tongue ran on unceasingly about the 'people over the way,' especially Mr Gambier.

'Don't, child—I hate to hear about him,' said I snappishly. 'The disagreeable, ugly old man!'

'Old man! Why, he is only just past thirty. Lucy told me so; and she loves him so much, and says he is the best man in all the world.'

'The wretch!' I muttered, thinking of that night—the wild embrace—the mournful parting. How dared she stand where they two stood—cross the same threshold which he crossed—he to his eternal exile, she to her marriage altar!

'Harriet, my dear child!'—And I went up, intending to read my young friend a homily against faithlessness, when I saw, standing by the Waterses parlour-window, a young man—he with whom Lucy had so often walked.

'Tell me, Harriet, do you know who is that man?' I cried.

'Who! He with the curly brown hair—so handsome! Why, 'tis Lucy's brother—her elder brother, and her favourite. He is a tutor in a gentleman's family. He helped to maintain them all, and used to come and see them very often, till he went abroad travelling. Lucy almost broke her heart at parting with him, she loved him so much.'

'Bless Lucy—God bless sweet Lucy!' I muttered, feeling half-ready to cry. What an idiot I had been! And yet the mistake was quite natural. Only I erred in one thing—I should have trusted that innocent, loving face. I should have guessed that it was the sure token of a true woman's heart.

'But yet,' said I, smiling, to Harriet, when I had told her of my blunder, and she had quizzed me heartily, 'I don't quite see why Lucy should marry such a man as Mr Gambier.'

'There you are, Letty, judging by appearances again. Why, that is the most noble part of Lucy Waters's story. She knew him from her childhood, and he was so good and generous! He saved her mother's life too in a long, weary illness; and then, just before he came to lodge with them, he was very near dying himself too—dying of a broken-heart, because he thought Lucy could not care for an old-looking, ugly man. And he would not ask her to marry him from gratitude. And she does not; she marries him from love—real love. Look at her now!'

Lucy came to the door with Mr Gambier—the worthy, noble man! Even with his small stature and his green spectacles he looked a perfect Apollo in my eyes, and so he would in those of his happy wife—evermore!

I have been a year absent from my little home—not from pleasure, but from duty—what duty I may tell some time, not now. I returned hither last week, to live my lonely, peaceful life of old. My first look was to my opposite neighbours.

'Mr Gambier, Surgeon,' still flourished on the hall-door; but there were no other professional inscriptions. Only, my maid told me, the old people came there every day, and must consequently live very near. And accidentally taking up a catalogue of the Water-Colour Exhibition, I saw among the W's, *Alfred Waters*. 'Bravo!' I thought, 'my young genius: here is a good beginning!'

To-night, as I sit writing, somewhere near twelve o' the clock, I am quite disturbed by the sound of music and

dancing 'over the way.' The Gambiers are quite right to be merry if they choose; but really—Ah, I remember now! this very morning I saw a cab at the door, and old Mrs Waters being handed therein, together with a bundle of white lace and muslin.

Oh the wretches! They are absolutely giving a christening party!

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

SUNDSVALL—GEFLE—DANNEMORA MINES.

SUNDSVALL, which I had now reached, was an important point in my tour. It is situated half-way up the Gulf of Bothnia, and is a port of considerable importance for the business of ship-building and the exportation of timber. There is no more considerable place to the north, the only towns of any consequence in that direction being Pitea and Tornea, the latter of which is the frontier town of Russia. I might have come from Alten by a direct route of 430 English miles to Tornea, and thence along the gulf by a steamer to Sundsvall, which would have saved me the necessity of doubling that portion of my route between Trondhiem and Alten; but not merely was my having a carriage waiting at Trondhiem unfavourable to this plan, but I shrunk from the roughness, not to speak of danger, attending a journey, the first part of which is performed in a pulk drawn by reindeer along pathless mountains, and the second part in a cockle-shell of a boat down a river full of rapids, where safety is entirely due to the incessant vigilance and singular skill of the boatmen. I afterwards learned that one of the gentlemen whom I had met at Kaafjord in quest of salmon-fishing adopted this line on his way home, and was much delighted with his adventures; but he numbered twenty years less than I, which makes a considerable difference in the qualifications for such a mode of travelling.

Our usual home-staying ideas about a place in a situation like that of Sundsvall are almost sure to do it injustice, in as far as they are apt to associate it with rudeness. Sundsvall I found a very neat, cheerful-looking town of about 2000 inhabitants, many of whom have all the appearances expected in the gentlemen and ladies of the most refined parts of Europe. There is a goodly harbour of shipping; I found at least two booksellers' shops; the hotel is tolerable; and there is a dignified-looking church on the *ös*, which runs through the town, in a line parallel to the river. Several British merchants are established in Sundsvall, and to two of these I had letters of introduction. The letters, being committed to the landlord of the Kallare, were despatched in different directions to places seven miles distant, and I hoped to see next morning one or other of the gentlemen addressed. Owing to the distance, however, and the briefness of my stay in the place, these letters were unproductive of any advantage to me; but I felt interested in the illustration the affair afforded of the value of such labour in Sweden, as the charge for the two messages proved to be only about 1s. 9d. English.

While in this district, I had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the observations made by employers regarding the dispositions of the labouring-class. It was stated, that while capital was certainly finding profitable fields of operation in this country, particularly in the collection and exportation of timber, it was much less available, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining efficient labour, than it otherwise might be. The common people, having usually something of their own in the ground whereon they may depend, show little inclination to undertake work for hire. When the harvest has been good, this inclination becomes proportionally less. They are also under strong feelings of jealousy and suspicion towards employers, dreading to be taken advantage of in any engagement they may form; from which cause they often grievously cheat themselves. It is remarkable that we thus find little hold-

ings telling in Sweden in exactly the same way as they are alleged to do in England, where, as we well know, the farmers oppose, for the very same reason, everything like allotments. How far it might be a temporary result, and how far we might trust to common commercial principles to bring the labouring-class in time to better views, I cannot pretend to decide. Neither shall I undertake to pronounce that capitalists would be justifiable in preventing arrangements which could be proved as certain to favour the morality of the labouring-class, merely because they would thereby be rendered less easy to be tempted into hiring labour. I have only deemed it worth while to chronicle the observation, which I was told had been made, leaving it to take its place, and have its due effect, when the great question of the moral and political effects of unmixed hiring labour comes, as come it must, to be discussed in the presence of anxious nations.

We embarked at two o'clock p. m. (August 30) on board the steamer *Nordland*, which we expected to deposit us on the second morning thereafter at Gefle. I was agreeably surprised to have, as a fellow-passenger, Mr Axel Dickson, one of the sons of the eminent merchant, Mr James Dickson of Gottenburg. We had last met in Scotland, whither the young gentleman had been sent that he might study agriculture, and so be able to take charge of some extensive estates which his father has acquired in this part of Sweden. The steamer afforded but narrow sleeping accommodations, and it was rather crowded with passengers; nevertheless we enjoyed the voyage. I everywhere found low shores, composed chiefly of rounded rock, and bristling with pine woods. We made short stoppages at two considerable towns on the coast, Hudiksvall and Soderhamn; but our saunter there presented us only with the agreeable spectacle of a thriving mercantile population.

Gefle (pronounced Yefle), where we landed in due time, is situated on low ground at the head of an estuary. It is a town of 8000 inhabitants, containing some handsome streets, the result of modern prosperity in the timber-exporting trade, while several neat villas, belonging to the principal merchants, shine out through the woods along the neighbouring shores. There is a thriving iron-foundry in a little valley about a mile from Gefle, and, rather oddly, this place, with its rows of houses for the working-people, seemed to us the prettiest spot about the town. Close by is an extensive cemetery of modern date, containing many elegant mausolea, in one of which, belonging to an affluent merchant, we found a picture of the Last Day, very beautifully executed by a native artist. At Gefle, at this time, a cotton-spinning establishment is about to be erected by an English company, under the encouragement which protective duties give to native manufactures.

This part of the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia is noted in geological history, on account of the observations made in its neighbourhood for ascertaining the supposed upward movement of the land. The progressive shallowing of the seas in this district has been observed for more than a century, being attributed by the common people to a retirement or sinking of the water, but by men of science to a rise of the land. Observations to exactly the same purport have been made on the other side of the Swedish peninsula, near Gottenburg; while the southern point of Sweden is, on the contrary, believed to be sinking, because at Malmö old pavements are found under the present streets, and several feet beneath the level of the sea. From time to time marks have been made on rocks in or bordering on the sea, so as to ascertain the ratio of the movement; and two of these are within a short half-day's sail of Gefle. Being anxious to embrace the opportunity of seeing these objects, I obtained such introductions from my young friend Mr Axel Dickson, as resulted in my being favoured with the guidance of a gentleman named Lötman, who was fully acquainted with the localities. It was arranged that we should drive next morning in our carriages to a place at a few miles' distance on the coast,

and thence proceed to the marked rock at Löggrund by a sailing-boat.

At an early hour the carriages were ready to start, each with its pair of horses, when Mr Lötman came to tell us that he had secured a much superior means of conveyance in a small pleasure steamer, for which only a trifling fee would have to be paid. We accordingly remanded the four horses. It seems not unworthy of remark that the proprietor of the animals, who had had the trouble of bringing and yoking them, asked only a rix-dollar (1s. 1½d.) as compensation. Under an unreflecting instinct I gave him two, which of course made his *Tak för betalla* (thanks for payment) unusually impressive, but must have tended to spoil him for other travellers.

At nine we started by the steamer, and at twelve had reached Löggrund, a small low wooded island, where a mark had been made so long ago as 1731. In trying to get to shore, I sustained the only accident of my whole expedition in a partial plunge, from which my faithful Quist quickly extricated me. Entering a fisherman's cottage, in order to put on some dry clothes, I was agreeably surprised at the cleanliness, comfort, and tokens of good living which appeared in it, as well as by the superior manners of the people. In our country, a fisherman is a man left utterly behind in the march of civilisation, and whose *ménage* is not much superior to that of a North American Indian. In Sweden, he presents the domestic appearances which we usually see in the house of a small farmer. Having procured the services of the fisherman and his boat, we were taken out into a small shallow bay, where a large angular block of stone starts up above the waves. On coming close to the seaward side of this rock, we readily traced upon it, near its top, a deep level score, roughly executed by a chisel, with the date '1731' carved above it. The story is, that a native professor named Rudman, having committed a manslaughter, took refuge for a winter in this lonely island, where he obtained shelter among the fishermen, and was safe for the time from the fangs of justice. Having heard these people talking much of the sinking of the sea, he made this mark, in order that future observers might ascertain if such was the case. Mr (now Sir) Charles Lyell visited the rock in 1834, and found Professor Rudman's mark two feet seven inches above the surface of the water; implying, according to the ideas of the modern geologist, that the land had risen about thirty inches in a century. We now found the water about six inches below the mark Sir Charles then made at its surface, implying a continued rise of the land at about the same rate. It was not easy to determine this point exactly, for, owing to a wind blowing towards shore, the waves rose and fell on the face of the rock, and were sometimes fully above the lower groove; up to which point, I may remark, in consequence of this dash of the water, there were minute whelks adhering. Nevertheless, having brought the boat alongside the rock, and thus made the water as calm as possible, it was admitted by all present that the surface was fully six inches below Sir Charles Lyell's mark. It may be remarked that the Gulf of Bothnia, while unaffected by tides, is liable to be raised and lowered to some small extent by the direction of the winds. On the present occasion, however, the boatman assured us that the water was at about its ordinary level for the season—this season being the same almost to a day as that in which Sir Charles's observation was made. The boatman also assured us that he remembered, forty years ago, when the water stood considerably above the situation of the lower groove. The only circumstance which gave the least reason for doubt was, that the rock, being a loose block near shore, might be supposed liable, during winter, to be beset with ice, and in that state carried by the waves a little nearer to land, in which case the mark would seem to rise progressively above the waves, while in reality no shift of the relative level of sea and land took place. Here we have a source of fallacy which I am surprised was not formerly remarked; but it must

at the same time be owned that, from other and more assured observations, there is exceedingly small likelihood that any fallacy has actually taken place in the present instance.

I was led to expect that we should see another mark at Edsko Sund, a few miles off; but a disappointment in obtaining a pilot prevented our reaching it. Mr Lötmann, who saw it ten years ago, says it is upon a rock called St Olaf's Stone, which rises in a sound about a cable length from either shore, and to a height of thirty or forty feet, and is therefore, he has no doubt, a fixed rock. The mark made here in 1820 was found by Mr Lyell, fourteen years after, only 1.66 foot above the water, a space so small as to be of no assignable account in the case.

We left Gefle at seven in the morning (September 3), and proceeded in the direction of Elfkärlby, designing to visit the celebrated Dannemora Mines. Elfkärlby is remarkable on account of certain falls which the river Dall there makes, just before it reaches the sea. We found that the river is divided by two little islands, and that it pours down the intermediate channels rather in the manner of a rapid than of a cascade. The effect of the vast mass of turbulent water is nevertheless very fine. Our journey to-day was over low but undulating ground, composed of alternate rock and plain, and generally covered with wood. Almost for the first time for a month the weather had become genial; and so the insect world of the woods was in great activity. I was particularly struck by the abundance of dragonflies of various species. It seemed to me as if I had never in my whole life seen one-tenth of the number of the *Libellula* which met my eyes during this one day. The rock surfaces are invariably rounded; where weathering has not taken place, the scratches are generally in a north and south direction, or from north north-west to south south-east. Many of the more prominent masses have abrupt *lee sides*, where the glacial agency has evidently not operated. These are oftenest to the south, sometimes to the east, sometimes to the west, but never north.

At Löfsta we passed the iron-works and magnificent mansion of Count de Geer (pronounced Yeer), who is said to be one of the richest men in Sweden. The iron-mines of Sweden, it may be remarked, are one of its principal sources of wealth. The article is said to be nowhere else of superior quality. We were told that the Geer family originated in a humble Dutchman of a past age, who, coming into Sweden, applied himself successfully to this department of the national industry. It is thought that his descendant usually realises fifty thousand a year. His house was the first country-mansion of the least pretensions to grandeur which I had seen in Scandinavia. In the evening we came to Östrebý, and obtained accommodation in a private dwelling set aside for strangers visiting the mines, which are only one and a-half mile distant.

Rising before six next morning, we had a pleasant walk across a series of low meadows very much like those of England, and bearing exceedingly rich clover. On arriving at our destination, we found ourselves too early, the works not being in operation till seven. The interval we employed in examining the general arrangements. In a rocky ridge, rising little above the flat of the aforesaid meadows, there are three profound pits, two of them perhaps 100 feet in diameter, and one of them 300 by 100. One is upwards of 700 feet deep; another about 400. The downward view into these abysses is lost in smoky shades. The sides are varied by projections and transverse arched masses, on which heavy weeds are seen growing. Openings in the sides lead into galleries, which laterally penetrate the ground. Men go down to the ledges by ladders, and agonize the beholder by seeming to work on little slopes and prominences destitute of all proper footing. Others descend to the bottom by cranes projecting from the edge of the pit.

A little while after our arrival the men began to

assemble in their coarse homely dresses; but before going to work, they met in groups in small outhouses where their tools are kept, and here we witnessed an interesting ceremony. One of the number gave out a hymn, which the party thereafter sang. Then the same man uttered a prayer, and afterwards some sacred poetry, to which all listened reverentially. While we stood outside, listening to these devotions, several of the men came up, took off their caps, and joined in the service. It was most affecting to see these simple people, who daily expose themselves to a dangerous trade for their livelihood, thus put themselves into the hands of their Creator, resigned to every contingency which might arise in the course of His providence. When their devotions were concluded, all proceeded to their work; and it was curious to observe them spreading themselves over the sides of the pit, and commencing their various duties of digging and blasting.

Finding that strangers are taken down into one of the pits for a small fee, which goes towards a charitable fund for the benefit of old and disabled workmen, we put ourselves into a bucket suspended from one of the cranes, and commenced a slow descent. The steep black walls, the mouths of the lateral galleries, the men seemingly clinging to the ledges where they were working, and the look up to the blue sky above, made it a strange and exciting situation. After five minutes of constant descent we reached the bottom, which we found composed of rough and irregular rock, partially covered with a deep bed of snow, partly with men preparing blastings, and under so cold a temperature, that we were fain to move about as actively as possible, in order to keep ourselves in some degree of comfort. Such are the iron-mines of Dannemora. The men, we afterwards found, have wages which an English workman would regard as miserably low. Whether, as one often sees in Sweden, their efficiency as workmen is in proportion, I cannot tell. One of them, seeing a gentleman of our party munching a piece of common white-flour biscuit, expressed curiosity about it; and Quist then desired the gentleman to show the people what he was eating. My young fellow-traveller immediately distributed a few pieces, which the men regarded with as much wonder as an English labourer would feel respecting pillau or edible birds'-nests. An old man, after turning his piece over and over, and chewing a little bit, put the remainder carefully into his tobacco-pouch, in order to take it home and show it to his wife. The simplicity of all this was a little amusing; but, what was better, it went to the heart.

After breakfasting at our lodging—where, by the by, we had a *chedar* or capercaillie as one dish—I parted with my young fellow-travellers, who proposed going directly to Stockholm, while it was my design to diverge to Öregrund before taking that course. My solitary journey led me over a low country generally covered with wood, but often presenting flat or rounded rocky surfaces, the strise on which were north and south by compass. Coming near the sea at Öregrund, I found some flats of polished rock of extraordinary extent—certainly, in some instances, upwards of an acre. The road passes over these surfaces without greatly injuring their smoothness. Reaching the little seaport of Öregrund about five o'clock on a beautiful calm evening, I immediately obtained a boat, with two men, and, attended by Quist, sailed out to an island called Gräsö (Grass Island), where the level of the sea was marked in 1820. The place is about three English miles from the harbour, on the face of a vertical rock which goes sheer down 22 feet beneath the waves, therefore exceedingly well qualified for the purpose. The sea was this evening (September 4) perfectly still, so that there was not more than an inch of wet rock above the usual level observably maintained by it. The men said that they considered the sea as at present about a medium height for the season. In the more rainy times of the year it will be four or five inches higher; during the prevalence of north-west winds it will be upwards of two feet

higher. The surface this evening was *eleven inches* below the line cut by Mr Flumen, September 13, 1820—for such was the date inscribed above the score. If, then, the sea was in the same conditions on the two occasions, my observation indicates a shift of the relative level of sea and land in this place to the extent of eleven inches in twenty-nine years, being a rate surprisingly near to that denoted by the Löggrund rock.

The charges for everything in this district are remarkably moderate. My two boatmen charged me only one dollar banco (twentypence) for their afternoon's work—six miles of rowing. At the clean, neatly-furnished house where I lodged, I had a good meal with coffee in the evening, my bed, and an excellent meal for breakfast, including two dishes of warm meat, a preparation of eggs, and some preserve (I thought wild cherries); besides which, my servant had a counterpart of all these entertainments. The bill was 3.42 rix-dollars, something less than 4s. 3d. sterling. It is a neat, cheerful-looking town, and the abraded surfaces in and near it, and dipping all along the shore into the waves, would convert even Sir Roderick Murchison into a glacialist.

I had a fine day for the drive across the low country to Upsala. After passing the station of Haberga, the houses diminished in number, though not in size; and the fields increased in extent, and became improved in point of culture. I was told of a show of stock and agricultural implements expected to take place on the ensuing day, when it was likely that fully 2000 people would attend. Here, I accordingly inferred, agricultural improvement is in progress. It is, however, of native growth, for there are no English or Scotch in the district. I was shown, indeed, an English plough; but, like some others within sight, it was drawn by oxen. The ruminant animal is much used in this portion of Sweden for purposes of draught. I had never before had an opportunity of observing the character of the ordinary arrangement for ox-draught, and I felt surprised at its barbarism. The yoke, laid across the necks of the animals—that article so noted in ancient writings, and which has ever been the ready metaphor for bondage and oppression—is designed merely to sustain a fillet on their brows, or rings slipped round their horns, by which the attachment to the animals of the thing drawn by them is effected. The draught thus proceeds from the head and neck, on which it must produce a painful strain, because the neck is never allowed to get into a line, but is always curved backwards. The proper seat of draught for such an animal would be the chest, by which the muscular force of the limbs would come into full play. It is strange to consider that cattle have thus had their strength misused, and been subjected to a needless torture, through Scriptural and classical times, and even down to the present day, in consequence of a piece of gross ignorance in their masters. Verily, friend Flaccus might well speak of—

—'Vomerem inversum boves
Cotto trahentes languido.'

I was now on the road to Upsala, the old university town of Sweden, where many objects interesting to the historical antiquary are to be seen. During the remainder of the day's journey thither, little that is worthy of remark occurred, but I continued to feel some interest in the rock-surfaces occasionally presented. The stria or scratches seen on these are so certain to be north and south, that they form an infallible indication of the points of the compass without the help of any instrument. Once or twice I suspected that a change of direction had taken place, and descended in order to test the matter by the instrument, when it immediately appeared that I had been deceived by a turn of the road. The wonder, however, is great how a sheet of ice could move over a flat open country with so steady a direction. Wherever a ridge starts up, it is usually sloped up from the north, with smooth sides on the east and west, but on the south usually ends abruptly, with a train of fragments scattered along for

a little way. Blocks of huge size are likewise seen on many of the smoothed surfaces in this district, less frequently on the intermediate plains of soft ground. One of these was not less than twenty feet high.

At five in the evening I came in sight of Upsala, which has from that direction a very striking appearance, its three principal structures, the schlot (palace), university library, and cathedral, being all placed conspicuously on a lofty bank, with the mass of the town nestling in the plain beneath. My worthy charioteer was now evidently getting into high spirits because, I believe, he found himself for the first time during two months in a country which he had seen before. Curious to learn from him what sort of town Upsala was, I asked, and received for answer, 'You see, much boy here, sir'—a definition of a university town which perhaps in some instances, in my own country, would not be much below the truth. We took up our quarters at the post-house, a plain and not very clean establishment, which is admitted to be the best place offered in Upsala for the accommodation of strangers. When I had overcome a few of the first difficulties, I found it far from uncomfortable. R. C.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

A FARMYARD.

Mrs Wright. I HOPE you are better, Brian?

Brian. I am, an' please your ladyship; quite a'most recovered. That cup o' warm soup was a fine medicine.

Mrs Wright. This sort of weakness in a young strong-looking man is very unusual. It is strange for a man to faint without some serious cause for it.

Brian. It is, my lady. I can't say how the weakness tuk me all of a sudden, an' I jist going to give the horses a turn, an' come down the long field agin.

Mrs Wright. You have no pain anywhere, have you?

Brian. Not a pain, nor an ache, nor an ha'p'orth, 'cept jist about the heart: a kin' o' weakness.

Mrs Wright. Did you dine to-day?

Brian. Well, thin, I did not.

Mrs Wright. Did not Kitty bring your dinner?

Brian. She did not.

Mrs Wright. Did she bring your dinner yesterday, or the day before? You see you must be honest with me.

Brian. I didn't incline for to ate, my lady.

Mrs Wright. Or was it that little Brian at home wanted more food than your sisters were able to give him, eh? I thought you looking ill; and I have been making my inquiries, and I find that you have latterly been in the habit of going without your dinner that there might be enough to spare for your little nephew.

Brian. He's named for me, my lady, an' I stud for 'im; an' ye see Pat made a bad match of it—ran off wid a girl that had nothin', and little since; and what small matter they had, they made a bad hand of; an' there's hapes o' childer, an' I thought that by takin' the one that was named for me, the rest would be some-thin' lighter on them.

Mrs Wright. But you could not do this and do justice to yourself, Brian.

Brian. I could not, my lady; and that's God's truth.

Mrs Wright. You meant very kindly by your imprudent brother; but I cannot say that you did right.

Brian. My lady?

Mrs Wright. I must explain to you that you did not do right. You have an old infirm father, two young sisters, and a lame brother to help to support by your labour. By bringing this other mouth among them, you deprive them of just so much as you give him.

Brian. They're willin' to lose it, yer ladyship: they never says a word: they're quite content to share wid one another.

Mrs Wright. But they have not enough, Brian, for

you have been obliged to go without one meal a day yourself in order to leave the more for them.

Brian. Ye see we was in hopes the times would come round a bit; and Tommy does be makin' thim cherry-nets yer ladyship had him tached; an' by the blessin' o' God, we expect to sell them shortly to the gintry in the summer season; an' the girls does be knittin' and sewin'; an', plase God, the hay will be comin' on, and the weedin' in the master's turnip-field—long life to him!—an' I'll ate my dinner from this out as a satisfaction to yez.

Mrs Wright. Well, Brian, I am sure I hope all these bright days may come; but in the meantime—

Brian. God is good, my lady.

Mrs Wright. I see you can't understand that you have hurt your father and sisters by adding your godson to your family. Now, how do you think you have acted by your master?

Brian. By the master! Sure I never hurted the master aither by aitin' or by lettin' it alone: nor wouldn't; for he's a good un', and desarnes I shouldn't.

Mrs Wright. And yet you have not served him honestly. [*Brian stares.*] He pays you wages, does he not?

Brian. He does, and good uns. Every Monday mornin', as the bell rings after breakfast, he has it ready counted out upon the table in the little office. Sorra one ever waited for the master's shillin'.

Mrs Wright. What does he pay you wages for?

Brian. For doin' his work. Certently, my lady, I don't deny it: for doin' his work.

Mrs Wright. And do you do it, or can you do it, when you don't nourish yourself sufficiently to stand a day's ploughing? Have you for some weeks back been able really to do a fair day's work? Come, be honest now, Brian, and answer me honestly—have you felt you were in good faith earning your shilling?

Brian. Ye see I never gits my six shillings. One does be kep' back on account o' that clothin' fund.

Mrs Wright. You knew that when you were hired; and you knew why we were obliged to make that rule. Because otherwise you would all have continued in rags and tatters like the beggar, a disgrace to any gentleman's service. But if you had seven shillings a week, or eight, or ten, it would be all the same; you would never save a penny, or appear to be in anyway the better for it. It would all go in 'dribs and drabs,' as you say yourselves, to your idle relations. And this leads me to say that you do not really benefit your brother by the odd shilling you so often give to him, or by having relieved him of a child.

Brian. Sure! by takin' little Briny from out o' them it leaves the more among the rest?

Mrs Wright. Are you quite sure of this? Does little Briny's father work the harder because you thus assist him?

Brian. Work's uncommon slack at this present time.

Mrs Wright. Still some work must be done, and some workmen must be hired to do it. Is Pat always sure of a job, or is he always ready for a job when jobs are going? Does he never take it easy because Brian will give or lend the shilling? Do the farmers ever pass him by, and look for more active men? Believe me, Brian, you do him positive harm by your ready shilling: one he earned himself would be far more blessed to him. So with the child. He and his idle wife should not be relieved of a burthen they have brought upon themselves; they must lay their account to suffer from the consequences of their extreme imprudence. It is folly such as theirs, and charity such as yours, which fills our country with beggary. No one can lay by for sickness or old age. Every penny, however hardly earned, is drawn from the industrious by the needy, and thus all are kept crushed down to the miserable condition we see around us. I know you think me harsh—

Brian. Severe, my lady.

Mrs Wright. Well, severe; but I really am only just. You know right well that those who thus beg are too

indolent to work; that while they can get a penny for asking for it, not one of them will try to earn it. You know well that if one of a family gets employment, the rest are apt to take it very easy at home. The mother's tea, the father's tobacco, the odd stone of meal, or the few shillings' short of the rent, how often have you seen it begged from such as you by such as Pat and Mary?

Brian. An' will I part the child?

Mrs Wright. Why, not at present.

Brian. God bless you, my lady.

Mrs Wright. You have taken him till times mend, and I believe it would hardly be fair to send him home at this dead season; but when the harvest work begins, give the boy back to his parents. If they cannot manage to support their children, the poorhouse is open to them. [*Brian winces.*] It is for such as them that this refuge is provided. Were you all prudent, none of you would ever have to look to such an unhappy end. To save you from it, I have read you this long lecture, for your good heart makes you well deserving of our care. Think it all over, Brian, and I believe you will agree with me.

Brian. I will, my lady. I know yer spakin' for my good; but ye see it's not jist always aisy to be insensed into the rights of it.

LIFE OF AN INSECT.*

THE author of this little work has contributed so frequently to the pages of our Journal, more especially in the department of natural history,† that we have no occasion to characterise his new production. The reader will trace in it the same patient investigation, the same curiously-graphic detail, and the same reverent and pious mind, with which he has become familiar in these columns. In the following specimens, the only principle of selection on which we have proceeded is to take care that the information conveyed is new, at least in so far as the Journal is concerned.

The attachment of certain insects to their eggs is a novel subject, for in general these creatures display little of the solicitude of the hen. Some observations made by M. Bonnet the naturalist are very curious:—"The insect upon which his observations were made was the spider, so commonly found on turning up a log of wood in the fields, or a clod of earth. She carries her eggs about with her in a little round white pouch of silk attached to her body. Well has it been said, "Never miser clung to his treasure with more tenacious solicitude than this spider to her bag. Though apparently a considerable encumbrance, she carries it with her everywhere." M. Bonnet found that he could not beat away the affectionate creature from her treasure, and on forcibly removing it from her, she instantly lost her ferocious aspect, and became tame. In this emergency she stops to look around her, and begins to walk at a slow pace, and searches diligently on every side for her lost eggs, nor will she fly if threatened by the bystander. If, however, out of compassion, the bag is restored to her, she darts forward, catches it up with all the intensity of a mother's love, and runs away with it as fast as possible to some secret place where she may again have the opportunity of attaching it to her body. In order to put this insect's affection for her eggs to a test, M. Bonnet threw a spider with her bag into the den of a ferocious insect called an ant-lion, who lurks at the bottom, like the Giant in the "Pilgrim's Progress," waiting for poor insect-travellers to drop into the pit which it forms, and then, rushing out, devours them. The spider endeavoured to escape, and was eagerly remounting the side of the pit, when I again tumbled her to the bottom, and the ant-lion, more nimble than the first time, seized the bag of eggs with his jaws, and attempted to drag it under the

* The Life of an Insect; being a History of the Changes of Insects from the Egg to the Perfect Being. Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, Appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1850.

† Familiar Entomology, &c. &c.

sand. The spider, on the other hand, made the most strenuous efforts to keep her hold, and struggled hard to defeat the aim of the concealed depredator; but the gum which fastened her bag not being calculated to withstand such violence, at length gave way, and the ant-lion was about to carry off the prize in triumph. The spider, however, instantly regained it with her jaws, and redoubled her efforts to snatch the bag from the enemy; but her efforts were vain, for the ant-lion being the stronger, succeeded in dragging it under the sand. The unfortunate mother, now robbed of her eggs, might at least have saved her own life, as she could easily have escaped out of the pitfall; but, wonderful to tell, she chose rather to be buried alive along with her eggs. As the sand concealed from my view what was passing below, I laid hold of the spider, leaving the bag in the power of the ant-lion. But the affectionate mother, deprived of her bag, would not quit the spot where she had lost it, though I repeatedly pushed her with a twig. Life itself seemed to have become a burthen to her since all her hopes and pleasures were gone for ever.

Another combat is mentioned between the larva called the Lion of the Aphides and his victim:—'This larva is a rare specimen of courage, as well as of destructive powers; for when it is quite young it often seizes upon an insect twice as big as itself. It is very amusing to see the unequal contest between the little but courageous foe, and his great, bulky, and stupid adversary. Immediately the larva thrusts its trident into the body of the enemy, who, stupid as he is, does not like the sensation of the wound in his side, and makes off as fast as he can. The lion-hearted larva follows him up and wrestles with him, and at length actually boards him, to use a sailor's term, clambering up his sides, and in triumph piercing him through, and slaying him. What is perhaps most singular of all, the larvæ of some species of these flies not only slay their victims, but actually clothe themselves, after the manner of Hercules on his victory over the Nemean lion, with the skins of their prey!'

The eyes of insects afford the subject of a curious notice. 'Insects are also furnished with a contrivance by which they can see objects at a little distance, and objects at a great distance—it may be at the same time; which is more than can be strictly said of ourselves. In men and animals there is a very exquisite apparatus arranged within the eye, by means of which it can accommodate itself to objects close at hand, or again to others at the greatest distance. We can see at one moment a pin at our feet, and at the next the summit of a hill some thirty or forty miles off. Now the laws of light are such that, to effect this properly, we must have some apparatus in the eye to arrange its focal capacity, so as to receive and concentrate the lines of light proceeding from such different points as the distance of a few inches and that of many miles. What this apparatus may be is not as yet very satisfactorily determined. But in insects the same result is obtained by a very curious provision. *Some of their eyes are short-sighted, and some long-sighted.* The simple eyes are supposed, by Professor Müller, to be the short-sighted eyes, and the compound eyes the long-sighted ones.

'The number of compound eyes in insects does not often exceed two, these being made up, it will not be forgotten, by multitudes of single eyes. But in a few, whose habits require that they should be endowed with extraordinary means of vision, there are as many as four. If the reader would betake him to the brook-side, and creep noiselessly along its margin some summer afternoon, until he comes to a quiet glassy pool where the water seems to have forgotten itself, and fallen asleep—so still, so silent, and so smooth does it lie, reflecting all the lustre of the deep-blue sky overhead—he will surprise a dancing-party of insects busy waltzing at a wonderful rate, now skimming hither, now shooting across the glassy pavement on which they sport, now joining together and wheeling round and round; and again, as the kingfisher comes fluttering down the river, as though on some errand of immense importance, breaking up their party, and flying into a thousand holes and corners to wait until all is

quiet. Let him exercise his activity and patience, and catch one of these giddy insects, which are known to entomologists by the name of the *Gyrinus Nator*, and he will have a good example of an insect provided with four compound eyes, so that it can see not only before and behind, but upward into the sky, and downward into the clear cool waters on whose surface its happy life is spent. Some insects, like Cyclops of old, are furnished only with one eye; and some, it is said, are quite blind—creatures that never feel the blessed influences of the pleasant sunlight. Like the simple eyes, the compound eyes are sometimes fixed on the end of a little footstalk, so as to give the insect somewhat the appearance of being furnished with a pair of opera-glasses or short telescopes.' Réaumur, in order to discover by which of its eyes the bee finds its way home, covered the compound eyes of some of these insects with an opaque varnish, and then liberated them very near their hive. But they could not find their way, and when he threw them up into the air, they continued to soar till they passed out of sight. The same is the case with the crow when his eyes are covered with a paper bonnet. He flies upwards till his strength is exhausted, and then drops upon the earth.

The fact that insects breathe is proved by an experiment made by our author himself:—'A spider and a fly were put into a glass jar, the mouth of which was closed all but a hole, by which a tube was admitted. The tube was then connected with a pipe by which a supply of common coal-gas was poured into the jar, and when it was considered to be full of gas, and that all the air had been displaced, the tube was closed, and the insects were left shut up in an atmosphere of gas. In a few seconds both became very uneasy, the fly more particularly so; and in a few seconds more the fly began to agitate itself, to buzz against the sides of the glass, and to tumble over in the most extraordinary manner: the spider ran hurriedly about, as if astonished, and not knowing what to make of his new position; but presently he became very quiet, and, turning on his back, looked as if dead. For a minute or two the fly, which was a large active flesh-fly, continued its noisy evolutions, dashing itself, as if intoxicated, on every side of its transparent prison. At length, as if exhausted, it lay on its back, its limbs paralysed, but the wings still moving with extreme rapidity, and causing it to spin round in the most singular manner. Ultimately it, too, became perfectly without motion. After the lapse of about ten minutes, fresh air was gradually let into the jar, and it became most amusing to watch the return of both these insects—which had previously been, as it were, in the very jaws of death—back to life again. Twitchings of their limbs, and slight convulsive movements, were the first indications of returning activity; and in a few minutes more both insects, now placed in a perfectly pure atmosphere, were as lively as before the experiment, and were allowed to make their escape into the open air. With other insects the same effects were produced by saturating a piece of blotting-paper with ether, and dropping it into the jar, which was immediately covered over. In several other experiments the newly-discovered powerful fluid *chloroform*, by means of which the operations of surgery are performed without pain, was employed; and it was remarkable to notice how quickly the insects were overpowered with the vapour of this potent liquid. In no instance was death produced by the gases or vapours employed.'

Rearing insects in hothouses, and hatching them by artificial means, may seem a useless waste of ingenuity; but some species of larvæ, as serviceable as the silkworm, may be discovered, and which produce only one generation in the year. Réaumur reared a number of pupæ into butterflies in the depth of winter, by transferring them to the Royal Conservatories, which were always carefully heated; and he then conceived the idea of hatching pupæ under a hen! 'He procured some hollow glass balls, which he had caused to be made as nearly as possible similar in size and shape to the eggs themselves. Into these, by an opening at one end, he introduced seven or eight pupæ, and stopped the mouth up with a cork, but so as to allow a free communication with the external

air by paring off a piece from the side of the cork. Thus prepared, he put the glass egg, together with the others, in the nest. The hen was a little more sensible than Réaumur had given her credit for; and though she did not thrust the egg out of her nest, she removed it to the outside, where she was so obliging as to permit it to remain; and as it was here just as warm as if it had been in the centre of the eggs, Réaumur did not attempt to interfere with her arrangements. A great deal of moisture arose from the bodies of the pupæ, and condensed like dew on the sides of the glass; but after a day or two this disappeared. The reader may now be anxious to learn the result of this experiment. It was equally successful—indeed it was more so than the preceding—for in the afternoon of the *tenth* day a pretty little butterfly was seen within his glass egg, being the first that had appeared of the eight pupæ, and the first ever hatched under the bosom of a hen!

GAME OF TWENTY QUESTIONS.

THE Christmas volume of the Juvenile Library contained a description of most of the fireside amusements of young people in this country during the long winter evenings.* One game, however, has been omitted, perhaps on account of its more than common difficulty; but it is too remarkable to be wholly passed over, and we shall therefore say a few words to our readers (who are not altogether indifferent, we trust, to such matters) about the Game of Twenty Questions.

It is well known that the present generation of grown children is wiser than any former generation ever was, or any future generation ever will be; and that no doubt is the reason why we so rarely have recourse to such frivolous modes of amusing ourselves. But after all, let us not look down with unmitigated contempt upon our predecessors. The Cannings, Huskissons, and others, were really respectable individuals in their way; and if they did play sometimes like our own little boys and girls, we should ascribe the fact to the general simplicity of the world a quarter of a century ago. When Mr Rush, the American ambassador, dined with Mr Planta in 1823, besides the two gentlemen mentioned, there were a goodly number present of the *célébrités* of that remote epoch, including various members of the government and of the corps diplomatique. In our day, with such a company, we should have stuck to our wine and politics; but hear Mr Rush:—"It would not have been easy to assemble a company better fitted to make a dinner-party agreeable, or to have brought them together at a better moment. Parliament having just risen, Mr Canning, and his two colleagues of the cabinet, Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson, seemed like birds let out of a cage. There was much small-talk, some of it very sprightly. Ten o'clock arriving, with little disposition to rise from table, Mr Canning proposed that we should play 'Twenty Questions.' This was new to me and the other members of the diplomatic corps present, though we had all been a good while in England. The game consisted in endeavours to find out your thoughts by asking twenty questions. The questions were to be put plainly, though in the alternative if desired; the answers to be also plain and direct. The object of your thoughts not to be an abstract idea, or anything so occult, or scientific, or technical, as not to be supposed to enter into the knowledge of the company, but something well known to the present day or to general history. It might be any name of renown, ancient or modern, man or woman; or any work or memorial of art well known; but not a mere event—as a battle, for instance. These were mentioned as among the general rules of the game, serving to denote its character. It was agreed that Mr Canning, assisted by the chancellor of the exchequer, who sat next to him, should put the questions; and that I, assisted by Lord Granville, who sat

next to me, should give the answers. Lord Granville and myself were consequently to have the thought or secret in common. And it was well understood that the discovery of it, if made, was to be the fair result of mental inference from the questions and answers, not of signs passing, or hocus-pocus of any description. With these as the preliminaries, and the parties sitting face to face, on opposite sides of the table, we began the battle."

We shall not give the details of the game, because these were published in 1840; but this is the conclusion:—"The whole number of questions being now exhausted, there was a dead pause. The interest had gone on increasing as the game advanced, until, coming to the last question, it grew to be like neck-and-neck at the close of a race. Mr Canning was evidently under concern lest he should be foiled, as, by the law of the game, he would have been if he had not now solved the enigma. He sat silent for a minute or two; then rolling his rich eye about, and with a countenance a little anxious, and in an accent by no means over-confident, he exclaimed, 'I think it must be the wand of the Lord-High-Steward!' And it was—EVEN SO." Many of the company present said that this was the only instance they had witnessed of the secret having been preserved till the twentieth question—most games being finished in half the time. 'Dining at the Marquis of Stafford's,' Mr Rush concludes, 'at a subsequent day, this pastime was spoken of, and it was mentioned that Mr Pitt and Mr Wyndham were both fond of it. Lord Stafford said that the former had once succeeded in it, when the secret was the stone upon which Walworth, lord mayor of London, stood when he struck down Wat Tyler in Richard II's time; and his impression was, that Mr Pitt had triumphed at an early stage of his questions.'

A correspondent from Limerick gives us more in detail the present rules of the game, which, according to this authority, are shortly these:—

Two persons (usually a lady and gentleman) are chosen by the company, who fix in private upon an article or subject. Two others are then chosen to endeavour to find out what the thought is; and this is done by asking twenty questions as to its nature and qualities. A fifth person is usually selected as umpire, who is made acquainted with the subject fixed on, and whose duty it is to see that all the answers shall be fair. These answers are not to be such as will be calculated to *mislead*; although of course it will be observed that the wider they are from the mark, the more difficult will the guessing be rendered.

The following game was played at our correspondent's house on a recent occasion (during the Queen's visit to Ireland), and it will afford a fair illustration of the nature and manner of the game:—

Question. Does it belong to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom?

Answer. To all three.

Q. Is it a manufactured article?

A. Always.

Q. Is it in the room?

A. No.

Q. Is it in this city?

A. No.

Q. Is it useful, or merely ornamental?

A. Useful.

[Here the idea struck the questioners that it was a vehicle of some sort: they therefore asked]

Q. Is it ever used as a conveyance?

A. It is.

[We then thought it might be a ship, or perhaps a balloon: so we inquired]

Q. Is it used as a conveyance by air, earth, or water?

A. On the earth.

[The locomotive now suggested itself, and we asked]

Q. What was the motive power?

A. Various.

[This did not lead us very far towards a guess; but we determined to come closer: so we queried]

* 'Fireside Amusements,' being the last published volume of Chambers's Library for Young People.

Q. Is fire ever used in connection with its motions?
 A. On some occasions it is.
 [We now became certain that it was connected with a railway, and the question which followed was]
 Q. Has it a chimney?
 A. No.
 Q. Have any of us seen it?
 A. Do not know whether you have or not.
 [We then began to suspect that it was in some way connected with the prevailing topic—the Queen's visit; and so we asked]
 Q. Is it in Ireland?
 A. It is.
 [We then thought it might be well to ask]
 Q. Is it used for a special purpose?
 A. Yes.
 [We immediately concluded that it was the state railway carriage; but to make certain, we inquired]
 Q. Has it any glass in it?
 A. Yes.

And at the fifteenth question—namely, 'Has it soft seats?' to which the answer was, 'It has'—we guessed that it was the 'Royal State-Carriage of the Great Southern and Western Railway,' which had been brought to Ireland on purpose for the accommodation of the Queen.

In concluding this memorandum, we may return for an instant to Mr Planta's dinner, to remark that the game occupied upwards of an hour, during which not one drop of wine was drunk!

WHAT I SAW ONE MORNING IN INDIA.

In the year 1836 I commanded a little detachment of native infantry at Condapilly in the Northern Circars; the object of this military occupation of a lonely and decayed town being the protection of the adjacent country from bands of petty marauders, who, in the absence of richer booty, made spoil of the cattle and crops of the ryots, or agricultural population. There are no dense forests or thick woods in the immediate vicinity of Condapilly; but beyond the hill-fort, which, at the distance of perhaps half a mile, commands the town, and the ascent to which is steep and difficult, extends for several miles a stretch of jungle, where the *looties*, or thieves—for they deserve not the high-sounding title of banditti—found frequent shelter, in common with a few cheetas and a great many snakes. Here, too, game was abundant, providing them with the flesh of the spotted deer, the hare, the shy porcupine, and the peafowl, which is said to haunt such places as are tenanted by tigers, from which it may be safely inferred that water is not wanting, since neither panther nor tiger make their lair far from that necessary element. Here also grew profusely the trees of the *Cratæva marmelus*, whose apples—covered with a hard rind, through which, when ripe, oozes a slimy liquid—are used for food; the *Diospyros ebenum*, whose medlar-like fruit, after having been buried for months in the earth, forms a mellow and wholesome sustenance; and the *Ximenia Americana*, whose acid drupes cover a nutty kernel, very grateful to the wanderer of the woods who cannot gather for his dessert the rich-flavoured mango, or pink and succulent guava.

From having once been a town of considerable importance, Condapilly has dwindled to a very inferior rank amongst the cities of the Circars; and the hill-fort, at one period of considerable strength, now presents nothing but a meagre skeleton of its past celebrity. Towering high above the little esplanade on which the humble range of barracks which sheltered the detachment was raised, the mountain was accessible at only one point, where a winding track—the remains of a flight of stone-steps now in complete dilapidation—formed a steep ladder, up which I have often toiled wearily at early dawn, eager to watch the rising sun from the topmost pinnacle—a sight that amply repaid me for the extra fatigue of half an hour's climbing.

There, crumbling piecemeal beneath the foot of Time, mouldered an ancient building of Moorish architecture, still suggesting by its extensive ruins and palatial structure recollections of the Mohammedan prowess which, so far back as 1471, had wrested the province of Condapilly from the hands of the Hindoos.

A long but sleepless night in sultry March had fevered my blood, as one morning, ere yet a single individual was stirring about our quarters, I strolled towards the mountain-gorge, and had stumbled almost to the top of the steep acclivity before the faint flush of dawn had roused the sentinel, whose call awoke the solitary pair of musicians of our party, a drummer and sifer, to sound the *réveillee*. In ten minutes more I stood panting on the summit of the rock, gazing thirstily on the scene beneath me, where Asiatic beauty wended slowly before me, like a glorious river, whose changeful waters the eye tired not of drinking. I had no fear of thief or thug, for a late excursion in the district behind me had assured me of safety; but nevertheless I started violently when, from the branches of a stately peepul-tree that grew close by, a dark figure, that seemed of human proportions, leaped with a jibbering cry upon the ground.

I had no great reason to be alarmed, for I saw not a man, but a monkey—one of those long-legged, brown monkeys with white-streaked faces that abound amongst these heights, and which, probably little less startled than myself, receded as I advanced, jabbering its dissatisfaction at my intrusion. At the foot of the peepul-tree, throwing up its rich white petals, that shed around a sweet but sickening odour, grew a magnificent plant of the *datura*; and as I stooped to pluck it, a rustle in the underwood beyond, followed by an acute, sharp scream, which I ascribed to my friend the monkey, arrested my hand. I had judged correctly; but I had underrated the number of my early companions. With a spring that brought it almost to my feet, making me in my turn retreat, the monkey lay moaning, and, as I thought, violently convulsed among the grass; nor did I at the moment perceive, what indeed I discovered with a degree of horror, that round its body was twisted a gorgeously-spotted snake—the cobra di capello! I wish I could describe the maddened contortions of the monkey, as, writhing beneath the straining coils of the reptile, it rolled on the grass in vain efforts to rid itself of its deadly assailant. The piteous gaze of its eyes, as they wistfully looked up into my face, was eloquent with a summons for help which I was by no means inclined to resist. Whether the snake had bitten it or not, I could not guess, for it seemed to me as if it were merely playing with the animal—that fatal game which the cat plays with the mouse! But I shouted, and threw a stone, and then seizing a withered branch that lay on the ground, I advanced to the charge. The monkey, which at another time would have fled at my approach, now remained perfectly motionless, as if it awaited certain succour. But the serpent, aroused to the cognisance of an assailant by a smart blow on the head, instantly inflating its horrid crest into that hood-like form which renders it so appallingly hideous, gave vent to a loud hiss that seemed brimful of poison.

Again and again I struck at it: nor was it without a cold thrill through my veins that I beheld it disengage itself from the monkey; but far from attempting to make its escape, as I had conjectured it would do, it turned itself, half-erect, towards me, and with a fluttering hobble—like the hop of a bird whose wings have been broken—it leaped, with forked tongue protruded, right into my very path! There was no time for thought. My stick was neither strong nor long. I could see the venomous eyes burn like fire, and the colours of its swelling neck glow more deeply, as it prepared to spring again; and I was fairly on the point of making my retreat by plunging at all hazards down the rock behind me, when a shrill, chirruping cry, somewhat like that of a guinea-pig, was heard, and suddenly an elegant little creature, which at the moment I was well-

nigh ready to spiritualise into a good genius, sprung upon the serpent with a bound of lightsome ferocity which reminded me of the swoop of a kite upon a water-rat.

It was a mungoos! And now, indeed, a combat took place which fixed me to the spot in mute admiration; but not for long. Once or twice it seemed to me that the mungoos was bitten, but it might not have been so; for the velocity of their movements, as, clinging together, the snake and its foe rolled over and over amongst the long grass, prevented minute observation. It is asserted that, when bitten by a snake, the ichneumon retires for a moment to eat of some unknown plant, capable of rendering null the viperine venom; but on this occasion nothing of the sort occurred. The mungoos left not the conflict for a breathing-space; and at the end of about ten minutes the cobra di capello lay dead, torn and mangled piecemeal by the little animal, which frisked and danced about, with a purring sound, in a perfect frenzy of enjoyment.

As I held out my hand, actually believing, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that it would approach to receive my caresses, the mungoos, giving a bright, quick look at me, stamped its tiny hind-feet briskly on the relics of the serpent, as if in scorn of its victim, and disappeared amongst the brushwood.

I had forgotten the poor monkey. I found it stretched out, stiff and stark, among the datura flowers. The mungoos had come too late!

THE EVERGREEN LYRIC.

M. Gérin, during a number of years cashier to the ministry of the interior, used to recount the following anecdote:—"In 1811," said he, "I received an order to pay five thousand francs to a poet who had composed an ode on the occasion of the King of Rome's birth. This production, a perfect specimen of ill-rhymed commonplace, and in which "glory" and "victory" were happily intertwined with "laurels" and "warriors," had as a chorus the following quatrain:—

"Si l'étranger, comme un seul homme,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Autour du noble Roi de Rome
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

In 1821, at the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, the same lyric appeared on my desk, with the following slight modification of the chorus:—

"Si, méditant notre ruine,
L'étranger veut nous asservir,
Autour du fils de Caroline
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

The Restoration proved less generous than the Empire—it granted the author only three thousand francs. I had quite forgotten the poet and his rhymes, when, after the birth of the Count of Paris, this evergreen ode was once more handed in, with a fresh adaptation to circumstances:—

"Ah! si l'étranger dans sa haine,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Autour du noble fils d'Hélène
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

This time the author received two thousand francs. Decidedly the verses were beginning to wear out. At length—would you believe it?—a few days after the Revolution of February, I found in my office the eternal lyric, on this occasion terminating thus:—

"Si l'étranger dans sa furie,
Un jour voulait nous asservir,
Sur le sol de notre patrie
Jurons de vaincre ou de mourir."

The Provisional Government was far from rich; they awarded but two hundred francs to the industrious poet. Thus behold a copy of maudlin verses, adroitly managed, bringing to the author ten thousand two hundred francs; and yet people will tell you that in our age poetry does not find its reward!

MARRIAGE SLIPPER.

At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bride-room when the bride entered. As she crossed the threshold, he stooped down and slipped off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I at

once saw the interpretation of the passage in Scripture, respecting the transfer of the shoe to another, in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege. The slipper in the East being taken off in-doors, is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife, and of the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike, for 'good-luck,' as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied.—*Urquhart's Pillars of Hercules.*

THE STOLEN DANCE.

'LISTEN!—hush!' said a whispering voice,
'Up and away! come, let's rejoice,
For no more sleep our eyes shall know
Till we've danced upon the new-fallen snow.

'Mamma is in bed, and our bare little feet
Will make a silent and swift retreat
Down the back stairs, through the parlour door,
And the garden gate we can clamber o'er.

'The snow like a swan's-down carpet will be
For our stolen moonlit dance of glee:
Beautiful snow! so fast to fall
And spread such a carpet for such a ball!

'Our sparkling crystal lamps are these—
Icicles hanging from the trees;
And look! on the roof of our fairy palace
The sword-dance of the borealis!

'Oh are we not happy, joyous, and gay,
From our lazy beds to have slipped away,
And thus in a dance of wild delight
Make warm the cold, white winter night?'

Like fairies, in fairy-rings they go
With their soft, white feet o'er the softer snow:
If spot on earth be free from care,
Those gleeesome children have found it there.

Hark! can you tell whence came that sound
That stopped the dance's merry round?
The wail of a child's low moaning cry
Borne on the night-breeze passing by.

How fearfully the children go
To where the garden hedge grows low,
Closely clinging, hand in hand,
A truant little angel band!

When all at once they forward bound
Eagerly o'er the trackless ground—
And, on the moorland bare and wild,
Behold a poor deserted child!

Oh truants! it was no idle thought
To that wandering child your footsteps brought;
You were called from sleep by angels bright,
Ye little watchers of the night!

A father's frown they need not fear,
Nor doubt he will their fondling rear;
So home to their soft warm beds they go,
And dream of the dance on the new-fallen snow.

MARY CLEAVER.

GREENHOUSE HEATED BY KITCHEN.

I have one of two small rooms over my kitchen fitted up as a greenhouse. It has a western aspect; size, about 12 feet by 10 feet. The warmth of the kitchen underneath is sufficient to keep out slight frost. In case of severe frost, I have steam from the kitchen boiler, conducted by an inch-pipe into two tins, each about 18 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 1 foot deep. Without any trouble or mess, by simply turning a stopcock, I can get any heat I require. The waste steam, and the condensed steam, each escape by small tubes through the wall.—*Cottage Gardener.*

WORDSWORTH THE POET.

Wordsworth is said to have no sense of smell. Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time.

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

UPSALA—SKOKLOSTER.

I HAD come to Upsala with but one idea regarding it—LINNÆUS. It is the old capital of Sweden, the seat of the primacy, the seat of an old university—full of objects of interest to tourists; but to me, in a distant land, but one word had come in connection with it—the name I have mentioned. Linnæus had been a professor at Upsala, and had here worked out those systems of the two great departments of organic nature which were almost immediately accepted by the studious portion of mankind. In his lifetime only a humble functionary of his university, he afterwards became a great lawgiver in the empire of mind; so that strangers are apt to think of Linnæus first, and of Upsala or of Sweden only as second to him. Cuvier and others have since improved upon his classification of animals, and Jussieu has almost superseded his arrangement of plants; yet his were great efforts in their day, and have immensely advanced the study of nature. Linnæus, therefore, remains still an object of veneration with all who take an interest in that study. It is thus that Time inflicts a kind of retribution for the subjection in which the common great things of the world usually keep the rare great things of the intellect. In Linnæus's own day, what was he in comparison with contemporary national affairs and public men? Now, what are they in comparison with him?

It was necessary, however, to take the visitable things of Upsala in such an order as might seem most convenient. Having resolved to spend the early morning in an inspection of Old Upsala, I had the carriage at the door so early as six o'clock. Old Upsala, situated about three miles from Upsala, is a little worn-out town, with a curious antique church. It is one of the earliest seats of the Christian worship in Sweden, and connected with many remarkable events in the national history. I quickly comprehended the absolute and relative situations of the two places. The country is here flat, with little to vary the surface excepting an *ös* and a muddy river winding through the plain, the one intersecting the other. At a place where the *ös* runs parallel with the river, the modern city is situated; one part of it on the elevated ground, another on the plain skirting the opposite side of the river. At an extremity of the *ös*, in the midst of the plain, stands Old Upsala. Towards that place the *ös* becomes broken up into mounds of decreasing size, composed of water-worn gravel of primitive rock, with angular blocks scattered sparingly over the surface, and the clay of the plain overlying their skirts. In these respects they precisely resemble the mounds called *Inches* in the Carse of Gowrie in Scotland. The arrangement indicates that the mounds were first in existence;

then the blocks were quietly dropped on them, probably by icebergs; finally the clayey plain was deposited.

On the outskirts of what appears a little village full of orchards rises the church, with the last of the mounds close beside it. It is certainly a great curiosity in its way. The oldest part, towards the west, is a square tower of exceedingly rude masonry, composed of clumsy masses of the primitive rock of the country, probably erratics from the *ö*s: it has two round-topped arches in each side, and narrow small windows of the like form above. The body of the church and the semicircular projection on the east end are comparatively modern, but only a degree less rude. We acquire a strange idea of the Sweden of the thirteenth century when we consider that this was its primate's church. The nearest approach to it in Britain with which I am acquainted is the Culdee church of St Regulus at St Andrews—which, however, is much more elegantly constructed. The Round Towers of Ireland are also of finer architecture. It is known that this church stands upon ground where a great heathen temple formerly stood, and indeed some antiquaries profess to believe that the square tower is a part of that temple. This, however, I should think far from likely.

An aged sexton or beadle having been summoned, I was admitted to the interior, which proved to be as homely as the exterior is rude. Everything has an antiquated air. The very doors, full of rusty nails, hung upon clumsy old hinges, and opened by keys upwards of a foot long, serve to carry the mind back into ancient times. Old as the interior furnishings are, there is an older disused altar-piece laid aside in a corner, with mutilated figures of saints, in faded gilding—evidently such an article as may have met the eyes of the Erics and the Swenos in days long prior to the Reformation. There is also a torso figure in wood, said to be of the pagan god Thor; but the form of the body and the drooping head clearly betray a Christ on the Cross. In the same corner is an ancient money-box of singular material. It is composed of a section of a huge tree, of the size of a beer-barrel, the receptacle being hollowed out and covered with a lid moving on hinges, and to which there seem to have been at one time nine hasps for as many locks: seven yet survive. Within it is kept the ancient censer for incense.

At the east end of the surrounding burial-ground there is a narrow space screened off by a thick yew-hedge. The natural gloom of the spot seemed to acquire a deeper shade when Quist mentioned that this was the place where suicides were interred. It is an arrangement, I presume, customary in Sweden.

I must now turn to the mounds. The remarkable natural character of these objects must have from the first made some impression upon the popular mind. This was probably the reason of the place being selected

as a seat of religion and of population. On the last and lowest, which has had its top flattened, the kings sat to administer justice in early times. In Scotland, on mounts precisely similar, called *Moot-hills* (that is, Law-hills), courts of justice were formerly held. The Tings, or great assemblies of the people, for deciding on important affairs were also held on this mount. The three next mounts, being each about fifty feet high, are such striking objects, that even though they had had no history, the popular mind would have long ago imagined one for them. They are said to have been respectively the burial-places of Odin, Thor, and Freya, the leading deities of the Scandinavian mythology. The first was ascertained, a few years ago, to have actually afforded sepulture to some remarkable person. At a considerable depth under the surface, in the centre, a rudely-formed recess was discovered, containing the remains of a human being, and having a passage of forty paces long leading to the side of the mount. I was conducted through this passage, which is formed of rough slabs, into the central recess, and there saw through a grating a few of the bones of the ancient personage who had obtained so singular and so distinguished a sepulchre.

The general supposition regarding these mounts is, that they are artificial. Only a few persons have ventured to suggest that they may be natural. That they are natural became with me a matter beyond a shadow of doubt, whenever I observed their relation to the more entire pieces of the *ös*, or great gravel ridge crossing the Upsala plain. This view was confirmed by finding their tops on a level with that of the *ös* at Upsala, and by the examination of the sea-made matters of which they are composed. It is curious to observe how this affects our ideas regarding the mounts. While supposing them artificial, we reflect upon them as extremely ancient, as the works of an early, rude people—the product of an age totally unlike the present. Admit them to be natural, and all is changed. We see in the gravel the working of the sea, which we have with us always. All is fresh, as if it were a thing of yesterday, and as if no intermediate history, referring to Odin or Odin's worshippers, existed in the case. Our ideas of antiquity are, as must have often been felt, entirely human. In nature there is no archaeology, not even in the fossils of the primitive formations. There, as with the Author of Nature himself, a thousand years are really as one day.

Having returned to town and breakfasted, I lost little time in setting out on a tour of the curiosities. The city of Upsala has a highly-respectable aspect; its streets broad and regular; its public buildings majestic. There is an appearance as if there were no want of money to keep things in good order and repair. The Dom-kirk, or cathedral, is a huge structure of dignified look, though built in great part of brick, to which, somehow, I can never reconcile myself as a material for a public building. It expresses the Sweden of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as *Gamla* (Old) Upsala church denotes the first ages after heathenrie. A large Gothic church, seated for a Lutheran congregation, can never have the same effect as when arranged for the old imaginative faith, and bearing the thousand proofs and ensigns of individual zeal and devotion. Nevertheless, the interior of Upsala cathedral is elegant and imposing, though presenting little that is fine besides an extremely beautiful pulpit, with much carving and gilding, and a fine silver chandelier, the gift of a lady of rank about a century ago. In passing beneath the organ-loft, the step is arrested on our beholding, inscribed on a blue slab, the name of Linnæus. While he reposes here, a mural tablet, with a medallion head, has been erected to his memory in a neighbouring recess. The side recesses all round are sepulchres, where kings, ministers, and generals repose beneath sculptures more or less superb. I caught up the names of General Bannier, Chancellor Oxenstiern, and Count de Geer, as previously familiar to me. In a beautiful Lady Chapel,

recently decorated, is the tomb of the great Gustavus Vasa, presenting recumbent figures of the king himself and two of his queens. On the walls are frescoes, by a living artist named Sandberg, of a series of events in the adventurous life of the king. In one he is disguised as a peasant, about to take his share of duty with the flail at a peasant's house in Dalecarlia; in others he is haranguing the assembled peasants, seeking aid from the Lubeck magistrates, and leading his brave Dalecarlians on to battle; in others, again, he is seen entering Stockholm in triumph; and finally, full of years and dignity, he addresses his last parliament. The pictures are, on the whole, entitled to much praise; but I lament one pervading blemish in the costume of the king, which is that of our cavaliers of the reign of Charles I., instead of that we see in Holbein's portraits.

It is painful to consider to what a worthless set of sons Vasa left his gallantly-bought crown. The eldest, styled Eric XIV., seems to have been little better than a madman. Amongst his extravagances was a groundless antipathy to the family of Sture, which had given several supreme rulers (*administrators*) to Sweden. When Nils Sture approached the king, and, as an assurance of his loyalty, handed to him his dagger, the wretched monarch clutched the weapon, and instantly buried it in the bosom of the noble; after which he betook himself to the woods, wild with remorse. Nils lies here in one of the side recesses. King Eric was dethroned and poisoned in prison by his brother John, who reposes in an adjacent recess, with a superb Italian monument representing him and his queen. The vessel bearing this fine tomb having been wrecked on its way to Sweden, the packages lay many years in the sea before being recovered. The arrangement of the royal right hand shows that it had originally held a sceptre. The removal of that object is attributed to the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, who was the son of a third and equally worthless son of Vasa. Coming, it is said, to this cathedral, he wrenched the sceptre out of King John's hand, saying, 'When alive, you wrested the sceptre from your brother Eric: I now take it from you to restore it to him.' And he actually had it placed in the hand of the statue of Eric in the church of Westerås, where it may yet be seen.

In this church are preserved many curious objects of antiquity. Near the communion-table is a small, richly-decorated silver chest, with a crown suspended over it—its purpose being to preserve the relics of St Eric, a sovereign of Sweden who lived in the twelfth century, and who was canonised in consequence of his great zeal in introducing Christianity. The stranger is conducted into a dusky sacristy, a small stone-room attached to the church; and there, when a window has been opened, he finds himself surrounded by precious things, deposited carefully in glass-cases. He sees the crowns and other regalia of the afore-mentioned King John and his queen, exceedingly elegant objects. In the same case are superb jewelled communion cups, and massive silver candlesticks, with many lesser specimens of antique finery. The ancient jewelled crosier of the archbishops of Upsala is shown apart, in perfect preservation. Several chests scattered about the floor attract attention. We are told they contain valuables, such as articles of plate, belonging to private families in the city—placed here for security, as such things are in banks in England.

We are then conducted to an upper side-room, where the habiliments of the cathedral clergy are preserved, from those employed in Catholic times down to the superb ones now in use. This place has gradually become a recognised depository for antique vestments. I saw in a glass-case the dress which Nils Sture wore at his death, and in which, it appears, he was originally buried. The shirt bears marks as of blood, and in the doublet are several triangular perforations—the gashes which the 'envious Casca made.' The assassination of Sture by King Eric was an event nearly contemporary with the death of Rizzio in Scotland, and helps to cha-

racterise a time which seems to have been marked by a murderous spirit in high places all over Europe.

From the cathedral I went to see a collection of works of art belonging to the university. I found a considerable number of portraits of royal personages, statesmen, and generals, connected with Sweden. The most interesting is an original of Gustavus Vasa, presenting a middle-aged man, of grave and intelligent countenance, bearded; the dress very different from that in Professor Sandberg's frescoes. There is a mask of Charles XII., taken after his death, and showing the wound in the forehead. I may remark that on this and several other occasions in Sweden, when I met with portraits of this singular monarch, I was forcibly struck by a certain resemblance which the countenance bears to that of Lord Byron. There is the same semi-voluptuous fulness of the fleshy parts of the face, the same unconciliatory beauty, the same traits of a something allied to insanity about the eyes and brow. The unfortunate Gustavus III., who fell in 1792 under the stroke of an assassin, is recalled by a portrait taken in early life—a beautiful face, full of lively-intelligent expression—and by a series of drawings executed by himself. Amongst a wearisome multitude of similar objects, I singled out only a fine portrait of the great Gustavus, and one of John Skytte—a local great man, who in 1625 built a house for the professors, still to be seen near the cathedral.

I had unluckily neglected to bring any letters of introduction for Upsala, and therefore had no title to expect the least personal intercourse with either the learned or the unlearned of the place. I do not recollect how it was that, nevertheless, I was conducted into a house near the cathedral, where I presently found myself in the company of one of the literati of the city. It was Mr Marklin, an adjunct or *attaché* of the university (a rank beneath that of professor, but coming to much the same purpose). Let the reader imagine a suite of small rooms, walled with dusty books of all kinds of coats, and filled with tables, cabinets, and glass-cases, replete with minerals, fossils, and other objects of natural history, all in pretty much the condition of Oldbuck's study before his womankind broke in upon it with their profane besoms and dusters. Then let him imagine issuing from some innermost den or penetralia a little old man, of keenly-intelligent aspect, but in a style of attire, and personal condition, recalling the scholar of a totally different age and genus from any known amongst us. This is Adjunct Marklin, a man passing rich with perhaps less than forty pounds a year, but who, out of that wealth, has been able to indulge literary and scientific tastes to such an extraordinary extent, that his collection is now one of the curiosities of Upsala. By the vivacious activity of intellect and personal movement of this strange old man, I quickly became involved in a perfect whirlwind of Swedish zoology, geology, and bibliography, hurried from case to case, and from shelf to shelf—no stop, no tire on his part—until my mind was like the limbs of a man who has walked thirty miles without resting. Honest Quist followed, like panting Time in Johnson's well-known simile: he had never seen anything like this. At length I succeeded in fixing the worthy adjunct down upon a local subject—the shells found in the clay of the *ås* near the city, as described by Sir Charles Lyell. He not only showed me specimens of these, but, at my request, agreed to conduct me to the place where the shells were found. This walk, however, ended in no practical result, beyond that of showing me a great gravel-pit dug in the said *ås*, close to the schlott or palace, where, in a bed of clay, interjected amongst beds of sand and gravel, these shells had been found, all of them being of species which flourish at this day in the Baltic. The place is regarded as fully a hundred feet above the level of the sea; but on this point I do not profess to speak with precision.

All zealous devotions to objects not sensual or selfish, even though of dubious or slight utility, must command the sympathy of generous minds. In the modern

world, where the great bulk of mankind are absorbed in economic pursuits primarily for their own direct advantage, an unselfish enthusiasm has stronger claims on our regard than ever. Mr Marklin took me to a suite of rooms connected with the university, where he has been for a long time engaged in collecting, arranging, and cataloguing the entire series of tractates of all kinds published by professors at Upsala during the last three centuries. It includes various fasciculi of Linnæus, mixed with a countless host of the Obscure and the Forgotten. The whole fills many shelves, extending through several rooms. The very catalogue, the painful work of Marklin's own hand, forms a huge volume. Yet the whole is destined for the British Museum at the price of L.340. Could there well be a more affecting example of scholarly self-devotion? Admiration of the labour, and pity for the reward, might almost engender tears.

After an early dinner I went to see the library, which occupies a double gallery in a large modern building placed conspicuously near the schlott. The furnishings are elegant without being gaudy, and the books, which number 148,000, are in the finest order. There is one famous curiosity styled the *Codex Argenteus*—namely, a manuscript Gospels in silver lettering, in the Gothic language of Bishop Ulfilas, who lived at the end of the fourth century. This volume, which is believed to have been written at the end of the fifth, or beginning of the sixth century, has passed through many extraordinary adventures. It is now kept with great care in a glass-case, where some specimens of the writing of Luther and Melancthon, and other curiosities, are shown.

Mr Marklin had offered to conduct me at six to witness a marriage of the upper classes in the cathedral. It was expected to bring a multitude together, and therefore, in more ways than one, to be worthy of a stranger's attendance. At the proper hour we made our way through the crowd of common people filling that large church, and by the intervention of Mr Marklin, I was accommodated with a place among the relatives within the rails at the Communion-Table. The gentlemen sat on one side, and the ladies on the other, all exceedingly well-dressed. I observed amongst the former two elderly men, evidently of high official rank, one bearing a gold key on a silk rosette at his haunch—doubtless a chamberlain of the king—another wearing a dark embroidery round his collar, and many orders at his breast. The ladies were brought in singly or in pairs by gentlemen, who then, with a low bow, went over to their own side of the railed space. One beautiful old lady—old ladies are often beautiful—I took for the bride's mother, or nearest female relation, as she seemed to make it a duty to greet every other lady as she joined the group. The whole affair, though formal, as passing before the eyes of a multitude, gave me some idea of the manners of the upper classes in Sweden. The tone of high-breeding was very manifest. It was, by the way, curious to see my learned friend, with all the ensigns of old-world scholarship about him—

— ' si fœda et scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula est, et rupta calceus alter
Pelle patet'—

pushing about in this dignified assemblage, and evidently an object of respect with everybody. There was at length some impatience, and even excitement, observable in both ladies and gentlemen. The people in the body of the church were straining for places where they might see well. I could not myself resist the contagion of the moment; and when at length the young pair came in, the emotion I felt was far beyond what I had expected. It was a union of the right and fitting sort, for the parties were both young, while the bride had that degree of beauty which is expected in all brides, but found in few. Without any stop, the gentleman led her up to the step before the inner rail, where a superb cushion had been placed. As she moved along in her white dress, devoid of all ornament but a green wreath on the crown of her

head, there was a breathless interest in the beholders. Three young maidens in white pressed on her steps, and the bridegroom had also his cortège of gentlemen. A good-looking, well-appointed young clergyman then came forward within the rails, bearing in his hands an open book and a white handkerchief, rather too effectively arranged. All stood up, the bride's-maids ranking behind her on the dais, and the bridegroom's friends behind him. An address of some length was read; and then the usual questions seemed to be asked and answered. The gentleman's '*yaw*' was well heard, though not so loud as Petruchio's; while the lady's assent was conveyed in the gesture so expressive of feminine modesty and submission. The bridegroom then handed a ring to the clergyman: it was blessed, and put upon the bride's finger. Hands were joined: the binding sentence was pronounced. Then followed a prayer, the principal parties kneeling, the eyes of the rest all reverentially downcast. A second prayer concluded the ceremony. The young wife then retreated through the press of friends, stopping only to receive the felicitations of the beautiful old lady. There was now a crowding to the door, on reaching which, I found a long suite of carriages driving off with their respective burthens, and a crowd of fully a thousand people occupying the street. I do not know whether it is a custom of the upper classes in Sweden to marry in church: if so, I give them my cordial praise; for if there be any ceremony in the world calling for the utmost possible publicity, or for which anything like secrecy is to be reprobated, I think it is marriage. I would have a couple who have resolved on marriage to invite the whole world, if possible, to see that here, in all honour and honesty of purpose, they take each other for better for worse until death do them part. There is, by the way, in Sweden a curious custom connected with marriage, and allied to this feeling. During the forenoon, the bride-elect remains in her house, fully dressed for the ceremony, and open to the view of the public, who accordingly come pouring in to see her. The principal end served is to gratify female curiosity about her dress and *trousseau*. It is said that the custom took its rise in the commands of a king in the sixteenth century, in consequence of a rumour arising against the fair fame of a court lady. The monarch, to prevent such rumours in future, caused a fashion to be introduced whereby all suspicion would be set at rest one way or the other.

I visited in the course of the day the old botanic garden of which Linnaeus had been the presiding spirit; but, to my lasting regret, I failed to make my way to his house, though I was told it is still preserved. Upsala, as a seat of learning and of learned men, is said to form an agreeable place of residence for persons of refined manners and moderate income. The reader may have some idea of its external attractions from this trivial sketch. I left it on the ensuing morning (Sept. 7), and at an early hour drove to a spot noted in the history of Sweden. In this country, it must be observed, the elective principle has always been to some extent maintained in connection with the monarchy. During the ages preceding Gustavus Vasa, kings and administrators were frequently appointed by popular assemblies. These assemblies usually took place at a certain spot a few miles from Upsala. There the king, or administrator, standing on a stone, swore to observe the laws of the kingdom towards his people. In the course of time these stones, inscribed with their respective histories, accumulated to a considerable number; and at length, in 1770, Gustavus III. built a small pavilion over them for their protection. To this pavilion, which bears the name of the Mora Stenar, I was driven in less than an hour. It stands by the wayside under a hill, in a country otherwise undistinguished. I found the stones ranged along the floor, all of them much worn; while an inscription round the ceiling detailed the names of the personages elected, with the dates of the elections, from Sten Kil in the year 1060 to Sten Sture in 1512. It is curious that both the kings of Scotland and the Lords

of the Isles were in ancient times invested with sovereignty seated or standing upon a stone, and, as we all know, the stone used by the former is still kept in a recess under the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

I was now *en route* to Stockholm, with nothing to detain me on the way but a visit to what is certainly the principal, if not almost the only show-house, apart from palaces, in Sweden. I allude to the mansion of Skokloster, belonging to the Brahe family, of which the celebrated astronomer of the seventeenth century was descended. It is a large quadrangular house of the taste of that period, seated very pleasingly on the banks of a lake, amidst pine-clad grounds forming some picturesque scenery. Leaving my carriage at Alsike, I came to the borders of a branch of this lake; and then betaking myself to a little boat rowed by a boy, proceeded to the mansion of the Brahes. The family was at home; but they live in an upper floor, and allow their servants to show the principal suites of apartments in the other parts of the building. The curious quaint moral and religious taste of the seventeenth century appeared in the emblematical figures and inscriptions which adorn the staircases and galleries. The state apartments on the *first floor* are certainly superb, both as to decoration, furniture, pictures, and curiosities. Among the family portraits one fastens on Tycho, who appears as a good-looking man, with a red beard and a well-elevated forehead. Still more interesting is Ebba Brahe, a beautiful young creature, whom, it is said, Gustavus Adolphus desired for his bride; but this plan was disappointed by his mother, who, during his absence in one of his military expeditions, succeeded in marrying her to a private gentleman. The aspect and costume recall some of the beauties of our own Lely. Underneath hangs an old lady, in a severe mourning dress, such as a nonconformist gentlewoman of London might have worn about the year 1680. She has lost her upper teeth, and seems to have suffered from an affection of the eyes. One is disposed to pass this portrait with a commonplace reflection on the difference between youth and age in woman, when he is chilled into a pause by the information that it represents the same Ebba Brahe! The royal portraits, from Gustavus Vasa to Carl Johan and the present Oscar, whose friends the family have been and are, make up an interesting show, as exhibiting the long-continued connection of this family with all that was dignified in their native history. The drawing-room ceiling is a curious whim, being covered with figures of animals in something more than high relief, and coloured like life: for one thing, a crocodile starts out with a chandelier suspended from its mouth. Some cabinets with inlaid work are amongst the finest things of the kind I have ever seen. On the drawers of one I observed etchings on ivory, representing the favourite games and exercises of polite society in the seventeenth century. Then there are glass-cases of great size, containing rich gold and silver cups, ancient rings, purses, and other bijoux, mostly the property of historical persons. A ruby ring of the lovely Ebba is particularly pointed out. Amongst other odds and ends are the knife and fork of Gustavus Vasa, and the coffee-cup and saucer of the Princess Sophia Albertina.

The uppermost or attic floor (there being four in all) is devoted to a library and armoury, both abundant, and the former in very fine order. In a side-room is a large collection of the philosophical instruments and aids to study of the age of Tycho, including a very primitive-looking telescope in a leathern case. These articles, which must be almost unique, cast a curious light on the early history of modern science. In the same place is an automaton canary in a cage, which whistles very energetically, but not very like the bird in nature. There are old globes and charts without number, and the copperplates of portraits published (I may say) centuries ago.

The armoury contains hundreds of old muskets of all

forms, from the earliest to the most modern; an endless variety of swords of all ages; also many specimens of articles and munitions of war less likely to be preserved, such as the bandoleers in which musketeers long ago carried their shot, each charge having a little case for itself. The most conspicuous objects, however, are certain suits of old plate-armour, including several examples of those in which the knights used to encase their steeds. There are likewise specimens of the headmen's swords of the middle ages—great broad-fashioned blades, inscribed with the apologetic sentence, *Vim vi repellere licet*. There are numberless specimens of the boots, shoes, leathern doublets and jerkins, and other personal habiliments of the men of past ages; some belonging to eminent personages—as a suit of clothes of Gustavus Adolphus, and even a few fragments of the attire of Gustavus Vasa. I remarked walking-canes of Charles XII. and Gustavus III., and the dagger of King Eric XIV.; evidently, however, not, as is alleged, that with which he despatched Nils Sture, since this blade would make a four-angled perforation, whereas those in Sture's clothes at Upsala are three-cornered. The exhibitor, besides, must have forgotten that if the dagger was King Eric's, it cannot be that which committed this foul murder; for the story is, that Sture presented his own dagger to the king as a mark of submissive loyalty, and that the king turned the weapon upon its owner's bosom.

I left Skokloster with a deeper sense of the importance and dignity of the old aristocracy of Sweden than I had previously entertained. The wind having by this time become violent, I hesitated some time before committing myself to so frail a bark as that in which I had crossed the lake. There was, however, no alternative. Fortunately Quist, among his various occupations during life, had been for some time a boatman. To his skill and energy I believe I was indebted in no small measure for the safety in which I returned to Ålsike. I may remark that a steamer passing every day along the lakes and streams between Stockholm and Upsala forms the usual means of reaching Skokloster, which accordingly has an invasion of curious strangers once in the four-and-twenty hours.

On the brink of the lake at the landing-place I found some exposed surfaces of rock, extremely well polished and striated, the striae being north-north-east to south-south-west when one point was allowed for the variation of the compass. At Norjunda church, a few miles nearer to Stockholm, I found greater exposures, striated from north-north-east to south-south-west by compass; that is to say, one point nearer to the true meridian.

In the evening, soon after dark, I reached Stockholm, and took up my quarters in the Hôtel de Commerce, which bears the reputation of being one of the best houses of its kind in the city.

R. C.

DIFFICULTY.

FEW persons are so favourably circumstanced as not to be aware that life is encircled with perplexities. All attainable advantages have to be gained, as it were, by conquest. Man everywhere encounters an antagonism of impediments. Without an expenditure of faculty, of labour, of valiant personal endeavour, there is no possibility of progress or advancement in any of the paths of social or individual wellbeing. All the satisfactions of the universe require to be purchased, must be resolutely won, by vigorous displays of manly force, and are yielded to none save under a stern compliance with conditions. The dominion of nature is despotic: an inviolable obedience to her appointments is indispensable to the success of every action; nor is there any means whereby a man can fulfil his authentic destiny otherwise than by reconciling his aims and aspirations with the necessary tendencies of the natural economy. Human freedom is hence contingent upon a due perception of the specialties of the Divine arrangements; and a practical conformity with these, which constitutes a virtuous activity, demands

great and faithfully-sustained efforts, and a vigorous and determined discipline of spirit. That moral liberty which is the highest and most desirable attainment in a man's experience, is achievable only by victory over obstacles, by a resolute and successful subjugation of those circumstantial impediments which obstruct the growth and manifestation of the soul's powers and capabilities.

Thus the position of man in the world is one of imminent and inevitable difficulty. Having to work out his life into harmony with the general design of things, and being by nature liable to endless misapprehensions, and not the less to manifold practical shortcomings, he is continually opposed by bitter and harassing contradictions, which dissipate and baffle his best strength, and frequently overwhelm him with discouragement and failure. It is not, however, on that account to be inferred that the oppositions and perplexities which we encounter are so many instances of unmodified disaster, exerting over us nothing but evil influences, and calculated only to damage that unity and entirety of being which persons desirous of faithfully fulfilling their destination are understood to be earnestly striving to attain. On the contrary, it is true, and by a little reflection may be rendered clear to the understanding, that all *evil* which does not take the shape of a practical and personal wickedness is invested with certain tendencies of benefit, and contributes indirectly to the production or manifestation of some particular *good*, which, without collision with its opposite, might not have been brought into visible action or appearance. Of this kind are obviously all those external hindrances which obstruct the free and spontaneous expansion of human character. Repression of any force has a disposition to strengthen and augment the force itself. So long as the vital power is not utterly extinguished, or to any considerable extent impaired in its essential properties, the antagonism will tend mainly to consolidate and intensify the repressed energy, so that, on the ultimate removal or vanquishment of the obstruction, it will probably shoot forth into a more perfect development than would have been otherwise attained. Instances of the sort are by no means singular in the history of the human mind, nor even in the wider history of nations. And certainly it is a fact clear to the loosest observation, that the men who have been least obstructed in their culture, or have had fewest obstacles to contend with in their general life-progress, have nowise been remarkable for the greatness of their success, or for any visible superiority over those who were less fortunately situated; while, on the other hand, it is sufficiently well known that the most eminent and noteworthy of mankind have for the most part been those whose early career was almost inextricably beset with difficulties, which needed to be reconciled or overcome before any satisfactory progress could be made towards realising their peculiar aims and aspirations.

Indeed nothing great or worthy has ever been done in the world without a struggle. Man is evidently born to contend with opposition, to wrestle with whatsoever difficulty may anywhere withstand him, and, by that lusty and invigorating exercise, to win additions to his native strength. He is the more a man through every successful conflict with hardship or temptation. Once inspired with a noble purpose, all adversity cannot quench the enkindled puissance within him, nor subdue the earnest strivings by which he seeks to give form and being to the living thought which he personifies. Like a suppressed or hidden flame, which for a long time burns in secret, making no visible breach in the mass of material which surrounds and covers it, but at last, through some slight crevice, ascends gradually towards the air, and envelopes all about it in one common conflagration, so, by dim degrees, does the fire of manly power work silently among the vaults and invisible passages of circumstance, till the floors and beams which conceal and keep it down are all ablaze with its irresistible heat, and it darts up finally in volumes of awe and splendour. And as the vastness of the havoc in the material catastrophe is invariably proportioned to the extent and bulk of impediment which, by hiding the presence of fire, fostered its undermin-

ing ravages, so it is matter of experience that the greater the accumulation of circumstantial obstacles, so long as they extinguish not, but only hinder or repress the natural energies of a man, the more certainly do they tend, by trial and provocation, to strengthen and temper his capacity for ultimate and sure victory over all surmountable obstructions. Whatsoever exertion is accordant with the principles of nature, that will nature eventually sanction and substantiate. All the external oppositions and necessities of life are therefore to be regarded as a complication of inverse aids and assistances, by a right use of which a man's personal and inward force may be the more successfully displayed. Trial, hardship, exasperation, pains, and disappointments, though in themselves unquestionable evils, may be nevertheless transformed into ulterior and effective benefits, by being severally the occasions of stimulating the mind to renewed or worthier activity, or by undeceiving the too credulous and romantic heart with respect to some of those manifold delusions which, from defect of experience, it is so extremely apt to cherish. Everything that acquaints us with reality, or enables us to comprehend the measure of ourselves, contributes more or less in its degree to put us into right relations with the world and our own consciousness, and to bring us into a reasonable conformity with the dispensations of existence.

Every obstruction is, accordingly, a means of culture. The world being in a manner organized with special reference to the education of humanity, there is nothing preposterous in believing that difficulties and obstacles have been designedly introduced into its constitution for the sake of a more adequate cultivation of our faculties than would, apparently, have been possible by any less severe process. To question the perfection of this arrangement would be a manifest impiety against the Maker of the universe. Besides, it is evident to human reason that the system whereof man is part is altogether fair and perfect; that it is based upon an infinite and unchangeable goodness, which pervades and vivifies every minute and most inconsiderable portion; and is, indeed, the substance wherein man's life and his relations are all fundamentally established. And though we have experimentally no acquaintance with anything but a mixture of good and ill—which we everywhere perceive to be more or less constantly allied—yet we have, or at least are capable of having, a well-grounded assurance within ourselves that there is an absolute goodness which transcends experience; and that whatsoever destiny awaits us, it will be one in just accordance with the infinite perfections. This conviction is sufficient to justify the soul in that reliance which it instinctively places on the eternal integrity of the universe, and through which it unquestionably derives an ample and genuine contentment. Nor is it to be doubted that through experience with disaster, with hindrances, perplexity, or defeat, the mind acquires something of additional energy, some superadded tone of vigour or of thoughtfulness, a finer and loftier discernment, a wider compass of power or sensibility. And thus all the inequalities of condition may be finally rounded in, even as the curve of the globe, by reason of its immensely-accommodating comprehensiveness, reduces and includes mountain, and plain, and valley within one level and uniform sphericity.

The testimony of persons who have wrestled strenuously with fortune goes invariably to support the opinion, that a measure of opposition to a man's natural wishes and ambition exerts over him a wholesome and beneficial influence. The unpractised human will is insatiate in its demands, boundless in its expectations. For its exorbitant desires the universe were scarcely too immense for a possession, nor its store of endless gratifications too abundant for its satisfaction. But inasmuch as man is constituted to find his earthly welfare in specific and limited enjoyments, it is obviously needful that he should learn to moderate his inclinations, and not unreasonably spend his strength in pursuit of an inordinate and impracticable happiness. Therefore his life has been wisely hedged about with limitations, to the end that he might the better conform himself to the manner of existence for

which he was intentionally created. The strife and conflict with necessity, whereto he is constitutionally appointed, is accessory to the evolution of that personal and spiritual freedom which is open to his attainment in the world of human effort. Through hardship and manifold shapes of trial he advances towards an ultimate contentedness; and on looking back upon his thorny and obstructed path, can even thankfully discern that the things which had once so formidably impeded him, contributed, nevertheless, by their severe and rigorous stimulations, to brace and invigorate his strength, and operated in the end as furtherances of his progress. In this light at least many a brave spirit has estimated the effects of difficulty upon its individual cultivation. Bitter, doubtless, in the passing were the harsh straitenings and humiliations which the proud sufferer had to bear, in his long and disconsolate journey on the bleak highways of expectation perpetually deferred, with the rough tempests howling round him, and over his unsheltered head only the wide starless gloom and unmitigable cheerlessness of night; yet when the dawn of a more prosperous day arrived, he could the more wisely bless and welcome the joyful sunlight, and while remembering the bygone travail of his soul, take comfort in the sight and neighbourhood of cheerful things which, but for that remembrance, he might have overlooked, or gazed on with irrational indifference. Whosoever is called to buffet with misfortunes, to toil unrecompensed under the weight of irksome tasks, to sacrifice upon the altar of his necessity his best gifts and aspirations, or in anyway to bear in his own person the painful burthen of poverty or wrong, he surely has cause to deem his destiny insupportable were it utterly without remedy or hope; but in the faith that there is, nevertheless, in all severities a covert and inextinguishable beneficence which can exalt and purify the soul of him who bears them bravely, there is an abiding consolation which may sustain it in patient and unwavering endurance. A profound wisdom and an admirable encouragement are conveyed in that memorable saying of our illustrious and universal poet—

'There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.'

The interest and admiration of the world are centered for ever around them that brave with magnanimity the oppositions and hostility of circumstances. What is it that so endears and glorifies the hero but the lofty and unquenchable courage which, even in humiliation and defeat, renders him invincible? It is the godlike and undaunted energy which flinches not at danger, which stands erect and splendid amid ruin and desolation, and carries its noble head, under all reverses and disasters, with an undiminished consciousness of dignity. How tame, in comparison, is the pampered stateliness of 'cushioned ease,' the soft prosperity that wineth at the irritation of a nerve! This is neither beautiful nor honourable in the sight of any man. None but the mean and frivolous will condescend to pay it homage. But the constant sympathy and compassion of mankind cling naturally about the brave, about the valiant men and devoted women who sustained their souls in cheerfulness amid calamity, wreathing for them graceful garlands of imperishable love, and commemorating their steadfast patience with songs of admiration. The very gods, as was said of old, look with a gracious approbation on a good man struggling with adversity. Nor is it reasonably to be doubted, notwithstanding the endless wreck of noble natures fallen in weary conflict with tribulation, that the adversity has even been permitted, to the end that they who have to contend with it might thereby the more excellently illustrate their manliness. The ennobling virtues that have flourished in all ages, and shed a magnificent adornment around the history of man, have been nurtured into grandeur and stability by the rude assaults of injury and opposition, by the ungenerous but inspiring buffetings of difficulty and mortal hardship; which, in aiming at their repression, furthered and fostered them, nevertheless, into a more manifest perfection. Be of courage, thou

desponding, heavily-laden heart! nor falter in the prosecution of any enterprise which thou canst conscientiously and calmly justify; for in this thou art doing bravely, and art in the way of true endeavour, even shouldst thou never compass any visible success. Nay, there is or shall be inevitable victory for all the worthy; if not now, yet assuredly hereafter, in some higher, more congenial sphere of being, and where the compensations of fidelity are more perfectly dispensed. He who has looked upon the sun when, after a stormy day, he went down in glory, may have seen therein an emblem of human faithfulness—how that which is beautiful is never lost, but becomes finally vindicated and revealed—may have seen that the lordly orb, whose presence was obscured throughout the day, had nevertheless pursued his path across the heavens; and that the clouds which intercepted his shining did in the end become illumined with his rays, and in streaks of manifold-coloured radiance made the western sky ablaze with splendour: and in this gorgeous apotheosis of light he may have discerned an apt similitude of the brilliant transfiguration which succeeds to every career of faithful effort sustained amid the storms and obscurations of calamity.

Let us learn to endure hardness; for difficulty, though it darkens and disturbs, does also elevate and beautify the life of man; even as abrupt prominences and the rough irregularities of nature make the boldest and most admirable scenery. An easy life is not the noblest. In a smooth current of undeviating tranquillity there is little to exalt the thoughts or sensibility of mind and heart. What, in nature, is more uninteresting or destitute of grandeur than a flat, unvarying stream, flowing languidly through a level country? But would you see the beauty and sublimity of a river, follow it up into the hills, mark its progress among the rugged rocks, see how it dashes boldly from ledge to ledge, writing the story of its struggling restlessness in furrows on the brow of hardest stone, casting around it a splendid tumult with its very foam and spray; and where it attains to the majesty of a waterfall, 'taking the rainbow from the skies to fold around its breast.' Even such is human life: bounding mightily through the pass of danger, and over the rough besetments of earthly difficulty. By earnest deeds and sublime endurances, by the lusty wrestlings which try his strength, by vigorous action in the face of obstacles and temptation, a man is spiritually and everlastingly ennobled. He puts the world under his feet, and through his mastery over fortune, repairs incessantly the dilapidations of his life; turning all harshness and perplexity into blessed uses, and drawing consolation from the bitter wells of sorrow; deriving nourishment from that which seemed to threaten his destruction; and, by his natural robustness, wrenching delight out of anxiety: even as a painful thought in a poet's brain will shape itself in words of beauty. Let no man shrink his share of terrestrial hardships, never pamper himself into undue sensitiveness or anxiety for ease, but boldly bear the brunt of human strife: manfully endure whatever ought to be endured, manfully contend against whatever ought to be encountered, for this is the wholesome exercise whereby he gathers power and access of life to his own soul.

J. L.

CHATEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

LIFE BELOW STAIRS—A VISIT—AND A MARRIAGE.

A MANORIAL dwelling has many other inmates besides those who claim it as their hereditary home; and in sketching chateau manners in England, we cannot with propriety leave out the servants' hall—the scene of the other and far different drama of life below stairs. The family at Marston was exceedingly well ordered; every consideration was shown for the servants—they ought to have been the happiest of domestics, judging from their position and mode of treatment; and their appearance, when seen all together at the winter festivals and on Sundays, gave me that impression. We

walked to church, for the grounds opened into the churchyard; and besides the two footmen who preceded us to open the church door, were followed thither, at a little distance, by all the servants except two—the kitchen-maid, who had to cook *their* dinner and *our* luncheon, and a man whose office it was to keep up the fires. The others went to church in a procession of two and two, the way being led by the butler and housekeeper. A more respectable band of servants I never saw; but they were well ruled; and those who govern well are generally well served, whether the scene of dominion be a kingdom or a family. When the afternoon service was over, they were to be seen walking in groups about the village, to which, in the course of the week, they were frequently despatched on errands of charity, that must have had a good effect on their minds, by teaching them to take an interest in the welfare of their poor brethren.

But our readers must now accompany us to the offices of Marston at early morning. It is near eight o'clock, the breakfast hour for the servants, and preparations are already making for the morning meal. The kitchen-fire is blazing up joyously, scorching the face of the kitchen-maid as she fries bacon in no stinted quantities for the men's breakfast, for it is a popular dish with the grooms; and on the hall-table stands a huge piece of cold beef, plates, tankards, tea-cups, and several large loaves of household bread. The hall is still gaily garnished with holly and ivy, and a large piece of mistletoe hanging over the door has afforded scope for much mirth; but the jest having been exhausted, and its day gone by, it is now withering unheeded. The fire here nearly rivals that in the kitchen, and it is needed; for as the coachmen, grooms, and stable-boys enter, in obedience to the summons of the breakfast-bell, they all loudly exclaim against the severity of the cold. The water-pipes are all frozen; Adams has pumped in vain; and Thomas the gardener has been obliged to fire on the ice in the pond to procure water. They gather round the board, not without a joke or two exchanged with John, the head footman, who, having been long in service in London, plays the part of the fine gentleman among them, and takes coffee and an egg for breakfast. The female servants, consisting of two housemaids, the kitchen-maid, dairy-maid, under kitchen-maid, and laundresses, drink boiled milk; the stablemen generally home-brewed ale, in the style of Elizabeth's day. The meal is a cheerful one, characterised by great civility to each other, especially on the part of the footmen towards the maids, who are addressed by them as 'Mrs Ann' and 'Mrs Jane.' There is a great difference between the servants of Marston Manor and the maids-of-all-work, or boys-in-buttons, by courtesy designated 'pages,' whose physiology has already amused the public: they (the former) speak another sort of English, purer and better to the ear, though occasionally the footman, John, rivals Mrs Malaprop in the misapplication of resonant words, of which his ear has become enamoured in the dining-room. For example, he has just assured the coachman—a gigantic Yorkshireman, whose dialect affords him, the said John, great entertainment—that he must beg he will drop the subject (that is, the delicacy of his appetite), as he never allows people to make *cements* (Anglice, comments) on him. And he has been heard before to say that Major Straightly was a very fine gentleman, though he was sometimes terribly *quicksided* (criticised?) by the ladies. In spite of his fashionable mania, however, John is a very active, well-behaved

servant, and is admired by the maids for the way he wears his powder and hands the dishes. Richard, his coadjutor, is sentimental—a Mr Moddle in his way. He reads poetry when he can get any pathetic enough for his taste, and practises the violin: very mournful, complaining tones sometimes reach me from the hall window in an evening. During 'the season' he has had occasional lessons. The maids are neat, tidy lasses, clever at their work, and standing in wholesome awe of the housekeeper. When their daily business is ended, they are employed in making shirts for the Christmas distribution to the poor. The under-kitchen or scullery-maid is a girl of about fourteen, taken from the village, and still half wondering at her new position; looking up reverentially to all above her, and not yet accustomed to consider 'the gravy meat,' as she calls it, in any other light than 'a Sunday dinner every day.'

And now, leaving the subordinates to their morning meal, we will proceed up the passages leading to the hall, turn to the right, and enter the housekeeper's room, a good-sized apartment, furnished with the chairs and tables that in former days might have had a place in the drawing-room. They are of solid, massive old mahogany. The two arm-chairs—once honoured by the distinction of 'easy'—covered by a faded tapestry, the work perchance of a former lady of Marston, are occupied by the housekeeper and butler; the former a comfortable-looking, elderly dame, neatly dressed; and the latter a tall, rather solemn-looking man, quite aware of his own importance as head of the servants' hall, wearing a gold watch and chain, and a spotlessly-white neckcloth. In the housekeeper's room he can at times be facetious, though in general his well-trained features remain in grave repose when any ordinary mortal would be moved to irrepressible mirth. He is a politician, reads the newspapers in the evening to the housekeeper and the ladies'-maids; and sometimes relaxes into a perusal of one of James's novels, which he greatly admires. The ladies'-maids are very smart damsels, wearing cuffs, collars, bows, and brooches, in imitation of their ladies. Portia's attendant is of a rather better caste than usual, having been dresser to one of the princesses. She is consequently regarded with peculiar respect, being well educated, able to write a good note, or read aloud if desired. This little party breakfast in the usual manner—tea and sugar being allowed to the upper servants. The morning meal over, 'Mr Nokes' and 'Mrs Baines,' as they are styled in the servants' hall, withdraw to direct the proceedings of their subordinates, and the ladies'-maids to attend their mistresses toilet. At nine o'clock the female servants assemble to prayers in the octagon room already described. It would be an over-tedious task to follow each of the busy group to his or her respective labours. One o'clock again assembled them in the hall, where they found the cook and housekeeper, Mrs Baines (who had just sent in the luncheon), receiving from the hands of a gamekeeper a haunch of venison, of which she expressed the most enthusiastic admiration, pointing out to Nokes the beauty of the fat, 'a good five inches thick,' and expressing her amazement that none of the servants would eat game or venison: on which John, anxious to avoid the imputation of plebeian taste, rejoined, that 'he had rather a pangshang for 'air (hare), but that he did not like to dine on it, though it was very well for second course.' The gamekeeper, who held powdered heads in great contempt, and had even been heard to aver that he believed footmen's brains were 'made of mashed potatoes,' smiled contemptuously, and suggested that a cup of ale would be very acceptable after his cold walk. He was, however, invited to stay dinner; and

being a 'crony' of the coachman, accepted the invitation, greatly heightening, by his rustic humour and hearty laugh, the hilarity of the repast, which consisted of a large piece of boiled beef with vegetables, a leg of mutton—Marston was very proud of its mutton 'of four years old'—some cold pork, and 'a second course,' as John styled it, of yeast dumplings and fried plum-pudding. The servants all dined together, there being no second table at the manor.

After dinner, the coachman and one footman went out with the carriage, the other servants dispersed, and the hall was again deserted till half-past four or five o'clock, when those who chose to have tea—and they were all the female servants—re-assembled. The same party that had breakfasted together met in the housekeeper's room, where an abundant supply of tea was made, as the ladies of the family were generally partakers of it, a few cups being always sent to the library. But the social meal in the servants' hall was supper: the day's toils were over, the time their own. What a huge log blazed on the fire, and lighted up the group assembled round it; and how the kitchen-maid and little Ann bustled about, to spread the snowy cloth with cold meat, bread and cheese, butter and 'mighty ale!' And then the jests they cracked and the tales they told; the 'sweethearting' going on in the chimney corner; and the fine speeches 'Gentleman John,' as he was nicknamed, made to the maids as they moved near him. The housekeeper presided at supper, but did not partake of it, having reserved a nice 'little bit' for her own room, where Nokes and the ladies'-maids waited her coming, busying themselves meantime in mulling the elder wine. As soon as Mrs Baines vacated her seat, the long deal-table was removed, the forms drawn round the fire, and the party seated themselves in the genial light. Singing was proposed, and after some little pressing (for 'Mrs Ann' thought it good manners not to comply with the first request), the upper housemaid commenced 'Ye banks and braes,' her native taste prompting the selection, though John had gently insinuated his preference of 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble 'alls.' The men's voices gradually joined in the melody, and song rapidly succeeded song, and glees were performed with infinite effect for some time, till Richard produced his violin, and a merry country dance closed the evening.

In this humble circle there occurred, not many years ago, an incident, in the 'cruel Barbara Allen' style, which struck me as so simple, and unlike our present age, that I cannot forbear repeating it. As frequently happens in large establishments, one of the footmen of Marston had succeeded in winning the affections of the under-housemaid, who, in the phrase of the English peasantry, 'gave him her company' for some time. At last, however, a London damsel arrived in the village, whose air and manner—to say nothing of her bonnet—eclipsed the humble Phebe; and her faithless 'follower' transferred his fickle love to the stranger. The poor girl took the matter to heart, like a damsel of the old world, supposed now only to exist in ballads; she drooped, pined, left her place, and finally,

'Like a broken lily,
Hung her head and died.'

The only reproach she ever made her false lover was implied, rather than uttered. On her deathbed, she sent to request that he would be one of the bearers who should carry her to the grave. Refusal was of course impossible, and John was obliged to go through the ordeal. A trying one it must have been; for the pretty creature, who had thus 'died untimely,' was much beloved in the village; and one can imagine the looks cast on the unlucky bearer, as the simple funeral moved slowly towards the churchyard, the fluttering hat-bands of white silk typifying the purity and innocence of her they mourned. Local associations, likewise, must have had their effect. The lane they passed down, close beside the manor shrubbery, had, when gay with the silver blossoms of the May thorn, been the scene of many

lingerings in the twilight; nay, the tree they buried her under had once been a trysting spot. Perhaps the dying girl had remembered all this, and thus sought an innocent, but, as it proved, fatal revenge. However this may be, the sequel of my story is strangely tragic: the lover returned home, took to his bed, and survived poor Phebe only six weeks. Our infallible Shakspeare has assured us 'that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love'; either, however, this was an exception to the rule, or remorse and shame killed the poor man.

The event has furnished a touching legend for the servants' hall, which does not, unluckily, possess a single ghost story; for though a gamekeeper was murdered by poachers once in the immediate neighbourhood, he has proved a very quiet, inoffensive dead man, having probably had enough of *night-walking* during his life. The master of Marston was very attentive to the moral conduct and wellbeing of his dependents. A well-selected collection of books found a place in the housekeeper's room, to be lent by her to the servants' hall; and Portia found occasionally occupation for the too great leisure of the footmen, by making them wind the worsted she used for knitting stockings. In some families the 'Johns' are occasionally employed in 'grounding' Berlin-work, but from this effeminacy she spared them. Much time at their own disposal is, after all, left to the servants in such a house: the weather will not always permit ladies to drive, or gentlemen to ride; and if means are not provided for the men to employ profitably the long winter hours thus remaining, it is to be feared the 'idle hands' may find mischief to do for want of something better.

A visit to C— Castle, which I made about this time with Portia, afforded me a glimpse at another family as well ordered as that of the Marstons. We drove there to luncheon one bright frosty morning, and found the Lady Augusta surrounded by her children. Their morning studies were ended, and the quarter of an hour before their dinner—which they had at her luncheon—was spent with her in the library. The eldest son was at present at home for the holidays: he was a fine specimen of a wellborn young Englishman, and scarcely deserved that the epithet 'schoolboy' should be applied to him, at least not in its 'awkward' sense. The little girls were pretty, graceful, and a little shy. At luncheon their governess made her appearance, and was introduced to us. She was evidently a sensible, accomplished woman, beloved by her pupils, and esteemed by their gentle mother, who treated her with marked and graceful courtesy. She withdrew after luncheon to her own room, to write letters till it was time for her to accompany the children in their daily walk, and Lady Augusta then turned the conversation on education. She had not sought, she told us, for an all-accomplished instructress for her daughters: they had masters every season in London, and during part of the winter they had a singing and music mistress in the house; the absence of the numerous families in which she taught permitting her to leave town for the country, as most of the better class of teachers do. This person was a foreigner of high respectability, with whom they could also converse in French and Italian. The English governess was not therefore required to possess (or more truly, *profess*) all sorts of seldom-combined talents; she was simply a highly-educated gentlewoman, of good though impoverished family, capable of forming the children's minds, and directing and cultivating their taste. They breakfasted with her in the school-room early, dined at luncheon, drank tea with her at six o'clock, and then joined their parents in the drawing-room, to which Miss Griffin accompanied them if she pleased. Very frequently however she chose to have a quiet and solitary evening in the charming apartment appropriated to her use, to which Lady Augusta afterwards conducted us, to show us the paintings it contained. It was a large room with an oriel window, elegantly furnished, and adorned with many little luxuries—such as a stand full of choice exotics,

a number of the best new publications, an easy-chair and reading-table, a sofa drawn near the fire, &c.—all making it a perfect contrast to the uncomfortable, half-carpeted chambers in which many whose lot it is to fulfil a most important duty are condemned to pass the greater part of their time. As we glanced round the school-room at C—, we felt a conviction that one reason that Lady Augusta found few inconveniences, and much benefit derived from 'home education,' might be ascribed to the pleasant and soothing impression made by external objects on the mind and temper of her governess, as well as of her children; for in spite of all the 'wise saws and modern instances' in favour of a more Spartan-like treatment of young students, comfort appears to us absolutely necessary for the full development of mental power in this our cold little England.

After luncheon, Lady Augusta, who was a fond though not a foolish mother, took us to see the juvenile establishment at the castle. A suite of bedrooms, running down a long wide corridor—a capital place for exercise in wet weather—terminated in a large, elegantly-furnished study, fitted up with book-cases, globes, two or three fine pictures, models for drawing, &c. The garden seen from the windows was the property of the little people, and in summer supplied them with flowers: even in winter a few exotics graced the school-room. Here they studied part of the day, but not too long; and in the evenings descended with Miss Griffin to the drawing-room, where they told us they played proverbs, or acted charades. We were invited to see one of these entertainments; and lest our readers should not be acquainted with this favourite amusement of winter country life, we will describe what we saw. The back drawing-room was the theatre; the scenes were painted by a poor drawing-master residing at the county town, and represented, first, an apartment in an Eastern dwelling, in which a very fat pacha was seated on the divan, surrounded by the officers of his court. The great man had somehow or other offended the English residents in his pachalic, and the captain of a man-of-war, in full uniform, attended by his dragoman, made his appearance to demand satisfaction.

It was necessary, we were informed by this worthy (the Etonian), to say something impressive; and as the dragoman was already possessed of all particulars of the complaint, and the naval hero disdained needless repetitions, he forthwith put himself into a stage attitude, and thundered forth, 'My name is Norval,' addressing it to the pacha, who, ignorant of course of the sense, was much alarmed by the sound, and interrupting the orator, assured him, through the dragoman, that he need not be so angry—'*Inshallah*, it should all be as he pleased.' The scene was rendered sufficiently ludicrous by the young actors' notion of Turkish, which not a little resembled M. Jourdain's when he was made a 'Mamamouchi.' We were told this scene was the representation of a real incident. The pacha and the captain were of course reconciled, and all the ceremonial of pipes and coffee proceeded with great gravity, when the curtain fell, and the first part of the charade was guessed to be 'court.' The second scene represented the deck of the captain's vessel, on which appeared the pacha, who had taken a passage in her to Constantinople. His odd queries as to the different parts of the ship, and the equally absurd uses assigned to them by his host, were highly amusing. The officer's sister then made her appearance, and at once captivated the worthy Oriental, on whose extravagant compliments and stare of admiration the curtain dropped for the second time. The third scene represented the whole word constituting the charade. The actors were still on the deck of the vessel, and the pacha had begun his wooing by offering gifts to his lady-love. They really made a very pretty picture. On one side was seated the gaudily-attired Turk, his officers standing behind him; on the other, the young officer leaned on his sister's chair; and in the background were a few 'well-costumed' sailors. The taste of the grouping and colouring was admirable.

An Ethiopian slave then advanced, and placed a basket of beautiful flowers at the lady's feet; another brought exquisite wax-fruit; and then several advancing together, offered her splendid shawls, chains of pearl and gold, and jewels, lent for the occasion by their mother and her guests. All, however, were rejected by the lady, who made a very graceful little speech about 'liberty and content in an English cottage,' and the curtain again dropped. The word 'courtship' was at once guessed; and the young people, after they had changed their attire, appeared in the drawing-room to laugh over their performance. Portia invited them to spend the last evening of the old year at the manor, and the invitation was joyfully accepted.

The guests assembled on this occasion at Marston were of a mixed class. There were the village apothecary and his wife, worthy, respectable people, who always spent that day at the manor, and greatly enjoyed their visit; the agent of the estate and his clerk, who had arrived to receive the rents rather earlier than usual; two very singular, old-fashioned curates, representatives of a class of men now nearly extinct—happily for their sacred function; the people from the castle; the members of the family; and a few country neighbours. A splendid dinner was provided, at which an antitype of the Christmas pudding made its appearance, of really gigantic proportions, adorned in the centre with a branch of holly. All sorts of games occupied the evening till about half-past eleven, when, adjourning to the hall, the young and old people joined in a country-dance, and amidst a glorious chime of village-bells thus welcomed in the new year.

Amidst all these festivities, the hussar had been quietly winning his way into the good graces of the owners of Marston; and though he was also evidently in Portia's 'good books,' she did not therefore threaten, like Beatrice, 'to burn her library.' She rode a great deal, and he generally accompanied her father and herself. Nay, once or twice they were observed to linger in conversation behind the others when walking; and whether the old trees then heard the secret, I do not know; but shortly afterwards the young man was shut up for some time in the study with his host, from whence he issued with a very radiant countenance. In that evening's twilight Portia told me of her intended marriage, at which I was to officiate as bridesmaid; and we talked about the necessary preparations, and her future home in Wales, with mixed feelings of gladness and regret, for she loved Marston; and it is always a sorrowful thing to leave the home of youth to tempt an uncertain future, however bright the mirage it offers may appear.

Soon after this disclosure, the gentlemen went to London, to set the lawyers to work on settlements. The lady's-maid departed also, to bring down all sorts of pretty things for approval or selection, and friends and relatives began to think of bridal gifts. When we were only ladies at the manor, we dined early, and had 'the treat' of a very cosy tea, at which griddle-cakes always made their appearance. We also managed at such times to pay visits or make excursions which were likely to be too severe a tax on the gentlemen's patience. We had more time also to visit Portia's school for the poor children, and to listen to our old dames' gossip. They grieved sadly at the thought of losing their young lady, but praised the intended bridegroom, whose frank good-nature had made him popular amongst them. One old woman offered as a gift to the young betrothed an old wine-glass of George II.'s time, which had been long preserved in her family. I need scarcely say that the gift was graciously accepted, and really valued. Meantime spring was gradually stealing upon winter. The weather was mild and genial for February, and snowdrops already adorned with their pure and exquisite beauty the shrubbery and sheltered places round the manor. The hussar's family arrived to be present at the bridal, and the Lily spent with me many of the hours which Portia could no longer devote

entirely to her friend. It was part of the happiness of the destined bride that she should gain such a sister by her marriage, for the quiet, diffident girl was not only gentle and affectionate, but intelligent, and possessed of cultivated taste.

The day before the wedding was a busy time for us bridesmaids. We were required to put the bridal cards into the exquisite little envelopes, and to direct them to some hundreds of friends; taking care to put into each a card with the maiden name of the bride, as, in spite of that tell-tale of tell-tales, the 'Morning Post,' some oblivious readers might otherwise be puzzled as to the fair lady who had now a new name.

The wedding morning dawned at last, as bright with sunshine as bride could desire, even if her happiness really depended (as the old proverb makes it) on its light. An immense party were to grace the ceremony with their presence. I went early to Portia's chamber, and found her maid just finishing her toilet by adjusting the matchless veil on her fair hair by a wreath of orange blossoms. She was robed in white, and bouquets of the bridal flower, fastened with pearls, were the only trimmings of her simple and elegant dress. The bridegroom and bridesmaids proceeded first to church, and waited her coming in the vestry; the latter, on her arrival, met her at the church door, and conducted her up the aisle. They were also in white, and the Lily merited that day her name. The church was thronged, not only by the guests at the manor, but by the village poor, all in their best attire; Parrot and the sexton had wreathed the pillars with evergreens, blended with snowdrops and crocuses, and wore enormous posies in their button-holes, in honour of the occasion. I held the bride's little white glove; her uncle read the ceremony, solemnly and impressively—and she was married. The chief actors in this important drama then adjourned to the vestry, where the marriage was registered, and the witnesses signed their names. All then proceeded to the manor, where breakfast awaited them. A table covered with every sort of luxury was crowned literally—for it rose above the other viands—by a magnificent cake, frosted and adorned so as to merit really the name of a beautiful work of art. A wreath of orange blossoms and snowdrops, covered with glittering crystals like dew, lay on its sugar snow, and made one quite sorry to see it cut. I forgot to say that we had all received our favours—bunches of orange blossom tied with silver—in the vestry: white gloves were also distributed before we went to breakfast. The bridegroom's man cut the cake, the healths of the newly-married pair were drunk, then the bridesmaids, then the host and hostess. Champagne flashed and sparkled in the glasses, and the mirth, though never loud, was lasting. At length the bride withdrew to prepare for her departure, the bridal veil and dress were exchanged for a travelling costume, and Portia bade us all farewell. Her husband, a little quieter and graver than was his wont, handed her into their splendid carriage, and they were soon beyond the lodge gates of Marston Manor. The bridal guests dispersed to their several apartments till dinner-time, to write of or to discuss the event, to gossip about the bride's presents or *trousseau*, or to admire the loveliness of herself and her attire. As there were a great many ladies in the house, the postboy's bag was very heavy that evening.

There was a ball at Marston at night, and the servants also 'received company,' sitting down, as we were afterwards told, forty to supper. An ox was cut up and distributed to the poor; and the bells, which had been ringing almost incessantly since the ceremony, continued till nearly midnight to blend their harmony with that of the band stationed in the hall. Chimes are always the accompaniment of important events or solemn seasons in the country; and it may be this presence of a sound has beneficial effects, for it unites in sympathy the rich and poor by waking memories and associations that are common to all—the birth, the bridal, and the burial of the dead. Alas! the solemn

music of Marston bells was to tell many other and sadder tales ere they again hailed the dawn of a new year!

On the morrow the visitors left the manor, except an old gentleman nearly related to the family, who remained, intending to accompany them to town for the season. I lingered two days longer than the other guests. What a void the marriage of a daughter makes in the domestic circle! Portia's absence gave a gloom to Marston worse to bear than that of the mid-winter snows. There is also perhaps something depressing in the struggle between winter and the coming spring, but the weather had never incurred so much blame from us as it did after her departure; and it was with the hope that change of scene would remove these disagreeable impressions that I obeyed a summons home, and bade adieu to the hospitable owners and sylvan beauties of Marston Manor.

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Dr Sichel has communicated to the 'Annales des Sciences Naturelles' a curious fact, which some of our readers may like to amuse themselves in verifying. He says that, twenty years since, he made the observation so carefully, and for such a period of time, as to become perfectly assured that cats which have perfectly white coats (that is, with not even a spot of another colour) and blue eyes are invariably deaf. We may make, as close to them as we will, any noises that usually terrify them—such as the cracking of a whip, imitation of the barking of a dog, clapping the hands, &c.—and yet, provided these sounds are not of a nature to convey vibrations, by shaking the ground, as when we strike the floor with a hammer, the animal will remain perfectly indifferent. If, however, there is the smallest spot or shade of black, brown, gray, red, &c. on the coat; or if the iris, instead of being blue or grayish-blue, is yellow, or partakes of some deeper colour, then will the auditory functions be found in their normal state. This blue colour of the iris is indeed rather rare in the feline race, and is generally found only in very young animals; and when, in the progress of age, it becomes exchanged for a deeper colour, though the white skin yet remain, hearing becomes established.

After repeating these observations a great number of times on cats which he met with by chance, Dr Sichel, in 1828, had the opportunity of observing during some months an entirely white cat with blue eyes, which he had procured, while a kitten, for that purpose. This cat, which, at the mere sight of a dog, escaped as rapidly as possible, paid no heed to his barking if she did not see him. Of its complete deafness both he and a friend assured themselves. At the end of four months, the iris became of a deeper colour, and the cat began to show signs of attention when a sharp-sounding bell was rung at about a yard from its ear. Unfortunately, the farther progress of the experiment was arrested; for the cat, having passed into the street, was worried by a dog whose barking she had not heard. Since that period he has made many additional confirmatory observations, but has not had leisure to pursue any of these connectedly.

In numerous examples of albinism in man and animals he has met with nothing of the kind, and all that has been said applies exclusively to white cats with blue or bluish irides. In pure albinos the hair is colourless, the pupil is a more or less deep red, and the iris rose-coloured. In incomplete albinism in man the iris is sometimes of an extremely bright blue, having, however, in the interstices of its fibres, and especially towards the circumference, a slightly red or golden colour. These fibres themselves are in great part white, and show on the blue or partially red ground. The blue of the irides of these deaf cats, on the contrary, is quite uniform, and uninterrupted by any white fibres, or by any different shades of colour. Nor are the depth of the eye and the pupil red, as in the albino. In this case, then, there does not coincide with the absence of colouring pigment in the hairs that entire absence of it in the internal membranes of the eye which exists in the albino, and produces

the redness of his eye—the vessels filled with red blood, which in other eyes are concealed behind a dark pigment, being in his exposed to view. The pigment in these blue-eyed cats is probably of a bluish colour, and at all events it must be far lighter than is usually the case.

Dr Sichel refers to a paper published by Professor Hevsinger a short time previously, in one of the German medical journals, in which he draws attention to other peculiarities of white animals—namely, their inferior power of resisting the injurious effects of certain external agents. Hevsinger observes that facts such as these in question were formerly deemed unworthy of credit, but that accumulated observations have now vouched for their accuracy. At an early period Cayrillo, and at a later one Marinosei di Martini and Menni di Lecce, communicated facts showing that in Naples and Sicily eating of the *Hypericum crispum* (there called *Fumulo*) acted perniciously on white, but not on black sheep, causing in the former the wool to fall off, the head to swell, and death itself to take place in a couple of weeks. On this account, in Tarentino, where the plant is very common, black sheep alone are reared. Lecce states that the plant acts in this injurious manner only when it grows in marshy places. Spinola, in his work on the diseases of swine, declares that buckwheat (the *Polygonum fagopyrum*), eaten at its period of flowering, engenders in white or partially white swine diseases which are not produced by it in the black animal; and Fuchs, treating of the diseases of domestic animals, says that it acts injuriously not only on white swine, but on white sheep and goats, and, though seldomer, on white horses and cattle.

A veterinary surgeon named Steiner relates in a German periodical devoted to the diseases of animals, that in the summer of 1841 the leguminous plants, especially the vetches, became subject to honey-dew, and that all white horses, and even such as had only white marks, which partook of them suffered from disease of the skin. The white portions in partly-coloured horses became gangrenous, and separated from the dark portions, which continued sound. The dark-coloured horses which did, and the white ones which did not partake of this food, continued healthy. In the same journal a Pomeranian veterinary surgeon mentions a circumstance of exactly the same kind occurring from the same cause. Similar observations were made by Burneister at Anklam in 1842.

Mr Youatt relates a case bearing upon the subject. A cow for the most part white, but having some black spots, fell sick, and became bald on every part of the white surface. On these parts the epidermis detached itself from the subjacent true skin, while the dark spots continued perfectly healthy. A veterinary surgeon named Erdt relates a similar case. A black and white cow became very ill. The two colours perhaps were nearly alike in quantity, but were commingled in numerous patches of very various sizes. As the cow recovered, the portions of skin covered with white hair were observed to be swollen and unduly sensible, while the portions covered with black hair remained in their normal state. At the lines of junction between the two colours the epidermis of the white portions separated, became warped, and acquired a parchment consistency. These portions gradually retracted, and rolled themselves up, falling off in a week or two; so that, at the end of a fortnight, not a trace of the white hairs and subjacent skin was observed; and so slowly were these reproduced, that three months after the animal was still denuded of half its hair. Not the slightest injury befell even the smallest portions of the parts covered with black hair. After the detachment of the skin, not a white hair could be detected upon the entire animal; nor could careful examination discover a single black one on the portions of skin that were thrown off.

M. Sichel, commenting on these cases, observes that they serve to show that the absence or modification of the pigment in mammiferous animals is not a mere physiological variety of the order of those formerly termed *lusus nature*, or freaks of nature; but that it may exert a real and great influence not only upon the skin itself, but upon

various other organs, modifying, or even abolishing, the functions of some of these, and creating a singular susceptibility to toxical substances. In regard to man himself, it has been also long observed, that both in his normal and morbid conditions, various portions of the organic system, besides the skin and hair, comport themselves very differently in fair and dark subjects.

RÉNÉ MADEC;

A NARRATIVE OF REAL LIFE.

[The following narrative may acquire additional interest in the eyes of our readers as coming from the pen of the venerable Monsieur Keratry, who, at the opening of the French Legislative Assembly in May 1848, took the chair as '*doyen d'âge*,' in which capacity it became, to use his own words, his 'office to constitute the chamber, and to direct its first labours until such time as it shall have appointed officers capable of imparting to its deliberations a regular and dignified course of proceeding.' M. Keratry is a native of Brittany, and in the following narrative he gives a sketch of the eventful career of one of his fellow-countrymen in that province:—]

THERE lived at the quaint old town of Quimper in Brittany, about the middle of the last century, a boy of fifteen years of age, of a resolute character, a good natural disposition, and an active though uncultivated mind. He was an orphan, poorly clad, and but little cared for. He had an uncle who kept hack-horses for the use of travellers (for the then steep and rugged roads of Brittany were as yet unfrequented by the *diligence* or the *malle-poste*), and the young René earned a scanty subsistence by running alongside of the animals, and bringing them back to his uncle when the journey was accomplished.

About the period to which we refer, however, this lad was sent on a somewhat more distant excursion than he had hitherto performed. A wealthy merchant hired the best pony to take him to Brest, which our travellers reached on the evening of the second day, just as the gates were about to close. The merchant, after giving his young escort a rather larger fee than he was accustomed to receive, dismounted at the best hotel in the town; whilst the barefooted boy, cracking his whip, and gaily singing one of his wild Breton songs, took his pony by the bridle, and went his way to a very poor tavern, where he knew that both man and beast were lodged at the cheapest rate. Just as he reached the door, he was accosted by a Norman jockey, who, after carefully examining his horse's points, offered to purchase the beast for a sum amounting to about £5 sterling of our money—at that time no inconsiderable price. René, however, laughed at the proposal; and having carefully rubbed down his pony, given it a feed of oats, and a shake-down of fresh straw, he took his place at a table around which were seated some half-dozen sailors, who had just enlisted on board a privateer, which was to sail in the course of the following day from the port of Brest. They were mostly, like himself, beardless youths; and whilst they washed down slices of salt pork with draughts of sour cider, they talked with glee of the fights they expected to have with the English, of struggles in which they were ever to come off victorious, and of the rich prizes they would be sure to take. These words found in René an eager listener: he soon retired to share his horse's litter, the only couch he could afford; but sleep was that night a stranger to his eyelids. 'Six years,' said he to himself, 'have I been following my uncle's horses on the high road, sometimes exposed to rain and snow, sometimes to the freezing wind or the burning sun; and then when I return home wet or weary, a miserable pallet and a few spoonfuls of soup are all the comforts which await me. And when I grow old, what is to become of me? It is true that my uncle owes me eighty crowns, my mother's legacy; but he is a hard man, and who knows whether he will ever give them to me?—perhaps he will say I have cost him as much in food and clothing. No: it is time I should do something for myself. I see that this

Norman jockey wants my horse: he shall have it; but I will make him pay a fair price for it. My uncle will be very angry when he hears I have turned privateer: perhaps he will say I have robbed him; but I am sure that will not be true, since he owes me eighty crowns, and I shall only get thirty for the horse!' We will not pretend to justify the course of reasoning by which our young Breton satisfied his conscience that his uncle's pony was in all honour and honesty his own lawful property: but suffice it to say, he was sincere in his own conviction that he was doing no wrong to any man.

The young René Madec (for such was his family name) had now formed his resolution. The most prominent trait in his character was, a firmness which no obstacle could shake when once he had come to a decision as to the course to be pursued. This characteristic was the turning-point of his destiny, as it will ever be of all those who are destined to fill any important part in the affairs of life. René, rising with the sun, found the Norman, as he expected, lingering about the tavern. The bargain was soon concluded, and René, after contemplating with an admiring eye his bag of silver crowns, hastened to a tailor who kept all the necessary articles for a sailor's equipment. Nothing was wanting to the perfection of his costume—neither the brass-buckled shoes nor the broad-brimmed hat: a pair of tolerable pistols hung from his woollen belt, and a hunting-knife was suspended to his side by a green cord.

Thus equipped, our young hero presented himself to the captain of the privateer which was about to sail. The hardy seaman was struck with the resolute air of the young Quimerois; and his offer of service, couched in few words, and expressed in the dry, pointed manner peculiar to the true Armorican, as well as the frank and manly expression of his youthful countenance, pleased the sailor-chief, about to commence a career of danger and difficulty. René was accepted, and enlisted to his great delight as one of the crew of the *Epervier*. An hour after the agreement had been made, the young Madec was standing on the pier, carrying in a handkerchief, that hung suspended from his hunting-knife, all his little store of earthly goods, which consisted in a few changes of linen, a primer, an ink-horn, and copy-book; for although he had been hitherto brought up in a state of total ignorance, he longed to acquire at least the rudiments of learning. He was soon joined by the captain, and they embarked together in a small boat, which brought them quickly to the *Epervier*. It was with joyous emotion that the young René beheld the gallant ship, every sail set, riding triumphantly over the waves. His heart beat high with hope, and he felt tempted to exclaim to her, 'Remember thou carriest Madec and his fortunes!' René, by his alertness and attention, soon became a favourite with the captain. In the course of a few weeks he had learned to read, and was, moreover, the most skilful hand on board at manœuvring the ship. During eighteen months the *Epervier* pursued a career of unexampled success, and caused several severe losses to the English merchant service. In every engagement in which he bore a part, René distinguished himself by his bravery. Ever to be found by his captain's side when not actually employed in fulfilling his orders, he became, in fact, his master's body-guard, and received more than one sabre thrust which was destined for him. This devotion naturally melted the old seaman's heart towards the orphan boy, whom he treated as a son rather than as an inferior. But at length fortune seemed to weary of favouring the privateer: in a thick fog she encountered an English frigate, and after a severe struggle, was forced to yield; but not until the brave captain and the greater number of his crew had fallen in the combat. Only seven of the young Bretons remained alive, and among these was René, who was found, covered with wounds, lying on the body of his captain, whose life he had vainly sought to defend. The *Epervier*, now re-named as the *Hawk*, was

brought into Plymouth, and the seven prisoners, removed into a pontoon, were committed to the charge of a picket of four marines. Here Madec, favoured by youth and a naturally robust constitution, quickly recovered from his wounds; and it was not long before his active mind began to devise means for procuring his own liberty and that of his companions. He had retained a few pieces of gold—his share of the prize-money obtained in their successful expeditions—and he one day persuaded a marine to purchase with this a few pints of grog for the poor prisoners, and also a treat for himself and his comrades. The latter could not but invite their liberal prisoner to partake with them of the feast he had provided for them at his own expense. The invitation was of course gladly accepted, and René seized an opportunity of drugging the grog which stood upon the table, and of which he himself was careful not to partake. Soon the four marines were wrapped in a profound slumber, and in a quarter of an hour they were shut up beneath the hatches which the prisoners had lately occupied, while these latter, as well as five Spaniards who had shared their captivity, stood free and armed upon the deck.

Madec now addressed the little band, telling them that much yet remained to be done before they could look upon their liberty as secured. He proposed to them to swim to a small boat which lay near at hand, and had been confided to the keeping of a single cabin-boy—to row in her to the Hawk, which lay at anchor in the bay—surprise and overpower the few sailors who had the charge of her, and thus take possession once more of their old ship. This plan met with universal approbation. The life of the little cabin-boy was spared, after he had been terrified into silence by the threat of receiving a pistol-shot through his brain if he uttered a single word.

The sailors in the Hawk, believing themselves attacked by a far superior force, surrendered at discretion, with the loss of only a single life. They were handcuffed, and thrown into the hold; the anchor was raised, the sails set, and by sunrise they were beyond the reach of pursuit. The ship was well provisioned for a long voyage. The little company breakfasted next morning with joyous hearts, and unanimously elected Madec as captain of the good ship Hawk, swearing to obey him implicitly in all things. After making several prizes in the equatorial seas, and having received an accession to his crew in the person of some merchant sailors, whom he had saved from shipwreck during a storm, Captain Madec began to turn his thoughts towards Hindoostan. It was in the year 1770: the whole of Bengal was rapidly yielding before the victorious armies of Great Britain; Negapatam and Delhi had already become tributary; and Hyder Ali, the king of Mysore, trembled on his throne. Madec burned with the desire to distinguish himself in this new field. But he had no sooner turned the Cape of Good Hope than a mutiny broke out among his men, who, enriched by their past successes, wished to return to their native land to enjoy the fruits of their toils and perils. His energy and decision of character, however, quickly put down every outward expression of discontent, and order reigned once more on board the Epervier. At last they reached the Coromandel coast. Madec went in person, followed by fifty of his crew, to offer his services to Hyder Ali. They were gratefully accepted; and in more than one encounter the little band and their gallant chief signally distinguished themselves. During these campaigns Madec formed a friendship with a Mahratta prince, a vassal of Hyder Ali, in whose palace he was often permitted to enjoy a few days of repose in the intervals of peace, while his battalion was quartered in the neighbouring villages. This nabob had an only daughter, beautiful, guileless, and gentle, but an ardent admirer of all that was truly great and noble. Her hand was eagerly sought by numerous native princes, who frequented the court of Hyder Ali; but, to her father's surprise,

she preferred the brave Armorican before them all. He might have said, as Desdemona's lover did of old—

‘She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.’

Madec married the gentle Marie, for this was the name by which she was baptised into the faith of him whom she had chosen as the partner of her life. Twice, before they quitted Hindoostan, she became a mother, and Madec's cup of happiness seemed full even to overflowing.

But he was not destined long to remain in undisturbed enjoyment of the tranquil bliss of domestic life. War broke out afresh between the English and the Mahratta princes. The valour and prudence of the sailor-chief more than once turned the scale in favour of Hyder Ali; and he had a considerable share in raising the siege of Pondicherry, which was carried on by the English in 1781. This deed accomplished, he felt that he had done good service to his country, and that his time of rest was come. He decided at once on returning to his native land. He wrote to his wife to join him, bringing with her their children and their wealth. He discharged his followers, after bestowing upon them large rewards; and gave his ship to Tippoo, who had succeeded his father Hyder Ali the preceding year. Madec awaited the arrival of his wife and children in Pondicherry, and in the meantime the governor of that place forwarded a full account of the important services he had rendered his country to the cabinet of Versailles. After a tempestuous voyage, during which much of his wealth, consisting as it did in bales of merchandise, was thrown into the sea, to lighten the ship during two fearful storms, the man who, thirty years before, had run a ragged, barefooted urchin after his uncle's hacks, and thankfully gathered up the few sous which the liberality of the rider saw fit to bestow upon him, once more entered the town of Brest, bearing a name celebrated throughout the kingdom, with a beautiful wife and two lovely children, and laden with jewels, pearls, and Cashmere shawls of the costliest texture—the value of which latter article was then so little known in France, that they were used as swaddling-clothes for the little nursing who was about to enlarge the domestic circle of René Madec. He had also been accompanied from India by *ayahs* or waiting-women, who were devoted to their gentle mistress; by two faithful Mahratta servants; and by Joseph Sylcock, the English cabin-boy, whose life he had spared at the time of his escape from Plymouth, and who now would have suffered himself to be cut to pieces rather than that a hair of his master's head should be injured. He no longer sought the little wayside tavern, but, accompanied by this large, and, at that period, wonder-stirring train, went to the hotel of the Grand Monarque, which was frequented by the admirals and chief authorities of the place.

He found at Brest a letter awaiting him, dated in the month of December in the preceding year (1782), and sealed with the royal arms of France. It emanated from the minister for foreign affairs, and expressed a wish on the part of Louis XVI. to see M. Madec, as soon after his arrival as possible, at the palace of Versailles, that he might convey information to his majesty with regard to the state of French interests in the East Indies. Madec lost no time in obeying the commands of his sovereign. He threw himself into a postchaise with his faithful English valet, and travelling night and day, in sixty hours reached Versailles. On announcing himself at the palace, he was quickly ushered into the royal presence. Louis received him with gracious cordiality, and motioned to him to be seated; for the unaffected dignity of his manner, and a humility which was free from the slightest shade of servility, prepossessed the monarch immediately in his favour. After a conversation of some length, the king dismissed the gallant captain, saying to him at the same time, as he rose to depart, ‘Sir, I am well aware that to

you I am indebted for the preservation of a place which is of the utmost importance to the commerce of my subjects; I know that you have fought bravely beneath the banners of your country; my minister will hand to you a patent of nobility, which I have this morning had much satisfaction in signing; and here is my cross of St Louis, which I henceforth authorise you to wear upon your breast.' As the monarch thus spoke, he presented to the brave Breton the insignia of valour, adding with royal grace, 'I desired to see you, sir, and my wish has been gratified. Return to the bosom of your family, be happy, and do not forget your king!'

Madec kissed the hand of his sovereign, and retired. All this may seem a mere trifle in the present day; but in the year 1782 a presentation at Versailles was no inconsiderable honour. The report of this interview soon reached the ears of the good people of Brittany, who rejoiced in the favour shown to their countryman. The Armoric, without even bestowing a thought on the gay city of Paris, which he had never yet seen, once more took his place in his postchaise, and having promised his wife not to be absent from her more than eight days, turned his horses' heads towards Brittany.

On the way he came to a resolution, which, in the case of many, would have been as unwise as it was singular. He determined on fixing his abode at Quimper, the very town in which he had served his uncle as a stable-boy, and where he would of course be surrounded by his poor relations. Yes; he had yearned after old Armoric even in a far-distant land; and now he was not minded to turn a deaf ear to the claims of duty and of the town which gave him birth. He had faith in himself and in his fellow-citizens; he believed that he should be able to win their esteem by his own character and conduct without the adventitious advantages of birth and rank.

The first act of the new noble, therefore, on his return to Brittany, was to purchase the mansion of the Bassemaison family, situated in the most airy quarter of the town of Quimper. He had no sooner furnished and fairly taken possession of his new abode, than he invited all his relatives, without exception, to partake of a family festival beneath his hospitable roof. His uncle and former master was not among the number then assembled; he had been dead for some years; but his widow was present, and looked on in silent amazement at the luxury which surrounded the once ragged and neglected stable-boy. When all were assembled, and had examined with mingled curiosity and wonder the scene of comfort and splendour with which they were surrounded, so unlike anything which had hitherto been known in this remote, old-world region, M. Madec rose and thus addressed them:—'My good friends, I pray you to remain seated, for I have but few words to say to you, and we will afterwards feast merrily together. My wife and daughter will join us at the dessert, and drink your healths, for we all unite in wishing you well, and desire with all our hearts to give you some proof of it. Heaven has prospered me in my labours, and in all my undertakings. I think it but fair that you should share in the blessings which have been bestowed so abundantly on me. There are here present nine heads of families; for each I have deposited a sum of ten thousand livres with Monsieur Gazon the banker. The amount should have been yet larger, were it not for the losses I experienced on my homeward voyage. I feel fully persuaded you will all make a good use of this money. You may rest assured, my good friends, that you will never find me indifferent either to your joys or to your sorrows. In the one case you will ever find me ready to share your happiness—in the other, always come to me as to a friend; and if there be a means of alleviating your troubles, you may depend on my doing all that in me lies to help you; for I can never forget that we are branches of the same root, and that I, too, have known what it was to struggle with poverty and distress. I have now one word more to

say to you, which I am sure you will all have the wisdom to take, as it is meant, in good part: Providence having raised me to a rank in life superior to that in which I was born, and my associates being consequently of a class with whom intercourse would in general be burthensome rather than otherwise to you, your own good sense will at once show you that our circles of society must be different. We should otherwise be a cause of mutual embarrassment, and in the end our friendship would be sure to suffer. It is best for us, therefore, at once to come to the understanding that we shall each remain in our own circles, and choose the society which best accords with our habits and our tastes. But at the same time I cannot sit down without assuring you that, in saying this, I by no means intend to imply that this social meeting is to be our last. Far otherwise! With the blessing of God, I expect soon to see another little one added to my family, and then I trust that a christening feast will once more unite us as one family around this table.'

These words, spoken with a kindly frankness not untempered with dignity, were received by the good peasants with a murmur of approbation. 'He is right,' said the elder ones; '*ma foi*, he is quite right; we should only be in each other's way: it would not suit us at all to be invited to meet the Marquises of Tintenia and De Cheffutaines, or the Counts of Bottlivu and Kerstrat, who are now among the list of his visitors. We never could venture to shake these great lords by the hand, or even to offer them a pinch of snuff.'

The dishes were now handed round, the wine circulated freely, and the good Bretons, who had never seen such a feast before, were well pleased with their entertainment. Dessert was placed on the table, and with it appeared Madame Madec and her daughter Lisa, who was a lovely brunette, just entering her thirteenth year. They saluted the assembled circle with cordial friendliness, and in return their health was drunk, perhaps somewhat noisily; then that of M. Madec: nor was that of his little son forgotten, though he was yet too young to be admitted to the family banquet. The party soon afterwards broke up, but every word that had been said was duly retailed next day to the whole neighbourhood, and M. Madec's conduct met with universal approbation. Welcomed by the oldest and most distinguished families of the neighbourhood, and receiving them at his house, he never neglected one of his humble relatives—he never was exposed to the unworthy fear of being reproached with his origin, which rather became to him, in the eyes of all who knew him, an additional title of honour and respect. He shortly afterwards purchased the estate of Prat Arras, about a league from the town, and an elegant equipage bore him daily along the road which he had so often traversed barefoot. And yet, notwithstanding his rapid elevation of fortune, not one was ever known to envy him a position which he had acquired by his merits, and which he graced by his benevolence. The son of his own works, he was never known to utter a boasting word. Born in the most obscure class of society, no unworthy pride or trivial vanity ever caused him to wound another, or to forget himself.

A third and a fourth child were born to him, and each time the same invitations were issued, and the same family circle assembled round the hospitable board.

Five years passed away; and in the midst of all this happiness, beloved by his family, honoured by his fellow-citizens, M. Madec was smitten by the hand of death. An old wound reopened—all that medical skill could do was tried in vain—and he felt his end approaching. The Bishop of Quimper came to see him in his dying hours, and asked him for a confession of his faith.

'My lord,' said he, 'I have wandered through many lands, and seen many diverse faiths; but I know of none save Christianity which can soften the sorrows of the present, and shed a brightness over the future.'

These were almost his last words. He was followed

to the grave by the greater part of the population of Quimper, and to this day his name is remembered with veneration and affection by the inhabitants of his native town.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PREJUDICE AGAINST CHLOROFORM.

We observe it stated that chloroform has been employed in Edinburgh, in from 80,000 to 100,000 cases, without a single accident or bad effect of any kind traceable to its use. Mr Carmichael, a surgeon of that city, commenting on the fact, says, 'Would 80,000 or 100,000 full doses of opium, or antimony, or Epsom salts, or any other potent medicine, have been followed with as great impunity?' Chloroform is now habitually used in Edinburgh in all kinds of surgical operations, down to tooth-drawing. It saves many lives which otherwise would sink under the nervous shock which is experienced from a severe operation undergone in a state of consciousness. Such is the published opinion of the discoverer of its use as an anaesthetic, the now celebrated Dr James Y. Simpson; and this opinion has not been gainsaid by any of the profession in Edinburgh. At the same time, chloroform has received the sanction and recommendation of the most authoritative bodies in France and the United States. Nevertheless the public of London is almost wholly denied the vast benefits of this agent, purely through the prejudices of the profession. This forms a curious illustration of the condition of medicine and of the medical mind in the metropolis, but it is not a new one. Not only is there a distaste amongst scientific men in England for everything that comes from the north, but there is a general benightedness in the London medical world. They opposed vaccination while it was embraced in the provinces; and to the indelible disgrace of all concerned, inoculation with small-pox maintained its ground in a London hospital devoted to the purpose a quarter of a century after Jenner's discovery.

The London public should take this matter into their own hands. Let them not be too ready to lay stress upon accounts of fatal effects from chloroform. Of such there have been a few; but it is remarkable that in Edinburgh, where the article is prepared in perfect purity, with the benefit of first-rate apparatus, and where it is administered with judgment and due care, not one accident has happened. Even admitting that the accidents which have happened elsewhere were not avoidable by any degree of care, they should be placed beside the lives which have been saved by the special use of this agent. Taking the matter on still lower ground, the rejection of chloroform, because of a few fatal cases, is no more rational than it would be to refuse to travel by railways because one person in several millions has been killed by a collision.

SPECIMEN OF SUCCESSFUL AUTHORSHIP.

In the village of Broughty Ferry, on the north bank of the Tay, there may be seen, perched on the brow of a hill covered over with the small houses commonly seen in sea-bathing villages, one with a curious turret at its extremity, suggesting the idea of a rustic observatory. In this house lives one of the most successful and popular authors of Great Britain—Dr Thomas Dick. Everybody has seen, or at least heard of, Dr Dick's 'Sidereal System,' 'Celestial Scenery,' 'Christian Philosopher,' and other works uniting popular views of nature with religious doctrines and aspirations. Editions after editions of all of these writings have been published both in this country and America. They are excellent books of their kind, and probably will continue to be extensively read until their science becomes obsolete, or some cleverer adapter of the same genus comes into the field. Now what is the condition of this active and successful author? He is an old man—scarcely less than eighty years old: he entertains in his house a middle-aged wife and a family of orphan grandchildren. Being a retired schoolmaster, he enjoys a pension of £20 a year, besides about as much more from realised property. Now and then he writes a new book, or puts an old one through a new edition, and from that derives a few extra pounds. The sum of the whole is—POVERTY—poverty so great, that the postage of an American letter complimenting the author on his books often leaves him and his family with no resource for a dinner but the herbs in his garden. It may seem strange that so many successful volumes should not give their author a better provision. The public does not

know that a book may be highly successful, and yet produce little money to the author. He is usually glad to write the book for a definite sum paid by the publisher. It is soon eaten up. The publisher himself, after paying all expenses, including a monstrous one for advertising, is seldom so well off as is commonly supposed; but undoubtedly the best, because steadiest, benefits of successful writings are his. The legislature a few years ago, by way of a great benefit to authors, extended the period of copyright, whereby it will follow that the sons and grandsons of existing publishers will be making money in the twentieth century out of the works of the authors of the nineteenth. This is a boon of remarkably little present or prospective service to such men as Dr Dick. He, meanwhile, starves in the midst of sixth and seventh editions, and while full of the assurance that his works will be a good dropping-goose to somebody about the year 1900.

We are personally acquainted with Dr Dick, and believe him to be a thoroughly virtuous man, in no degree blameable for the poverty which besets him. His is certainly a case for the public interference. It has been proposed to raise a subscription for him, but this would only add to the oppressive burthens under which the liberal few are groaning. Where we are sure, as in his case, that the man deserves well of the republic, the most equitable mode of rescue and remuneration is by the use of the funds of the state. We therefore join in the generally-expressed wish, that a moderate pension be settled by the minister upon this respectable veteran.

THE POLES OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

Mr Craik's 'Romance of the Peerage' is a favourable specimen of the class of light historical works now in fashion, having the benefit of a more laborious, scholarly, and philosophical mind on the part of the author than is observable in most such writings. In a preliminary dissertation he gives a forcible contrast between what may be called the opposite poles in politics—namely, the hereditary and elective principles. He writes with an obvious leaning; the passage is nevertheless highly suggestive, and will probably present the subject in a new light to many of even the more intelligent minds of our day. Mr Craik says—'The thing that is of chief moment with regard to the place of highest dignity in a well-ordered commonwealth is, that it be filled. By whom it is filled is comparatively unimportant.'

'One of the most beautiful among the simplifications of science is that by which, in the Arabic system of arithmetical notation, the figure is made to derive the greater part of its value from the place in which it stands. An analogous contrivance is equally available in a social or political system. Much of the force by which any such system is to be sustained and kept in motion may be advantageously made to reside more in the place than in the person. Matters may be so arranged that it shall be not so much the individual as his position that rules and influences. This force of the position is an incident of social efficiency which discriminates it from many other kinds of efficiency. A man cannot be made a sounder mathematician by being appointed a professor of mathematics. If his mathematical knowledge or genius be but small, his professorship will not make it more. But the sort of power that is required in the members of a social or political system is often only a power of weight or pressure. It is derived from their position much more than from themselves. It makes itself felt not in directing, or even in impelling the machine of government, so much as in keeping its centre of gravity in the right place. It is neither the sail nor the rudder of the vessel, but rather the ballast or the keel. All that you have to do, therefore, to maintain in the machine a force of any desired amount, which shall continue to act in a direction that may be assigned, is to create certain positions or circumstances in which a certain number of individuals shall always stand. The fixed positions will correct any irregularity of action that might otherwise be produced by the more variable or less determinable quantity of the individual minds and characters.'

'The spirit of pure democracy spurns all this. It will have nothing but the action of the individual. Its principle is that of the old Roman arithmetical notation, in which position goes for nothing, and the symbol has always the same value wherever it stands. . . . No doubt that is the way to call up and bring into play the greatest amount of vital and progressive energy in a state. But there may be a superabundance of that ele-

ment. There may be too much of it, as well as there may be too little; too much for the safety of the commonwealth and the permanence of its institutions. Coleridge has admirably defined the first condition required in order to a sound constitution of the body politic, as consisting in "a due proportion of the free and permeative life and energy of the nation to the organised powers brought within containing channels." And then he subjoins—"What the exact proportion, however, of the two kinds of force should be, it is impossible to predetermine. But the existence of a disproportion is sure to be detected, sooner or later, by the effects. Thus the ancient Greek democracies, the *hotbeds* of art, science, genius, and civilisation, fell into dissolution from the excess of the former; the permeative powers deranging the functions, and by explosions shattering the organic structures they should have enlivened. On the contrary, the republic of Venice fell by the contrary extreme. All political power was confined to the determinate vessels, and these becoming more and more rigid, even to an ossification of the arteries, the state, in which the people were nothing, lost all power of resistance *ad extra*."

"As it is the tendency of aristocracy to organise and consolidate, and to do that to excess, so the opposite genius of democracy is jealous of all organisation. In an aristocratically-constructed system of government persons become institutions. With ourselves, for example, the king or queen is an institution—every peer is an institution. It is the institution much more than the person that acts and tells. In America, again, or in France, the mechanism of government is reduced as far as possible to a system of purely personal action. How the institution, for instance, of the presidency shall work, depends almost exclusively upon who shall be the person elected president. The power of every functionary may be carefully limited in many other ways; it may be surrounded in all directions by checks and counter-weights; it may be formally minimised to the utmost; but the most effective of all limitations and restrictions—that imposed by the absorption, as it were, and to a certain extent the extinction, of the officer in the office, of the person in the institution—is what is most sought to be avoided in a democracy.

"With this disposition to regard the individual as everything in himself, the democratic spirit must be abhorrent of every form of the hereditary principle, the effect of which, wherever it is allowed to operate, is to make the individual only the link of a chain, by the other links of which he is at once supported and restrained. Democracy despises such support, and holds such restraint to be universally both unnecessary and injurious. Yet the question is not to be disposed of, as it is often assumed that it may be, by a few commonplaces about natural rights, and the worthlessness of artificial distinctions. For some purposes artificial distinctions may be made as potential as any created by nature. The possibility of establishing such effective artificial distinctions does not admit of being disputed. It is quite true, as the song says, that although the king can make a belted earl, he cannot make an honest man; but it is equally true, that although he cannot make an honest man, yet he can make a belted earl. And that, too, is something. The only question is the expediency of society ever exercising the power of giving to the individual a new value and importance, by assigning to him a particular position. It is a question to be discussed and decided, like all such social questions, upon a consideration and comparison of the whole advantages and disadvantages—the entire benefit on the one hand, and cost on the other, of the proposed arrangement."

WHY WOMEN ARE UNHEALTHY.

Many of the physical evils—the want of vigour, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well-trained mental power and well-exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as they may overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; weakness, but become infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and

vigour both of mind and body will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that 'it is better to wear out than to rust out;' but it tells a plain truth; rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognisance of its possession. By work or industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgment of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise, a never-failing source of happiness: it is obedience, for it is God's great law for moral existence.—*The Physical Training of Girls at School, by Madame de Wahl.*

ANGELS IN THE AIR.

[Suggested by the remark of a little girl, who, observing large snow-flakes falling, exclaimed to her sister, 'Oh, don't hurt them, Mary; there's angels in them!']

DARK, darker grew the leaden sky,
The wind was moaning low,
And, shrouding all the herbless ground,
Sad, silently, and slow,
Wending from heaven its weary way
Fell the white flaked snow

A little child looked wondering on,
As larger flakes fell near,
And, clutching at her sister's hand,
Exclaimed with hushing fear,
'Oh do not, Mary, do them harm—
There's angels in them, dear!'

'Twas but,' say'st thou, 'a child's conceit;'
But ah, the lesson prize—
High instinct is best reasoning,
The pure are still the wise:
Man's vaunted head what poor exchange
For childhood's heart and eyes!

Things are to us as we to them;
Thought is but feeling's wing;
And did but our cold withered hearts
To earth less closely cling,
We might see angels everywhere,
And God in everything!

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

GIGANTIC TREES IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Last week I went to see two of the largest trees in the world, if not the very largest that have ever been measured. They were both on a tributary rill to the North-West Bay River, at the back of Mount Wellington, and are what are here called Swamp Gums. One was growing, the other prostrate; the latter measured to the first branch 220 feet; from thence to where the top was broken off and decayed, 64 feet, or 284 feet in all; so that with the top it must have been considerably beyond 300 feet. It is 30 feet in diameter at the base, and 12 at 220 or the first branch. We estimated it to weigh, with the branches, 440 tons! The standing giant is still growing vigorously, without the slightest symptom of decay, and looks like a large church tower among the puny sassafras-trees. It measures, at 3 feet from the ground, 102 feet in circumference, and at the ground, 130 feet! We had no means of ascertaining its height (which, however, must be enormous) from the density of the forest. I measured another not forty yards from it, and at 3 feet it was 60 feet round; and at 130 feet, where the first branch began, we judged it to be 40 feet; this was a noble column indeed, and sound as a nut. I am sure that within a mile there are at least 100 growing trees 40 feet in circumference.—*Letter from Rev. T. Ewing of Hobart Town, in the Botanical Gazette.*

PROGRESS OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

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THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

THE air was warm, not sultry, and the sun rather brilliant than severe. Myriads of small fleecy clouds gambolled across the sky, and threw their flitting shadows upon the rich and undulating landscape almost peculiar to England; where huts and hamlets, simple church-towers, and solitary half-hidden châteaux, lend a human charm to inanimate existence. The scene was commanded from an eminence at the side of a green lane where I was walking; and that spot had been chosen by some person of good taste for the site of a cottage residence. The house was half-built, and many materials and implements were lying scattered about; but the workmen were absent, it being the hour of dinner, and thus the place had all the solitariness of a ruin without its melancholy.

I sat down upon the higher end of a plank which leant across an unsawn log of timber, preserving the equilibrium by my weight, and lost myself for a few minutes in an agreeable reverie. Presently, however, my meditations and the axis of the plank were disturbed at the same moment: some person had seated himself upon the opposite end, and I found my feet dangling.

'That will not do,' said my unceremonious companion with a light laugh, 'we have spoiled the balance;' and edging himself a little higher up, he restored the level, and we both sat with our feet resting slightly on the ground. He was an old man, with white rather than gray hair, but a smooth cheek, unwrinkled brow, and lightsome eye. Good-humour was the characteristic of his regularly handsome features; but this was not disclosed in the common form of a habitual smile. The light seemed to come from within, and diffuse itself over his countenance without affecting the features. It was not the kind of good-humour you could take liberties with: you could not say to that good-humour, 'Old boy; you could not think of bringing its end of the plank to the ground by moving suddenly from your seat. This retaliation, I acknowledge, was my first impulse; but a second look made me ashamed of the impertinence. The plank seemed to act as a conductor between the old man and me; and almost immediately I felt his mental smile stealing into my heart and rising to my eyes.

'Has it ever occurred to you,' said he, after having looked at me observantly two or three times—'has it ever occurred to you that this is what we are doing all our lives?'

'I have read,' replied I, 'the "Theory of Compensations," in which the author supposes that in the seemingly hardest lot there is always something to make up the balance. But his arguments do not carry conviction: it seems to me that they are disproved by the facts of every-day life.'

'I have not seen the book,' said the old man; 'but I suspect, from what you tell me, that it reveals at least a glimpse of the truth. What do you know of the facts you talk of? You see one man living in that hut, and another in yonder château, and you suppose happiness to be unequally distributed. But the denizen of the hut would no more be satisfied to sit down at the lordly table of the château, with the eyes of the guests and servants upon him, than he of the château would be content with the humble fare of the hut. The feeling of repulsion is mutual; for the men have been brought up in different trains of circumstances, and have each evils and compensations of their own. But this is nothing. Look at a man in himself, and in his own history, and you will still find the balance. What is the counterpoise of present sickness, poverty, or destitution? Nothing: they are themselves the counterpoise of comparative health, wealth, and prosperity. This world is not intended as a scene of unmingled enjoyment. The good probably predominates over the evil; but there is a certain level, the disturbances of which, upward or downward, and our unceasing aims at its restoration, form the true action of life. If this doctrine were better understood—and to confirm it, we have only to look into our own hearts and memories—our views would not be so confined as they usually are. The evils of fortune would not appear so overwhelming; pity would not mingle with our admiration of the martyr; the millionaire would escape our envy; a repining spirit would be chased from our bosoms; and the mournful cypress would be uprooted from our churchyards.'

'Do you remember,' said I, interposing—for the old man's words came from him in a continued stream—'a very painful story related by Coleridge of a young woman whose life was a scene of continued misery, ending in unspeakable horror? Does not this show that there are at least exceptions to your rule?'

'It shows nothing more than the bad habits of thought in which both writers and readers are trained. If you have the patience to listen, I can relate to you an anecdote which, although it has no pretensions to the melodramatic effect with which Coleridge amused the public, I know of my own knowledge to be true, and which, if rightly considered, will illustrate the subject before us, and—"vindicate the ways of God to man."'

I was very thankful for the proffer; for I felt a stronger attraction towards this old man than can be accounted for by his words as I am able to repeat them; and after a brief pause, he began his story as follows:—

'I was once,' said he, 'a young fellow upon town, with little and sometimes no occupation, and like others similarly situated, made acquaintance, as a matter of

course, with some strange companions. One of these, whose christened name was Alfred, was only strange when intimately known. Although with the advantages of a good person and a handsome face, he made no special impression upon strangers. He was not retiring, but merely insipid. He was not only destitute of the talent of society, but he did not know what it was, or what was its use. He was not wrapped up in his own thoughts in such a way as to acquire a reputation for eccentricity, but he paid no attention to the thoughts of others. He was calm, cold, quiet, distant; taking the rubs of fortune without a grimace, and pursuing, silently and patiently, his allotted path even when that led to destitution and despair.

'He was a philosopher,' cried I: 'that is the secret!'

'He did not know what philosophy meant. If he was anything at all, he was an artist—a creator; but our acquaintance had lasted a considerable time before I discovered that it was the pencil he used to express his ideas. He was the son of a poor curate, and had come to London to try to live, and to see pictures. He knew nothing but Greek and Latin, and of these not a great deal. He was ignorant of the mechanical part of painting, and had no means of study. He could not even write a sufficiently respectable hand to have any chance of advancement in the great emporium of trade and commerce. What chance had he of being able either to paint or to live?'

'As a clergyman's son,' said I—for I too have some knowledge, and dearly bought, of life—'his chance would be but small, for he was doubtless brought up, in some sort, as a gentleman; but if he had been the son of a peasant he might have carried parcels, or ground colours, and risen to be lord mayor of London, or president of the Royal Academy.'

'You are wrong: Alfred had no pride at all. He would have carried a parcel cheaper than any porter in town, but he could not solicit the job. He was at one time employed as a junior teacher in a school; but his superior having committed some fault, laid the blame upon him, and he was turned off. At another time he was a sort of under-clerk for several months; but the concern failed. All his efforts, in short, to establish himself permanently were unavailing; but still he continued to live. I cannot tell you how he managed this: we used to do it somehow. The remarkable thing in Alfred was, that he preserved, in the midst of utter destitution, the appearance of a gentleman. In such circumstances young men on the pavé commonly look like the desperadoes they are; but Alfred was always scrupulously clean, and his well-saved coat was without a speck, even when there was not a vestige of shirt to be seen.'

'You interest me in this Alfred. Where did he live in the midst of such dire distress?'

'I cannot tell you where he lived any more than how he lived. He lived somewhere: we all did so. The first time we talked intimately together he might indeed be said to have been ill off; for he had just sustained a robbery.'

'A robbery? He!'

'Yes: one forenoon he had lain down to rest himself in Hyde Park, and the sun beat upon his head, and stupified him. He fell asleep, and when he awoke, his portfolio was gone. I had never seen him in agitation before, and now this was betrayed only in a faltering of the voice and a catching of the breath. He told me, in answer to my inquiries, that the sketches he had lost were worthless—he had tried in vain to sell them; but then he had lost a piece of card-board with them—his last, poor fellow!—on which he had intended to draw other sketches, from which he *hoped* better things. I was sorry for the lad: we were all sorry for one another; but we laughed and jibed notwithstanding, as if our comrade's mishaps were rare fun. Alfred's coldness was thawed by this misfortune; and I saw that he had a soul under his bare black coat. He pointed to a tree at a little distance—to the effect of the sunlight on its

branches—to the figure of a sleeping destitute man lying under it, while his little destitute child played on the grass by his side. Was it not hard that he should lose all this? It was a pity, I thought; but he could come again when he was able to procure another card-board. There were always plenty of sleeping destitute figures to be seen in Hyde Park—men, women, and children. They came there to enjoy the warm sun and the soft turf, and were quite undisturbed by the line of magnificent carriages that circled at a distance round them on the drive. Yes, Alfred was a painter!—it was only his untaught hands that were bunglers—the divine flame of art burned within him!'

'And this, then, is the poor youth's compensation?' exclaimed I, waxing impatient.

'Only in part. Our acquaintance now ripened to an intimacy, and I at length obtained his confidence. This cold, silent, shy, and most destitute youth had loved and been beloved from his boyhood. The object of his attachment was a young lady whose christened name was Jane, the daughter of a captain in the army, for many years the friend and neighbour of Alfred's father. The love of the two young people ripened with their years; and when, after the captain's death, his widow and daughter removed to London, Alfred was perhaps as much determined by that circumstance in his choice of the scene of his adventures as by his devotion to art. The two youthful friends—for it was years before they talked of love—were born and bred in a condition of equality; but the balance after this migration was wofully overturned. The widow, indeed, was disappointed in the assistance and countenance she had expected from her relations in London; but it is wonderful the small sum that retired and abstemious women can live upon even in the metropolis. Jane and her mother not only lived on their pension, but in their lady-like, however economical dress, and in their neat first-floor, with its balcony adorned with plants and flowers, they presented an appearance of ease and gentility which almost terrified the poor lad as he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of poverty. The widow was an ostentatious and somewhat empty person, who denied herself many solid comforts for the sake of retaining various articles of show on which she had prided herself during her husband's life; but her compensation for everything the heroism of her vanity endured, was the dream that her beautiful Jane would make a splendid marriage. Jane, however, hardly made an acquaintance, far less a lover; and the widow, losing patience with the hermit-city, would after a time have returned to the country but for her absolute want of a surplus shilling.

'I do not know that his love was any compensation for Alfred. He never told even Jane of the excess of his misery; but sometimes, at every deeper plunge he made into the abyss, she read the fearful secret in his wan cheek and haggard look. The girl's heart was almost broken—but "brokenly loved on." He was all the world to her. As to his position in life, she remembered only their early equality; and the desperate contrivances of his penniless gentility, though they filled her eyes with secret tears as she walked with him in the street, never gave her one qualm of shame. Alfred winced under the searching eye of the mother; he sometimes even kept away from the house for a fortnight at a time; but then some new dream of hope would come, and yielding to the mystical attraction by which he was governed, he would suddenly reappear. On these occasions, when they were alone, and Jane hid her streaming eyes in his bosom, she often felt on her shoulder the burning drops that would have been congealed in his proud eyes had he known that she could be conscious of their fall. And so time passed on, weeks, months, years, till he had reached his twenty-fifth and Jane her twenty-third birthday.'

'So old!' interrupted I. 'Compensation was long of coming!'

'But it came. Alfred's progress in painting was of

course slow; interrupted, as it always had been, by the necessity of taking other employments when he could get them, and often by the want of the necessary implements. He at length, however, acquired as much mechanical knowledge as brought his notions of art into play, and there were moments in which he did fancy that he was at length a painter. But he did not get richer. His expenses increased as he advanced; sometimes he fared worse (if that was possible) than he might dress better; and when the poor, friendless, unknown artist was disappointed in the sale of a laborious work, it came like a sentence of starvation.

'In one of these crises he was suddenly offered by a chance acquaintance—the master of a West Indian man—a passage to Tobago, in return for certain services with his pen to be rendered during the voyage, and on arrival, the office of book-keeper on a plantation in the island. In his desperation he grasped at the proposal, which he looked upon as a God-send; and even Jane, who knew no more than he that a West Indian book-keeper meant something little better than a negro-driver, was reconciled to the temporary separation by the dreadful necessity of his circumstances. As the time approached for their parting, he dreaded the sight of Jane: he did not go near her for a week previous to the fateful day; but at length the last morning—the last hour—came, and he walked to the house like a criminal to execution.

'The street door was open, and he stepped softly up the stair, hoping to find her alone. But her mother was with her, talking in so loud a tone of expostulation and command, that she neither heard the low tap at the door nor its subsequent opening. Alfred gathered in an instant that their secret was discovered; and the words "beggar" and "outcast," coupled with his name, showed the estimation in which she held her daughter's choice. But when Jane, who was staring wildly in her mother's eyes, obviously unconscious of what she was saying, observed him enter, she uttered a scream so wild, and shrill, and long, as to terrify the hearers; and then, dashing aside her mother's hands, she sprang towards him, clasped her arms round his waist, knotted her fingers together, and throwing back her head, burst into convulsions of hysterical laughter. Alfred was shocked and amazed; but the fit continued so long, that the mother's alarm made every other feeling give way, and she shrieked into her daughter's ear that she would no longer oppose her wishes.

"Then tell him!—tell him!"—cried Jane, gasping, and still shaking with the hysterics—"tell him, for I cannot!"

"Be calm, then, and I will tell him all. Sit down, my poor girl, I intreat you!"

"Stop! I will tell him myself—he must hear it from no other lips. Alfred—we are rich!—we are rich!—we are rich!"—and Jane fell senseless in his arms.

'She was right. One of those exceptional occurrences had taken place which romancers make use of as the regular staple of fortune: a rich relation had died, and she had been pronounced the heiress of £2000 a year.'

'Now comes the adjustment of the fearfully disordered balance!' cried I. 'Now come the compensations!'

'True,' said the old man; 'there was not a happier pair within the bills of mortality. Jane, it is true, was still nervous at times. She seemed to mistrust so sudden and remarkable a change. In the middle of the night she awoke with a start, and was unable for some moments to persuade herself that her lover had not sailed for the West Indies. Even in the street she sometimes caught convulsively by his arm, and looked up with a wild suspicion in his face. But, upon the whole, they were a happy pair. Alfred was wholly undisturbed by the idea that the fortune was on *her* side; and if it had been suggested to him, he would have treated it with a proud and exulting scorn. She was his, mind and body, and all that pertained to them. He was at this period the good genius of many of his desperate

associates; and I myself am happy to acknowledge that I owe to his generous friendship an assistance which trimmed the balance of life, and eventually led to the competence I now enjoy, and to the construction of the dwelling, on a portion of the materials of which we are sitting. But the time appointed for their union approached rapidly.'—

'Ay, come to the wedding!'

'Ay, come to the wedding, since you will have it!

The last day of single life arrived, and on the next morning Jane was to be his wife. He bade her farewell that night with tearful joy; he walked home instinctively, he knew not how; he prayed devoutly, reverently—yet with a deep gushing tenderness and filial affection—to that Almighty Being who had thus led him through the valley of the shadow of death; and then he stepped lightly into bed, with the glory of heaven on his face, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, in his heart.

'The next morning I went to call him, for I was to bear a part in the ceremony. It was a morning'—

'Well, well'—

'He was asleep. He is still sleeping. He was dead!'

Here the old man, who had been looking upon the ground before him, as if it was the bed present to his mind's eye, turned full upon me; and his peculiar smile broke over his countenance like a flood of light from within, suffusing his chiselled features with a bright and joyous glow, which brought out his face in the midst of the sunshine as if that had been shade.

'The physician,' continued he, 'talked of disease of the heart: I only know he was dead.'

'It was an awful death,' said I, struggling against the old man's smile: 'so young—so warm in hope—with such bliss before him! How does your philosophy reconcile this with—with'—

'With the justice and mercy of Providence? You shall hear. The events of this world are linked with each other by an eternal chain, a portion of which you have still to see. A week after his death, when Jane seemed to be fast sinking into the grave, her claims to the property which had been considered her own were all on a sudden disputed, and by one who turned out to be the true heir-at-law.'

'What,' said I, almost indignantly, 'do you now talk of money? Would not starvation itself have been comparative bliss to that young couple?'

'Be tranquil: there is another link. The blow, unfelt for herself, awoke Jane from her despair, for it seemed to strike upon the image which lived in her mind. She thought of the horrors that Alfred had endured, and she asked herself—though with a bitter pang—whether it was the real love he so well deserved which grieved for his removal? Then came a new excitement. The pictures of the half-famished youth had attracted little attention; but his subsequent story threw around them an adventitious interest, and the fame of the artist seemed to spring from his grave. Many there still be who remember a pale, thin, almost transparent-looking young creature, in widow's weeds, attending the picture sales with pencil in hand. This was Jane; and when a painting of his was put up, she watched the biddings with the breathless interest of a gamster whose all is at stake; and then, counting her winnings, as it were, she turned away and glided from the room with the air of one who goes to deposit them at his banker's. This went on for ten months after Alfred's death; and then Jane died.'

'She would have lived!' cried I, choking—'she would have lived if'—

'Be tranquil: she died of a hereditary complaint received from her father; and autopsy having been performed, the surgeons pronounced that no happiness, no art, no circumstances whatever, could have prolonged her life for an instant. Now, do you see? Fancy Alfred a beggar with his beggar wife; fancy him closing her eyes in hunger and despair; fancy him, perhaps, the father of an infant destined to a life of struggles and an

early grave! Which is wiser, which more merciful, God or you? You interrupted me while I was telling you what I saw in the death chamber; and I shall now conclude with that, for the masons are returning to their work.

'The bed, with its white furniture and spotless sheets, looked as if it was dressed for a wedding. The window was half-open, and gave entrance to the breath of flowers and the shrill carols of birds. A flowering plant waved its head, half in, half out, on the morning breeze. The sun, warm and bright as it is to-day, glanced into the chamber, its beams silvering the bed-curtains, chasing each other along the wall, and falling on the young man's face, till his placid beautiful smile kindled into joy. Such are the real details of a scene which appeared to me to be melancholy, nay, shocking at the time. I learnt, ten months afterwards, to feel and understand them. To that chamber my fancy has ever since retired for comfort and delight when I have been disconcerted by the events of mortal existence; and that heavenly smile, which then for the first time entered into this solitary heart, has there abided.'

By the time the old man finished his narrative, the chirp of the chisel was heard upon the stones, and the joyous sounds of labour echoed through the skeleton house. I took my leave of him, promising to return when he was settled in his new abode; and I then walked homewards, plunged in a reverie.

With the withdrawal of his peculiar smile, however, I must say my temporary adhesion to his theory relaxed. I began to reflect that it was founded entirely on assumptions, and that the negative evils avoided were not necessarily attendant on the case. In the well-ordered march of events, special sufferings are continually occurring without any appearance of the old man's compensations, though, I think, not without a good result of a different kind. I believe the presence of what we call evil in the general scheme, as well as what we call good, to be necessary; for otherwise the state of action, which is the condition of our mortal existence, would be incomplete. Without evil there would be no trial, no struggle, no sympathy, no active benevolence, but all would rest satisfied in their solitary bliss. The evil of early death is perhaps the most shocking of all; yet it serves to chasten the spirit, evoke the profoundest sympathies, and relax the hold of men from the things of time; while to the individual removed it may, in certain conditions, be in the eye of the severest reason, as it assuredly is in the eye of faith, great gain. Actions and motives, in fact, are all that are our concern; for results, whether good or evil, are in the hands of the Almighty; and this world being only preparatory to a larger dispensation of being, it is to that we must look for the true Balance. L. R.

THE TYRIAN DYE, AND THE DYEING MOLLUSCA.

As the nymph Tyra was playing with the dog of her lover, Hercules, she perceived that the animal's mouth was stained a beautiful violet colour from the fish of a shell which he had broken on the sea-shore. And so beautiful did it appear to her, that she declared to Hercules he should see her no more until he had procured for her a suit dyed of that colour. Then Hercules, moved by love, collected an immense number of those shells, with which he dyed a robe for the nymph.

Such is the legend (from the name of the nymph so evidently metaphorical) connected with the discovery of the celebrated Tyrian dye, which we have reason to believe was known at a time long antecedent to the supposed era of Hercules. Homer speaks of the colour, and affirms that none but princes and heroes were allowed to wear it—a custom common to most ancient nations. Indeed not only does it appear to have been one of the most distinguishing marks of dignity, but it was especially consecrated to the service of the Deity. Thus Moses used purple linen, &c. for the tabernacle and the dress of the high priest.

The Babylonians and other heathen nations gave robes of purple to their idols. Herodotus mentions purple as worn by the Greeks 559 B.C., although the processes of dyeing cotton and linen were not known to that people until after the expedition of Alexander into India, where they dyed the sails of his vessels of various colours. The colour gradually became known at Rome, and was eagerly sought after, notwithstanding its costliness. 'In my youth,' says Cornelius Nepos, 'a violet purple was the fashion, and was sold at a hundred denarii the pound. Some time after the Tarentine red purple was in vogue, which was succeeded by the double-dyed red purple of Tyre, which last was not to be procured under a thousand denarii the pound.'

So great, nevertheless, was the consumption, that it gave name to a trade—the dealers in purple being styled *Purpurarii*. The finding and collecting of the different mollusca yielding the colour also gave employment to a particular class of persons, who were called *Conchyte* (shell-fishers), or *Conchylileguli* (gatherers of shell-fish). Suetonius tells us that Julius Cæsar interdicted the use of sedan-chairs, of garments dyed in purple, and of pearls, except to certain persons and ages, and on certain days; and later we find the emperors reserving to themselves the sole right of wearing purple, and decreeing the punishment of death to all who should dare to assume it, even if covered with a robe of another colour. This despotic mandate necessarily greatly diminished the manufacture, though it continued to flourish in the East until the eleventh century. Finally, the art became lost until a Mr Cole of Bristol, towards the end of the seventeenth century, revived it by making experiments, which he has minutely described, with the *Purpura lapillus* on the Welsh coasts. He says—'The shells being harder than most other kinds, are to be broken with a smart stroke with a hammer on a piece of iron or firm piece of timber (with their mouths downwards), so as not to crush the body of the fish within: the broken pieces being picked off, there will appear a white vein lying transversely in a little furrow or cleft, next to the head of the fish, which must be dug out with the stiff point of a horse-hair pencil, being made short and tapering. The letters, figures, or what else shall be made on the linen (and perhaps silk too), will presently appear of a pleasant light-green colour, and if placed in the sun, will change into the following colours—that is, if in winter, about noon; if in the summer, an hour or two after sunrise, and so much before setting; for in the heat of the day in summer the colour will come on so fast, that the succession of colours will scarcely be distinguished. That to the first light-green it will appear of a deep green, and in a few minutes change into a sea-green; after which, in a few minutes more, it will alter into a watchet blue; from that, in a little time more, it will be of a purplish red; after which, lying an hour or two (supposing the sun still shining), it will be of a very deep purple red, beyond which the sun can do no more. But then the last and more beautiful colour, after washing in scalding water and soap, will (the matter being again put into the sun or wind to dry) be of a fair, bright crimson, or near to the prince's colour, which afterwards, notwithstanding there is no use of any styptic to bind the colour, will continue the same, if well ordered, as I have found in handkerchiefs that have been washed more than forty times; only it will be somewhat allayed from what it was after the first washing. While the cloth so writ upon lies in the sun, it will yield a very strong and fetid smell, as if garlic and asafoetida were mixed together.* Since that time, Gage, Plumier, Réaumur, and Du Hamel, have severally made researches concerning the colouring matter of shells, and have succeeded in making a dye, which, however, the knowledge of cochineal, &c. and of cheaper processes, renders of no avail in an economical point of view.

We turn our attention to the different kinds of shell-fish and marine animals which contain colouring matter; and first in importance we must place the Tyrian murex, long suspected to be the *Murex trunculus*,

* Philosophical Transactions.

and now proved to have been so by Wilde, who gives the following interesting account of his discovery of the dye-pots, while examining the remains of ancient floors and foundations along the southern coast of the former island of Tyre:—'I found,' says he, 'a number of round holes cut in the solid sandstone rock, varying in size from that of an ordinary metal-pot to that of a great boiler. Many of these holes were seven feet six inches in diameter by eight feet deep; others were larger; and some were very small. They were perfectly smooth in the inside, and many of them were shaped exactly like a modern iron pot—broad and flat at the bottom, and narrowing towards the top. Some were found detached, and others in a cluster; when the latter occurred, two or three of the holes were connected by a narrow channel cut in the stone about a foot deep. Many of these reservoirs were filled with a breccia of shells; in other places, where the pots were empty, this breccia lay in heaps in the neighbourhood, as well as along the shore of this part of the peninsula. It instantly struck me, on seeing these apertures, that they were the vats or mortars in which was manufactured the Tyrian dye. I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that the species of shell discovered in this breccia corresponds exactly with that described by the old authors, as that from which the colour was extracted, and from which a purple dye can be obtained even at the present day; and it is acknowledged to be such by modern naturalists. Although I broke up large quantities of these masses, in no instance could I find a single unbroken specimen, which I certainly should have found had they been rolled in from the sea, or were they in a fossilised state. It seems to me more than probable that the shells were collected in these mortars, in which they were pounded, for the purpose of extracting from them the juice which the animal contained; and in this opinion I am borne out by Pliny the naturalist, who says that "when the Tyrians light upon any great purples, they take the fish out of the shells to get the blood; but the lesser they *press and grind in certain mills*, and so gather the rich humour which issueth from them." These vats may have been also used for steeping the cloth; for dyeing-pots, cut either in the rock, or formed of baked clay sunk in the earth, are still found in many parts of the East, and may be seen in use in some of the by-streets of Alexandria and Cairo, bearing some resemblance to our tanpits. Such places are still used for indigo-dyeing throughout Africa.' Nor is the existence of a dyeing matter in the murex unknown at this day in Tyre; for we are told that at the celebration of the feast of Sheikh Marshook, whose tomb stands on a rocky height, the children collect these shells (which, at that season of the year, are found in great quantities on the beach, scarcely a foot under water), and with the slimy matter extracted from them, they draw regular stripes of a pale violet colour on white cloths, adding a little soda and lemon juice, which bring out the colours most vividly; and during the festival every child carries one of these variegated banners on the end of a stick.

Pliny gives two classes of shells from which the dye was obtained—the first containing the smaller species, under the name *Buccinum*, from their resemblance to a hunting-horn; the second included those called *Purpura*. The genuine name *Murex* is supposed at that time to have comprehended all the species indifferently. Most of these species are enumerated by Pliny, and appear to have given colours of different shades, from which, by the mixture of the pieces in different proportions, other varieties of colour were produced. The best kinds were found near New Tyre. The coasts of Africa were famous for the purple of Getulia. The Laconian or Tenarian dye was also accounted excellent, and was of a fiery red; and we have seen that Darius had 'purple of Hermione,' which is supposed to refer to a bay on the coast of Argolis, near a city of the same name. The quality of the dye was considered to be materially affected by the nature of the locality and the food on which the mollusc fed.

Aristotle observed the habits of the *Murex* with great minuteness. He tells us that it scents its prey from a

great distance, and is taken by flesh-baits in the same manner as the fisherman now takes the common whelk (*Buccinum*) on our coasts. He likewise says that it pierces other shells with its trunk—an opinion held by naturalists till within a few years ago. Recent researches, however, seem to show that it is by means of their long, rasp-like, ribbon-shaped tongue, edged with siliceous teeth, that they drill the holes through which they suck the juices of the animal, never relaxing their hold until the work of destruction is completed; and thus unconsciously performing their part in the great scheme of nature, by keeping down the multitudes of bivalve and herbivorous molluscs. The murexes are found in depths of from five to twenty-five fathoms, on beds of sand, mud, &c. The species are very numerous, and contain some of the most beautiful tropical shells.

The family of *Purpurifera* of Lamarck (*purpura*, purple; *fero*, to bear) has been so named, says Sowerby, 'because the animals it includes, and particularly the genus *Purpura*, contain the colouring matter from which the ancients procured their dye.' It includes fifteen genera, among which are the *Cassis* (cameo shell), *Buccinum*, *Dolium*, *Purpura*, *Concholepas*, *Terebra*, *Harpa*, &c. The true *Purpure* are very numerous and variable in form, and inhabit the seas of the temperate and torrid zones, though the greater part are from the coasts of South America. They are all littoral in their habits—some tenanted sandy beds, others rocks and reefs, ranging from the surface to twenty-five fathoms deep. The *Purpura lapillus* (formerly *Buccinum lapillus*) occurs in great quantities in rocky beds on our coasts, as well as those of France; and we have frequently amused ourselves with endeavouring to cheat the animals into the belief that the tide was returning upon them, by dropping a little sea-water over them, when, if the tide really was near them, they would loosen their hold of the rock; but if otherwise, the experiment only made them cling more closely.

Leaving others of the family of *Purpurifera*, we turn to the delicate *Ianthina*, or violet snail-shell. The colour of all the hitherto-discovered species is of a more or less intense violet-purple; the texture of the shell most fragile; and apart from its great beauty, the peculiar floating apparatus possessed by this mollusc has rendered it an object of much attention to naturalists. Dr Reynell Coates, in an interesting paper in the 'Journal of the Philadelphia Academy,' tells us that, with a view to confirm the correctness of Cuvier's opinion as to the absence of any anatomical union between the mollusc and the vesicles, or air-cells, composing its float, he placed some *Ianthinae* in a tumbler of brine; and having removed a portion of the float with a pair of scissors, the animal set to work to repair the mischief in the following manner:—The foot was advanced upon the remaining vesicles, until about two-thirds of that part rose above the surface of the water; it was then expanded to the uttermost, and thrown back upon the water like a *Lymnea* when it begins to swim; it was then contracted at the edges, and formed into the shape of a hood, enclosing a globule of air, which was slowly applied to the extremity of the float. There was now a vibratory movement throughout the foot; and when it was again thrown back to renew the process, the globule was found enclosed in its newly-made envelop. From this it results that the membrane enclosing the cells is secreted by the foot, and that there is no attachment between the float and the animal other than that arising from the nice adaptation and adjustment of proximate surfaces. The float varies in different species. Along the under surface of the float a little line of pearly fibres was remarked, to which are attached the eggs of the animal. The *Ianthina* is abundant in warm latitudes, where it may be seen in considerable numbers floating on the surface of the sea in calm weather; but when rough, either by throwing off the vesicles, or by absorbing them in some unknown way, it sinks to the bottom. When touched or alarmed, it emits a deep-blue fluid, which tinges the sea around, and enables it to escape from the sight of enemies.

The *Scalaria clathrus* and *S. diadema*, and probably, therefore, the rest of the *Scalaria*, secrete a fluid which produces a fine purple dye, but it is destructible by acids; while the scarlet afforded by the *Planorbis corneus* (a shell found in some abundance in sluggish streams and water-ditches in different parts of England) is still more fugitive.

In addition to the testaceous molluscs affording colours, we may mention the *Aplysia* or sea-hare—marine animals living on the shores or on floating sea-weed, of the order Tectibranchiata, in which order the branchiæ or lungs are situated on the back, or on the side, and are covered in by a fold of the mantle, this fold usually including a shell more or less developed. It probably derived its name of sea-hare from the form of the superior tentacles, which are flattened and hollowed, like the ears of a quadruped. It was long regarded with feelings of superstitious terror by the ignorant, who considered that to touch, or, in certain cases, even to look at it, was attended with injury. These animals feed on sea-weed, and, when disturbed, discharge, from the edge of the mantle, a fine purplish-red fluid, which stains the water for the space of a foot round. Darwin speaks of a large *Aplysia* on the shore at St Jago, Cape de Verde Islands, which, in addition to this means of defence, had an acrid secretion spread over its body, which caused a sharp stinging sensation, similar to that produced by the *Physalia* or Portuguese man-of-war. The same indefatigable naturalist gives a very amusing account of the cuttle-fish (or *Sepia*) on the same coast. He says, 'although common in the pools of water left by the retiring tide, these animals were not easily caught. By means of their long arms and suckers, they could drag their bodies into very narrow crevices; and when thus fixed, it required great force to remove them. At other times they darted, tail first, with the rapidity of an arrow, from one side of the pool to the other, at the same instant discolouring the water with a dark chestnut-brown ink. These animals also escape detection by a very extraordinary chameleon-like power of changing their colour. They appear to vary their tints according to the nature of the ground over which they pass: when in deep water, their general shade was brownish-purple; but when placed on the land or in shallow water, this dark tint turned into one of yellowish-green. The colour, examined more carefully, was of a French gray, with numerous minute spots of bright yellow: the former of these varied in intensity; the latter entirely disappeared and appeared again by turns. These changes were effected in such a manner that clouds, varying in tint between a hyacinth-red and a chestnut-brown, were continually passing over the body. Any part being subjected to a slight shock of galvanism became almost black; a similar effect, but in a less degree, was produced by scratching the skin with a needle. These clouds, or blushes as they may be called, are said to be produced by the alternate expansion and contraction of minute vesicles containing variously-coloured fluids. . . . While looking for marine animals, with my head about two feet above the rocky shore, I was more than once saluted by a jet of water, accompanied by a slight grating noise. . . . I found out that it was this cuttle-fish which, though concealed in a hole, thus often led me to its discovery. That it possesses the power of ejecting water there is no doubt; and it appeared to me that it could certainly take good aim by directing the tube or syphon on the under part of its body.' But it is not pure water alone with which the cuttle-fish favours those who disturb it; and a story is told of an officer collecting shells in a pair of white trousers, who received upon them the whole contents of the ink bag, after the creature had looked fixedly at him, and taken good aim!

It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the cuttle-fish furnishes the sepia of commerce, although all the Cephalopoda, which are unprotected by an external shell, are furnished with a dark fluid, generally stored up in an *ink-bag*, communicating with the funnel through which, in case of alarm, it is ejected: and even in fossil specimens of extinct species the ink has been found to retain its qualities. Dr Buckland has drawings of them

executed in their own ink, and from the perfection and repletion of the ink-bag, he infers the sudden destruction and rapid petrification of these creatures. Some of the species are said to be phosphorescent; and some, as the *Octopus vulgaris* (or common cuttle-fish), and the *Eledone moschata*, to give out a musky odour.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

STOCKHOLM.

OF all the surprises which a traveller is apt to experience in these northern countries, the greatest will probably take place when he opens his eyes upon Stockholm, and finds it so gay and brilliant a city, with so many objects to gratify not merely the senses, but a cultivated taste. One of the ideas in my mind regarding it was the deploration which the biographer of Descartes pours forth in respect of the folly which the philosopher committed in yielding to the invitation of Queen Christina to go and live in it, when of course he might have easily calculated that it was impossible for a man of any refinement to enjoy a tolerable life in so barbarous and inhospitable a clime. I had, indeed, on the other hand, assured myself that southern ideas about northern places are generally tinged with prejudice. Yet, with every preparation, Stockholm did appear to me a much more beautiful and cheerful town than there was any reason to expect.

It is situated at the outlet of a large lake (*Mælar Lake*), the level of which is only three feet above that of the Baltic. Consequently the stream requires but a short run to join an estuary, along which ships of all sizes can approach the city. The central and original portion of the city is situated on an island (the true Stockholm) in the middle of this stream; on a slope to the north extends the finest and most fashionable district; and to the south there is a more abrupt and picturesque rising ground, bearing a district devoted to the mercantile classes. With this variety of ground—so broken up by and interspersed with water, and with other islands bearing each some fort or other picturesque buildings—Stockholm may be said to unite some of the external advantages of Edinburgh with some of those pertaining to Venice, to both of which cities it has accordingly been compared. The palace, a lofty and imposing structure on the highest part of the central island, forms one of the most striking features of the city. The other buildings of a public nature are less numerous and remarkable than the corresponding edifices in other large cities; neither can it be said that there is any district abounding in superb private houses, as is the case with many capitals. Nevertheless the general effect is fine. It has that felicitous character, participated in by Edinburgh and one or two other cities fortunate in their physical geography, of making a fine picture from almost any point of view. Some of its most charming aspects are caught upon the water towards the Diur-gard Park; and one very delightful and comprehensive view of the city is obtained from the leads of the Telegraph-Office, on the ridge in the southern district.

A Stockholm hotel affords only lodging. My first care, therefore, was to learn how I could be supplied with the other necessities of life during my residence in the city. Fortunately Mr Axel Dickson was now in the *Hôtel de Commerce*, along with the three young gentlemen who had accompanied me from Trondhiem to Gefle. In their company I went forth in the morning, along a narrow dampish street devoid of side pavement—the *Stor Nye Gaten* (Great New Street)—passed through crowds of people, including women with bare heads and picturesque dresses, and many military-looking men, and soon found myself in an elegant café on the *Nya Norr Bro* (New North Bridge), where I was told very good breakfasts might be had. The arrangements of the place, from the smart girl behind the table to the little stands with newspapers, precisely resembled those of such establishments in Paris. The match-

less rolls and coffee of the French capital seemed also to have been transplanted to this northern latitude. So civilised a meal, after three months of rough life, was most grateful, and I could not but feel surprised on finding that it did not cost quite so much as an English shilling. Meanwhile Quist undertook to live, while in Stockholm, at a moderate daily allowance. Mr Dickson was then so kind as to introduce me at a club-house (*Stor Sällskapet*), which, he assured me, was the best place in the city for dining, as Delcroix's Café was for breakfast. Thus all was settled at once, and I was free to betake myself to sight-seeing and the delivery of letters of introduction.

The only drawback from the enjoyment of this first cheerful, sunny morning, in a scene so entirely new, and in many respects so striking, was the necessity of parting once more, and finally, with my three young friends, for they had resolved to go by the steamer to-day to Lübeck, on their way home. Accompanying them on board the vessel, I was agreeably surprised to find it fully a match in size and accommodations for the first-class steamers of the British seas, excepting only perhaps those which cross the Atlantic. It had fine airy saloons, and neat little bed-cabins, fitted up for two passengers each. The voyage is performed in about sixty hours, and I afterwards learned that, in the case of my young friends, it was as agreeable as a steam voyage ever is. But for the engagement of my carriage at Gottenburg, and some other reasons pressing me to return thither, I should certainly have taken this route—in which case the short land-journey to Hamburg would have brought me within three days of my home.

The *Stor Sällskapet* is a place essential to the plan of life of a certain class in Stockholm. Hundreds of official persons and mercantile men of the better sort dine here every day between the hours of two and four (after which, it is said, there is little chance of being well served). It is a handsome suite of rooms on the first floor of a house in the *Stor Nye Gaten*: the first a vestibule for hats and upper coats; the next a reading-room and library; the next, again, an accounting-room for the establishment. Passing through all these, we come to a room where tables are set out and covered with viands, but without any chairs. Here a gentleman who intends dining stops for a few minutes to eat a bit of bread and cheese, or bread and butter with pickled or dried fish, and to drink a glass of corn brandy—the invariable prelude to dinner in Sweden. He then advances, perhaps with a portion of his lunch still in his hand, into a large saloon full of tables, each of which is laid with covers for six or eight persons. Here he takes a seat, it may be, beside some group of friends already assembled, and proceeds to order dinner from the *carte*. There is an immense variety of articles submitted to his choice, and whatever he wishes is evoked from a back-room, almost with the quickness observed in matters of sleight-of-hand. When I entered with Mr Dickson, I am sure there were not fewer than sixty gentlemen present. Great care being taken to insure the exclusion of undesirable associates, there is much freedom of intercourse among the members; and at many of the tables I observed precisely the same conversational pleasantry and *abandon* as in private society. If I might venture on a censorious remark, I would say that the indulgence in wine is in general rather greater than is desirable. After dinner, the gentlemen adjourn to a billiard-room up stairs, or go back to their counting-houses.

I accompanied a party in a couple of carriages to the *Diur-gård* or Deer-park, a beautiful domain on the borders of the estuary, the favourite resort of pleasure-seekers during the brief summer of the north. It is also accessible by boats from the quays; but we preferred taking carriages for the sake of a drive along the walks. Scarcely any capital in Europe can boast of a similar place of recreation approaching to the *Diur-gård* of Stockholm in natural beauty. It consists of a mixture of rocky hillocks with green lawns, the whole adorned with splendid old wood, chiefly oaks, while the

neighbouring firth and the opposite shores everywhere furnish most delightful prospects. Throughout the greater part of this charming region nature is undisturbed. In other districts there are sea-bathing lodgings, villas, and places of amusement. Near a pleasant little summer palace of King Carl Johan there is a superb porphyry vase, of native manufacture, nine feet high. Having at length dismissed the carriages, we indulged in a saunter among the places of amusement, of which the most conspicuous is a theatre. In this portion of the deer-park a prominent point is occupied by a villa of Italian aspect, which the late eminent Swedish sculptor, Byström, built for himself. Strangers being admitted for a small fee, I took the opportunity of examining the collection of the artist's works which is preserved in his otherwise empty halls. Byström, I may remark, was in marble what our own Etty was on canvas: he delighted in producing nude female figures, wherein the material greatly exceeds the spiritual. His works, deriving from this source a certain attraction, want the feeling which pervades Thorvaldsen's. A colossal recumbent Juno suckling the infant Hercules seemed to me a huge mass of sensualism; nor were the numerous *baigneuses* much better. The execution, however, is entitled to great praise. The artist spent a considerable sum in erecting this villa, which he designed to be a model of elegant domestic accommodation. The rooms are arranged in the manner of an Italian villa, and decorated in the most costly manner. It is melancholy to reflect that he did not live to occupy the house; and that, being thought ill fitted for a northern climate, it seems unlikely to be taken off the hands of his heirs.

Next morning (Sunday, 9th September), Mr Dickson having left Stockholm on the previous evening for Gottenburg, I passed into the hands of an English friend, who proposed taking me to Drottningholm, the palace of the queen of Sweden, situated at the distance of an hour's sail along the Lake Mæler. During this voyage I observed that, while the two shores of the lake were equal in height, and similarly wooded, that on the north side was decidedly the more picturesque. On narrow inspection, this proved to be owing to the glacial action, of which this district, like every other I have seen in Sweden, bears conspicuous traces. As already explained, this action has rendered smooth and sloping the north side of all prominent rocks, while the south side is generally abrupt and rough. The cause evidently is, that the moving ice, coming from the north, has pressed hard on that side of the rocks which it encountered, so as to smooth them thoroughly; while, having passed over, it could exercise little or no force on the south side, which accordingly was left rough. Now this south side, or *Lee Seite*, as the northern geologists call it, is what we see on the north side of the lake; and its roughness gives that shore its picturesque character. On the other hand, the *Stoss Seite*, or side which has been exposed to the glacial action, is that which we see on the south shore, and it accordingly is comparatively tame. It occurred to me that an artist, aware of these scientific observations, would be apt to give a more characteristic delineation of the shores of the Lake Mæler than one who was ignorant of them. He would be watchful of the opposite kinds of effect, and more disposed to enter into the attendant minutiae. It is strange, however, how few landscape painters think of studying physical geography as a science, with a view to preparation for their work. Is it not as essential to them as the study of anatomy is to the sculptor?

The palace of Drottningholm (Queen's Island) is a formal structure of the last century, placed on the border of the lake, with a backing of fine woods, permeated by straight avenues and winding drives. The interior contains a suite of rooms fitted up in modern taste for the use of the present queen, some of them clothed in a green and yellow silk, which was obtained in China by an official who visited that country about the time of the English war, in order to make arrangements for the

advancement of Swedish interests. Another suite of apartments, in the taste of the last century, contains a good collection of pictures, and a library principally composed of French books. There being little that is of striking interest in the palace, the great resort of the people to this place, I apprehend, is chiefly for the enjoyment of the park and the pleasing scenery of the lake. The inhabitants of Stockholm spend the Sunday evening in the same manner as those of Copenhagen. In the morning, I had remarked the theatre bills on the walls, announcing the performances of the evening. There is also a 'Tivoli'—that is, a large garden containing amusements for the multitude, such as a dancing saloon, an orchestra, merry-go-rounds, a place for the display of sleight-of-hand tricks, and cafés—and this is open on the Sunday, as well as other evenings. From what I saw of such places, first and last, I cannot doubt that evils might be shown in connection with them. The question, however, is, would there be less vice if they were suppressed? It is easy to show instances of error taking their rise in the acquaintances which are here formed; but it is not so easy to say how much evil is prevented by there being such places of resort. If, through delicacy as to such dangers, we suppress Tivolis, and only thereby drive people into low public-houses, where a greater demoralisation is produced, though one which does not show so conspicuously, it must be admitted that no advantage is gained, but the reverse.

In our voyage along the Mæler Lake, my attention had been attracted by a peculiar-looking vessel, which lay like a hulk close to the shore. I was told that it had been the subject of a curious experiment, dictated by the singular restrictions on business which exist in Sweden. In this country, it must be remarked, every craft and trade is rendered a monopoly by ancient privileges. A certain mill being established for each district, no other mill can be set up, whatever may be the exorbitancy of the charges. It comes to much the same purpose as a system still lingering in Scotland under the name of *thirlage*. Now, seeing that no competing mill could be set up on land, a busy-brained projector had bethought him of constructing one in a vessel which should flit from place to place along the great extent of inland navigation afforded by the Mæler Lake. Thus, instead of the old arrangement of taking corn to a mill, a mill would be taken to the corn. He believed he should thus compete successfully with the privileged millers, and, while serving himself, benefit the public. I do not remember from what cause this ingenious plan failed, but so it was, that the navigable mill was lying useless beside the shore.

The general condition of industrial life in Sweden forms a curious study to a member of a nation so differently circumstanced as the English. In his own country he has been accustomed all his life to see men striving with each other in fair competition in every channel of exertion. He may have sometimes thought it a painful thing that men should be so merciless in seeking to take the bread out of each other's mouths, and that the weaker must in all cases be content to give way to the stronger. Perhaps he may have even had his dreams as to the cause of the many evils of the humbler classes resting ultimately in a system which dictates that every man shall try to fee the labour he requires as cheaply as possible. In Sweden, on the contrary, there are, to all appearance, no struggles or contentings—men are content with the little duties and gains assigned to them—and the bulk of the people seem gay and happy. But when he looks deeper, he discovers that here, too, there are struggles, for every man is eagerly endeavouring to obtain a license, or a patent, or a place for himself, whatever may come of his neighbours. Young men linger for years in an enervating idleness, while waiting for appointments, instead of plunging hardily into the mêlée, and carving out a fortune for themselves. Under the gay exterior of life in Stockholm there lurks a mass of poverty as great as in the English towns, or greater, inasmuch that

cases of starvation are frequently reported as occurring. And vice, he also discovers, is at least as great in amount in Stockholm as in any other capital. Seeing these things, and hearing at the same time of the many troubles experienced from protection—such as smuggling, the tyranny of customhouse rules, the absolute privation of many articles of convenience which are abundant elsewhere, and, above all, the torpifying effect which the system has upon the industry, the enterprise, and the whole mental life of the people—he in a very little time becomes convinced that, if there be evils in the competitive system, they are evils inherent in human nature and human society, and which it is more easy to exaggerate than to diminish by any change of the national economics.

There is at present a great struggle going on in Sweden between the principles of free-trade and monopoly. At the head of the former party is Mr Hierta, editor of the 'Aftonsblad,' the leading newspaper of Stockholm. The king, whose general tendencies are liberal, is understood to be favourable to this party; but of the four legislative chambers, Nobles, Clergy, Merchants, and Peasants, the last alone is cordially on that side. The clergy, although sufficiently independent in position to follow their own inclinations, give hearty aid to the nobles and merchants in preserving the system of monopoly. I was amused to find the people on that side speaking as if there were something diabolic, or, to say the least, morally detestable, at the bottom of the movement for the emancipation of industry. Mr Hierta seems to be regarded as something very little better than a new incarnation of the evil principle, although, on strict inquiry, I could hear of no portion of his character and actions which could be a fair ground of reproach. We have here, in fact, much the same kind of local ethics as that which in Carolina holds up to public execration the wretch who could think of distributing primers among the negroes, or that which in Yorkshire insinuated as a dark charge against a worthy gentleman there, that he was suspected on strong grounds of having once killed a fox. I may remark that the 'Aftonsblad' bears a curious external mark of the dubious freedom of the press in Sweden. By law, any editor once condemned by the government for too great latitude of remark, can no longer be a responsible editor, neither can the same newspaper be any longer published. In his earlier years, Mr Hierta wrote far too liberally for the taste of Carl Johan's government, and the paper was repeatedly suppressed. On every such occasion a new person stood ready to enter upon the nominal editorship, and the paper reappeared duly with a new ordinal number added to its name. It is now strictly entitled 'The Twenty-fifth Aftonsblad.' I am glad, however, to find that it bore the same appellation in 1838, when Mr Laing visited Stockholm; wherefore I conclude that the paper has passed through all its trials, and fallen at length upon happier days. So far, indeed, is King Oscar from viewing Mr Hierta with jealousy, that he is understood to have once remarked, that if Sweden possessed a dozen such men, it would speedily be a much improved country. His majesty referred on this occasion not merely to Mr Hierta's extraordinary exemption from national prejudices, but to the singular skill, energy, and success with which he has prosecuted various branches of manufacture. Not content with the duty of editing an evening paper, not to speak of his public function as a member of the House of Nobles, this gentleman has established a large silk factory, and also a manufactory of stearine candles, in the neighbourhood of Stockholm. I visited these works, and found all the appearances of admirable arrangement, while the residence of the proprietor near by was that of a man of wealth and high social position. It may be worthy of remark that Mr Hierta, though a noble by birth (a rank of very doubtful import in Sweden), has been entirely the architect of his own fortune. I mentally contrasted him, doing such things in a country which presents so narrow a field as

Sweden, with the generality of the English gentlemen of the press, so much more favourably situated, so clamorous for position and importance, but so negligent of the means of attaining it. Mr Hierta, by his well-directed industry and steady application, may be said to have made himself one of that class whom the English democratic novelist or journalist at once publicly rails against for all the alleged corruptions of wealth, and privately courts and flatters for notice to himself. The great infirmity of the literary order, I have always thought, is its childish neglect of common duties and worldly affairs; whence arises the strange anomaly that the great prizes are carried off by men of inferior faculty, while *their* history is seldom anything but a blotted page.

I set apart a morning to visit the two principal old buildings of Stockholm—namely, the Riddarhus and the Riddarholms Church. The former is the Nobles' House of Convocation, as its name imports, and a place of note in the history of Sweden. It is a handsome old structure, with a statue of Gustavus Vasa standing in the small square in front. In the hall within, the first and second Gustavus, the fiery Charles XII., and the graceful Gustavus III., have all harangued their subjects. The walls are almost wholly covered with metal tablets, containing the names and armorial bearings of the noble families of Sweden, which, it is said, amount to about 2500, although only about 700 are able to attend their duty as senators. There is a curious arm-chair for the president, covered with Dutch carving, and bearing plates of inlaid ivory, on which are etched a multitude of scriptural subjects. I also felt some interest in a series of portraits of past presidents, one of whom was a man of Scottish extraction, and of an unhappy history. The name he bore was Count Fersen, which, I understand, was a modification of Macpherson, the Highland clan of which his ancestor was an offshoot in the seventeenth century. On the 28th of June 1810, Count Fersen, in his capacity of Grand Marshal, and in all the trappings of office, was passing through the streets of Stockholm in his carriage, in attendance on the funeral of the young Prince Carl of Augustenburg, a scion of royalty in such favour with the people, that, as usual in such cases, his premature death was attributed to poison. The populace stupidly suspected Count Fersen of having wrought the prince's death, and the faction in possession of the government were not unwilling to see him suffer on that account. It will never be heard without astonishment that, at so recent a period, a dignitary of the kingdom, who had never been formally accused or subjected to trial, was attacked in the streets of Stockholm, torn from his carriage, and killed! I was shown from the windows of the Sallskapet a shop into which a friend dragged the unfortunate count for a temporary refuge—whence, however, he was speedily drawn forth by the mob. In the neighbouring square, in front of the Nobles' House, the guards were ranked up, and he appealed to them for protection. Three men and two officers made an effort to save him, but were ordered to desist by the general in command. The unhappy man was then put to death by the mob in the most barbarous manner.

The Riddarholms church—the St George's Chapel or St Denis of Sweden—occupies a piece of prominent ground near the lake. It is an irregular building, containing old and new parts in very various styles; yet the general effect is imposing. It is disused as a church, and now only regarded as a sepulchre of the illustrious dead. Conducted into it by a gentleman-like man, who acts as inspector, and whose fee is three rix-dollars, whether he takes a single person or a party, we find a long empty nave, of somewhat dreary aspect, with figures mounted in full armour planted along the first few recesses on each side. These are designed to represent monarchs of Sweden of the chivalrous times; but the armour attributed to them is, in some instances, monstrously anachronistic. What, I thought, would

Sir Samuel Meyrick have said if he had heard this dignified-looking inspector proclaiming a king of the thirteenth century in a complete suit of plate-armour! There is, however, one suit of armour deserving of the most careful inspection, being an exquisite specimen of the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and said to have been made by him for King John III., on whose figure it is now placed. Having never seen any of the productions of this singular genius before, I was totally unprepared for the extreme beauty of the workmanship, especially the grouping and cutting of the subject on the shield, which was the story of Mutius Scævola. In others of the recesses I found a great collection of military articles connected with the more brilliant events of Swedish history. There were many standards, many weapons, and guns, and, what was more strange, a vast number of musical instruments, taken during the Thirty Years' War. One article, though in the last stage of dilapidation, was startling in its associations—the little drum which the brave Dalecarlians had carried in their insurrection for Gustavus Vasa. A student of military antiquities would find abundance of curious material in the Riddarholms Kyrkan.

I was next conducted to the transepts, underneath which are the royal vaults. In that to the right, or south, a conspicuous place upon the floor is assigned to a heavy modern marble sarcophagus, which, you are told, contains all that could die of the illustrious Gustaf Adolph. In front of it is a flat glazed case, containing the clothes which he wore at his death on the field of Lutzen (November 1632); as also the sheet on which he was laid on that sad occasion. The stains produced by his blood, though much faded, are still abundantly visible on both sheet and shirt. The walls around are thickly clad with trophies of his many brilliant victories, but all of them greatly decayed. It will be remembered by the reader that this is not the first instance of my having seen specimens of the clothes of princes of the seventeenth century in the course of these northern perambulations. I may make the general remark, that the cloth used for the chief vestments, in all the instances which came under my attention, is usually no finer than the kind of cloth of which a coachman's greatcoat would now be made. One is surprised at this, till he recollects that superfine cloth is comparatively a modern invention. English gallants of the age of Gustavus wore, many of them, silk; but where they used cloth, it was of a homely character. Milton, who was a gentleman, at the same time that he was a teacher and a poet, wore a dress of serge. When we think romantically of those old times, we are apt to overlook such things, even if we are not ignorant of them.

The vault underneath this transept is pretty fully occupied with royal coffins in velvet and gold, amongst which I noted those of Gustavus III. and his sister, and a recently-deposited one, containing the remains of Bernadotte. The lesson which the sight of such silenced greatness inspires is a trite one, but I know few calculated to sink deeper into the heart.

As the one transept is devoted to Gustavus Adolphus, so the other is devoted to the mad-cap Charles XII. We see his sarcophagus, surrounded by the trophies of his singular wars, exactly corresponding with the like objects in the opposite recess. Here, too, is a flat glazed case, containing the last clothes of the hero—his bloody shirt, his cocked-hat with the hole made by the bullet, his gloves, whereof one is stained with blood, having apparently been applied to the wound in the vain hope of retaining the ebbing spirit. Underneath lie his huge jack-boots, at sight of which we think of his threat to send one of them to his refractory council, to compel their obedience to his commands. The plain blue coat, which is of a coarseness of texture fully bearing out the above remarks, reminds us exactly of the portraits of the king. His sword hangs locked to the wall behind. There is also shown a Polish standard, which was taken by his own hand. Altogether the sight of these objects is felt to be deeply

interesting, so well does it serve to make real to our minds a history which, though modern and authentically related, we might otherwise regard almost as a dream.

The rooms I occupied in the hotel being turned towards a narrow street, I had before me the windows of other houses constantly open to voluntary or involuntary observation at the distance of only a few yards. Without wishing to gain any knowledge of Swedish domestic life by such means, I could not help each afternoon, as I sat at my own windows after dinner, seeing a little domestic scene in the opposite chamber. A pretty young woman, plainly and modestly dressed, sat sewing at one side of the open window, while a handsome dark-complexioned young man, in an undress, sat on the other side, reading to her from a newspaper, and occasionally stopping to indulge in light chat. Other members of the family, old and young, were constantly going about. I therefore concluded that the gentleman was an inmate of the house, but only the lover or *affiancé* of the lady. Their evident happiness in each other's society unavoidably interested me, and I fell into many speculations regarding them, most of which ended in the style of a novel with a happy marriage. I was destined by and by, however, to learn something more of my opposite neighbours.

One evening, having nothing particular to do, I formed a wish to see the arrangements of a Swedish theatre, and resolved to visit the one in the Diur-gard. The readiest way of reaching this spot is by one of the many ferry-boats conducted by the Dalecarlian women. One of these I found at the quay near the palace. I must here take time to mention that this is a kind of labour which can be practised only in summer, for during winter the ice serves as a communication. As soon as the hard season is at an end, hundreds of women leave their homes in the Highlands (the district of Dalecarlia), and come down to Stockholm to make a little money by acting as ferrywomen during the summer. With their peculiar dress, coarse but picturesque, and their heavy shoes, with the heel under the hollow of the foot, they form a remarkable feature of the population seen on the streets. I had now an opportunity of observing these simple children of the mountains more nearly. There were in the boat which I entered four stout, hardy, healthy-looking young creatures, of somewhat hard outline, but ruddy, clean, and cheerful. Of late years, instead of rowing with oars, they have got paddles adapted to their boats, two persons working each paddle, through a contrivance which puts an additional arm upon the handle. The fare for about a quarter of an hour's voyage was two skillings banco, or less than an English penny. Stepping to the theatre, I found it small and neatly arranged, with a company which, as far as I could judge, played their various parts very respectably. The chief female actor was at once pretty and clever, and she played several very diverse parts. Near me, in the pit, sat a family group, which struck me, I cannot tell how, as likely to be interested as relatives of some of the performers. One of the set was a fine-looking woman, apparently a Jewess, a little past the bloom of life, and undoubtedly a wife and the mother of some of the young people around her. I came home, and thought no more of what I had seen until next afternoon, when the young happy-looking couple presented themselves at their open casement, reading and chatting with all their usual gaiety. I now became aware that the lady was the clever prima-donna of the Diur-gard theatre, though I could not but wonder that I had not recognised her on the stage as the heroine of the casement. By and by, it became equally certain that the family-group which I had seen in the pit was the family occupying the house of which the casement formed a part. Here, then, was a little piece of romance unexpectedly hinted to me before I had been four days in Stockholm. It would be curious to follow it out to an end; but I have no wish to do so. Better that this

vision of happy, and, I hope, pure love, should remain with its unique impression on the mind, like the memory of a child which has been snatched in its young beauty and innocence to Heaven, and which consequently remains a beautiful and innocent child for ever.

R. C.

THE FUGITIVE NEGRO BLACKSMITH.

WE have had the satisfaction of forming the acquaintance of a veritable negro doctor of divinity—a man of agreeable manners, and pastor of a congregation, yet a perfect Ethiopian in colour. The history of this person—the Rev. James W. C. Pennington—which has been published in the form of a small volume, is so curious, that we propose drawing attention to its contents.

Dr Pennington was born a slave in the state of Maryland, and for the first twenty-one years of his life he was brought up chiefly on the estate of his master, who also owned his mother and several brothers and sisters. While still young, he was taught the craft of a blacksmith, in which occupation he made himself so useful to his proprietor, that his value, when grown up, was at least a thousand dollars. Brought up in total ignorance of letters or of religion, and performing a dull round of mechanical drudgeries, James was left entirely to the rude promptings of nature. There was in him, nevertheless, as in all God's creatures, a spirit which revolted against coarse oppression, and made him sigh for liberty—the unchallenged possession of his own person. The spectacle of his father 'cow-hided' for no offence produced a commotion of feeling that almost induced him to fly; and matters were brought to a crisis by a fresh insult. 'I was one day,' says he, 'shoeing a horse in the shop yard. I had been stooping for some time under the weight of the horse, which was large, and was very tired; meanwhile my master had taken his position on a little hill just in front of me, and stood leaning back on his cane, with his hat drawn over his eyes. I put down the horse's foot, and straightened myself up to rest a moment, and, without knowing that he was there, my eye caught his. This threw him into a panic of rage; he would have it that I was watching him. "What are you rolling your white eyes at me for, you lazy rascal?" He came down upon me with his cane, and laid on over my shoulders, arms, and legs, about a dozen severe blows, so that my limbs and flesh were sore for several weeks; and then after several other offensive epithets, he left me. This affair my mother saw from her cottage, which was near: I being one of the oldest sons of my parents, our family was now mortified to the lowest degree. I had always aimed to be trustworthy; and feeling a high degree of mechanical pride, I had aimed to do my work with despatch and skill; my blacksmith's pride and taste was one thing that had reconciled me so long to remain a slave. I sought to distinguish myself in the finer branches of the business by invention and finish; I frequently tried my hand at making guns and pistols, putting blades in penknives, making fancy hammers, hatchets, sword-canes, &c. Besides, I used to assist my father at night in making straw-hats and willow-baskets, by which means we supplied our family with little articles of food, clothing, and luxury, which slaves in the mildest form of the system never get from the master; but after this, I found that my mechanic's pleasure and pride were gone. I thought of nothing but the family disgrace under which we were smarting, and how to get out of it.'

Without counsel or assistance, James determined to abscond, and, if possible, to reach the free soil of Pennsylvania. One Sunday in November, when all was quiet, he stole away into the woods, but so ill provided for flight, that his whole stock of provisions was a morsel of Indian corn bread, about half a pound in weight. Pursuing his way, darkness came on, and his only guide was now the north star, though when or where he should strike Pennsylvania, or find a friend, he knew not. Several days at least would require to be consumed on

the journey. At three o'clock in the morning the strength of the fugitive began to fail, and he felt the chilling effects of the dew. 'At this moment gloom and melancholy again spread through my whole soul. The prospect of utter destitution which threatened me was more than I could bear, and my heart began to melt. What substance is there in a piece of dry Indian bread? what nourishment is there in it to warm the nerves of one already chilled to the heart? Will this afford a sufficient sustenance after the toil of the night? But while these thoughts were agitating my mind the day dawned upon me, in the midst of an open extent of country, where the only shelter I could find, without risking travel by daylight, was a corn shock, but a few hundred yards from the road, and here I must pass my first day out. The day was an unhappy one; my hidingplace was extremely precarious. I had to sit in a squatting position the whole day, without the least chance to rest. But besides this, my scanty pittance did not afford me that nourishment which my hard night's travel needed. Night came again to my relief, and I sallied forth to pursue my journey. By this time not a crumb of my crust remained, and I was hungry, and began to feel the desperation of distress. As I travelled, I felt my strength failing, and my spirits wavered; my mind was in a deep and melancholy dream. It was cloudy; I could not see my star, and had serious misgivings about my course. In this way the night passed away, and just at the dawn of day I found a few sour apples, and took my shelter under the arch of a small bridge that crossed the road. Here I passed the second day in ambush.'

Night again came on, and he once more proceeded on his wearisome journey. Frequently he was overcome with hunger and fatigue, and sat down and slept for a few minutes. At dawn of day he saw a toll-bar, and here he ventured to ask the best way to Philadelphia. This information he received, and set off in the right direction. His taking the open road was fatal. Shortly he was observed by a man who was vigilant in detecting runaway negroes, and by him he was ordered to give an account of himself. After a little parley, James took to his heels, but a hue-and-cry being raised, he was speedily captured. Led to a tavern as a prisoner, his fate appeared to be no longer doubtful. To all questionings James persisted in saying he was a freeman; but he could produce no papers, and his case was desperate. Here takes place what the narrator calls a moral dilemma. In imminent risk of being sent back to slavery and punishment, was he justified in trying to escape by telling a falsehood? We may hope that the recording angel will blot out the unfortunate negro's offence against truth on this occasion. James's fabricated story was ingenious. He had belonged to a slave-trader who had been taken ill and died of small-pox while on his way to Georgia with a lot of slaves. Several of the gang also died of this infectious disease, and no one claiming, or wishing to have anything to do with the survivors, they all dispersed. On hearing this account, the assembled bystanders moved off to a respectful distance, and some voted for letting him go. He was, however, detained during the day, and received some food, which was the first meal he had eaten since Sunday. Towards night, being watched only by a boy, he contrived to slip away, and again was lost to pursuit among the woods.

Wandering in darkness, the north star being shrouded with murky clouds, and stumbling through bushes and marshy grounds, the miserable fugitive was totally at a loss as to what course to pursue. 'At a venture,' says he, 'I struck northward in search of the road. After several hours of zig-zag and laborious travel, dragging through briars, thorns, and running vines, I emerged from the wood, and found myself wading marshy ground and over ditches. I can form no correct idea of the distance I travelled, but I came to a road, I should think, about three o'clock in the morning. It so happened that I came out near where there was a fork in

the road of three prongs. Now arose a serious query—which is the right prong for me? I was reminded by the circumstance of a superstitious proverb among the slaves, that "the left-hand turning was unlucky," but as I had never been in the habit of placing faith in this or any similar superstition, I am not aware that it had the least weight upon my mind, as I had the same difficulty with reference to the right-hand turning. After a few moments' parley with myself, I took the central prong of the road, and pushed on with all my speed. It had not cleared off, but a fresh wind had sprung up; it was chilly and searching. This, with my wet clothing, made me very uncomfortable; my nerves began to quiver before the searching wind. The barking of mastiffs, the crowing of fowls, and the distant rattling of market-wagons, warned me that the day was approaching.'

At this juncture he sees a farm establishment with a small, hovel-like barn, and into this he gladly skulked, and buried himself among the straw. Here he lay the whole of Thursday, his only danger being the yelping of a small dog, which had noticed his entrance into the barn. In the course of the afternoon he heard with terror the noise of horsemen, who passed in search of him. They spoke a few words to the farmer, mentioning that the runaway nigger was a blacksmith, and that a reward of two hundred dollars was offered for his recovery. It was now too evident that the country was roused on the subject of his escape. Night came, and he was again on his route; but speed was out of the question. 'All I could do was to keep my legs in motion, and this I continued to do with the utmost difficulty. The latter part of the night I suffered extremely from cold. There came a heavy frost: I expected at every moment to fall on the road and perish. I came to a corn-field covered with heavy shocks of Indian corn that had been cut; I went into this and got an ear, and then crept into one of the shocks—ate as much of it as I could, and thought I would rest a little and start again; but weary nature could not sustain the operation of grinding hard corn for its own nourishment, and I sunk to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was shining around. I started with alarm, but it was too late to think of seeking any other shelter; I therefore nestled myself down, and concealed myself as best I could from the light of day. After recovering a little from my fright, I commenced again eating my whole corn. Grain by grain I worked away at it: when my jaws grew tired, as they often did, I would rest, and then begin afresh. Thus, although I began an early breakfast, I was nearly the whole of the forenoon before I had done. Nothing of importance occurred during the day, until about the middle of the afternoon, when I was thrown into a panic by the appearance of a party of gunners, who passed near me with their dogs. After shooting one or two birds, however, and passing within a few rods of my frail covering, they went on, and left me once more in hope. Friday night came without any other incident worth naming. As I sallied out, I felt evident benefit from the ear of corn I had nibbled away. My strength was considerably renewed: though I was far from being nourished, I felt that my life was at least safe from death by hunger. Thus encouraged, I set out with better speed than I had made since Sunday and Monday night.'

He now believed himself to be near the boundary line of Pennsylvania, and under this impression skipped and sang for joy. The day dawned, and the fugitive continued his course on the public road. What ensued may be told in his own words:—'A little after the sun rose, I came in sight of a toll-gate. For a moment all the events which followed my passing a toll-gate on Wednesday morning came fresh to my recollection, and produced some hesitation; but at all events, said I, I will try again. On arriving at the gate, I found it attended by an elderly woman, whom I afterwards learned was a widow, and an excellent Christian woman. I asked her if I was in Pennsylvania. On

being informed that I was, I asked her if she knew where I could get employment. She said she did not, but advised me to go to W—— W——, a Quaker, who lived about three miles from her, whom I would find to take an interest in me. She gave me directions which way to take. I thanked her, and bade her good-morning, and was very careful to follow her directions. In about half an hour I stood trembling at the door of W—— W——. After knocking, the door opened upon a comfortably-spread table, the sight of which seemed at once to increase my hunger sevenfold. Not daring to enter, I said I had been sent to him in search of employment. "Well," said he, "come in and take thy breakfast, and get warm, and we will talk about it: thou must be cold without any coat." "Come in and take thy breakfast, and get warm!" These words, spoken by a stranger, but with such an air of simple sincerity and fatherly kindness, made an overwhelming impression upon my mind. They made me feel, spite of all my fear and timidity, that I had, in the providence of God, found a friend and a home. He at once gained my confidence, and I felt that I might confide to him a fact which I had as yet confided to no one. From that day to this, whenever I discover the least disposition in my heart to disregard the wretched condition of any poor or distressed persons with whom I meet, I call to mind these words—"Come in and take thy breakfast, and get warm." They invariably remind me of what I was at that time. My condition was as wretched as that of any human being can possibly be, with the exception of the loss of health or reason. I had but four pieces of clothing about my person, having left all the rest in the hands of my captors. I was a starving fugitive, without home or friends; a reward offered for my person in the public papers; pursued by cruel man-hunters, and no claim upon him to whose door I went. Had he turned me away, I must have perished. Nay, he took me in, and gave me of his food, and shared with me his own garments. Such treatment I had never before received at the hands of any white man. We have copied the whole of this passage. Its simple eloquence is the best tribute that can be paid to that spirit of benevolence which so universally distinguishes the Society of Friends.

By W—— W—— (it might be imprudent to give the whole name of this excellent man) the wretched wanderer was, as he tells us, fed, clothed, and employed: not only so, but was instructed in reading, writing, and much useful knowledge. Here, for the first time also, did he learn one word of the truths of religion. 'As my friend poured light into my mind, I saw the darkness: it amazed and grieved me beyond description. Sometimes I sank down under the load, and became discouraged, and dared not hope that I could ever succeed in acquiring knowledge enough to make me happy, or useful to my fellow-beings. My dear friend, W—— W——, however, had a happy tact to inspire me with confidence; and he, perceiving my state of mind, exerted himself, not without success, to encourage me. He cited to me various instances of coloured persons, of whom I had not heard before, and who had distinguished themselves for learning—such as Bannicker, Wheatley, and Francis Williams.'

James resided with the benevolent Quaker for six months, when it became necessary to depart and pursue his fortunes elsewhere. He found employment in Long Island. The subsequent career of the refugee is not narrated in the work before us; but we learn from himself that, by the kindness of friends, he was educated for the Christian ministry, for which his aptitude in learning and his tastes inclined him. In due time he became pastor of a coloured congregation in New York, in connection with the Presbyterian body. To this scene of usefulness he remains attached, and is now on a visit, for a few months only, to Europe. At the late Peace Congress at Paris, it will be recollected that he made a respectable appearance; so much so, that the University of Heidelberg, much to its honour, has con-

ferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity—the diploma for which distinction has been submitted to our inspection. It is, we believe, the first time that any such honour has been conferred on a member of the much-abused negro race, and will, it is to be hoped, carry its proper weight beyond the Atlantic. Dr Pennington returns to New York in May, and is meanwhile visiting various parts of Great Britain, where he meets with the attention due to his talents and acquirements, and the worthy direction which he has given them.

THE WEST OF SCOTLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

OUR voyage was an unusually long one, and most fortunately so for me. Mrs Drax, the lady under whose protection I was placed, seeing how uncultivated and ignorant I was, recommended a course of reading which opened a new life to me; and having herself lived much in the world, her conversation was in a different way equally interesting and improving to such a novice as myself. These new studies prevented our time from passing tediously, and I was actually sorry when the voyage terminated. My parents received me kindly, but hardly with the warmth I had expected. My mother, still a pretty woman, was much taken up with dress and visiting; and the high command my father held obliged them to be continually, as it were, in society. I received a fair share of attention; and as they took it for granted that, sooner or later, I must make a good marriage, I was left pretty much my own mistress. Great was their surprise and anger at my calmly refusing General Sir Herbert Silchester, a fine-looking man with a fine fortune, and giving as a reason that I was attached to Frederick Howard, a lieutenant with little else than his prospects as an officer in the Company's service. My mother first fainted, then scolded, then passed me without speaking: my father neither stormed nor lectured, it is true, but quietly contrived to have the 140th regiment ordered to a distant district, where a fever soon carried my lover off. I shall not dwell upon a grief I can scarcely bear to think of even at this day; but it threw me back upon the past, and my thoughts turned sadly to the kind hearts at Glenbrechan, where I yearned to find myself once more. There seemed but one way—namely, to marry some one about to return home; so, as soon as I could summon resolution, I accepted the proposals of Colonel Somerton, a man twenty-six years my senior, because I was assured he was to return to England in the following spring. Little did I then know this most excellent man, or I certainly should have hesitated before giving him a wife whose heart was in the grave of another. I did not deceive him, however, but told him my whole history; and as he still declared that he preferred me to others greatly my superiors in every way, we were married. I had, however, been misinformed as to his intentions of returning home. If he had ever entertained such an idea, he changed his plans, and I remained in India until his death, which took place nineteen years afterwards. I had a son, whom I lost when an infant; and my daughters, sent to England, both died at school there of scarlet fever. My father had married a second time; so, desolate and alone, I determined to go home to Glenbrechan.

There the usual changes had occurred. I knew the laird and ledly were both dead, as were also one son and the two eldest daughters. Ninian, in order to pay off debts and encumbrances, had married for money. Three of the girls were wives and mothers, and Beatrice and Belle lived in a cottage in the immediate neighbourhood. Still, Glenbrechan itself stood where it did—I should know every tree, every stone, every hedge again—Ninian and his two sisters at least were there; and to Glenbrechan I would go to spend the summer, for my

cousin had written kindly, and his wife politely, to press my visit. I was sick with impatience, which grew greater the nearer I approached my dear old home, and at last it became almost like insanity; for although I knew everything that had taken place, I had a sort of fancy that I should find all as I had left it, and would myself become the same Fanny Heatherfield I once was. I could not picture to myself Glenbrechan otherwise than as I last saw it. How my heart beat as we passed the village of Drumbrechan! A few mean houses were added, and that was the only alteration I observed; but all the faces were strange that stood staring at the carriage as it drove past, shading their eyes with their hands; the boys shouting, 'Wheep behind!' just as they used to do. From a rise in the ground we used to perceive the house, but now a thriving plantation hid it. I gazed—I trembled—I wept, and spoke aloud to myself—'The postilion is passing the gate surely—here it used to be—and nurse's cottage!' But no gate or cottage was there. 'I must have forgotten,' thought I, as a smart girl issued from a castellated lodge to open a high iron gate. 'No: it is—it is Glenbrechan! there is the old walnut-tree, there the lime-walk and beech-grove! Oh what a pity to put a shrubbery close to the house, and a flower-garden full of green arbours! The offices are gone, and a plantation in their place. It is very neat, and very dull, and very quiet; and oh how unlike langsyne! No young men lounging about; no children running hither and thither; not a servant, nor a dog, nor a weed, nor a beggar to be seen! Oh how dreary and deathlike!' The carriage stopped, and for a moment I seemed struck with blindness. A footman with a powdered head stood at the door: a pale, thin, grave, gray man with Ninian's features came out. It was Ninian himself, indeed; and, visibly affected, we embraced.

He led me through the unchanged hall into the old drawing-room, which was as altered as himself. A rather pretty, rather affected, rather silly, but good-natured-looking woman came forward, and said civilly, 'I welcome with pleasure my husband's sister;' while he introduced her as 'my wife,' and two prim-looking girls as 'my daughters.' Charles and Johnnie were sent for, who presented themselves with smooth hair, well-brushed jackets, and placid countenances. I was then shown to my room, my own old room, which contained the same furniture as of yore (except that the curtains were new), and looked out on the same view as formerly. The old trees, where our swing had hung, waved their branches in the summer wind as they used to do; yet even in that view there was a deathlike calm which frightened me. I approached the old looking-glass, and looked at myself. How well did I remember standing there some time after my journey to London was decided on, fastening blush-roses into my hair with some white heather; how glowing and plump were my cheeks; how merrily my young eyes glanced; and how white my teeth looked, while I jested about the wide mouth that allowed them to be seen! Faded and yellow, withered and worn, I stood there gazing at myself: no roses, no lilies, no bright eyes, were reflected by that glass now! My hair was on the turn, and had the dim appearance that advancing age usually gives: but what were these changes to those in my heart—in my mind! All my life, from first going to Mrs Vane Trimmer's, passed before me in one little moment; and I sank down on the old cosy chair, and wept long, loud, and bitterly. Where were the kind faces that then stood beside me? Where my hearty old uncle and his hospitable helpmate? Where my own innocent thoughts—my happy, trusting, confiding spirit? Gone—gone! like my husband, my children, my health, and my youth! Gone, never to return! I dismissed my maid; dreamed, read a little, washed my eyes, and then was able to go down stairs. I looked, as I passed, into several well-remembered rooms, all now furnished sumptuously, and differently distributed. The stair had a hollow sound, as my solitary step stumbled from off the thick

carpet on to the stone: there was a fearful echo about it which I never used to observe.

Mrs Heatherfield was elaborately dressed, and talked a great deal, as all vulgar people do, about gentility; and asked a great many questions, as all silly people do, about nabobs and the native nobility. The dinner was well-cooked, but small; the powdered footmen quiet; the young people silent; and I thought of the old feasts and loud laughter that used to fill that old room, and felt as if in a dream. I spoke little, ate less; and as soon as I decently could, escaped from Mrs Heatherfield, under a pretence of fatigue; lay in bed all next day, under pretence of a headache (pretence, did I say, alas, it was too real!); and upon the following got up in some degree composed.

Everything seemed almost as much altered in the country at large as in this particular family. The habits were English; the cookery French; little wine was drunk at dinner; less afterwards. I thought at first almost with toleration of the wild customs in this respect of my early time; but on recalling at leisure the animalism I had witnessed, and the anecdotes of still lower animalism I had heard, I was compelled to admit that the change was not all for the worse. Only think of the story (for it has often been told, and I know it to be true) of one of the company at a lairds' drinking club dying during the orgy, and the fact having been observed in silence by another because he thought it would be a pity to disturb the hilarity of the meeting!

Mrs Heatherfield was the daughter of an obscure person, who had somehow made an immense fortune. She was naturally weak, although her capacity was quick enough for common school learning; and as she had all sorts of advantages given her, she profited by them so far as to go through the various accomplishments of her day creditably; but she was quite destitute of solid information; her understanding had never been cultivated, and she was totally unfitted for the position she filled. In her confined circle, the two greatest people were a Lady Dumpkin and a Lady Dillyflower, and she could not comprehend the contempt with which a Scotch lady, with no title, and nothing very extraordinary as to fortune—a Mrs Carrondell of Towerbrae—treated them. Mrs Carrondell was of a very ancient line herself, and Towerbrae had been in her husband's family 769 years. She accordingly looked down not only upon mercantile and monied people, but on half the British nobility, whom she designated mere mushrooms, springing up under the rank profligacy of Charles II. She had no right feeling, no good-breeding: she cared for no one; and would, as well as could, say anything to anybody.

One evening, at a party where Colonel Heatherfield also was present, Miss Simkin happened to be seated near two Scotch ladies, who were engaged in discussing Mrs Carrondell's pretensions and impertinences. 'Oh but she really and rightly is what she affects to be,' answered Mrs Maclachit to Miss Macdragon; 'but Colonel Heatherfield is, as all Scotland knows, of as good, and a much more ancient family, even than the Towerbraes; and I happen to know for a fact, that Lillias Hillrock would most willingly have been Mrs Heatherfield of Glenbrechan if she could.' From that moment Miss Simkin abandoned the idea of captivating Lady Dumpkin's son and heir, and resolved to direct the whole artillery of her charms against Ninian. The state into which the poor old laird's hospitality and carelessness combined had reduced his affairs, rendered money absolutely necessary; and as Miss Simkin was good-humoured, rather pleasing-looking, and perfectly properly brought up, he soon suffered himself to be ensnared. She became—as much, it must be confessed, in order to make head against the dreaded Mrs Carrondell, as for love of the handsome young soldier—Mrs Heatherfield of Glenbrechan; and he, paying off old debts, set himself seriously down as a country gentleman, giving up country sports to plant, drain, and improve his land, and managing all with the utmost prudence and economy.

In all this he was well aided by his wife, who did for him what he never could have done for himself—namely, turned off all the hangers-on, pensioned off the old servants, and sold half the cows, horses, ponies, pigs, and poultry. A lodge was built, and an iron gate put up, with strict orders to keep it locked, and admit no beggars. The house was furnished anew, the garden newly laid out, a shrubbery planted for madam's private and especial use in dirty weather; and gradually Glenbrechan became almost as much changed as its master.

But why should I be cross with what is nothing more than the usual progress of civilisation? There have been Mrs Carrondells, Miss Simkinsees, and Cousin Ninians in all ages, and there will be to the end of time. What annoys me, after all, is the mere change of costume. The coarseness of our manners—and worse than coarseness—is rubbed off; and if there is some coldness on the surface of the new refinement, it may well be endured when we think of all it has superseded. But to me, and to such as I, the days of childhood come back like a recollected romance; and we do not think that if thrown anew into its scenes in our mature life and changed habits, we should feel as awkwardly as if whirled suddenly from our snug sofa into the forest adventures of a damsel-errant of the middle ages.

Still, some things are startling in this new and superfine world. 'The lodge-keeper, ma'am, has applied for your washing,' said my maid a few days after my arrival: 'her prices are what is usual.' Prices of washing at Glenbrechan! In former days all visitors were 'washed for,' and every one's horses taken in; but I had ceased to wonder at anything. Ah, how well I remember the bookin' washing in May, when all the bed and table-linen of the winter were washed at the Lintie's Burn—a hundred pair of sheets at a time! What a heartsome week it was! The fire crackling for boiling some of the things; the lasses, 'wi' their coats kilted far abune the knee,' trampling others in a tub; the snow-white linen bleaching in the sun on the green grass and beech brushwood, smelling so fresh; and the songs, and laughs, and merry jokes of the maids and matrons that assisted, turning their hard work into pleasant play! All is over now. One laundry-maid gets through the weekly linen easily; and there is 'no fuss, or noise, or low hilarity,' said Mrs Heatherfield; 'all is managed in the London style, which of course must be the best.'

The spinning-wheels (which every woman-servant formerly, after her house-work was over, sat down to round the hall-fire, making a cheerful hum) were cut up for firewood, as were porridge-spurtles, cake-rollers, and meal-tubs; the box-beds and check-curtains were given to the poor; and many curious old articles of furniture stowed away in one of the lofts, because the colonel would not have them parted with, and his wife would not have them used; but the old clock and the old bell were still in their accustomed places—and sadly to my ear did their old familiar voices sound. It was as if the dead spoke; and when I stood by the linn where we used to bathe, it seemed but days instead of years since I had stood there before. The noise of its water was unchanged, and recognised like the voice of an old friend unaltered by years. I need not quote Wordsworth's well-known lines—they will suggest themselves to every heart, as they did to mine; and my cheeks 'were wet with childish tears' indeed, as they rose to memory. Beatrice and Belle had little patience for their sister-in-law—she termed their rusticity vulgarity; and they, in their turn, and with better reason, thought her affected finery vulgarity. Each said spiteful things of and to the other, and I had enough to do between them. I must confess that even I started a little when we first met; for their strong northern accent, homely attire, healthy, weather-beaten skins, made coarse by mountain air and cold-bathing, were somewhat different from what my memory painted 'when distance lent enchantment to the view.' They were full of prejudice too; knew nothing whatever

of the world; little of books; and, after a time, I was convinced that we had moved in society too wide apart ever to be the companions to each other I once hoped we should prove. Still, old ties and affections are stronger than anything else. When absent from them, I love them as dearly as ever, and always meet with true heartfelt pleasure those who can talk to me of Glenbrechan as it was forty years ago.

LONDON GOSSIP.

January 1850.

COLD weather seems to be as fatal to fluency of rumours as of rivers: it nips up news, and cheats talkers of their topics. Such being the case, you must not be unduly censorious at my being rather dull and prosy. Doubtless you can sympathise with a talker who has nothing to talk about.

Rather an awkward predicament! Shall I tell you, by way of saying something, that the Bank of England no longer admits Christmas-boxes within its walls, and that the Treasury has issued a notification that with 1849 are to cease such gratuities to government officials. So we may hope that ere long this reproach will be removed from the national character; the fact that twenty thousand persons visited the British Museum on 'boxing-day' is an encouraging proof that a good number can employ the holiday wisely. There is a snug little fact to be communicated, which will be anything but unacceptable to lovers of true poetry. Alfred Tennyson is in London, and about to favour the world with a new edition of 'The Princess,' with such amplifications as will rejoice the poet's admirers. It is no unimportant event in these utilitarian days to have ever so small an addition made to the treasures

'That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever.'

The author of 'Festus,' too, promises yet somewhat; and the departed blacksmith poet, the Corn-law Rhymer, is being perpetuated in a new edition. Then we have another volume of 'Essays' from Emerson; more thoughts for thinkers; while novels are supplied with unabated affluence. But from all one hears in divers quarters concerning novels, this class of works is not so successful as formerly. Some say that readers are more fastidious than they used to be; others, that authors are less careful, too much in a hurry. Writers might take a lesson from painters, who trace, and sketch, and erase, and touch and re-touch over and over again before their thought realises itself on the pictured canvas.

I told you I should be prosy. This, you will say, has nothing to do with metropolitan gossip. True; but it has something to do with filling a letter. But if prose may be taken to signify literature, it is at present a staple topic, and a few words thereupon will serve to put you in possession of sundry particulars of its *talkiana*. Among recent works is a small one by Dr Calvert Holland on 'The Use of the Hair in the Animal Economy,' which, except among a few scientific readers, has attracted less attention than it deserves. It is an attempt to show that the hair has a function of a much higher order of utility than that usually assigned to it as a mere ornament, or covering, or defence against weather. If a covering only, why does it differ in the sexes, and why is it not equally distributed all over the body? Its development and decay, as the author shows, are in harmony with the progress of life and years. All healthy organs, when under nervous over-excitement, 'have a ready means of throwing off any excess of the principle: the stomach, the liver, the intestines, and all mucous surfaces and glands, by increased secretion, and occasionally by the rejection of their contents. . . . These organs, from the offices they exercise, have ample outlets for the often-occurring accumulation and disturbing influence of the vivifying fluid. The nervous organs themselves, whose energies are not wasted in ministering to the demands of organic life, or, in other words, in maintaining mere animal existence,

have equally urgent necessities for a corresponding species of safety-valve, or such means as may enable them to form extensive and vital relations with the great principle pervading the universe. The hair is designed for one or both of these ends.' Such, in brief, is an outline of the doctor's theory: he supports it by several facts in human physiology. The palms of the hand and fingers are hairless, because the nervous energy expends itself in those parts by continual exercise; while in other nervous centres (the axilla, for example), hair is more or less developed, except on the spine, and by its countless points maintains a compensating process, attracting or discharging according to the state of the body and of the atmosphere. Men of intense vital energy, such as Mirabeau, have a profusion of hair, while the soft, the indolent, and phlegmatic, are generally sleek and smooth. The theory is ingenious and interesting, and will doubtless give rise to further researches in the same direction. As yet, most of the facts connected with the phenomena of the hair are in favour of it.

Another physiological work deserving of notice is 'Anatomie Pathologique du Cholera Morbus,' by N. Pirogoff, a Russian surgeon. It is a large thin folio, containing sixteen plates, with descriptive text. The plates for the most part represent the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane, and changes in the substance of the stomach in portions of the natural size, and in accuracy, colouring, and execution, have rarely been excelled by medical drawings. The author considers the digestive tube to be the seat or focus of the disease, and bases his observations on 'conscientious researches' made in all stages of the malady, on patients in the Caucasus, in Moscow, Dorpat, and different hospitals in St Petersburg. The work, indeed, is a highly valuable contribution to medical science, and does much honour to the Imperial Medico-Chirurgical Academy, at whose charge it has been published.

In Paris, M. Cousin, the well-known professor of moral philosophy, has just rendered a service to the cause of ancient learning by bringing out a complete edition of the works of Abelard, comprising all the renowned teacher's philosophy and theology. Such a work is of course valuable only to the learned, but to them it will be of essential assistance in their studies of mediæval literature. Far different is the book 'De la Douleur,' *On Pain*, just published by a M. Saint-Bonnet, in which the writer contends 'that the thing (*chose*) the most useful, the most beautiful, the most desirable, and the most necessary, is pain'—a doctrine which it may safely be averred will be met with opposition and disbelief by the multitude. Besides these, we have again an attempt to prove an 'uninterrupted filiation of art from the Greeks to our own days,' in M. Léon de Laborde's 'Studies on Letters, Arts, and Industry during the Fifteenth Century,' relating more especially to the marvellous development of Flemish art under the Dukes of Burgundy. Such works, it may be said, are not of much practical benefit; but it is curious and interesting to note them as manifestations of human thought. At all events philosophers gossip about them.

The French Academy have just given away their literary prizes: a gold medal, worth 1200 francs, to Max Müller, one of ten competitors for a treatise on 'Comparative Philology of the Indo-European Languages in Relation to the Primitive Civilisation of the Human Race.' The author brings great learning to bear on this subject, and from study of the Vedas, derives new conclusions concerning the degree of civilisation to which the great family of peoples who spoke the languages in question had attained prior to the as yet unknown period when they broke up into distinct nations. Ethnologists will not be unwilling to hear of trustworthy insight into the early history of our species: it is a subject to which more than one diligent worker is devoting himself. On some questions no prizes were obtained; one of these was to examine and specify 'What influence is exerted by progress and the taste for

material wellbeing on the morality of a people.' The unsuccessful aspirants have the opportunity of trying again.

In the section of 'Morale,' a prize of 1500 francs is offered for the best essay, to be sent in by the 30th November 1851, on 'The history of the different systems of moral philosophy taught from ancient times until the establishment of Christianity, and to show the influence of the social circumstances amidst which these systems were formed, on their development, and that which they in their turn exerted on the ancient world.' The inquiry is a promising one, the more so as it is to be treated in a moral, not a metaphysical point of view. Another subject, on precisely similar terms to those above mentioned, is, 'Ought encouragement to be given, either in the way of premiums or any other special advantage, to associations other than societies of mutual assistance which industry may form, whether among workmen, or masters and workmen conjointly.' Competitors are informed in a programme that they 'will have to examine what are the results of associations of this nature already formed, either in manufacturing industry, or in that of public works, with the encouragement or assistance of the state. They will be required to compare protected associations with those freely formed, and which exist independently of all protection. Should the writers consider that these industrial creations have not obtained all the success anticipated for them, they will have to inquire whether this result attaches to the principle itself, to vices of organisation, or to circumstances.' This is one of the great questions of the day, and we can only wish that a philosopher may be found in some part of the world able to solve it. Social economy may worthily occupy the attention of the Academy as well as philology, jurisprudence, and 'the spirit and consequences of the political economy of Colbert,' for which they also offer prizes.

Before quitting this portion of my gossip, I may mention that an instrument has been submitted to the scientific department of the Academy by an inventor, M. Breguet, who calls it 'Automatic comptroleur of the different rates of speed and times of stoppage of a railway train.' Station clerks, it seems, are not always to be depended on for exact reports, and this instrument is to record the information without their assistance. It consists of wheelwork, regulated by clock machinery, with a helix, bearing a pencil, which traces a line on a movable slip of paper. The mode of action is thus explained:—'The machine being placed either on a tender or on a car, a line is passed from the pulley round a second pulley fixed to the axis of one of the wheels, and when the train moves, the whole is put in motion, and the pencil, moving vertically, makes a mark on the paper, which moves horizontally. The two operations produce a sinuous curve, the abscissa of which represent the space travelled over, and the ordinate the time.' You are perhaps aware that the purpose which this instrument is designed to serve has been already attempted in this country by means of electric apparatus, but with what success is as yet uncertain. Two or three other inventions are talked of, which may as well come in here: they are American. One is for sawing double the quantity of oars hitherto obtained out of a plank; another, by a citizen of Utica, produces from cedar, or plane-tree, or any straight-grained wood, 'a commodity to be used as a substitute for curled hair in stuffing cushions.' One would think that the cheapness of cocoa-nut fibre would have kept other preparations out of the market. Another Yankee has contrived a swivel for carriage-steps, by which they may be turned under the vehicle, and so kept away from the dirt thrown up by the wheels. Another announces a night-lantern, with a reservoir of oil, intended to entrap 'moths and night-flying insects.' And yet another, with 'the universal instrument-sharpener,' of which report says that, 'by a compact and ingenious arrangement of machinery, the foot of the operator communicates at the same time, if required, a rotary

motion to a vertical and to a horizontal grinding-stone, and also a vibratory motion to a hone for finishing the edge.' Movable rests and bevel-plates are also fitted, with feeders to supply oil or water, and for the cleansing of the stones—the whole occupying not more than a cubic foot of space. These specimens of ingenuity may serve for a time for English wits to sharpen themselves upon; meanwhile, it is only fair to remind you of the machine recently invented on our side of the water, which will fold three thousand newspapers in an hour.

Social reform, in some shape or other, is attempted and talked about everywhere as well as in London. In Vienna a company has been formed to diminish the enormous cost of funerals. In Berlin four People's Libraries, of about five thousand volumes each, have been opened gratuitously. Some Dutch philanthropists have established a loan bank at Haarlem, to furnish advances to the industrious poor; no individual to receive the benefits of the institution who cannot read or write, or who may be a recipient of public charity. The loans not to exceed a hundred florins, which, after ten weeks, are to be repaid by weekly instalments; and to be applied to the special object for which they are borrowed. The benevolent promoters of the scheme do all the work of the institution gratis. Improved dwellings for artisans are being erected in Brussels and Paris; and on the line of railway from Albany to New York, thirty minutes' ride from the latter city, a working-man's town is to be built; rent to be a dollar a week, with the option of purchasing by the payment of a small additional sum. A public library, too, has just been opened in one of the free parks of Manchester, and there are rumours of similar establishments and workmen's halls for London. A new college for the Independent Dissenters is to be built at St John's Wood: it will not be very far away from an educational institute of another sort—the Marylebone baths and wash-houses built in the New Road, with accommodation for eighty-four women to wash clothes at the same time; and while the elements of cleanliness are reduced to practice in this establishment, Dr Guy is giving a course of eight lectures on public health at King's College.

The programme of lectures issued by the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, comprises subjects and names of the highest order—Faraday on electricity of the air; Murchison on the distribution of gold-ore over the globe; the astronomer-royal on the present state and prospects of magnetism; besides several others which promise a series of most acceptable Friday-evening *réunions*, to say nothing of the instruction and edification.

I have only just room to say that a report has arrived of the discovery of a large fresh-water lake, three days' journey from the remotest South African missionary station, by a son of Mr Moffat and two hunters. This fact would afford matter for comment did space permit; but it is time to close.

ORIGIN OF THE CABINET.

Few things in our history are more curious than the origin and growth of power now possessed by the cabinet. From an early period the kings of England had been assisted by a privy-council, to which the law assigned many important functions and duties. During several centuries this body deliberated on the gravest and most delicate affairs; but by degrees its character changed. It became too large for despatch and secrecy. The rank of privy-councillor was often bestowed as an honorary distinction on persons to whom nothing was confided, and whose opinion was never asked. The sovereign, on the most important occasions, resorted for advice to a small knot of leading ministers. The advantages and disadvantages of this course were early pointed out by Bacon with his usual judgment and sagacity; but it was not till after the Restoration that the inferior council began to attract general notice. During many years old-fashioned politicians continued to regard the cabinet as an unconstitutional and dangerous board. Nevertheless, it constantly became more and more important. It at length drew to itself the chief

executive power, and has now been regarded, during several generations, as an essential part of our polity. Yet, strange to say, it still continues to be altogether unknown to the law. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it are never officially announced to the public; no record is kept of its meetings and resolutions; nor has its existence ever been recognised by any act of parliament. During some years the word Cabal was popularly used as synonymous with cabinet. But it happened by a whimsical coincidence that, in 1671, the cabinet consisted of five persons, the initial letters of whose names made up the word Cabal—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. These ministers were therefore emphatically called the Cabal; and they soon made that appellation so infamous, that it has never, since their time, been used except as a term of reproach.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

THE BUTTERFLY.

Is this the type, as poets paint, of man's immortal doom,
When into life and light he springs victorious from the tomb?
Alas, poor fly! a fleeting hour is thine, thy struggles vain,
And sinking soon, the child of dust returns to dust again.

Of human weakness rather than the type dost seem to me,
Of thoughts that from the grovelling earth take wing and upwards flee,

But, unsustained by heavenly power, yield to the passing storm,
And from a wing'd and glorious thing descend a sordid worm.

Father! to thee for help I call, to aid my insect flight—
Invite me heavenward by thy love, sustain me by thy might:
But since the taint will still remain that waits on mortal birth,
Hasten, oh Lord, and break the chain that binds me to the earth!

L. R.

HINT TO BUILDERS.

The lamentable conflagration of Buchanan House, the splendid mansion of the Duke of Montrose, on Loch Lomond, is ascribed, we observe, to the circumstance of an oaken-window lintel having been too near one of the flues. The number of burnings of dwelling-houses from causes of this kind is very remarkable; perhaps it would not be going too far to say that half the number of all the fires that take place are traceable to the proximity of beams of wood to flues. Besides the houses actually destroyed, many make wonderful escapes; indeed no one can say at any time that his house is not in progress of ignition. Within the fabric of our walls fire may be working its way silently and unobserved. Lately, in the course of certain repairs on Glenormiston House, Peeblesshire, a beam of timber, charred and half-burnt, was discovered in connection with the kitchen chimney; that it had not, when burning, set fire to the whole edifice, is matter for extreme surprise. We have also heard that, in the course of some late alterations at Core House, in Lanarkshire, the fine modern mansion of Mr Cranstoun, beams of timber were removed in a state half consumed by fire. It is really too bad that builders should exercise so little care in matters of such very serious concern.

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THE BETTER DAYS.

THERE is a current and familiar prophecy which predicts the advent of a time when the conditions of human life shall be immeasurably more equal and satisfactory than the generality of mankind has hitherto experienced, and when, instead of the present almost universal discontent, there shall be universal and unintermitting happiness. In all market-places, theatres, concert-rooms, and in not a few of the innumerable temples of St Gin, has been heard the rapturous and cheering cry, 'Wait a little longer; there's a good time coming.' A pleasant, most consolatory melody, striking in at intervals of weariness on the dull ear of pain, privation, or anxiety—who would not willingly believe it? All the weary, all the restless, have taken up and prolonged the strain; nay, the general human heart, in its desire to console itself under the pressure of languor or calamity with any figment of a hope which bears the promise of an improved and more congenial state of things, has eagerly accepted the glad announcement, and, in thrills of longing, responded to it with all the ardour and the earnestness of faith.

The writer of this page would not willingly deprive any man, woman, or child in the English dominions of any particle of pleasure or consolation which may have been derived, or is still derivable, from so pleasing an expectation; nevertheless, he presumes to question the wisdom or propriety of believing in the likelihood of its speedy or near fulfilment. Never yet, in the world's history, has society undergone any substantial reformation, otherwise than through long and gradual stages of individual improvement on the part of the people of whom it was composed. Every social development is as a tree planted in the soil of circumstance, which, ere it can yield fruit or foliage, must take strength into its stem, and shoot out branches of enlargement in gradual perfection, according to the law and limitations of its capacity for growth. No social blessedness, no substantial benefit of any kind, has ever yet been realised, or can be reasonably expected, without an earnest and diligent preparation commensurate with the greatness of the advantages desired. Noble and worthy institutions are invariably the result of an excellent and perfect culture, and of that only; and unless men can be inspired with sublime and beautiful ideas and sentiments, no sublime or beautiful aspect of life can be realised among them.

Not the less, however, do we believe in the progressiveness of man. The aspirations of the soul are in themselves the pledges of their ultimate attainment. The deep longings, the profound aspirations of man; those

*'Impulses of deeper mood
That come to us in solitude,'*

are undoubtedly suggestions of a diviner spirit, intima-

tions of a voice within us, speaking solemnly from the depths of Original Being. Man is naturally progressive to the full extent of his capabilities, to the measurable but stupendous magnitude of the great idea which is latent in his soul, and out of which all his personal and social manifestations spring and expand. Whatsoever man is capable of becoming, that assuredly will he, in the progress and revolutions of time, become. Nay, we dare affirm, that not any day, not any hour, since the first morning broke out of the primeval darkness, and suffused the earth with light, has ever passed, or shall hereafter pass, without leaving a blessing and a bounty in its course—without in some degree contributing, through the power of man's thought and earnest action, to advance his just enlightenment, and to raise his true humanity to loftier heights of grandeur. Yet it were well to understand that time itself can accomplish nothing. In strict truth, there is a fatal error at the bottom of our customary notions respecting the beneficent revolutions which it is expected to effect. Time is no active agency, that it should perform anything whatever for man's instruction or advancement; it is but the theatre on whose solemn stage, amid whose shifting scenery, men severally act out their various parts of wisdom or of folly. It is altogether a passive element in men's affairs, contributing nothing to the furtherance of their work—the huge common field or continent in which they have been appointed and ordained to labour, towards perfecting the mystery of their lives. 'On this shoal and bank of time,' under the splendours and terrors of eternity—the illimitable unknown stretching everywhere beyond us—we have to work righteously with steadfastness and hope, and find therein our welfare. To sit dreamily looking into the distance, indulging in rapturous reveries of a glowing time when universal happiness shall

*'Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of some golden year,'*

is literally to live on,

*— 'As if the seedsman, rapt
Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip
His hand into the bag.'*

Though this modern yearning after better days may be in some sort justified by the ever-operative doctrine of man's progression, we cannot avoid regarding the belief in its approximate realisation as altogether fanciful, and in many respects calculated to delude the popular mind. Men are led by it to expect improvements in their condition independently of their own exertions, and even independently of any human exertion whatsoever. As the wind bloweth where it listeth, and you cannot tell whence or how it cometh, so the better time is expected to befall us as a thing of accident, as an utterly spontaneous and fortuitous event. Like Jonah's gourd, it is to spring up without our

planting, and become an arbour in a night, and be a stately shadow over our heads, to deliver us from our grief. The 'weight, the burthen, and the mystery of all this unintelligible world,' shall be miraculously dissolved in perpetual and transcendent gladness; and abroad over the universal earth there shall be no longer any 'room for sense of wrong.' And all this, as is apparently supposed, is to be the gift of some beneficent and unprecedented chance—some Nemesis of renovation, which shall mercifully violate the authentic offices of the Fates, and strew, as for a pastime, unlimited satisfactions and flowers of supernal ornament about the paths and around the homes of men. This, or something like it, is the dream of the Better Days—of that good and glorious time which is predicted to be coming. A *dream* most truly, and one which will never in this world be realised. There are no grounds in human nature, nor in the discoverable secrets of the universe, for believing in the possibility of any such fanciful millennium. A day may doubtless come when many of the unhandsome disparities of life shall be abated; when truth, genius, and intelligence, shall sway more effectually than now the sentiments and affections of mankind; when the dominion of love shall supersede to some extent the reign of selfishness; when society shall be penetrated by nobler principles, and organised more largely upon the wide and everlasting interests of right and beauty. All this may be conceded, inasmuch as it is manifestly included in the idea of human progress and advancement. But how, and under what conditions, shall it be brought to pass? Not otherwise, assuredly, than through the valiant and charitable endeavours of brave men; by the acts and repeated strivings of that irrepressible power which is the gift and accomplishment of noble spirits; by that divine and inextinguishable light which is lodged in earnest souls for the illumination and comfort of the world; by that consuming fire of manly purpose which shall destroy the corruptions of man's selfishness, and shed a generous warmth of pure intents and dispositions within the common and daily households of mankind. As men become wiser and better through a more perfect cultivation, the evils and miseries of their social existence shall be proportionably diminished, and not otherwise while the world stands. There is, in strict reality, no other way or means of diminishing them; no short-cut or patent expedient for rapid transit through the centre of impossibilities: now, as ever, the only road to human welfare is by the old steadfast highway of well-doing, along which all must travel earnestly, adjusting themselves to whatsoever weather may from day to day befall.

No good time ever came by accident. Wheresoever the life or state of man has been prosperous and beautiful, there man had previously wrought and struggled, consciously or unconsciously, towards the consummation realised. All history, all human experience, attests that fact. It is the very law of man's present, as of his ultimate salvation, that he shall work it out with a sacred 'fear and trembling'—with zealous, undaunted effort—with daring and exalted enterprise. That fable of the twelve stupendous labours of the giant Hercules is the type of all human doing and success. Before thou canst attain to the immunities of the godlike, thou must exhibit trophies and credentials of godlike and grand performances. Any good time that is likely to be vouchsafed to us will be the result and visible compendium of whatsoever worth, helpfulness, and manly aspiration there is found among us. The only good time we are justified in hoping for, is that which we are capable of making for ourselves. It is beyond the power of any legislation, beyond the compass of the most admirable philanthropy, to raise or regenerate society without the requisite materials; without honesty, energy, and intelligence; without something of all that is comprehended in the name of virtue—the germ and vital potency of manliness and manhood in the nation. As far as this exists actively in individuals, and displays itself in personal deeds of

goodness, in fair and uncompromising justice, in feats of worthiness and magnanimity, so far shall the relations of men become more perfected and beautiful, more in harmony with the tendencies of the universal frame of things; and thus, and thus only, shall their condition be ameliorated, and that glorious time whereof we dream begin in some sort to dawn upon the world.

As all generals are aggregations of particulars, and every social economy is but the outcome of the multi-form tempers and characteristics of which society is comprised, so, doubtless, in the working of every reformation each person may contribute, and indeed is morally commanded to contribute, something towards the improvement of his times. And this he will do best and mainly by an upright performance of his own duties. Let him not go gadding about to reform the nation, to reform this or the other institution, till he has set his own house in order, and cannot in his inner conscience feel reproached by any neglect of his personal responsibilities. The duties of father, husband, son, of tradesman, farmer, landlord, teacher, servant, of whatsoever place or position one may fill in the community—the duties most especially which are incumbent on us as individual moral beings—are of prior obligation to any that are of public or exterior concern. Public duties, whenever they are clear and intelligible to the understanding or the moral sense, are doubtless as imperative in their demands on us as private ones; but in every case a man has duties more exclusively his own, and which, if he cannot first fulfil, he will be in no condition to render popular or patriotic services. By performing your own duties, you will do something to create at least a comparatively good time within the range of your own activity. Nay, if all men knew their duties, and would faithfully and honourably fulfil them, we should never have any *bad* times; these latter being in reality the consequence of long neglect and disregard of duty. Somebody must have been remiss—many persons must have been so—before the disorders of the times could become so great as to produce any general inconvenience or distress: for, as was long ago declared, it is a literal fact that public calamity is the aftergrowth of public immorality. The country that finds itself perplexed, may very safely be considered as having been somehow untrue to the eternal laws whereon its welfare was constitutionally dependent. Every kind of conduct which is not in conformity with the principles divinely and providentially established for man's guidance, will ultimately result in perplexities and disaster, howsoever prosperous and triumphant it may appear for a season to the perverted perceptions of unprincipled and unenlightened men. Long ages of oppression and misuse, of mere plausible expedients and imbecility, terminate at length in destructive revolutions; in the overturn and demolition of the unrighteous power which sought to sustain its aggrandisement by any violence or unjust pretension. Publicly and privately, vice is always its own inevitable tormentor. Sooner or later justice will be done. It may, indeed, be frequently delayed; yet all falsehood and unfaithfulness to the rules of upright living do, by natural sequence and necessity, induce and precipitate correspondent miseries. It is in this way that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children after many generations. The laws of things proceed in their appointed courses, notwithstanding men's ignorance or neglect of them; and after long and continuous disregard, all outraged principles come home to us, like curses, for their revenge.

What, then, is it which we in this age, here in this England, most especially need to render our general existence more tolerable and harmonious? We require, first, a greater spiritual and mental light; a wider and more perfect knowledge; a stronger and more enlarged capacity for discerning the right, the true, the beautiful. As the royal Hebrew philosopher set forth—'When thou shalt understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; when wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant to thy soul; then discretion shall

preserve thee, and understanding shall keep thee, to deliver thee from the way of evil.' We require such an education of the intellect and sentiments as shall qualify us to see and apprehend the laws of life, and to feel the infinite and immutable significance attached to their fulfilment. And *secondly*, we need a more willing and ready disposition to do the thing which we perceive and know to be just, reasonable, or becoming; a manful determination to stand by principle and conviction, and to suppress the clamourings of our temporary interests, whenever they are opposed to any intelligible command of conscience. A life of practical truthfulness is the sole remedy for moral and social evils. When we have banished from us all crooked policies, unjust exactions, unkind dissensions, bigotry, intolerance, foolish conventionalities, cant, selfishness, and folly, and live the healthy, honest, upright life of nature, we shall find that our times will be as good as any times that have ever been, or are ever likely to be, witnessed in the world. We depend too much in this age on the power of association, on combined and incongruous agitations and alliances, for the purpose of effecting mere mechanical changes and arrangements; and not sufficiently on the increase and extension of moral worth, on the power of enlightenment and progressive purity in the people. Society will never in this way be regenerated: it cannot be remodelled from *without*, but must earnestly begin to reform itself from *within*—from the inmost life and soul of thought and feeling; and then it will grow outwardly into manifold and beneficent shapes of order, which the universal sense of men will recognise as true, noble, and enduring.

J. L.

THE MICE AND THE RATS, THE WEASELS AND THE STOATS.

BY RUSTICUS.

SOME years ago I sent a few notes to 'Loudon's Magazine' about the weasel, and since then I have pondered a good deal on the subject, and have found it grow under my hands until all manner of mice and rats became mixed up with the history of weasels and stoats, and gave me another chapter for my labour of love in behalf of the brute creation; which labour of love is to exhibit nature in a truthful light; to show her own colours; to prove that the balance of power among her tribes is generally rightly adjusted, unless man presumes to put his ponderous foot in one of the scales, and then 'all gangs a-gley;' and the foolish fellow often suffers for stupid adherence to the untenable notions of his forefathers. Let us see how this acts with the mice and the rats, the weasels and the stoats.

We have at least four kinds of mice here besides the shrews. *First*, there is the house-mouse, a friendly, sociable, timorous, mischievous, entertaining, greedy little chap, with a sober gray-brown coat and a naked tail. He quarters himself on us in the same way as the sparrows; he eats our meat, drinks our drink, and dwells in our dwellings: he is clean in person, but dirty in his habits, eating all he can, and defiling what he leaves. Sometimes he is found in the fields, often in ricks, always in barns. The *second* is the long-tailed field-mouse. He is a very pretty fellow, with a reddish-gray back, a white belly, a long tail, and such large and bright black eyes as are to be seen in no other head of all the family of mice: he lives mostly in the fields, burrowing in the ground, feeding on corn, peas, beans, acorns, hips, and haws, and hoarding up vast stores for the winter: he rarely comes into houses; and yet when he does, he settles himself down as comfortably as the house-mouse, bringing up his numerous family under the very nose of his unwitting guardian. I recollect, when at school, a colony of field-mice had established themselves in-doors, and their depredations on the buttermilk were laid to the account of the house-mice, until a fine patriarch of his tribe was persuaded to await a natural-history scrutiny by means of a wire ring pre-

pared by one of the boys. After this event we received head-money for the slain, which, I think, amounted to more than two hundred in a very few weeks; however, they continued taking the usual bait of toasted cheese until the whole colony was destroyed. And here the love of truth compels me to report a fact which I would gladly not have discovered; and that is, that these mice have a horrid and cannibalish taste for the flesh of their fellow-creatures; many of the captives in question being nibbled, and sometimes partly devoured, by their surviving relatives, who also, as residuary legatees to their departed friends, possessed themselves of the toasted cheese, the first nibble at which had proved so fatal. These propensities are unbecoming in an animal of such attractive appearance, and one which shows in captivity much gentleness and sociability. The *third* is the harvest-mouse, the pet and darling of the mouse kind, the prettiest and the least of all, with a reddish back and a white belly, and a hairier tail, which he turns round the stalk of the wheat, to steady his descent from the round, cozy, cricket-ball of a nest that he builds up a-top close by the ripe ears of corn. The *fourth* (the short-tailed field-mouse) is altogether of a different build from the other three—bigger, rougher, uglier, with short ears scarcely projecting beyond the fur, and a short hairy tail. Now three of these mice—the house-mouse, the long-tailed field-mouse, and the harvest-mouse—often winter in wheat-ricks, mining through them in all directions, and, assisted by the rats, often making them a complete honeycomb with their galleries, which extend from the fagots on the ground to the very crown at the summit. I have, however, observed that rats and mice don't fraternise amicably in the same rick: where there are many mice there are few rats, and where there are many rats there are few mice. I suppose the rats, being the strongest, insist on their prerogative, and expel the weaker. The long and short-tailed field-mice devour peas and beans as soon as sown in the fields or gardens, staying underground by day, but coming abroad to open new mines by night. Both of these make great subterranean boards of provision for the winter. The harvest-mouse climbs the stems of wheat, picking out the grains, and taking them in its fore-paws to eat at leisure, supports itself by its hind-legs and prehensile tail. The short-tailed field-mouse cuts off the wheat-stalks close to the ground, and taking the end in its mouth, pulls away until it has brought the ear to the ground, that it may consume it at leisure.

It must be evident to every one gifted with a modicum of common sense, that the vast supplies of grain and pulse which man's labour produces being so accessible in all stages to all kinds of mice when first committed to the earth, when ripening at harvest-time, when stacked in ricks or housed in barns—it must, I say, be obvious that such abundant supplies of favourite and wholesome food offers the greatest inducement to mousekind to associate themselves with mankind, to attend on their footsteps, and to increase and multiply under their provident but unintentional care. Man's provision is more bountiful than nature's provision: he plants corn where nature planted the scutch and the sedge; and whatever he commits to the earth, becomes a supply to mice as well as men. The countless increase of such prolific beasts as mice is a necessary consequence of the abundance of food thus artificially provided. How are we to remedy this? Are we to provide for mice as well as men? Not so: nature rules it otherwise. The natural enemies of mice are the owls and the weasels; and nature ordains that these shall increase in a ratio proportioned to their prey. The barn-owl homes in our homesteads, as though seeking protection from the man whom he so assiduously serves. Just at the twilight hour, when the mice are on the move, he sallies forth and beats the fields on silent wing, sailing along the furrows as long as a ray of light remains, and when the moon is up, prolonging his useful labour even to the morning. The number of mice thus destroyed is almost beyond belief: they are bolted whole—six,

eight, ten, of a night. During sunlight the owls sit snoring away in a hollow tree, or on the rafters of an outhouse or barn, digesting their murine prey, and from time to time casting up in pellets the fur and bones.

But the mice have a far subtler enemy in the weasel than the owl, because he can pursue them under ground: he can insinuate himself into all their holes, wind his slender body through all their galleries. While the owl pursues the mice above ground, the weasel pursues them below. His usual habitation is the gallery of a field-mouse, on whom he has served a writ of ejectment; and he generally selects one in a bank in which the roots of bushes are tolerably plentiful and strong, as he well knows that these will effectually prevent his being dug out by evil-disposed persons; he also invariably takes the precaution to select a burrow with two openings, so that if one is besieged, he makes his exit by the other. I very well recollect seeing a weasel go into a little round hole in a bank scarcely bigger than the hole of a wasp's nest. I immediately set my foot on the hole, and despatched a lad who was with me for a spade, determined to take the weasel alive. In due time the spade came; we dug away—cut through roots, pulled down the bank, and did no end of mischief, and after two hours' labour, found that the hole went right through the bank, and came out at the other side.

Running on the level ground, the weasel is a very awkward-looking animal; the length and slenderness of his body and the shortness of his legs are very much against speed; but in climbing up trees, or in threading the galleries of mice, this disproportion is of the greatest use to him. I have watched him coursing along the boughs of a tree with the security of a squirrel. In wheat-ricks he is perfectly at home. I have seen him enter a rick at the bottom, and in less than a minute peep out from under the thatch, following of course the *vias* already excavated by the mice. Gifted with strength, activity, and courage, the defenceless mice fall an easy prey to him; and as he eats only the brain—revelling like Apicius on that delicate morsel—the number destroyed would be immense but that man comes to their aid, and turns his attention to compassing the destruction of their foe: he wages war with the weasel and also with the owl.

But weasels have courage to attack, and strength to master, a much larger animal than a mouse. While seated with a friend on a stile at Northbrook, a large rat came bustling down the hedge before us, bringing with him a lot of loose earth; my friend was just on the point of jumping down for a stone to whirl at him, when a little weasel followed the rat down the bank, holding his head well up, like a fox-hound running breast high. The rat had crossed the path, and got into a little low bank on the other side, over which he scrambled, and came out among some Swede turnips in the adjoining field, at the very moment the weasel went into the low bank hunting for him. The turnips were so small, and so far apart, that we did not once lose sight of the rat. He ran in and out among them, continually crossing his own track; and then making a little circle, he came to the bank, a good way from where we sat, and climbing over it, got into the footpath about a hundred yards from us; he then ran towards us with all his might, straight along the middle of the path, and under the stile on which we sat motionless and smiling, like the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, and about ten yards behind us he went into the thick bank, and was lost to view. The weasel hunted well in the little low bank, and seemed a good deal puzzled, staying there much longer than the rat. At last he seemed to find out that the game had taken to the turnips; here he hunted with great eagerness, and finding the trick that had been played, he made a cast like a well-trained foxhound, going completely outside all the trail: by this device he hit off the scent. In a few moments he was in the footpath, galloping towards us in fine style, his back arched, his head up, his tail in a straight line behind him. He passed under us, and in his eagerness

overshot the spot where the rat went into the bank: it was but for a moment. He came back, quartered the ground, found the trail, and was up the bank in no time. A black thorn overhung the path; something moved in it; the rat dropped—the weasel dropped too; we heard a long squeal—then a shorter squeal—then all was still. We went to the spot; the weasel left his prey spitting like a cat: the rat's brain was laid bare, but his heart beat for nearly a minute as I held him in my hand.

Now let us turn to a stronger enemy of the rat, for the slaughter of a rat by a weasel is not an everyday affair. First, however, a word as to the rats themselves. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that we have three kinds of rat in this country—the black rat, the brown rat, and the water-rat. The black and brown rats are near akin; indeed we have often found black and brown in the same litter, and I once took the pains to bring up one of these mixed litters, and had got them to a good size, when the brown killed the black, and ate them all but the skin and a few bones. How these mixed litters originate, or whether there is any difference except in colour and size, I cannot say. I only know they are of common occurrence. The water-rat is altogether different—short ears, short hairy tail, and close fur. All rats take the water with perfect ease and fearlessness.

It is said that civilisation and the honey-bee are constantly moving westward: this seems to hold good with the brown rat. He was known in the East long before he visited the West. We track him through China, Thibet, India, Persia, Arabia, Turkey, Hungary, Germany, France, England, and in English bottoms to America; but we have no proof what was his native country. Now he homes everywhere: he destroys everything; but especially the produce of the farm. He is the filthiest glutton that ever quartered himself in our abodes: nothing that can be gnawed comes amiss to him, animal or vegetable, fresh or putrid, living or dead. He is the enemy of man; in some instances the very curse of his homesteads. Few people are unacquainted with the devastating power of the rat; none try to hide or extenuate his failings. He is no favourite; he has no friends; he is not game. The hare and pheasant have titled and landed abettors and advocates in abundance. Great is the havoc they make, manifold the crimes, untold the misery to which their preservation leads; but *they* are game—that agreeable incense offered by the needy cultivator at the shrine of the wealthy owner: the bench and the bar are alike eloquent in their behalf. Not so the rat: he is beset with enemies; he is pursued by rich and poor. No clerical justice, no barrister bewigged, pleads his cause: the mechanic may shoot him, and not be shot in return—may snare him without being immured in a dungeon. Notwithstanding all this, his progeny increase and multiply—hardy, omnivorous, prolific; and, above all, concealed in labyrinthian galleries he has excavated in the ground, he sets man at defiance, evades his engines and his schemes, and daily and hourly becomes more fearful in his numbers, and in his power to do us ill.

Man is unable to compass the destruction of such a depredator. Nature, or rather Providence, has an efficient remedy, and without any assistance of ours, can arrest his progress, diminish his numbers, and hold him at bay. The slim and elegant stoat is the instrument Providence employs to encompass the destruction of the rat. A size bigger than the weasel, he has the same make and proportions; and as the weasel is built on the best possible plan for pursuing the mice through their narrow passages in banks or in ricks, so is the stronger stoat exactly adapted to track the grosser and greedier rat through the infinite windings of those galleries which nature has led him to construct as means of escape from his foes, and to which he trusts himself as citadels of safety.* So well is the rat aware of the

* The ermine, whose spotless coat is the highly-prized covering of kings, is but the stoat in its winter dress. In this country we rarely see him in this matchless garb; with us he is usually of a sober brown, in severe winters becoming a little piebald.

power of the stoat, so instinctively does he dread coming to close quarters with him, that he evacuates his citadel, retreats from his labyrinth of earthworks, and ventures abroad in open day, rather than face so fierce and active a foe, too happy if a neighbouring ditch or stream offer a temporary shelter. But the size, scent, skill, and courage of the stoat are generally too much for the rat. In vain he plunges into the stream; the stoat pursues, and holding his head and neck out of the water, watches for his prey to come, breathless and terrified, to the surface. Fear now amounts to fascination, and the death-struggle is at hand. It is very strange that this struggle should be so short; the rat is the heavier and more powerful of the two, and his teeth are not merely strong, but are often used with good effect when he is the aggressor, and some more timid beast is the prey; but once grappled with the stoat, all power of resistance seems to have failed, and a bite, quick as lightning, penetrates his brain, and renders him an unresisting prey. The stoat, like the weasel, eats nothing but the brain. Whether the rat be killed in his hole, in the water, or on land, by either stoat or weasel, I have carefully examined a great many, and have always found the brain completely cleared, and the rest of the body untouched. Even in this I fancy that I perceive an obvious design: this taste for a part so essentially vital must of course lead to the destruction of multitudes of rats; the great heavy body of a rat would serve for a fortnight's food, but the brain hardly a meal, and it is scarcely consumed when a fresh rat is started, and a fresh pursuit begun, the lifeless body often falling a prey to the surviving members of its own fraternity. Thus there is more than a simple preying of beast upon beast for the purpose of satisfying a craving hunger: there is instinctive taste for that small portion of the body in which life resides—a taste that causes the violent termination of the greatest possible number of lives. It is as though a check on the increase of the rats was purposely provided in the stoat. Man, with all his boasted powers, has invented nothing to be compared to it in efficiency.

How do we repay the stoat for these services? Why, as in all other instances, we persecute the benefactor, we declare war against a friend, we devise snares to entrap him, we hunt him with dogs, we slay him with guns, we nail him on our barn-doors between those other friends the kestrel and the barn-owl! Why is this? Because the stoat, in his love for brains, now and then ventures to taste those of a fowl or a rabbit, or, worse still, those of a pheasant or a hare. But these misdemeanours are far oftener charged against him than proved. Often and often the stoat dies for the doings of the rat, paying the dear penalty of life for the eggs the rat has sucked, for the chicken and ducklings the rat has killed. Thus do we interfere with nature; thus do we trample on the laws Providence has enacted for our good.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

STOCKHOLM—CONCLUDED.

It is a general impression of the people of Stockholm that there are visit-worthy objects within and near it sufficient to occupy a stranger's time for fully three weeks. I stinted myself to nine days, and therefore saw only a selection of the best objects, among which the palace was the chief. This building is a large and imposing one, situated, as I have remarked, on the central island, and forming a noble object from the great bridge which extends to the northward. It is a quadrangle, with prolongations of the sides, and the fineness of the proportions justify the high terms in which the Swedes talk of the architect, Count Tessin, of whose genius there are some other scarcely inferior memorials throughout the country. This building was completed about a hundred years ago.

In these times, when royalty is assuming more rational proportions with regard to the people than it bore in the last century, a portion of this magnificent palace is deemed sufficient to accommodate the king and his family. The remainder, including some of the finest halls, is devoted to collections of books, antiquities, and objects of art, which are open at certain times to the public. In examining the public rooms of the palace, I was accompanied by a countryman deeply skilled in Scandinavian history and antiquities—Mr George Stephens, translator of Tegnér's poem of 'Frithiof's Saga' into English.* Mr Stephens being a person of highly-cultivated mind, who has lived many years in Stockholm, his society was generally of great advantage to me. I found the collection of sculpture occupying two long halls, besides an anteroom for Egyptian antiquities. We acquire a high idea of the taste and spirit of some of the past monarchs of Sweden, particularly Gustavus III., when we find here so large a collection of the finest works of the ancient chisel, purchased mainly by their liberality. It would be tiresome to enumerate busts and bas-reliefs, whole and fragmentary, presented along these galleries. Indeed the eye and mind of the visitor have no time to rest upon this multitude of objects. All I can do is to speak of the few cardinal specimens, on which we pause, and from which we part with regret. Of these the chief among the antiques is the 'Sleeping Endymion,' found in the Hadrian villa at Tivoli in 1783, and purchased by Gustavus III. for 2000 gold ducats, which is believed to be only about a fourth of its present value. The figure is the size of life, recumbent in an easy, careless attitude, and wonderfully expressive and natural, inasmuch that the Swedish sculptor Sergell could not refrain from laying his hand upon the breast, and saying, 'Listen, how it breathes!' A series of figures of the Muses is also much admired. The modern works have an extrinsic interest, in the new idea which they bring before the mind, that talent in art is not so confined geographically as is generally supposed. I have spoken of the native sculptor Byström with modified praise: I would place in a very different rank two somewhat earlier compatriots, of whose names I verily believe not one connoisseur in five hundred in England has ever heard: I allude to Sergell and Fogelberg. The 'Drunken Fawn' of the former artist is an exquisite piece, and the pathos of his 'Cupid deserting Psyche' is something to remain with the beholder for ever. Fogelberg's colossal statues of the three Scandinavian deities, Thor, Odin, and Balder, made less impression upon me; but they are superb works nevertheless. Undoubtedly Sergell, Fogelberg, and Byström are three artists of whom any nation might be proud.

The collection of pictures is less striking, yet contains many fine works, especially of the Dutch school, along with a few choice productions of modern native art. There are some specimens of Byzantine and early European art which have a high historical value. The whole of these collections is under the care of an old gentleman named Rack, a person of refined manners and great suavity of deportment, who readily affords any information in his power. I had the gratification of giving him some pleasure in requital of that which he conferred upon me, by verifying for him a portrait, long nameless, as James I. of England.

The Royal Library, to which a copy of every book published in Sweden is added, occupies a large hall, and is kept in excellent order. The chief curiosity shown to strangers is a huge Bible written on three hundred sheets of ass-skin, and usually called, from a painting on one of the leaves, the Devil's Bible. It was brought from a convent in Prague during the Thirty Years' War. A

* London: Black and Armstrong. 1839.

curiosity much more important in the eyes of true antiquaries is a copy of the Gospels, called 'Codex Aureus,' being written in Gothic characters of gold upon folio leaves of vellum, alternately white and violet. It is supposed to have been written in the sixth or seventh century, and it contains an Anglo-Saxon inscription, indicating that a great man named Alfred, and Werburg his wife, had redeemed it with money from heathen possession, and bequeathed it to the cathedral at Canterbury.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities, which I visited on a different day (such being the regulation), is only second to that of Copenhagen in richness. I am unwilling to enter particularly into its collections of the early antiquities of the country, as that subject may best be treated comprehensively when I return to Copenhagen. Suffice it to say regarding this department, that it is such as, but for the greater collection at Copenhagen, would appear ample. The mediæval objects are likewise abundant—crosses, jewelled crosses, figures of saints from ancient churches, cases for relics, &c. There are many miscellaneous articles—as the walking-cane of Gustavus Vasa; his seal before he was king; a small toy gun with which the eccentric Christina amused herself by shooting fleas; the dressing-case of Sophia Ulrica, sister and successor of Charles XII.; miniatures of Gustavus Adolphus; and two fine silver globes mounted on Atlases, a gift to the latter monarch from the city of Nuremberg. The collection of coins belonging to this museum is exceedingly rich, containing for one thing a larger quantity of the Anglo-Saxon coinage than is possessed by England herself. The abundance of Anglo-Saxon coins is attributed to the fact of Sweden having been in the line of commercial intercourse between England and the East during the middle ages.

In Stockholm I was honoured by the friendship of Professor Ritzius, whose rank as an anatomist has, I believe, no superior in Europe. He did me the favour to show me over his extensive anatomical museum, in which I found a collection of crania of extraordinary extent. The professor, with characteristic good-nature, flew from case to case to illustrate the conclusions at which he has arrived regarding national crania, as connected with ethnography. He says that he finds the skulls of the Scandinavian people of all ages of an oval or elongated form, while those of the Laps are short and round; an extended occiput, or hind-head, making the difference. Therefore he disputes the phrenological doctrine, latterly patronised by Dr Prichard, that nations have undergone a variation in the form of the skull in the course of their passage from barbarism to civilisation. Assuredly all the Scandinavian skulls which the learned professor showed me, including many from very ancient tombs, were elongated, while all the Lappish skulls were short; and he assured me that these skulls had been taken as they came, and all that came. I need merely remind the reader that the Laps are considered as belonging to a different variety of mankind from the bulk of European nations—a branch, it is supposed, of the same Northern-Asiatic variety which sent forth the Turks and Magyars. The perseverance of such national features as these throughout an immense extent of past ages is certainly a highly-remarkable fact, and more especially in connection with the theories which assign to all the varieties of mankind a common origin. With such a fact before us, the latter idea only becomes admissible upon the supposition of an antiquity for the human race far beyond any space of time hitherto dreamt of in the case; for otherwise, how could the variations be carried to the very great extent which we see in nature?

Through Professor Ritzius I became acquainted with Mr Bagge, one of the principal booksellers in Stockholm, a man who graces his profession by a learned education, by lively talents, and an amiable character. In his shop the abundance of German, French, and English books gave me an idea of the literature in

vogue in Sweden. In this country, the audience acquainted with the native language being small, a vernacular literature does not receive much encouragement. The educated reading-class has to look to Germany, France, and England, for its proper pabulum both in the department of instructive and entertaining literature. Such persons are therefore obliged to learn one or more of the languages of those countries, as a step absolutely necessary to their obtaining the enjoyments and advantages of reading. For this reason it mainly is that one rarely meets with a Swede above the lower rank who cannot converse in some language besides his own. English is now much studied in Stockholm, and all our popular authors are known there. The literature more especially formed in England during the last few years for the benefit of the multitude has found its way in great quantities to Sweden, its cheapness giving it a peculiar adaptation for a people most of whom have small incomes. From this cause alone it was, I presume, that I found myself known by name in Stockholm, and was received by some of its principal literary and scientific men with a degree of kindness which I was not prepared to expect in any foreign city.

One result of this kindness, too remarkable to be passed over in silence, was an entertainment given to me on the second last evening of my stay in Stockholm. It took place in an elegant hotel connected with the gardens of the Horticultural Society, and was attended by about forty persons, including both the Professors Ritzius, Count Rosen, Professor Lovén, Mr Stephens, Mr Bagge, Mr Hierta, and some other men of note, of whose names I unfortunately did not obtain a correct list. The party assembled on a beautiful afternoon in the gardens, and thence proceeded in due time into as handsome a dining-hall as I have any recollection of ever seeing. An artist of the party had been so kind as prepare a few decorations for the occasion, in which was inscribed a series of names of eminent natives of Scotland and others, somewhat curiously arranged. Thus Thomas Erskine was associated with Walter Scott, James Watt with David Wilkie, Thomas Campbell with Ephraim Chambers—this name, I have no doubt, being selected in my honour, though I bear no relationship that I am aware of to the worthy cyclopædist. Another of the conspicuous names was Sir John Pringle, the president of the Royal Society of Dr Johnson's days, and an object of uncommon hatred to the lexicographer, as all readers of Boswell will recollect. There was some appropriateness in the exaltation of this gentleman's name, as it happened that his grand-nephew, Major Pringle, English consul at Stockholm, had given us the honour of his company. I must hasten from the details of a scene which embarrassed me at the moment, and is still the subject of embarrassing reflections, from its attributing to me an undeserved honour; I may only pause to mention, and this I do with sincere pleasure, that every sentiment which I uttered in favour of the closer union of Sweden with England, by commerce, by politics, and by literature, met with a fervid response on the part of the gathering.

Professor Lovén, who takes a department in the teaching of zoology in the Academy of Sciences, is a young man, but one of distinguished attainments. He did me the favour one morning to conduct me through the zoological collection belonging to the Academy. It is extensive, well arranged, and well kept, but, like all other museums which I know, straitened for room. The Scandinavian Fauna surprised me by the abundance of its species in almost all the orders of mammals and birds, considering how few animals had met my eyes in the course of my journey. The truth is, as formerly hinted, the species are numerous, and only the number of individual animals small; wherefore of course Sweden makes a better appearance in a zoological museum than in the fields or woods. The swimming and rapacious birds are in great variety; the glires numerous; there are several varieties of fox, some large felina (as the

lynx), and a few beavers. The tetraonide figure largely in the collection (cock of the wood, black-cock, ptarmigan), and here the varieties of season-plumage help out the multitude of objects, as well as the interest of the collection. An eccentricity worthy of some notice was a cross between the black-cock and ptarmigan.

I had some conversation with Professor Lovén regarding the proofs which exist of recent and continued change in the relative level of sea and land in Scandinavia. Like all northern men of science, he was well aware of the facts bearing upon this subject, and had given his accession to the conclusion now generally arrived at, that the phenomena depend upon a rise of the land, not a depression of the sea. Since Professor Playfair made his famous remark, that a depression of the sea cannot be of a local nature, while an uprise of the land may be so, the superior probability of the latter phenomenon has been generally seen and admitted. The conclusion was clenching by the actually observed uprise of a large tract in Chili in 1820, and by the ascertained rising and falling in recent times of a part of the coast of Naples. I readily admitted to Professor Lovén the value of the facts observed with respect to the level of the Baltic, the force of Playfair's remark, and the importance of the observations in South America and Italy. Still, I said, there was a source of possible fallacy open regarding the level of the Baltic, which I was surprised had not as yet been thought of. The Baltic was an inland sea, and it was ascertained that inland seas do not always maintain the same mean level as the outer ocean. It was remarkable that not one of the observations of the Scandinavian investigators, nor of those instituted by Professor Johnston and Sir Charles Lyell, was made beyond the space within which the inland and tideless character of this sea prevails. As cases showing the inequality in question, reference may be made to the Red Sea, found by M. Lepere to be 26½ feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean itself has been set down by a French surveying party as within two feet of the level of the ocean at Amsterdam—a difference too small to have any stress laid upon it; but it is a startling fact that three different surveys of the most rigid character assigned differences between the levels of the Adriatic and Mediterranean, revolving a very little way from a mean of 8½ metres, or about 26 feet, the Adriatic being, like the Red Sea, at the superior height.* Considering, indeed, the nature of this evidence, we cannot be rigidly certain that these differences are as they appear. They are, however, sufficient to give us reason for supposing that the Baltic—the throat of a vast number of rivers (the fifth part of Europe is drained into it), and furnished with but narrow communications towards the outer ocean—may heretofore have been kept up at a somewhat higher level than the ocean; a condition to which its temperate clime is of course favourable. From changes in the natural drainage of the basin, whether from variations of climate or otherwise, from a clearing of the channels of communication, or some other local causes, the abnormal level may be diminishing, and hence it may be that so many parts are shallowing, and so many rocks formerly submerged are coming above the surface. All this is purely hypothetical;† but I submitted to Mr Lovén that it makes out a case for inquiry, because it is not comfortable to sit down with a conclusion on a scientific subject while any source of fallacy stands yawning behind us. I proposed, with all deference, that the Academy of Sciences should endeavour to induce the government to execute a levelling survey from the medium level of the sea at Trondhiem to the ordinary or medium level of the Gulf of Bothnia, with a view to ascertaining if these were identical; in

which event of course the conclusion would stand good as at present; whereas a contrary result, if at all considerable in degree, would show that the observed facts were liable to be accounted for without necessarily presuming a movement of the land. The learned professor was at first exceedingly unwilling to entertain my doubts; but he at length admitted their weight, and undertook to make a report on the subject to the Academy, and for this I supplied him with the materials. Of the result I have as yet heard nothing; but at least, I trust, I may take this means of warning all who feel an interest in the subject against a too implicit trust in the theories which have been somewhat over-confidently, if I may not say somewhat arrogantly, maintained with regard to the changes of the apparent level of the Baltic.

Some of the external features of Stockholm are characteristic of the social and economical condition of the country. In Drottning's Gaden, and other principal streets, we see many good houses, elegantly furnished. The shop windows betray sufficiently the prevalence of luxurious habits among the people. But these streets are at the same time destitute of side pavement; there is no gas-light; and the fact of there being no water introduced into houses is occasionally announced through one of the most fastidious of the senses. Unfortunately for Stockholm, an *ös* or gravel ridge runs through it, affording a ready supply of round stones wherewith to pave the streets. I say unfortunately, because the authorities might otherwise have been obliged to obtain squared blocks for that purpose. As it is, you walk along a tablet composed of egg-shaped pebbles, very pretty to look upon, but a penance for the feet not much less harassing than the *unboiled* peas. Carriages roll over this pavé with a deafening rattle, so that conversation with the companion of your walk is impossible. If rain fall at the time, you have to take the very middle of the street, in order to have some chance of escaping a series of cascades descending from the several houses through wooden tubes, the lower extremities of which are turned outwards, to make their contents fall free of the walls. You see, in short, that there is much devotion to elegance and luxury, but little combined movement for utility or convenience. As at Copenhagen, street improvements are impeded by the stupidity of the authorities. It must be admitted, however, that a beginning is now making. At the time of my visit, the workmen were commencing a side pavement in Drottning's Gaden, and I believe I was one of the first persons who passed over the first completed portion.

The gaiety for which Stockholm is remarkable does not depend so much upon the wealth of the people—for this is a rare commodity everywhere in the north—as upon the multitude of half-idle nobles and officials concentrated in the city. During winter, the theatres and opera, the numerous balls and private evening parties, enable the Swedish sybarite to escape from the tedium of his own society every night. A person of good fashion may often be at three parties in one evening if he chooses. The universal self-indulgence must be regarded as the mark of a particular stage in social progress, through which England passed a good many years ago. It is the state of a nation partially enlightened, which has never had any great social calamities or struggles, and which dreads nothing. Even Carolina is *serious*, under the terrors of the slave question. England is grave, thoughtful, and energetic for improvements, because it is sensible of a constant danger in Chartism and the appalling demoralisation of its lowest class. Sweden thinks of nothing of the kind, is happy and gay, as England was about the year 1785. You scarcely ever hear of any public-spirited movement in this country. Its nobles and gentry are never heard of as interesting themselves in agricultural improvements, bestirring themselves to promote education, and subscribing for all sorts of charitable objects, as those of England are. One great iron master, with perhaps sixty thousand a year, probably does not spend one

* Humboldt's *Asie Centrale*, ii. 301.

† It must also be admitted that the shallowing of the Baltic is only announced in some parts of the coast, not in all. The whole of the German shore, for instance, is said to betray no mark of change. I do not, however, feel assured that this partial exhibition of the phenomena as respects locality is well established.

pound of that enormous income in promoting objects for the benefit of the public. These things are not thought of here. How far different the fashion is in Britain, the accounts of expenditure of every man there who is in tolerably easy circumstances, and has the usual feelings of human nature, can well testify.

Sweden being in most respects a prosperous and improving country, under a government practically mild, it follows that reforming politics are not in great vigour amongst the bulk of the people. In the crisis of 1848, a party of this complexion strained to effect some changes in the legislative system, which is by no means a good one; but they could not agree about what should be demanded, until the time of reaction came, and hence Sweden presents no exception to the universal failure of democracy on that occasion throughout Europe. It appeared to me that the character and conduct of the king and his family form at once the most conservative influence at present in Sweden, and the best guarantee for gradual and safe reforms. The king is a kind-hearted and conscientious man, unfeignedly anxious for the good of his people. Without striking talents, he is sufficiently enlightened to have formed just views of policy, and these he carries out as far as is practicable. It will be to many readers saying a great deal if I say that King Oscar is avowedly a great admirer of England. His queen, who is a granddaughter of Josephine, is described as a most amiable and sensible woman. They have a fine young family, headed by a prince of about four-and-twenty. They conduct their court upon a sum little exceeding sixty thousand a year, and study to set an example of quiet, respectable living to their somewhat over-gay subjects. It is most interesting to a stranger in Stockholm to find that a monarch and his family may become, in consequence of their own conduct, the objects of so much esteem and regard among the people. During all the time of my residence there I never heard an unkind or slighting word regarding the king. The only fault ever hinted at is his being possibly too easy and familiar with his subjects—a fault, however, admitted to spring from the very goodness of his nature. He walks every morning for a short time before his palace, ready to receive petitions from the humblest person who may approach him. He often drives through the streets with a single servant. There seems to be a notion that his good-nature and condescension are a little abused by impudent and worthless people; but no other fault is cited. I was told that if the court had been at Stockholm at the time of my visit, it would have been the simplest matter of course that I should be taken to see and converse with the king. When I considered that men of my profession and station in life in England never so much as dream of coming in contact with native royalty, I was deeply impressed with the peculiarity attributed to the Swedish court, and the difference in this respect between it and the courts of greater sovereigns.

Much discussion was excited a few years ago by the account which Mr Laing gave of the vast amount of crime in Sweden. It was, I believe, pretty satisfactorily made out that the country is not so remarkable in this respect as unexplained statistics would seem to show.* But what Mr Laing stated regarding one department of morals in Stockholm was, I am assured, not far from the truth. There is a degree of licentiousness in this city far beyond anything ever known in our country, even in the

reign of Charles II. I was furnished with an authentic document showing the number of illegitimate births, in proportion to the entire number, to be, in the parish of Maria, 42 per cent.; in that of Ulrica Eleanora, 51 per cent.; in Clara, 59; in Jacob's and John's, 62; in Cathoven, 68; in Hedvig Eleanora, 81; and in St Nicolas, 82 per cent. These returns are understood to be affected by the flocking of women from the country to be delivered in the city; but it cannot be in any great degree. As connected with this subject may be mentioned the *Barns-huset*, or Children's House, one of the greatest institutions of Stockholm, into which a vast portion of the progeny of licentiousness are received. One arrangement, by which an infant is received here for 100 dollars banco (L.8, 6s. 8d. sterling), and never more heard of, seems like holding out a license to transgression. Female indifference to virtue spreads much higher in society than is the case, except in a very limited degree, in England—a fact of which several striking illustrations were related to me. It is hard to imagine of the neat, clean-looking servant-girls (*pigas*) whom one sees tripping along the streets in their black bodices and aprons, and with uncapped heads, that not one of them, or only one here and there as an exception, has the first and chief of female virtues rooted in her heart. Yet such is the fact. I am even assured that it is not uncommon for the peasantry to send their best-looking daughters to Stockholm, with precisely those expectations which Margery in 'Love in a Village' hints at in her contemplated migration to London. The only special reason I heard assigned for the licentiousness of Stockholm is the great number of military and other official persons living there, with incomes sufficient to give them the run of the gaieties of the town (a lieutenant has L.28 a year), but not to enable them to maintain independent housekeeping. The mercantile classes are, however, as deeply dyed in this guilt as the government *employés*. It is a distressing subject, which I must not dilate upon; but I may remark that the very laxity which is to be complained of somewhat softens the results, as the guilty, not feeling themselves indignantly thrown off by society, as they are in England, do not so entirely lose their own respect as with us, and consequently continue to observe more external decency. We do not find among them that abandonment to drink, that fearfully rapid course of depravation, and that inevitable shortening of existence, which are the dire consequences of the loss of female virtue in England, primarily through the very efficacy of the virtuous principle itself.

Part of my last morning in Stockholm was spent in a visit to the hospital, through which Dr Huss conducted me with much courtesy; but I found nothing to remark besides one somewhat startling circumstance—the mixture of fever patients with others. The physicians believe that by this plan the virulence of fever is diminished, and that it consequently becomes less contagious—an opinion, I need scarcely say, altogether at variance with the more extensive and accurate experience of French and English hospitals. Another portion of the same time was devoted to seeing the royal printing-office, under the care of Mr Norstedt. As this must needs be the principal *bog-trykkerie* in Sweden, I was curious to learn the amount of its power. It has one double-cylinder printing-machine, and one flat-pressure machine capable of printing only a single side at a time; besides which there are a few hand printing-presses of various constructions. Mr Norstedt adds another business, having a bathing establishment on the adjoining border of the lake. I found it a little square of wooden construction, containing hot and cold baths, and cots for undressing, while the centre of the quadrangle was a general plunge and swimming bath, supplied by a constant flow of the waters of the lake, as they here pass on to their outlet. The only other public place of any note which I visited in Stockholm was the apartment of the celebrated Berzelius, in the buildings of the Academy of Sciences. It consists of a suite

* According to Forsell, in his 'Statistics of Sweden' (Bagge, Stockholm, 1844), the reason of the alarming accounts which have been given of crime in that country is, that the tables on which these accounts are based include, as crimes, a vast number of offences inferring little or no turpitude—as trespasses on forests, smuggling, illicit navigation, neglect of mending of roads, neglect of fencing, of 'skjeds,' of snow-ploughing, non-appearance at fires in the woods, or at public chases when summoned, sheltering of vagabonds, turning loose of cattle, and using of unstamped measures. My own impression is, that the Swedes, generally speaking, are an inoffensive and amiable people, and that the security to life and property in that country is as great as in my own, if not greater.

of modest-looking rooms, where his excellent chemical apparatus is still kept. The recent loss of this eminent man was an irreparable blow to Sweden.

In Stockholm, as in every other part of Sweden visited by me, I remarked how slow the working-people are in their movements, and how ineffectual is much of their labour. A gentleman who visited Stockholm the month before me, makes the same remark respecting working-men. He watched the operations attending the building of a row of houses opposite his lodging, and became convinced that four English would do the work of ten Swedish operatives. They did not appear to have any foreman to keep them at their duty; and after applying to their labour for a few minutes, would stop for three or four more to hold a conversation with some passing loungers or looker-on. Two men, he observed, were required to plane a piece of wood, where one man would suffice in England. He was surprised at the small progress made in eight days. The men earn about one shilling English a day; but English workmen would, he thinks, be preferable at double the wages. Their way of living looked comfortable. At eight in the morning the workman went to the nearest provision-shop and bought a pickled herring, which, with a rye-biscuit and a little buttermilk, costing in all about an English penny, constituted his breakfast. Each ate it sitting on the ground, usually with a newspaper or pamphlet spread before him. The observer looked with special care to the business of ship-building, with which he was conversant, being himself a Hull shipowner. He became convinced that, in fair competition, the English has nothing to fear from the Swedish ship-builder, if the workmen and masters will only 'pull together.' Such observations should tend to reassure those amongst ourselves who apprehend great evils from free trade, not merely in matters where handicrafts are concerned, but in agriculture. We hear much of the low wages of artisans and field-labourers in Sweden and other continental countries, and of their other various advantages for supplying grain and other articles to Britain; but we do not hear at the same time of the small amount of work done for the low wages, or of the backward state of all instrumental means of labour, as well as (most important particular of all) the small mental aptitude of these nations for any kind of industrial enterprise. I could not undertake to prove that this is a sufficient offset against the superior taxation of England; but it is certainly a consideration which ought to be borne in mind, and I believe it is one of no small importance in the case.

While provisions are generally cheap in Sweden, nearly all articles of clothing are dear, but this is solely on account of the restrictions put upon trade. The eager efforts to encourage native manufactures tell upon the comfort of the people to a degree painful to contemplate. They are fond of English clothing, on account of its fine quality; but it is placed under a duty which utterly forbids its being attained through legitimate channels. The upper and middle classes are, nevertheless, constantly seen clothed in the silk and woollen goods of Great Britain. These articles are of course smuggled in vast quantities into the country. It is beyond the power of any preventive service to exclude anything the smuggling of which has so high a bounty placed upon it; and it is impossible for any government to detect or punish that in which so strong a popular interest is concerned. I heard at Gottenburg of an attack by the customhouse authorities on a cloth-shop supposed to contain smuggled goods. The people rose half frantic at the thought, and by mere pressure around the guilty spot, prevented the law from being executed. In a system of this kind, all dealers must be more or less corrupted, for it must be impossible to sell goods at the price inferred by a full payment of duty, where so many are offering them under contraband advantages. The prices are, nevertheless, very much higher than would be necessary if the goods came freely into the country. You will pay 1s. an ell for shirting

which is sold in England at 9d., and 4s. 6d. per yard for lutestring which in England would not be above 2s. 9d. The fact is, that the only effect of this irrational procedure of the government is to fill the pockets of a few speculative traders, at the expense of infinite suffering to the people at large—that people whom the restrictions are professedly designed to serve and benefit.

R. C.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

'DEAR, ingenuous girl!' exclaimed Henry Rivers with rapturous enthusiasm as he kissed for at least the twentieth time a perfumed note which he had received about half an hour previously: 'what a tenderness and grace; what a contempt, or rather forgetfulness, of mere extrinsic advantages breathes through the charming delicacy and reserve of these dear lines! And I, mistrusting infidel that I was, to delay the offer of my hand till the "Gazette" officially announced my colonial appointment, lest, forsooth, Ellen Danvers should, on account of the want, on my part, of a sufficiently handsome income, decline the proposal she has so frankly, so gracefully accepted! I would wager my existence that when she perused my letter, the fact of eight hundred pounds per annum having been added to my previously very modest revenue did not so much as glance across her mind, far less influence in the slightest manner her acceptance of my suit. Beautiful Ellen! what would I give to have been present when the modest gratitude, the amiable confidence which dictated her written reply rose in gentle murmurs to her lips, and flashed with radiant eloquence from the clear depths of her dark-blue eyes!'

Mr Henry Rivers, who was seated at his solitary dessert, here paused in his passionate soliloquy to help himself to a glass of wine and some grapes. I had better improve the interval which elapsed ere he resumed his rhapsodies to jot down a few particulars relative to his parentage, education, and present position in the world.

Henry Rivers, then, was the third son of a highly-respectable country solicitor, who, fancying he discerned in him the material of which chancellors and chief-justices are fashioned, sent him at the proper age to 'eat his terms' in Lincoln's Inn. This stage of the journey towards the woolsack Mr Henry Rivers performed in a very efficient manner indeed, and he was in due time called to the bar by the benchers of that distinguished and venerable inn of court. Whether, however, his respectable parent had, with excusable partiality, overrated his forensic aptitude, or whether the attorneys of the Queen's Bench had entered into a conspiracy to ignore the young gentleman's abilities, certain it is that exceedingly few briefs found their way into his hands. About five years after he had assumed the wig and gown, Mr Rivers, senior, departed this life, bequeathing his excellent business to his two eldest sons, and two hundred pounds per annum in ground-rents to his favourite Henry. The still youthful barrister, amidst his grief for the loss of so indulgent a father, felt wonderfully consoled by the reflection that the means of a future decent maintenance did not depend upon the exertions of his own brain, in which organ, his modesty had for some time whispered, too great reliance ought not in prudence to be placed. Not that Henry Rivers was deficient in average ability, or unpossessed of talent of a certain kind, only it did not happen to be of the kind suited to the profession chosen for him. His imagination especially was a very brilliant one, and could at a moment's notice

'Clothe the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn;'

a faculty which, in an argument upon a demurrer, would, it may be easily conceived, prove rather in the way than otherwise. Still further to excite his already overheated fancy, and withdraw his mind from the delightful study of 'Coke upon Littleton,' he had managed

to fall desperately in love with a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, the second daughter of Mr Cuthbert Danvers, and a very amiable, well-principled person, but possessed withal of no dowry save her beauty and her virtues. He had been long mentally debating whether— But I must follow him in his quickly-resumed flights of fancy.

'Love and friendship! friendship and love! divinely-varied essence which, sprinkled upon the common-places of existence, converts the parched and dusty earth into an elysium, fragrant with bright flowers, and rich in glorious fruits, from which flows nectar for the gods'—

He was interrupted by a slight tap at the door; and in as ordinary a tone as he could at the moment command, he bade his visitor 'Walk in.'

'Dear Aunt Barbara, is it you? I am delighted to see you. It is, I think, but three days since you were here, but an age has been crowded into that brief point of time.'

'Who were you addressing so loudly when I knocked? I was afraid you had company.'

'I was soliloquising, dear aunt: indulging in irrepressible utterance at the happiness, the joy, the bliss with which this charming note has inspired me! Read it, and imagine my transport at its reception.'

'A very lady-like, proper reply,' said Aunt Barbara, after a slow and minute perusal of it. 'Ellen Danvers is a sensible, superior person; her family, too, are worthy people.'

'Sensible!—superior! How wretchedly cold and formal your expressions sound! The mild radiance of maidenly regard which shines through every line you have been reading might, one would think, have kindled a warmer'—

'Nonsense, Henry!' interrupted Mrs Barbara Rivers. 'Do you take me for a school-girl, or has your good fortune utterly crazed your brain? Pour me out a glass of wine: I have walked all the way from Aldermoor to congratulate you on your appointment. There can now be no mistake about that.'

'Certainly not. Perhaps you would like to read Sir Edward Aytoun's letter announcing his success in procuring it for me. Here it is.'

'Very kind indeed; but he might have been less profuse of his foolish compliments. A real service such as he has rendered you requires no such silly tinsel to enhance its value.'

'Foolish compliments!' exclaimed Henry Rivers with some asperity: 'I believe Sir Edward is perfectly sincere in every expression he has used. You need not, Aunt Barbara, elevate your eyebrows in that manner: I do not of course mean that I *deserve* the high compliments he is pleased to pay to what he calls my great ability and superior fitness for the office—in which encomium, by the way, it appears the minister fully concurs—but I am quite sure Sir Edward *thinks* precisely as he writes. He and I, you know, were college friends.'

'You silly boy! Yet it is perhaps better you should believe so: we gain nothing by prying too curiously beneath the surface of the world's conventionalisms:—

"Gliesez, mortels; n'appuyez pas,"

is a maxim of sound worldly wisdom: but let us change the subject. I am very glad you took my advice not to make Ellen Danvers an offer till your appointment was gazetted.'

'I doubt,' rejoined Henry Rivers with increasing ill-humour, 'that either Ellen or her father bestowed a thought on the subject, or were in the slightest degree influenced in their decision by my increase of fortune.'

A merry laugh broke from Aunt Barbara's lips, but she made no answer in words.

'Still as ever, I see, a disbeliever in the ethereality of either love or friendship. According to you, aunt, the purest emotions, the highest actions, have all necessarily an alloy of earth about them.'

'Perhaps so; but I am not so foolish as to wish to

cloud the mirror in which the speech and actions of mankind love to glass themselves, by needlessly raking amidst the selfish sediment which, I fear, lies at the bottom of almost all human motive.'

'There, aunt, I differ entirely with you. I would have all polite shams, all make-believes, banished the world, and replaced by a constant and frank sincerity.'

'And so disenchant the world of its romance, its poetry, its innocent and agreeable illusions! Insist that people should be perpetually annoying and insulting each other by irritating, useless sincerities! Society, my dear boy, under such a régime would not be endurable. Much of the present, as well as the future, is wisely hidden from us.'

A long and wearisome discussion ensued upon this knotty point, during which both speakers occasionally manifested very natural symptoms of drowsiness. Henry Rivers persisted in stoutly maintaining that affection, friendship, contaminated with the slightest admixture of worldliness, was not worth acceptance. But he was at length disgusted with his aunt's obstinacy, and his eyes, in spite of himself, began to close. Still he struggled manfully against the unpolite feeling, sipped a little more wine, and even fancied for a moment, from his aunt's silence, that she was giving in. But suddenly the placidity of his respected relation was broken as if by a squall, and she displayed a warmth and vehemence quite foreign to her usual placid manner. Her very features appeared to dilate and charge with passion as she pursued her energetic argumentation.

At length, after concluding a long and fierce invective, in which doubts of the angelic disinterestedness of Ellen Danvers and Sir Edward Aytoun were strangely mixed up and confused, she pointed with a significant gesture to a small oval hand-glass which happened to be lying on a side-table—'You remember on what occasion I presented you with that toilet-glass?'

'Certainly I do.'

'I have never yet informed you of its strange qualities, though I have been frequently on the point of doing so. It is a *magic* mirror, and will confer on you, as it has conferred on me, the wretched privilege of seeing and hearing all things that concern yourself without deception or disguise.'

'Is it possible? But you must be jesting!'

'I was never more serious. The proof is easy. Breathe thrice upon it, and the scene your wish suggests will instantly be pictured there. You will also hear every syllable that passes between the persons summoned before you.'

Henry Rivers seized the glass with a confused feeling of delight and vexation. Was his aunt mocking him, or did he really possess a talisman which would enable him to look beneath the outward shows and shams of the world, and bask in the sunlight of truth, undimmed, undistorted, by the false media through which it reaches unprivileged eyes and ears? Surely the age of magic, of mysticism of all kinds, was past; and yet— There could be at all events no harm in making the trial.

He breathed thrice upon the mirror, and expressed a wish that the interview between his friend Sir Edward Aytoun and the colonial minister should pass before him.

Magical indeed! The glass in an instant displayed a large, handsome apartment, the business cabinet apparently of a great personage. Subordinate officials, secretaries, glided in and out with deferential manner, and in observant silence, except when addressed, and then only answering with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness.'

'Sir Edward Aytoun has been waiting some time, my lord,' said a gentleman who had just entered in a low voice. 'He is becoming impatient.'

An expression of extreme annoyance passed over the great man's features as he muttered, 'That is the most persistent personage that ever besieged and worried a government for favours. He is, however, too important an animal to be slighted. Ask Sir Edward to walk up,' he added in a louder tone.

Sir Edward Aytoun entered, and it was marvellous how rapid a change the noble lord's features underwent.

'My dear Sir Edward, I am so glad to see you! I have been longing to talk over your last night's speech. It was—you know I am not in the habit of flattering—a first-rate thing. Palmerston was delighted with it. He had intended, I know, to speak himself, but felt, when you had concluded, that nothing more was to be said.'

Sir Edward bowed, and looked pleased. He did not, however, reply, but silently kept his seat in an expectant attitude and manner which no secretary of state could possibly misunderstand. Comparatively young as he was in years, the baronet was already far too old in public life to be amused or diverted from his purpose by empty compliments.

'I suppose, Sir Edward,' said the minister after an embarrassed pause, 'you have called respecting the appointment you have solicited for—for—'

'Mr Henry Rivers,' suggested the baronet.

'Yes, Rivers. Are you very desirous of obtaining it for him, because I had partly promised it to'—

'I am desirous,' interrupted Sir Edward tartly, 'that your lordship should oblige me in this matter. It is, I think, a favour to which my unvarying support of the administration fully entitles me.'

'Excellent man! true-hearted friend!' ejaculated Henry Rivers, averting for an instant—as, gazing upon the ceiling, he appeared to contemplate the altitude of Sir Edward's merits—his eyes from the mirror, 'this is indeed friendship in its true essence. Here, too, there is no disguise, no false colouring.' He looked triumphantly at his aunt; but observing, to his great surprise, that that lady's countenance still retained the cold, cynical expression it had lately assumed, turned again to the magic glass.

He must have missed a sentence or two, for the noble lord was saying, 'Quite an undistinguished man, I understand, though called to the bar five or six years ago; has never, I believe, held a brief; did I not so understand you, Mr Quill?'

'Four only in five years, my lord. The last he held was in a pauper-removal case, when his law was corrected by an alderman, before whom the matter was argued.'

'Confound the fellow!' muttered Mr Henry Rivers, colouring at the same time to the very tips of his ears: 'how came he to know that, I wonder?'

'This colonial office,' interposed Sir Edward, 'requires, I believe, no remarkable ability in the person filling it. If it did, believe me I should hesitate greatly in asking it for Henry Rivers. He is a young man of, I have no doubt, good principle; but as to great quickness of intellect, that is quite out of the question.'

The holder of the magic glass turned his face stealthily towards his aunt, but snatched it swiftly back as his eye encountered the mocking, triumphant smile which curled her lip.

'If you press it,' rejoined the minister, 'we must oblige you; but really, since the person to be benefited is so mere a nobody—'

'Your lordship mistakes the matter,' interrupted the baronet: 'I care very little about Henry Rivers, though I believe him to be a worthy fellow enough; but the fact is, his brothers, the attorneys, are busy, influential men in the county: you know how closely parties are divided there; and I really cannot afford to lose their support, as I unquestionably should if this appointment were not conferred upon their somewhat feather-headed brother!'

'Enough—enough! he must have the appointment. Send him a civil message from me, and say I will appoint an interview with him before he leaves the country.'

'I will; accompanied by my very best congratulatory compliments. Cela va sans dire.'

Henry Rivers laid down the magic mirror. This, then, was his friend; the man for whose sincerity of soul he would have pledged his life! Never would he place faith in mortal man again—never! A few mi-

utes' reflection, and a glance at the 'Gazette,' which was lying on the table, suggested other thoughts. 'Sir Edward has certainly rendered me an essential service; and what he said was perhaps, after all, not entirely incorrect: and yet I can no longer look upon, or feel towards him as I did. Confound the mirror!' he exclaimed with sudden passion, and as if about to dash it on the ground. 'Aunt Barbara was right—with regard at least to male friendships,' he added, restraining himself, and speaking more calmly. 'But the love of a maiden for her betrothed—the gentle guilelessness of a virgin heart palpitating with the pure and sweet emotions of a first affection; these feelings caught from heaven, unstained of earth, cannot be too nearly contemplated—too minutely analysed!' Once more his breath thrice dimmed the magic glass; then,

'Like the murmur of a dream,
He breathed her name.'

accompanied by a wish to witness all that passed from the receipt of his marriage-offer till the answer was despatched.

The wizard depths of the mirror instantly disclosed a handsomely-furnished sitting-room, opening with French windows upon a shrubbery and flower garden, through which presently entered beautiful Ellen Danvers, attired in an elegant white morning-dress, and with a bouquet of brilliant flowers in her hand. A servant approached, presented a letter—the letter—and retired. Ellen Danvers placed the flowers upon a marble stand, and glancing curiously at the seal, whilst a charming blush mantled her fine features, with some precipitation removed the envelope.

The blush deepened as she read, till its hue mocked that of the freshly-gathered roses by her side; a bright smile parted her sweet lips, and a soft, low sigh, as she seated herself in pensive mood and attitude, escaped her gentle bosom.

'Thrice-blessed mirror!'

She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of her sister Marian, a gay, light-hearted damsel, about two years younger than herself.

'Ellen, papa wishes to see you in the library. He looks as grave as a bishop. Mamma seems equally solemn, and you— Why, Ellen, your eyes are filled with tears! What, for mercy's sake, can it all mean?'

'Read this, Marian,' said Ellen, proffering the letter, and passing at the same time an arm round her sister's waist. 'Papa has doubtless received a companion epistle.'

Marian read, and when she had finished, exclaimed, with a kind of regretful archness—'A proposal of marriage from Mr Rivers, as I'm alive! No wonder everybody seems struck of a heap! But I forbid the banns!'

'Do you, Marian; and for what reason?'

'Reason, Ellen! as if reason had so much to do with these affairs! In the first place, then, you would have to leave us: in the next, he is nothing like so handsome as Frank Mildmay. Ah, that blush, Ellen! Need I further explain why these banns must be forbidden?'

'Mr Mildmay, Marian, is out of the question. Papa has, you know, forbidden his addresses, and I entirely acquiesce in his decision.'

'I wish Caroline and Fanny were at home. It's my impression,' added Marian pettishly, 'that Mr Rivers is humpbacked!'

'Nonsense, you silly madcap! A little round-shouldered, perhaps.'

'The devilish glass!'

A servant entered, iterated Mr Danvers' desire for Ellen's presence in the library, and the sisters left the room.

A moment, and the library was disclosed, with Mr and Mrs Danvers, Ellen and Marian, seated in council.

'Well, Ellen,' said her father, 'what answer shall we make to this ardent, eloquent lover of yours?'

The blushing girl did not raise her head, nor immediately reply. At last she said, 'Do you not think,

papa, I am too young as yet for so very serious an engagement?

'You are one-and-twenty years of age, and your mother was, I think, a twelvemonth younger than that when we were married. Is that your only objection to the proposal of Mr Rivers?'

'But, papa, I have seen so little of him, that I— Really you must decide for me.'

'You do not dislike him, Ellen?' inquired Mrs Danvers.

'No, mamma; certainly not. I esteem him, and as an acquaintance, rather like him: nothing more.'

'Accursed mirror!'

'It is, I think, a very eligible match,' said Mr Danvers, 'for a girl without fortune; and I do not think it at all essential to married happiness that the lady should be at first what is called in love with the gentleman. You will make a good and affectionate wife—of that, Ellen, I am quite sure. By the appointment conferred upon him, and which is, you know, gazetted, Mr Rivers' income is now at least a thousand a year; and that, where you are going'—

'Papa!'

'Well, where at all events he is going, will maintain a very handsome establishment. Then his character is unexceptionable, and his temper one of the easiest in the world. Altogether, Ellen, I think you have drawn a fair prize in the matrimonial lottery.'

'The climate is very healthy, I believe?' said Mrs Danvers.

'Entirely so; and society there is of a somewhat high cast for a colony.'

'I suppose,' said Ellen Danvers, blushing still more deeply than before, 'from Mr Rivers' official position, his—his wife will take precedence after the lady of the lieutenant-governor?'

'Certainly, Ellen—no doubt about it,' replied Mr Danvers with a quiet smile. 'Now, run away and write your answer; mine will be ready in two or three minutes.'

The young ladies tripped off to another apartment, followed by their mother; and a change of scene immediately exhibited Ellen seated at a writing-desk, and endeavouring, whilst Marian peeped over her shoulder, to indite a fitting acceptance of Mr Rivers' passionate proposal. But the task seemed an endless one. Sheet after sheet of note-paper was wasted in vain attempts; but ultimately she placed a rough draft for approval in her mother's hands.

'Far too stiff, too cold, too formal, Ellen. This will never do.'

'Then pray, mamma, write it yourself, and I will copy it.'

Mrs Danvers complied; and the missive which had so charmed Mr Rivers was, after some emendations by Marian, fairly copied and subscribed by Ellen Danvers.

'Heigho!' sighed the affianced bride as the three left the apartment. 'No doubt you and papa know best; but I do wish I could reciprocate a little more warmly the poor gentleman's vehement passion for insensible, and, I fear, not over-grateful me.'

'You will be a happy wife, Ellen,' replied Mrs Danvers, 'and Rivers will be a fortunate husband.' The door closed, and the glass was a blank.

'Infernal mirror!' exclaimed Henry Rivers, whose fierce emotions during the scenes unrolled before him I have but interjectionally attempted to describe—'infernal mirror! you have robbed love, life, of all its charm! Frank Mildmay too! I have seen him there! Madman, idiot that I was to avail myself of such devilish agency!' and again seizing the mirror, he dashed it furiously beneath the fire-grate.

The crash of the glass was echoed by the voice of Aunt Barbara, exclaiming at its shrillest pitch, as she shook her nephew roughly by the arm, 'Good heavens, Henry, what do you mean by smashing decanters in that frantic way?'

'Decanters, Aunt Barbara!' stammered Henry Rivers,

starting to his feet, and thoroughly bewildered; 'wasn't it the mirror?'

'The mirror! Henry, Henry, you have been taking too much wine. I left the room only about half an hour ago, and on my return, behold you are pitching decanters into the fire!'

'It was a dream, then, thank God! Aunt Barbara, you were quite right; and now, if you please, let us have tea.'

About eight years after these events Mr Henry Rivers was seated on a pleasant summer evening beneath a veranda of trellis-work, festooned and canopied with gorgeous flowers, watching with calm delight the gambols of his three charming children. Near him sat his still beautiful wife, turning over a file of English newspapers that had just arrived. Presently an exclamation of surprise escaped her.

'What is the matter, Ellen?' inquired Mr Rivers.

'Nothing affecting us, Harry, though it startled me somewhat; Frank Mildmay'— It was now the husband's turn to start. 'Why, you did not, I think, know him?'

'No matter; what of Frank Mildmay?'

'He has broken his neck in a steeple-chase. Do you know, Harry,' she added after a few moments' pause, and with one of the sweetest, happiest smiles that ever lighted up woman's face, 'that I once quite liked Frank Mildmay; and I do believe that, had it not been for dear, good, sensible papa, I should have accepted him rather than you. What a providential escape for both of us! Was it not, Harry?'

'Providential indeed,' replied the husband, fondly pressing his wife's proffered hand. Presently afterwards he added in a musing tone, but unheeded by Mrs Rivers, who was again busy with the newspapers, 'A remarkably clever woman is Aunt Barbara. I should like to hear her opinion upon "the philosophy of dreams"—

"Glissez, mortels; n'appuyez pas."

Sounder philosophy than that never fell from human lips.'

A WORKING-MAN'S REPORT OF MICHIGAN.

[In the spring of last year the writer of the following paragraphs, a journeyman printer, possessed of both industry and intelligence, but yet capable of obtaining only casual and uncertain employment in a profession overcrowded with workmen, and at that time suffering from unusual depression, joined (with his son, a lad of fifteen) a small party of emigrants, consisting in all, including children, of but eleven persons. Their intention was to seek out and purchase with their united means a suitable plot of ground, by the cultivation of which they expected to realise a sufficient support, and gradually to improve their condition through the exercise of temperance, industry, and perseverance. After a search of some months, both in Canada and the States, they ultimately settled on a partially-cleared farm of eighty acres in the neighbourhood of Detroit. The reader can himself judge of the prospects before them, and may learn from the following candid sketch, written certainly without the remotest idea of publication, something of the difficulties to be encountered, and the encouragement to be met with, at the present moment in emigrating to the backwoods of America.]

You must know that the American government surveyors divide the land into sections of a square mile each, or 640 acres; a road is generally cut between each section, but this consists simply of felling the trees, which are left to rot and block up the route, and it is years before these roads assume the appearance of civilisation; and until then, any part of the forest is better for travelling than a government road. A section of land stands thus:—

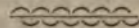
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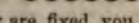
You may imagine our lot to be the one marked with an asterisk, which fronts a travelled road all but impass-

able in wet weather. There are no stones in this region to make roads with: good roads are laid down with oak planks of four inches in thickness. We have two and a-half miles to go to reach a planked road, and four and a-half miles further takes us to Detroit. There is no clearing behind us for some distance, the land being in the hands of speculators waiting for purchasers. None is to be had under ten dollars an acre. I attended a sale of land last week between here and Detroit; it fetched twenty-five dollars an acre. There were thirty acres, eight only cleared, and no buildings. The only land government has left to sell is in parts where climate is unfavourable, or where the distance from the markets is too great. Population increases but slowly in Michigan. Detroit has been a city of importance for many years—its position has caused it to be so; but though we are only seven miles from it, there are vast tracts of land in our neighbourhood which have never echoed the sound of a woodman's axe. Pontiac is the nearest town to Detroit, and that is twenty-four miles off, and is merely a village. The road thither from Detroit is good, and chiefly planked. There is also a railway, formed for the purpose of carrying the grain products of Oakland county to Detroit market, from whence it can be shipped to Buffalo and other ports. The road is nearly all through forest in the hands of speculators; the land good for little, being mainly swamp and sand. I explored the land northwards on the shore of Lake Huron for about a hundred miles. There are several villages on the margin of the lake, at which steamboats on their way to Wisconsin halt for supplies of wood—the population of all of them but trifling. Land may be bought within three miles of the lake, but it would not be a good speculation, as I am convinced near a century will elapse before the district becomes populous. There are no natural harbours on that coast, and the expense of making artificial ones is too great to be thought of at present. Harbours made there must be of durable materials, as the storms on these lakes are terrific. . . . As to the backwoods, I would not recommend a settlement there even to the stoutest farmer; he would have to learn a business entirely new to him: his main occupation would be chopping and clearing for some years, and even then his land would be cursed with standing stumps, which it takes ten years, on an average, to rot away. An Englishman knows nothing of the use of the axe till he comes to America. I have made the acquaintance of two Americans who live within a mile of us. They have instructed me in 'Yankee fixings;' and though they say I shall never be a Yankee, they compliment me in saying that I 'frame well, and would have made a backwoodsman had I been brought up reasonably.' . . . The chopping makes my limbs very stiff: on awaking in the morning I can hardly use my hands and arms, but do not feel much of it in the course of the day: am in hopes this will wear off. I told you before coming out that I did not intend to be dismayed by difficulties, and I have stuck to that determination. I have wrought much harder than ever I did in England, but am in hopes things will be a little easier in the course of a twelvemonth. . . .

I told you we had forty acres of cleared land and forty of forest. A loghouse, degenerated to a stable, stands at the distance of a rood from the road, and a few yards behind this was a little log-shanty, built ten years ago by a negro employed on the premises: there is likewise a log-barn. We gave fifteen dollars an acre for our farm, and it was thought cheap. We had left the families at Detroit while we were negotiating the purchase, and preparing a place for their reception. The first job was to put the loghouse into shape. The floor had been laid on 'sleepers' sunk into the earth, both of course rotten. The mud paste had fallen out from the logs which formed the walls, through the chinks of which the gray sky grinned miserably. While M— went to Detroit to make arrangements, Willy and I set to work with the floor: we pulled up the

boards, and dug out the earth beneath about a foot deep, laid fresh sleepers, and placed on them a good covering of planks, and made a capital floor. We had all our tools and nails, and got on very well. M— joined us in a day or two, and we plastered and whitewashed the walls. We have a brick hearth and brick chimney, and when the fire is lighted it is comfortable enough. The house is divided into two parts, the inner part being again divided into two bedrooms. A bedstead was fixed in each of these rooms. As you may be curious to know how a backwood bedstead is fixed, I will describe the process, which we were taught by Mr B—, the party of whom we bought the land, and who has proved himself an excellent fellow. We went into the woods and picked out a long piece of oak, a sapling about three inches in diameter: this was cut into four pieces; a hole was bored with an auger about an inch diameter in each, and a corresponding hole for each post was bored in the log-wall of the room; four cross-pieces were then cut, rounded at the ends, and with a mallet driven into the walls; the cross-pieces were then introduced into the holes in the posts or legs, and hammered up in the same style, and then stood 'firm as oak.' Three planks thrown across each of these fixings made two splendid bedsteads. These being destined for the heads of the family, another bed was fixed between the cheek of the fireplace and the wall for three of the children. With other contrivances, all were lodged with the exception of Willy and me, who were left to occupy the middle of the floor in front of the fireplace on three planks raised on boxes. Here we accordingly slept for some days; but neither of us relishing our quarters overmuch, I turned my attention to the black man's shanty, thinking I could repair it, and lodge there much more at ease. I found this shanty, into which I had not looked before, about eleven feet square, with a sloping roof not high enough in the lowest part to stand upright in. Heavy logs form the sides of the building—so heavy, that levers must have been used to bring each log to its position. The roof is formed thus—trees are felled and sawn through their centres lengthways, and then hollowed into shapes semi-cylindrical. One portion of the trunks is placed thus,



and the others thus,  and from the method in which they are fixed, you will perceive that what falls on the convex surface will inevitably flow into the sub-lying concavities, and find its way to mother earth, as the whole slants considerably. I found the hut in a wretched state of disrepair, with the exception of the roof; all the mud plaster had disappeared from the walls; there was very little floor, and what there was was rotten; no chimney, but a hole in the back for the escape of smoke. The place having been long deserted, it had become a rendezvous for lizards and snakes, and it really required some courage to set about repairing it. Willy, however, had the same desire as myself to secure a snug sleeping-berth, so to work we went with right goodwill. While I was laying down the new floor, my son dug the clay, and made the paste for the walls, and afterwards we filled up the chinks together. In three days we were able to sleep in it: we had got a sound floor, a door (leathern hinges of course), a good bedstead, and the walls plastered and whitewashed: it was an immense gratification to us both to find it so comfortable. We have made a good fireplace and a chimney: the cheeks of the fireplace are of wood faced with mud, the back of mud entirely; and though there is not a particle of stone or brick in the whole affair, I defy the strongest wind to blow down the chimney, and I can have an immense fire on the hearth without danger: there is at this moment a hundred-weight of wood burning, and we always leave it in that state on retiring to rest without apprehension, and sure of finding a fire burning in the morning. The improved appearance of the shanty has gained me great credit from our neighbours, and I continue to use it, although the farmhouse has since been enlarged, so as to render

the use of the shanty unnecessary. Willy and I sit on a box and a barrel on each side of the fire in our sanctum, having no chairs. I tried my hand at making a chair: a fat Yankee made the first trial of its quality, but broke it to shivers with his weight, and then had the modesty to tell me I was no mechanic. . . .

With respect to land: most of the cultivation here is very roughly performed, the farmers seeming to agree that that method which takes the least labour is the best. They nearly all declare that a man could not live on less than twenty-five acres. I am persuaded that an industrious family might live on less than ten acres, and save money. I intend to direct my attention principally to gardening, all garden stuffs commanding a ready sale at Detroit. Wheat is not much cultivated here; it is thought to require too much attention. The principal produce is Indian corn, oats, and hay, for all of which there is a ready sale at Detroit. Horses are plentiful, and in general are fine-looking animals; feed being cheap, they are in good condition: cattle and sheep are not so large as in England. Beef varies in Detroit from three-halfpence to twopence-halfpenny per pound. When a farmer kills a 'beef critter,' he disposes of a portion to his neighbours, and then salts the remainder for his family; when he sells any of his stock to a butcher, he either is paid all in cash, or has part cash, and the rest in meat, to be drawn as he wants it: any of his neighbours will bring him a few pounds at any time, as most of them are continually passing to and from Detroit. Indian corn is a wondrous produce of nature; it is the most useful grain in the world; it fattens every animal that eats it. Man, bears, horses, oxen, pigs, racoons—all enjoy it. When green, it forms a fine vegetable for the table; and when ripe, is a sweet-flavoured grain: there are generally two good ears on a stem. A few days ago, while coming through a field, I plucked one of the ears, and counted the number of grains; they amounted to 860.

Water is sometimes short in this district; the well which we found on the farm failed us this summer, and we were forced to dig another, which fortunately yields us a copious supply. The summer has been exceedingly hot, but it has been cooler recently, with plenty of rain. We have the Indian summer yet to come (it is now the 15th October), which lasts from two to six weeks, after which the winter, though it is said the frosts are not severe until after Christmas. A farmer usually kills a 'beef critter' when the frost sets in, cuts it up, and freezes the joints; when a piece is wanted for cooking, it is immersed in cold water until it thaws, when it is found to be as sweet as though fresh killed, and much tenderer. The people generally live on salt pork; they consider it the best food for this climate. I have not met with any bacon, for which pork is the universal substitute; being first half boiled, and then fried, it has much the flavour of mild bacon. People here live well: though I cannot say much for their wardrobes, yet every one has a profusely-furnished table; but there is no waste, the pigs coming in for a good share of the leavings. . . .

The climate, in my opinion, is far superior to that of England: the summer is hotter, but it lasts much longer. There are frequently thick fogs at night, but the atmosphere is generally clear. Whether it is owing to the great distance from the sea I cannot say, but all animals require to be supplied with salt, and that is the reason the inhabitants assign for eating so much salt pork. Our people have all suffered from diarrhoea, which, we were told, we might have escaped by eating salt pork three times a day. Pumpkins are grown in great quantities between the rows of Indian corn; they arrive to great perfection, keep as well as turnips, and are famous food for horses and cattle; unlike turnips, they impart no unpleasant flavour to the butter, but rather improve it. Tomatoes abound. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, are fine and plentiful. Grapes are cultivated, but I have seen none of the ripe fruit, except of the wild grape, which grows in the woods, and

of which I intend to cultivate a few slips next year. The potato disease exists here, but the potatoes we now eat are finer than any I have seen in England for some years. Carrots, onions, parsnips, celery, are very poor in comparison with English, but this arises from want of cultivation. I should like some good English seed of each of these vegetables; they would thrive well with care in this soil. We have every variety of useful timber here; oak is everywhere most abundant; so are beech, sugar-maple, soft-maple, hickory, iron-wood, &c. The trees attain a much greater altitude than in England. Most of them, oaks included, are seen in the forest varying from 30 to 80 feet in height, without a single lateral branch farther than a dozen feet from the summit. This is probably caused by the struggle to overtop each other in reaching up after the light. Though the tops are so high, the roots have comparatively no hold upon the ground: while the forest is unbroken, they stand erect and firm, but once begin a clearing, and the wind brings them down by wholesale. All trees intended to stand must be planted; you then have branching trees with deep roots. Houses are never erected within the reach of forest-trees—a squall of wind might cause one of these to annihilate the building. When the woodman has struck his last stroke at one of these forest monarchs, the sight is sublime: you first see him gently swaying forward, reminding you of the majestic motion of a launching ship; then you are startled by a mighty and multitudinous crashing, as he forces his descent sheer through the smaller trees beneath him. This is succeeded by a deafening sound as his ponderous trunk smites the earth, a sound which reverberates through the woods for miles around. . . .

We have no thorn hedges: all railing is done as you see it described in the 'Yorkshire Emigrant.' I have occasionally seen a tree of the white-thorn growing in the woods, but like everything else here, it is larger than in England; the spines are much longer and stouter, and the fruit is as large as a cherry. I wish I had a small sackful of the English kind to plant. . . .

I should think that the place we inhabit, from the general appearance of the subsoil, has been elevated from the lake: we have first a coat of vegetable mould about eight inches in thickness; the next is a mixture of sand and clay, the sand greatly preponderating: the sand and clay have evidently been deposited in quiet water. The general flatness of this part of the country favours this idea, and I have observed in Lake St Clair that large patches of land, varying from one to four miles in width, are rising on a level with the surface of the lake; they are all covered with rank grass, and no doubt in course of time a flood will arise, deposit a crust of mould, and render them productive.

MONSIEUR THILORIER.

A few days since, having left the close and gloomy hall where the members of the Paris Scientific Institute hold their meetings, I walked through the Place Vendôme, and my eyes turned involuntarily towards a small high window in one of its corner houses. Some years ago that window lighted the laboratory of Monsieur Thilorier, a man who united immense practical knowledge to a poet's imagination. It happened one day, that while walking in the street in a state of complete mental abstraction, occupied in the solution of some abstruse problem, he came into rude collision with a carriage. The shock threw him down. I was passing at the moment; and having raised him, offered my arm to support him to his house. On the way, we began to converse on scientific subjects, in which I took a lively interest; and thus commenced a sincere friendship, over which, during ten years, there passed no cloud. Some weeks afterwards, Thilorier, whom accidents encountered in the cause of science had covered with scars like a veteran, tried, before an immense au-

fluence, various experiments in condensing carbonic acid. When this hitherto impalpable and invisible gas was seen starting from the apparatus in the form of snow, enthusiastic acclamations burst from the crowd, and tears of joy filled the eyes of Thilorier as I pressed his warm, trembling hand.

It was evident that he had now seized the germ of a new motive power, destined to excel and replace steam, which, in comparison, would be considered a slow and cumbersome agent. From the tribune, M. Arago said emphatically, with all the authority of his scientific name, that in the construction of railways, regard should be had to the probable substitution of a power far surpassing steam; he then alluded to Thilorier's experiments in condensing carbonic acid gas.

Meantime Thilorier entered his laboratory, and with his eyes closed, and his favourite cat on his knee, meditated in profound silence. With delight he surveyed the future results of his discovery—steam supplanted by an agent one thousand times more powerful; transatlantic navigation easy and rapid; the problem of steering balloons almost solved! He contemplated circumnavigating the globe in a vessel impelled by condensed carbonic acid, and in which a spiral screw would replace the clumsy paddles; for the idea of applying the Archimedean screw to navigation had been long since conceived and expressed by Thilorier. Those who knew him may remember the surprise he always testified that 'it had not been thought of long ago.' However, if Thilorier had discovered an unrivalled motive power, it still remained for him to demonstrate how its force could be regulated; and on several occasions his experiments to that effect were sufficiently disastrous. The apparatus burst, and not only covered the martyr of science with fresh wounds, but smote him with almost total deafness. It was then thought proper to try at the Sorbonne a grand and decisive experiment on this intractable gas. Either by some fatal imprudence or sad chance, the apparatus blew up, wounded severely several of the spectators, killed one of the attendants, and deprived Thilorier of a finger. Yet it was not this loss that grieved him: it was the discredit thrown on his darling discovery. Fear possessed the souls of all the *savans*, and they obstinately refused to hearken to Thilorier's *naïf* argument—'This is the twentieth time that my condensing apparatus exploded, and only the first that any one was killed. Hitherto all the harm it did was to wound me.' The very name of carbonic acid gas was sufficient to put to flight the whole body-corporate of the Institute, not to mention the Sorbonne and the College of France.

Sad at heart, Thilorier returned to his laboratory; and those who knew him remarked a total change in his habits: he passed whole days without noticing his cat; paced backwards and forwards in his room for hours; no longer handled his crucibles and alembics; and when, by chance, he went out, he would walk through the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, and stop short suddenly, regardless of the curiosity he excited. He was a handsome man, with fine hair, already gray, and he wore in his button-hole the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, so that his appearance secured him from insult. It often happened that some woman, moved with compassion, took him gently by the arm, and led him safely to the footpath. On these occasions he never thought of thanking his benefactress. He would pass by his best friends without seeing them, or replying when they spoke. One fixed idea had taken possession of him: a fixed idea—that indescribable line of demarcation which separates genius from madness, Newton from the fool, who thought he could suspend the moon on the point of his forefinger. The mind of Thilorier continued in this state for many years.

One morning, at five o'clock, he entered my room. He was no longer the same man as on the previous evening; his appearance was completely transfigured—no more abstraction, no more profound meditation. He was newly shaved, neatly dressed, and he passed be-

tween two tables covered with porcelain ornaments without upsetting anything. He seated himself at the foot of my bed, and said with a calm, smiling air, 'Well, at length I have solved the problem! You know that some weeks since my apparatus blew up'—

'Some weeks!' interrupted I: 'some years you mean?'

'Ah, really!' said he quietly. 'Have I, then, been so long in solving this difficulty? But weeks or years, what do they signify after all, as I have my solution? Yes, my friend, not only is an explosion rendered impossible, but I feel that I have mastered this terrible force. I can do what I please with it: it is my slave. At my pleasure I can employ it in moving enormous masses, in giving life to gigantic machines, or in playing without injury among the most delicate and fragile springs.'

Surprised, I looked at him without speaking.

'He doubts—he doubts what I tell him!' cried he laughing. 'But look at these plans and drawings: believe your eyes, and hear me!' And then, with a brilliant clearness which allowed no misgiving to linger in the mind even of one not profoundly versed in the arcana of science, he developed the methods which he meant to employ, and their bearing on his favourite theory. 'I shall require three days to prepare my apparatus. I wish to construct it entirely with my own hands. Come, then, to me in three days, and you who, through evil report, have ever continued my steadfast friend, shall be the first to witness and share my triumph.'

He pressed my hand affectionately, and left me, saying, 'In three days: don't forget!'

I was punctual to the appointment. As I entered the gate, the old woman in the porter's lodge addressed me—'Ah, monsieur, what a misfortune! Such a good man! As gentle and innocent as a child, and to die so suddenly!'

'Who?' cried I.

'Monsieur Thilorier! He died in his study not an hour since!'

Alas! it was too true! A sudden fit had carried off my poor friend. What had become of his discovery? No trace could be found in his laboratory of the drawings I had seen; and his notes, if he had any, were likewise lost. Had he really solved the great problem which he sought? No one can tell: his thoughts had been imparted only to one, unfortunately incapable of recalling their recondite import correctly. However it may have been, steam yet remains unrivalled; and the condensation of carbonic acid gas is regarded as a curious but most perilous experiment, which chemical professors rarely venture to try.

If Thilorier had lived but a few days longer, who can tell whether this untameable gas might not have changed the destiny of the entire globe?

A GROUP OF SAVAGES.

During the early part of the present summer season I strolled out of doors one evening to enjoy a little open air exercise, and to inhale the invigorating breezes which contribute to render the climate of Natal, and its capital Pietermaritzburg, peculiarly agreeable and beneficial to persons of delicate constitution, as also to those labouring under the debilitating effects of sedentary employment. Having had my ramble, I was returning homewards, when, casting my eyes towards the town, I espied a cluster of natives a little way off the roadside, some of whom were seated on the grass, and the company apparently engaged in conversation. Concluding them to be a party conveying commodities to market, I moved towards them, in the hope of securing a bargain, either in the way of a good mat for my floor, a pot of honey, a few fowls, some potatoes, or such-like matters which they might have brought, as is their wont, from the kraals to dispose of to the *amalunga*, or white men. On reaching them, I found the group to consist of a man, two lads, and four *isintombi*, or young women; and by using a jargon composed of broken English, bad Dutch,

and worse Kaffir, I ascertained that, laden with baskets of *melies*, or Indian corn, for the market, they had that morning at daybreak started from their place of abode, at Mr Allison's Wesleyan mission station, and being now near their journey's end, they had halted for a while to adjust their persons, previous to making their appearance at the mission schoolhouse in town, where they had agreed to pass the night; and also to refresh themselves with some *izinkua*, or bread, made from a coarse kind of meal procured from *melies*, by the very primitive process of crushing or mangling the grain between a small roundish stone and a large flat one. The bread, I noticed, was not, as is usual with the Kaffirs, passed round for each one rudely to detach his portion, but was divided with a knife, and lay decently spread upon the lap of the eldest of the females. Although I saw that there were no purchases to be made, yet this group exhibited such an unexpected degree of cleanliness of person and neatness of apparel (being all very decently clad), added to a spirit of confiding cheerfulness which seemed to prevail among them, that I felt a strong inclination to remain and witness them at their frugal repast. Seeing that I showed no signs of departure, she who held the bread spoke a few words to the man, who presently removed his broad-brimmed hat from his head, the lads following his example, and the girls bending meekly forward, and gave utterance, in a mild and strikingly reverential tone, to a short prayer for a blessing upon the food! When they had finished eating, I put a few questions to them as to the nature of their daily employments: the man, who seemed like the 'Great-heart' of the company, replied that he worked the ground—one of the lads helped him; and the girls said they were usually employed in the house, and the bread of which they had just partaken was the result of their labours. Those 'wild Kaffirs' formed a beautiful group; their words suggested a beautiful picture of cheerful industry; and I slowly resumed my walk, tormented with a host of impatient comparisons that rose unbidden into my mind.—*From a correspondent, W. P.*

CHINESE IVORY-CARVING.

The cases of concentric balls, each within each, so exquisitely carved by the Chinese, and styled by the Edinburgh Review 'the ne plus ultra of idle industry,' have given rise to many disputations. In a former number, we copied from a popular journal a distinct assertion that the ivory ball was divided before the carving, and that the subsequent joining would become manifest by the application of sufficient heat. A correspondent of our own, however, stands up for the honour of Chinese art, and declares not only that the balls, with the exception of the outer one, are cut from a single solid globe of ivory, but that he himself has discovered, and practises as an amateur, the method of doing so. As an illustration of his reasons for supposing that the inner balls are actually cut out of one piece, he mentions the Chinese fans that are familiar to most people. 'Let any one,' says he, 'look attentively at the sticks when folded, and he will find the perforations all alike, and so exact, that he must be convinced that they were made in the solid, and the sticks afterwards sawn apart.' Following out this idea, he inquired what there was to prevent the perforations in a solid ball with taper tools from being made in the same manner? and he then proceeded to establish by experiment the possibility of separating the solid into various balls after the perforations were made. 'After many unsuccessful attempts, I succeeded, and have done many of them in hard wood, and also in ivory—the latter being tried only when I had succeeded in the former. Ivory is too expensive to experiment upon; and the value of the substance even in China would not, I should think, admit of so many solid pieces being cut up merely to produce cases of balls.' Our correspondent adds that there are professional turners in London who have met with the same success; and that these curious balls, which have excited so much surprise and argument, are now manufactured in this country, as in China, out of a single solid piece. This, however, must always be understood to be with the exception of the outer ball, which, being of an entirely different and more elaborate pattern, must necessarily be carved from two hemispheres afterwards closely joined.

WATER-DRINKING.

I am decidedly opposed to the indiscriminate drinking of large quantities of cold water. One cannot understand in what manner these large imbibitions are to operate so as to

be useful in the animal economy. We know precisely what becomes of the water soon after entering the stomach; we can trace exactly what course all this water must take—what channels it must traverse—between its entrance and its exit. We are perfectly well acquainted with certain physiological effects produced by it after it has been received into the system. It dilutes the blood, it lowers the temperature, and therefore diminishes the vital power of the stomach; it puts certain systems of capillary blood-vessels on the stretch, to the great danger of bursting, and it over-taxes the kidneys. I have seen two very bad cases which were fairly attributable to the excessive drinking of water. . . . Thus, then, it seems there are certain well-understood and very obvious injuries which the large imbibition of water cannot fail to inflict, while the supposed benefits to accrue from it are altogether mystical, problematical, unintelligible. The quantity of water which each person should drink during the day must always depend on his own feelings. He may always drink when the doing so is agreeable to his sensations: when it is repulsive, never.—*Dr E. Johnson's Domestic Hydropathy.* [Quite our own opinion: there may be intemperance in drinking water as in drinking alcoholic liquors. The fanaticism of water-drinking, however, seems to be on the decline.]

ODE TO BEAUTY.

SPIRIT of Beauty! thou
That permeatest the grand old universe,
I fly to thee, I kiss thy radiant brow—
Glory-lit by gleams from paradise—
And pray thee to disperse,
Beautifullest essence!
By thy rainbow presence,
The sorrow-cloud that haunts these aching eyes,
And dawn upon me with that tenderest light
Which streams from off thy pinions, seraph-seemer, bright
Thou, in blue-swooning space,
Where outmost comet flares across the void
His gleamy torch, findest a dwelling-place;
And this round world is cinctured with thy smiles;
Our souls are never with thy sweetness cloyed,
As sunset limes still murmurous with bees,
Whether o'er argent seas
Thou sprinklest many little gleaming isles
Girdled with chiming foam and foliage crowned,
Or shadowing the deep with rough rocks moss-embrowned.
Thy power to bless is felt
When lifts the fair sweet moon above the pines
Her silver crest, and loveliness is spelt
In the deepening azure by star-galaxies;
But far more when Orion's jewelled belt
Dims at the ruby burst of dawn, when shines
The misted mead with dewy brilliancies,
And the dusk forest thrills
With throbbings strong of wind-waked symphonies,
Whilst thou, purple-enrobed, queen'st it from laughing hills.
Fair flowers that braided shine
Upon the kirtle of the moist-lipped spring,
Or in the lap of summer, all are thine;
Drooped hyacinths, the sapphire sentinels
About a runlet's crystal issuing,
Dew-lusted violets, spired asphodels,
And gleam of poppies among golden corn;
Twin roses cheek to cheek where garden glooms
Are incensed by the spicy plumes
Of July-flower refreshing as the breath of morn.
The dim wood greenly folds
Thy shadowy form within his braided boughs,
Droops his plump fruitage which the autumn moulds
For thy young lip; or when keen frost endows
His wintered arms with silvery foliage,
Thou lov'st to watch our valley-slopes of snow
Take, like flushed beauty's brow, a vermeil glow
From the red west—foam-footed Thetis too,
Bids thee glad welcome to her breezy blue,
For thou art loved all o'er thy bourneless heritage.

H. H. O.

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

THE GÖTHA CANAL—REMARKS ON GÖTHLAND—
FALLS OF TROLLHÄTTE.

A GLANCE at the map of Sweden shows a singular complexity of inland waters crossing the southern part of the peninsula between Stockholm and Gottenburg. A common map is usually sufficient to exhibit the extraordinary radiating forms of many of these lakes, but it requires a large and elaborate one to display in perfection this remarkable interspersion of land and water. The country is generally low; about 390 feet is the utmost elevation which a railway would have to pass over, if, as has been projected, one should be formed between those two cities. There is in the whole of the southern portion of the Scandinavian peninsula no hill of one thousand feet in height. The surface of the country is generally composed of tame undulations, the highest points presenting exposed rock, while flats and lakes lie between. Of this tameness the ice has been the main cause, in reducing every asperity and angularity to one rounded form, excepting partially on the south sides of the more prominent masses.

The chain of lakes—amongst which is that of Wenern, the largest in Europe—was taken advantage of at the close of the last century for the formation of a canal, whereby at once the navigation between Stockholm and Gottenburg should be shortened, and the Sound dues of the king of Denmark avoided. It was completed by Telford; and its success as a speculation may be inferred from the fact, that it pays 12 per cent. It rises from the sea at Gottenburg, partly by the river, and partly by a cut channel with locks, to the Wenern, 144·90 feet; from this to the Wiken Lake, 162·20: total, 307·10. Thence it descends through a series of smaller lakes to the sea at Soderköping, 305·26 feet, or nearly two feet less;* a fact, by the way, which gives some countenance to my apprehension that the Gulf of Bothnia may be upon a higher level than the ocean. The course of navigation is completed to Stockholm by a passage from a branch of the sea at Sodertelje through a short canal into the Maeler Lake.

Land-travelling between Stockholm and Gottenburg having little attraction, I resolved to proceed by one of the steamers which pass three times a week along the Götha Canal. Late on Saturday evening I was conveyed to the vessel by a few of the gentlemen who had given me the honour of their friendship in this northern city, including the warm-hearted Professor Ritzius, the man in this respect most like my own countrymen that I have ever met abroad. I parted from them with regret, reflecting how little probability there was that

I should ever see any of them again. How often now-a-days, when travelling has become so frequent an indulgence, have we occasion to remember this drawback from its advantages—that it only the oftener tries us with the experience of brief warm friendships! We are continually meeting the worthiest, kindest people for a week, or a day, or half a day, and bidding them a final adieu when just beginning to wish that we had them always about us. It has been said that the mind of each living man is a churchyard of dead companions and friends; now, in addition to this, we have each of us an ideal necropolis, composed of the scarcely less dreary monuments of those who yet live, but, being eternally parted, are the same as dead.

I found rather a small vessel; no saloon besides the *spise-kammer* (eating-room), and only a double series of small cabins, each with two beds, running transversely to the length of the vessel, with a narrow space between. Starting at an early hour on Sunday morning, we in a few hours passed through the Sodertelje Canal into the open sea. The passage was the scene of a very remarkable antiquarian discovery, to which Sir Charles Lyell alludes in his paper in the 'Philosophical Transactions' on the movements of the Baltic shores. It seems that this canal required a cutting of more than sixty feet through soft matter between two lines of rocky ground. In the course of that cutting the workmen found, at the depth of sixty feet, and at the level of the sea, the remains of an ancient hut. There were a floor and a hearth—distinct traces of its having been a human habitation. Sir Charles tells us that the superincumbent matter was composed of a marine formation. He says, 'the stratification of the mass over the house was very decided, but for the most part of that wavy and irregular kind which would result from a meeting of currents.' His theory is thus expressed:—'It appears that this building must have been submerged beneath the waters of the Baltic to the depth of sixty-four feet; and before it was raised again to its present position, it had become covered with strata more than sixty feet thick.'

To imagine that the land at this place can have been sunk sixty-four feet since it was first inhabited by man, is a supposition so violent, that only the most incontestable evidence could justify its being advanced. There should not only be strong positive evidence for the assumed fact, but there should be no other way of accounting for it. Now, are we quite sure that there is no other way of accounting for the existence of a human habitation below sixty feet of soft matter in that situation? I find in Mr Laing's work on Sweden a remarkable passage. Speaking of the branch of the Maeler Lake, out of which this short canal proceeds, he says—'It was in this branch of the Maeler, if I am not mistaken, that St Olaf, when a vik-

* These measurements are copied directly from the Life of Mr Telford.

ing, was penned up on one of his piratical expeditions, in the eleventh century, by the united fleets of the Swedish and Danish monarchs; they expected to starve him out, or force him to engage with his few ships to a disadvantage. *He made a ditch or canal from the lake to the Baltic, through which he carried his vessels to sea, leaving his enemies blockading the entrance of the branch of the lake.* The line of this ditch would necessarily be the same as that of the modern canal. In such a trench a house may have been built. The trench may have been subsequently filled up with wind-driven materials; against which supposition there is nothing positive on record in the case; for though Sir Charles states that the superincumbent matter was stratified, and of marine origin, he only alludes to the banks or sides of the present canal at the spot, and not to the matter actually above the house, which indeed he never saw. On the contrary, there is something in the record positively in favour of our surmise, for Sir Charles ascertained that the sand immediately in contact with the remains of the house was of the fine kind which is accumulated by the wind. Behold, then, a possible modern origin for this hut, without any necessity of supposing a comparatively modern submersion of the land sixty-four feet under the sea!

It is of course to be feared that there has been some rashness in assuming the dip and subsequent re-emergence of the land since the hut was formed and inhabited. Such rashness is not to be wondered at, for a geologist in the condition of a determined partiality for a particular theory, is much as Mrs Slipslop, in her conversation with Joseph Andrews, described her sex to be in analogous circumstances: 'If we like a man, the lightest hint sophisticates.' When a man of science likes a theory, the lightest hint (accordant with it) sophisticates. The modern geologist is so determined that the land shall move up and down, to account for every trace of marine formations above the present level of the sea, that whatever falls in with that view is accepted without challenge or investigation, while the most elaborate display of facts that even *seems* or *tends* to hint at a different way of explaining such phenomena is made but light of. The error is part of a larger one, resting on an oracular dictum of modern times, that we can only explain ancient phenomena by causes which we see in operation at the present time; whereas the causes which actually operated may not be now under observation, and, if we confine ourselves solely to those now visibly working, we may pitch upon wrong ones. The paucity of theoretical wisdom in modern science is illustrated by such things. With regard to the change in the relative level of seas and lands, as it appears to be a universal phenomenon (for from every continent it is now reported), why may not the idea of a fall of the sea apply to it as well as the local one of a rise of the land, which Playfair only preferred because he thought the phenomenon local? * These gentlemen do not see that their own assertion of a so-great mobility in the crust of

the earth actually involves a possible fall of the sea also, since a sinking of some great ocean-bed would undoubtedly produce a decadence of the surface of the ocean, and leave every shore on earth to some extent exposed. For my own part, trusting to reason and observation, I shall continue to disclaim an exclusive hypothesis; prepared to find it ultimately ruled that both the sea falls and the land rises, and that a fall of the sea to the extent of some thousands of feet, by whatever means brought about, was actually one of the last of the great geological events.

The voyage supplied little occasion for remark. There was a considerable number of passengers of both classes. The first-class passengers met three times a day to discuss the substantial viands set before them. The rest of the time they spent in conversing or reading upon deck. The scenery was not remarkable; but I everywhere observed the *south* sides of any rocky prominences to be comparatively rough. One circumstance which I observed near Nordkoping struck me with some surprise. It was exactly five o'clock on a Sunday evening; consequently the secular part of the day had not commenced; yet here I saw a man ploughing with two oxen, and another man taking in corn with a rope by way of a back-burthen. My companion in the sleeping-cabin was a gentleman in the prime of life, whom I discovered to be a merchant of Hamburg. He was a teetotaler and a hydropathist, having been once cured by Priessnitz at Graffenburg. Great was his faith in cold water. He told me that, having been seized with cholera last year, he yielded to the thirst which possessed him, until the system seemed to be brought up to *par* in that respect. To this he attributed his cure. His father, a short time before, in the midst of healthy life, had been seized with the disease, in consequence of hearing of a friend having died of it. My companion did not entertain the slightest doubt that his father might have been saved if the doctors had allowed him a supply of water to drink.

Next morning, after breakfast, the vessel being detained a couple of hours by locks between the Roxen and Boren Lakes, we walked ashore to see the interesting old church of Vretakloster. This structure is wholly modernised in the exterior, but the interior still presents a few ancient features of interest, particularly tombs of ancient kings, abbesses, and other distinguished persons. One side aisle was sufficient to compensate me for the walk, being devoted to the sarcophagi of a family of Douglasses who have flourished in this neighbourhood since the Thirty Years' War. The sight of the bloody heart and three mullets in chief on their monuments was a refreshing circumstance in the midst of this dull period, recalling as it did some of the most interesting passages in Scottish history.

One of my regrets on leaving Stockholm was inability to pay a visit to the island of Gothland, which is only about sixteen hours' sail distant. This island is in several respects a remarkable and visit-worthy place. Having been the great entrepôt of northern commerce before the rise of the Hanseatic League, it is a sort of Carthage of the middle ages, full of traces of ancient grandeur, though for many generations left to comparative desolation. Its little capital (Wisby), now a small

* Professor Playfair's remarks were as follows: 'The imagination naturally feels less difficulty in conceiving that an unstable fluid like the sea, which changes its level twice every day, has undergone a permanent depression in its surface, than that the land, the *terra firma* itself, has admitted of an equal elevation. In all this, however, we are guided much more by fancy than by reason; for, in order to depress or elevate the absolute level of the sea, by a given quantity in any one place, we must depress or elevate it by the same quantity over the whole surface of the earth; whereas no such necessity exists with respect to the elevation or depression of the land. To make the sea subside thirty feet all round the coast of Great Britain, it is necessary to displace a body of water thirty feet deep over the whole surface of the ocean. It is evident that the simplest hypothesis for explaining those changes of level is, that they proceed from the motion, upwards or downwards, of the land itself, and not from that of the sea. As no elevation or depression of the sea can take place but over the whole, its level cannot

be affected by local causes, and is probably as little subject to variation as anything to be met with on the surface of the globe.'

It is evident here that the learned professor only makes a choice between hypotheses with a regard to their comparative simplicity, as accounting for phenomena assumedly local. He shows no reason why the sea may not fall and rise, though he thinks it less probable than local rises and depressions of the earth's crust. It is on such a basis that the English geologists have established their conclusion, on which they can endure no breath of scepticism, that there *can* be no change in the level of the sea. A late president of the Society thus spoke in his annual address in 1847:—'Notwithstanding that this unanswerable doctrine was thus clearly laid down so far back as 1802, we still find geologists of authority speaking of the sea having risen or fallen, in their endeavours to explain certain phenomena,' &c. A very grave delinquency indeed! I must, nevertheless, profess my total inability to trace the logic which makes Mr Playfair's remarks an 'unanswerable doctrine.'

port, was once a rich and populous city, with eighteen fine churches, and halls of assembly for foreign residents from almost every nation in Europe. The remains of the churches are described as a rich study for the ecclesiologist. The island has a more immediate interest as a place holding out great attractions to British settlers, on account of its adaptation for an improved agriculture. Situated in the midst of the Baltic, extending between the 57th and 58th parallels (the latitude of Aberdeenshire), and being one mass of limestone, nowhere rising more than 180 feet above the sea, it presents a fine soil and climate, as is expressively enough shown by the fact that the grape, walnut, and mulberry ripen in favourable seasons, and that horses and sheep remain abroad all winter. The gifts of nature are here, however, in a great measure thrown away, in consequence of the want of intelligence, activity, and enterprise on the part of the inhabitants. A large portion of the island has been allowed, in the course of ages, to fall into a swampy state, merely for the sake of a supply of water to a set of wretched little corn-mills, for which the people have a great favour. They are in so primitive a state, as not to have the slightest idea of the agricultural use of the limestone on which their soil reposes. Virgin soil of the richest kind, six and eight feet deep, exists for them in vain.

It gives at the same time a curious idea of the imperfect hold which mankind have as yet obtained of the means of subsistence, or of the rude state of the industrial economy of the world in our era, that there should be such a struggle carried on in England to make a moderate soil productive to an extreme extent, for the support of its multitude of inhabitants, when a large island exists, at the distance of seven or eight days' sail, where an immense capability of production is lying almost wholly neglected. Gothland appears, from the description, to be as expressly calculated by nature to furnish wheat for a great surrounding population, as a baker's oven is to prepare bread and roast-meat to a town neighbourhood. A company at Stockholm, of which the enterprising Mr Hierta is a leading member, has lately been organised for purchasing and partially draining lands in the island, with a view to a British settlement being formed. They have secured 10,000 acres, which they offer to sell in lots, such as may suit purchasers, at from L.4 to L.5 per acre, taking drained and undrained together. From all that I could learn, this is really a most inviting opening for our 'distressed agriculturists.' Major Pringle, who has sported over the island, and whose knowledge of agricultural matters in his native Berwickshire gives weight to his opinion, assured me that the capabilities of the soil and climate have been in no degree overpraised. Mr George Stephens, of the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture' (published by Messrs Blackwood in Edinburgh), surveyed certain extensive tracts in the island some years ago, and reported to the king that he had nowhere seen such abundance of excellent soil, susceptible of an easy cultivation; adding that the expense of draining would be repaid in some places by one year's crop, and in others by two. It is hard for one man to judge for another, but I feel that, were I a Scotch farmer under an expiring lease, and the prevalent apprehensions of my class as to the effect of the abolition of the corn-laws, I should deem it my duty to take a look of this island, and see if a new and comfortable home could not be carved out of it. Stay-at-home people are apt to be under great prejudices regarding such countries as Sweden, and regarding a decided change of the field of existence. When they see the countries in question, find a kindly and worthy Christian people there as well as at home, and take into consideration the wonderful facilities for communication which mark our time, the spell of prejudice breaks, and they wonder at their former delusions. In reality, there is almost unlimited field in Sweden generally, but in Gothland particularly, for British enterprise. It must be remembered that a very considerable number of clever Scotsmen have al-

ready enriched themselves and taken leading positions in the dominions of King Oscar. The present is obviously a crisis when the success of a British settler would be much more certain and decided. Being so near to England, advanced in the physical and moral conditions of civilisation, and placed under a mild constitutional government, Sweden has, in my opinion, a decided preference over any part of America as a scene of settlement. Labour, moreover, though inferior to what is to be had in Britain, is everywhere abundant and cheap; and under Scotch grieves or foremen, it might be expected in time to improve. In Gothland all these advantages are concentrated in connection with an admirable soil and climate. I cannot entertain a shadow of doubt, that to become a successful farmer in Scotland is a matter ten times more problematical than with the same means to become a flourishing proprietor in Gothland.*

I am afraid that a Londoner would have considered our canal voyage, metaphorically as well as literally, slow. The scenery along the banks, and also bordering the lakes, is tame, and there is little besides to see. Even in the article of stoppages, and the taking up and setting down of passengers, there is not much of an enlivening nature. Our stoppage at Mottala in the afternoon of Monday would have been a pleasant occurrence if it had been long enough to allow us to look over the town, and see the various iron foundries and manufactories which make it the Birmingham of Sweden. We crossed the Wenern Lake on Tuesday, and stopped for the night at a sterile promontory called Ekinaes, where there was a peasant's hut situated in as desolate a scene as could well be imagined. The surface was everywhere polished, with striae pointing to the south-west by compass.

Breakfast-time on Wednesday saw us all agreeably stirred up by the intelligence that, having reached the extremity of the lake, where the steamer has to descend a series of locks, we unfortunate passengers should have a couple of hours to visit the celebrated Falls of Trollhätte. These remarkable cascades are formed by the outpouring of the waters of the Wenern Lake through a rocky gorge, being the commencement of the Gotha elv or river, which, after a brief run, joins the sea at Gothenburg. The falls occur in a series of three, the two upper being divided by islands. We pass by a bridge to the second island, and there see the upper falls by looking backward, as well as a fall on each hand. It is a tremendous scene. I thought I never had seen so great a mass of water thrown into such a state of violent agitation, or made to exercise so great a force. Small logs thrown into the torrent are seen no more. Parts of the rock in the island are giving way under the violence of the stream. The surfaces of the rock about the falls in many places retain their smoothing, the direction of which is the same as that of the valley, towards the south-west. Indeed there are pieces of dressed surface in the bed of the torrent which has of course swept over them for ages without obliterating the earlier glacial marking, or substituting any other—a tolerably clear proof of the incompetency of the theories of floods to account for the abraded superficies of Sweden. A little way farther down, just over the third fall, and about the same level as the upper one, there is a circular pit or pot in the rocky side of the valley, inscribed all round with the names of royal and other distinguished visitors. It is commonly considered as an ex-

* Lest these remarks should bring upon me a torrent of correspondence, I may mention that full information regarding the plans and proposals of the company is to be obtained from Mr C. F. Liljevalch, merchant in Stockholm. A visitor to Gothland ought to apply to the English consul, Mr Enequist, who is a director of the company. For an agricultural publication, willing to give publicity to the prospectus of the company, I should be happy to supply a copy of that document.

Mr Laing, in his 'Tour in Sweden' (1838), gives a good description of Gothland and of its agriculture, stating for one thing that L.375 was the price asked for an estate of 364 acres, 44 of which produced wheat, 50 natural grass for hay, 120 pasturage, while 150 were under wood or waste.

cavation made by the river at some former time, ere the present channel had been worn so deep; but in reality it is a *reisentopfe* (giant's tub), a product of some cascade connected with the glacial operations, and totally unconnected with the later condition of the valley as the bed of a river. I felt surprise that this, its obvious character, had not been previously pointed out.

I was now to take leave of this class of observations, and I did it with a strongly-awakened sense of the exceedingly great natural wonder which we have presented to us in the ancient operations of ice over Norway and Sweden. Savans at home are apt to hear the most faithful and even subdued descriptions of such things with incredulity. The fashion is to meet any amount of facts of this kind with the derogatory epithet—*theory*; thus making it dangerous for any one to be an observer in extraordinary phenomena. Let these very astute people wander, as I have done, over the Scandinavian peninsula, and employ their own infallible eyes in seeing the whole of the rocky surface, except the highest mountains, dressed and scratched. Nor are the phenomena confined to that country. In Finland and Russia to the east, in Scotland to the west, and even throughout the northern part of the North American continent, there are the same appearances. The general facts observed by me in Scandinavia are—that the direction of the dressings and scratchings is southerly, usually with an inclination to the west, and that the direction is unaffected by minor heights or hollows. The deduction which I make from the facts is, that the agent has been applied on a vast scale as to both massiveness and extent. M. Sefström's idea, that floods could produce the phenomenon, is utterly untenable. The effects being absolutely undistinguishable from those of existing glaciers, I believe that ice alone could be the agent. Notwithstanding, however, some observations of the late Mr Bothlingk in Finland, showing stripes of easterly and northerly directions on the shores of the White and Icy seas, and the deduction thence drawn of a radiation as from a centre within Scandinavia, I do not believe that the agent had been in the form of modern glaciers, which are ice-streams moving from high grounds along valleys. Its width of application, its general uniformity of direction, and its indifference to all but great troughs in the country, show that it was in the form of a vast *sheet* of ice, coming apparently from the polar regions, though as to the source of its movement I must profess myself to be unprepared for hazarding even an opinion. It may be allowed, nevertheless, that *some* of the glacial phenomena of the north have been in the customary form of glaciers. Professor Forbes's discovery of ancient ice-markings in the Cuhlin Hills in the Isle of Skye gives us simply an example of a mountain glacier like that of Mont Blanc, now extinct in consequence of a change of temperature. There may also be instances of isolated smoothings in elevated situations, produced by icebergs borne by the sea when at a different relative level. But after making these admissions, there still remains the great fact, of an almost universal abrasion of the northern hemisphere as far south as Denmark and Florida, by ice, applied in a way to which neither glaciers nor icebergs furnish any effective analogy.

The steamer reached Gottenburg early in the afternoon, and thus was concluded the long round commenced about eleven weeks before, being the termination of my visit to Norway and Sweden. My carriage was now restored to its owner; and my faithful Quist was discharged, not without an exhibition of feeling on his part which I must ever remember with gratitude and affection. I left him with a strong recommendation to the care of my friend Mr Engström, the consul; and most sincerely do I hope that the poor fellow will be taken up every summer for years to come by—to use his own phrase—some of 'the gentlemen who go upon the road.' After a few days of most agreeable intercourse with various friends of old and new date at Gottenburg, I left that city (September 22) in the

Nordstierna, a magnificent steamer, which makes in summer weekly trips to Copenhagen and back. We quickly dropped down the river and estuary, and having most serene weather, we next noon found ourselves abreast of the Danish capital. R. C.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE 'days of chivalry,' in the steel-armour and horse-prancing sense of the phrase, have doubtless passed away into the limbo reserved for all social extravagances; but the spirit which, in the eyes of thoughtful men, redeemed its else vain shows and tinsel accessories from unmitigated contempt, interfused with the prosaic drama of conventional modern life, survives in more than all its ancient vigour, and from time to time gleams forth and illumines the sober hues of our neutral-tinted civilisation with the brilliant prismatic colours of the dawn. In other words, there are deeds constantly enacted in this matter-of-fact world of ours which, for real heroism, have no parallel in the glittering annals of plumed and painted chivalry. A romantic episode in the life of a gallant and well-known sea officer—for the exact verity of which I, and indeed many others still living, can vouch—affords, I think, a vivid illustration of this brief text.

Francis Travers, as I shall call him, was the only son of a worthy and somewhat eccentric gentleman of Devonshire, who had passed the greater part of an active and successful life in the naval service of the East India Company. He retired from active pursuits at the—for this bustling go-a-head country—early age of fifty-five; and having securely invested the savings of his life—amounting to about twenty thousand pounds—in the funds, retired to an old-fashioned rustic residence called Marlands, to enjoy in leisured solitary dignity—he had been long a widower—the remainder of his allotted days. His house, in common with those of most retired seamen, was speedily decorated with a wind-vane and a flag-staff, on which was frequently exhibited bunting of every hue and device known and recognised beneath the sun; but even with the help of these interesting time-killers, the hours passed slowly and heavily with the old mariner, and it was soon abundantly evident that to be thus everlastingly anchored, stranded in one spot, was ruinous to his health as well as temper. He grew daily more and more restless, fidgetty, and irritable, and drank a great deal more than he had been accustomed to. Finally, on the very morning after the news arrived that his son had creditably passed for a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, Mr Travers was found dead and cold in his bed. The coroner's inquest recorded that he died by 'the visitation of God.'

Lieutenant Travers, the sole heir of his father's wealth, was at this time a fine specimen of a well-educated, intelligent naval officer; and rich, well-looking, and of robust health, might be fairly looked upon as an extremely fortunate person, whom in all probability a brilliant, cloudless future awaited. In the young officer's own opinion, however, all these aids and appliances were nothing if they failed to obtain for him the one sole object, after professional fame, of his ambition—the hand of the beautiful girl by whom, since his first visit to his father at Marlands, his whole being—heart, soul, sense—had been engrossed. His admiration of Mary Wharton was perhaps all the more enthusiastic and intense from having remained as yet strictly confined to his own breast. His heart alone knew and brooded over its own secret, and was likely, it seemed, to do so for an indefinite time to come, inasmuch as the daring sailor, who had already been twice wounded in desperate boat expeditions upon which he had volunteered, doubted much whether he should ever muster sufficient audacity to disclose his passion even to the fair lady herself.

It is the faith or imagination of the worshipper which invests the idol or the shrine with its transcendent

attributes; and often as Francis Travers had counted up his own advantages—*videlicet*, a person which even his modesty could not but admit was not one to frighten the gentler sex; a professional reputation for skill and daring; and now, since the death of his father, a handsome fortune—he pronounced them all mere dross and rags when weighed against the divine perfections of the lady. It is very doubtful whether any other human being would have arrived at the same conclusion. Mary Wharton was indeed an amiable, graceful girl; and her beauty, if not of the brilliant kind which at first view dazzles the beholder, was scarcely less ultimately dangerous in its pensive thoughtfulness, and in the beseeching gentleness which, gleaming from out the transparent depths of her sweet blue eyes, tinted the pale, finely-turned cheek with varying charm. But excepting this beauty of expression more than of form, and an unquestionably amiable temper and disposition, she had really nothing to boast. Of worldly fortune she would not possess one shilling, and was neither fashionably nor wealthily connected. Her father, Sir Richard Wharton—a spendthrift, gambling baronet, of old creation, it is true, but bankrupt alike in health and fortune, known, in fact, to be overwhelmed with debt—was scarcely very desirable as a father-in-law; and yet Francis Travers, as he took leave of Lady Wharton and her daughter, after attending his father's funeral, could not help wondering, as he gazed upon the fair, gentle girl, and felt her calm reservedness of tone and manner sweep coldly across his beating heart, at his presumptuous folly in having loved

— 'A bright, particular star,
And thought to wed it.'

So strange are the tricks which the blind god sometimes plays with the eyes and understandings of his more enthusiastic votaries.

The frigate to which Lieutenant Travers was first appointed, after knocking about the Channel through the winter, picking up a few trifling prizes, was ordered to Portsmouth, to be overhauled, and have her defects made good; but being found thoroughly infected with dry-rot, was put out of commission, and ultimately broken up. The brush off Trafalgar had crippled Napoleon's marine; and as the breeze with Brother Jonathan had not yet sprung up, lieutenants were in somewhat less request than usual, and Travers took up his abode at Marlands, undisturbed for a considerable time by intimation or command from the Admiralty. Mary Wharton, more beautiful, more interesting than ever, received him, he imagined, with a much more cordial frankness than formerly; Lady Wharton seemed pleased with his return; whilst Sir Richard, who, he instinctively felt, had long since penetrated his secret, and with whom, by the way, he had always been a great favourite, expressed unqualified pleasure at seeing him. What wonder, then, that the illusions dispelled by former coldness should reappear beneath the genial warmth of such a reception? There was no rival in the case: of that he felt assured. Indeed, with the exception of the Rev. Edmund Harford, curate of the parish church, and Mary's cousin, Lady Wharton and her daughter lived at Archer's Lodge in almost entire seclusion. Sir Richard for three-fourths of the year resided in London, and when visiting Devonshire, surrounded himself with associates whose manners and pursuits were anything but congenial with those of his wife and daughter. As to the curate, accomplished scholar and eloquent divine as he was, and much as Miss Wharton seemed to take pleasure in his varied and brilliant conversation—not more, however, than did her mother and Travers himself—any notion of marriage with him was, the lieutenant felt, quite out of the question. Edmund Harford's salary as curate was only about ninety pounds a year—he had no influential connections to push him on in the church—and Travers thought he had ill read the human character if Lady Wharton, did any chance exist of Mary allying herself with poverty

and wretchedness, would permit an intercourse likely to have so fatal a result. Thus reasoning, believing, hoping, Travers surrendered himself unresistingly to the influence by which he was enthralled. He walked, fished, played at billiards with the baronet, participated freely in all the various modes he adopted for killing time, except gaming, and awaited with torturing anxiety a favourable moment for terminating the feverish doubts which, reason as he might, still haunted him incessantly. A circumstance, sudden, unexpected, and terrible, cut short his hesitation, and pushed him to a decision he might have else delayed for months—perhaps years.

A dispute arose late one night between Sir Richard Wharton and one of his companions respecting alleged unfair play at cards. Injurious epithets were freely interchanged; and after a fruitless attempt by the persons present to adjust the quarrel amicably, an appeal to the arbitrement of the pistol was arranged for an early hour the next morning. The meeting took place, and both combatants were wounded at the first fire—Sir Richard, as it proved, mortally.

The baronet was hastily conveyed to the nearest public-house, and such medical aid as the locality afforded was instantly procured. On examining the wound, which was in the chest, and bled internally, the surgeon at once informed the sufferer that nothing could be done to prolong, much less to save, his life.

'I thought so—felt so!' murmured the unfortunate gentleman with white lips. 'Accursed chance!' A few moments afterwards he added, 'How long, think you, my life—this agony, may last?'

'Not long: an hour perhaps—not more.'

'So soon! I must be quick then. Let the room be cleared at once of all except my servant. James,' he added, as soon as his orders were obeyed, 'hasten to Marlands to Mr Travers: tell him I must see him instantly. Be swift, for more than life depends upon your speed!'

For the next half hour the groans wrenched from the dying man, in his fast-closing struggle with the terrible foe that held him in his iron grasp, were alone heard in the apartment; and then hurrying feet sounded along the passage, and Lieutenant Travers, greatly excited, rushed in.

'Can this terrible intelligence be true?' he breathlessly exclaimed, 'that you are?'

'Dying? Yes; a few more pulsations, my young friend, and that which men call life will be past, and I shall be nothing!'

'May not something be still attempted? Where is the surgeon?'

'Gone, by my orders! You, Francis Travers, can alone aid me in this extremity.'

'I! What can you mean?'

'Not, indeed, to save my life—that is past hoping for; but to rescue an ancient name, which I have already tarnished, from indelible disgrace and infamy. You love Mary Wharton?'

'As my own soul!' replied Travers, flushing scarlet.

'I have long known it. You are aware that the estates go to my nephew, and that she is portionless?'

'Perfectly; but that is a circumstance.'

'How much per annum of clear, available income do you possess?' interrupted Sir Richard quickly.

So strange a question at such a moment startled Travers; but after a moment's pause, he replied, 'Including my professional income, about a thousand a year.'

'Enough! Hand me a glass of water. Now, come nearer, Travers, for my eyes grow dim, and my speech, beneath the choking grasp of this fell death, is faint and difficult. You know that Lady Wharton and myself, though occasionally residing under one roof, have been for many years thoroughly estranged from each other. For this I know the world blames me, and, I admit, quite justly. Well, the world, wise and prying as it is, as yet neither knows nor guesses a thousandth part of the wrong I have done my wife and child.'

'Sir Richard!'

'When I married Ellen Harford, her fortune, secured to her by settlement, was invested in the funds in her maiden name: the annual interest amounted to about eight hundred pounds.'

'Indeed! I never heard.'

'Perhaps not. This revenue Lady Wharton has constantly drawn, half-yearly, through Child's banking-house. It was devoted by her to the maintenance of our establishment. A few months since, I—bend lower, that I may hiss the accursed confession in your ear!—I, pressed by enormous gaming debts, and infatuated by a belief that I might, had I the means of playing for large stakes, retrieve my losses, forged—do you hear?—*forged* my wife's name to a warrant of attorney, drew out the entire capital, played with, and lost all! And now—now,' cried the miserable man with spasmodic violence, 'you know all—know that by my act my wife, my child, are paupers—beggars—homeless—friendless; and, but for you, without resource or hope!'

'Merciful powers! can this be true?'

'As death!' rejoined the baronet, his husky accents again sinking to a feeble whisper. 'And you, on whom I counted, hesitate, I see, to save my name from infamy, even though the reward be Mary Wharton.'

'Say not so!' passionately exclaimed Travers. 'But how—by what means can I conceal—can I—'

'Easily. Continue to pay the dividend as usual through Child's till you are—where are you?—till you are married. Lady Wharton will live with you and Mary, till—till— You understand?'

'I think I do,' stammered Travers. 'But—'

'That's well!' A silence of several minutes succeeded, followed by incoherent murmurs, indicating that the senses of the dying man were wandering. 'Cold, cold—and dark! Looed! and upon three trumps! Light the candles; we cannot see the cards! Ah! what shapes are these? Ellen, Mary! so stern too, now that Travers has promised—has promised!—The death-rattle choked his utterance, and in a few minutes Sir Richard Wharton had ceased to live.

About three weeks after the funeral of the deceased baronet, Lieutenant Travers received a letter, on service, from the Admiralty, announcing his appointment to a crack frigate fitting for sea at Portsmouth, and directing him to report himself on board immediately. This summons rendered further delay or hesitation impossible. He could not leave Marlands without coming to a frank explanation with Lady and Miss Wharton, and he resolved it should take place that very morning. Not a syllable had yet passed his lips relative to the extraordinary disclosure made by Sir Richard Wharton in his last moments, or to the wishes he had expressed regarding his daughter. In the event, Travers mentally argued, of the acceptance of his suit by Miss Wharton and her mother, there could be no reason for any concealment from them; they would not betray the late baronet's disgraceful secret. At all events he would not, by first revealing to Mary Wharton that she was penniless, and afterwards proffering her his hand and fortune, seem to wish to *purchase* her consent to a union with him. Full of these cogitations and resolves, he arrived at Archer's Lodge, where, to his extreme astonishment, he found the servants packing up the furniture, as for immediate removal. He hurried to the breakfast-room, where he found Lady Wharton and her daughter both busily engaged arranging books, music, and papers.

'What is the meaning of this?' he demanded with intense agitation. 'Surely you are not leaving Archer's Lodge?'

'Indeed we are, Mr Travers,' replied Lady Wharton. 'We received a letter yesterday, accepting an offer we had made for the lease of a house in Wales, close to Edmund's new curacy, which he says will suit us admirably.'

'Us!—Edmund!' gasped Travers.

'Mary, love, place these papers,' said Lady Wharton,

'in the writing-desk in my dressing-room. Mr Travers,' she added, as the door closed, 'you are ill. The walk has perhaps fatigued you. Let me give you a glass of wine.'

'No—no—no! What is it you say? Mary—Edmund! Speak, and quickly; my brain turns!'

'I feared this,' said Lady Wharton soothingly, as she approached, and gently took his hand; 'and perhaps I have been to blame in delaying the explanation which must now be made.'

'What explanation—relative to whom?'

'To Mary and her cousin, Edmund Harford.'

'Ha!'

'They are betrothed lovers, and have been so, with my consent, for many months. Listen to me calmly, Mr Travers,' continued Lady Wharton, terrified by the wild expression of the young man's eyes. 'Mary some time since wished me to give you my confidence. I hesitated; for, alas! bitter experience has taught me to place but little reliance on the faith of men. I was wrong, I see; but pray strive to calm yourself.'

'Go on—go on. Let me at least now know all—the worst, the worst!'

'I will be frank with you. The failing health of Sir Richard Wharton has for some time warned me that but a brief space remained to him on earth. The frightful catastrophe of the other day but hastened his end, in all probability, by only a few months. Mary's sole dependence was, in that event, I knew, the marriage-portion secured to me, the interest of which amounts to something over eight hundred pounds per annum.'

'I know—I have heard.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes; but no matter. Proceed, I beg of you.'

'The possession of an income in my own right, amply sufficient for the needs of an unambitious household, warranted me, I conceived, in consenting to Mary's engagement with her cousin, whom she has known from girlhood, and of whose worth no one can speak too highly. My silence and reserve have, I perceive, Mr Travers, misled you; but forgive me: I did not know—I could not conceive—'

'Let me pass, madam,' exclaimed Travers, disengaging his hand, and staggering towards the door. 'I will return presently.'

A whirlwind of emotion was sweeping through his brain as he hurried from the house into the adjoining shrubbery. Wounded affection, despair, compassion, tugged at his heart, and ruled it by turns. The open air helped to cool and revive him; and after about an hour's bitter conflict with himself, he returned to the apartment where he had left Lady Wharton. She was still there.

'May I have your ladyship's permission to see Miss Wharton alone for a few minutes?' he asked.

Lady Wharton appeared surprised at the request, but at once acceded to it. 'I will send her to you immediately,' she replied, and left the room.

A considerable interval elapsed before Miss Wharton, trembling, blushing, painfully agitated, almost, indeed, in tears, entered the apartment.

'Pardon my freedom—my importunity, Miss Wharton,' said Travers in as calm a tone as he could command, as he led her to a seat, and placed himself beside her. 'I have a question to ask you, of the last importance to you as to myself, and I intreat you to answer it frankly as to a brother.'

The lady bowed, and the lieutenant proceeded with somewhat more firmness.

'You are, I am informed, dependent as to fortune upon Lady Wharton. Is it, then, I would ask, of your own free choice and will that you are contracted to your cousin—to the Reverend Mr Harford? Nay, lady, be not offended at my boldness. It is in virtual compliance with the injunctions of Sir Richard Wharton, expressed in his last moments, that I ask this question.'

The momentary glance of indignant surprise passed from Mary Wharton's face at the mention of her father's

name. Her suffused eyes were again bent on the ground, whilst the rich colour came and went on her cheek, as she replied in a low, agitated voice—'Edmund and I have known, have been attached, almost betrothed to each other from his boyhood'—

'Enough, Miss Wharton,' said Travers, hastily rising; 'I will not trespass further on your indulgence. May all good angels guard and bless you!' he added, seizing her hand, and passionately kissing it; 'and, for your sake, him—Farewell!' He hurried from the house, and the same evening took coach for London; made the necessary arrangements for continuing the payment of Lady Wharton's dividend through Childs, as before; then proceeded to Portsmouth, and joined his ship, which a few days afterwards sailed for the South American station.

Lady Wharton and her daughter removed, as they had intimated, to Wales, where Edmund Harford had obtained a curacy, scarcely of so much money-value as that which he had left in Devonshire. After the lapse of a twelvemonth he was married to Mary Wharton; still, however, retaining his curacy as a means of usefulness. The union was a happy one. In the enjoyment of an amply sufficient income, and soon begirt with joyous infancy, their days fled past in tranquil happiness; and each succeeding year, as it rolled over them in their beautiful retreat, augmenting with some new blessing their sum of worldly felicity. If a thought of the noble-hearted man to whom they were unconsciously so deeply indebted crossed their minds, it was chiefly when a present for one of the children of some rich or curious produce of distant climes arrived; or a gazette of that stirring period announced one of the bold deeds which rapidly advanced Lieutenant Travers to post-captain's rank. Peace, for which the harassed, trampled world had so long sighed, was at last proclaimed, and Edmund Harford, who corresponded with Captain Travers, thought it possible he might now pay them a visit—perhaps take up his abode in the neighbourhood, for Marlands, they knew, had long since been disposed of. He, however, came not; and the next letter received announced that he had joined the expedition against Algiers under Lord Exmouth. Tidings of the triumph of the British fleet over that celebrated nest of pirates reached them in due season, accompanied by victory's ever-present crimson shadow—the list of killed and wounded. Harford glanced anxiously at the sad column, and an exclamation of dismay and sorrow broke from him—Captain Travers was returned 'mortally wounded!' Greatly pained and shocked as they all were by this intelligence, they were some days before they knew how deep cause they had for grief. About a fortnight, it might have been, afterwards, Mr Harford, by Lady Wharton's directions, wrote to Messrs Child to inquire the reason the last half-year's dividend had not been forwarded as usual. The answer—revealing as it did the crime of Sir Richard Wharton, the heroic sacrifice of Travers, and their own utter worldly ruin—stunned, overwhelmed them! 'The reported death of Captain Travers,' the bankers wrote, after fully explaining the source from which, since the death of Sir Richard Wharton, the remittances had been derived, 'and a consequent claim to his property by a distant relative, as heir-at-law, necessarily precluded them from continuing the half-yearly payments.'

All emotions of admiration, wonder, gratitude, excited by this discovery were soon absorbed by a consternation at the terrible prospect before them—suddenly deprived as they were, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, of their imaginary wealth. 'Our children!' exclaimed Mrs Harford with tearful vehemence, 'what will become of them, nursed as they have been in ease and luxury?'

'God will provide both for them and us, Mary,' replied her husband. 'If we exercise but faith and patience, I have no fear; but my heart swells to think that that noble-minded man should have passed away unassured, unconscious, of our deep gratitude and esteem.'

'Do not deem me selfish, Edmund,' rejoined Mrs Harford. 'I feel his generous kindness as deeply as yourself. It is for our children I am anxious—not for myself, not even for you.'

'Be assured,' said Lady Wharton, recovering from her panic, 'that Captain Travers has not neglected to provide for such a probable contingency in his profession as sudden death. His unselfish devotedness to you, Mary, will shield you and yours from beyond the grave: of that be satisfied.'

Lady Wharton was not mistaken in her judgment of the character of Captain Travers. By the very next post a letter arrived under cover of Messrs Child, from a solicitor, informing them that, by a will executed by Captain Travers on the same day that he had directed the bankers to remit the usual amount to Lady Wharton, the whole of the property of which he might die possessed was bequeathed to Mary Wharton, now—he, the solicitor, was informed—Mary Harford, for her sole use and benefit, and not passing by marriage to the husband. 'The instant official news of the death of Captain Travers arrived,' it was added, 'probate would be at once obtained on the will, and the proper steps taken to put Mrs Harford in possession of the legacy.'

All doubts were speedily set at rest. A carriage drove slowly up the avenue one evening, just as it was growing dusk, and Mr Harford was informed that a gentleman wished to speak with him. He hastened out, and a pale, mutilated figure extended its hand to him, exclaiming in a feeble voice, 'Edmund! Do you not know me?'

'Captain Travers!' almost shouted Harford. 'Can it indeed be you?'

'A piece of me, Edmund,' replied the wounded officer with an effort at a smile. 'I am come to ask permission,' he added in a graver tone, 'to die here. I shall not, I think, be refused?'

He survived for several months, ministered to with tenderest solicitude by Mrs Harford and her husband. The last tones that sounded in his ear were those of Edmund Harford, reading with choking voice the prayers of the church for the dying; the last object his darkening eyes distinguished was the tearful countenance of the beloved of his youth and manhood; the last word his lips uttered was her name—Mary!

SENSATION.

Few points in science have experienced a greater revolution in consequence of modern research than the theory of sensation. Till quite recently, it was always thought that the nerves of sensation were so many passive conductors of the qualities of objects to the seat of consciousness—that the optic nerve, for instance, was so organised as to convey to it light; the auditory nerve sound, &c. The discovery, however, that one and the same stimulus can act on *all* the senses, producing in each that sensation otherwise peculiar to it, overturns at once this time-honoured doctrine. It is found, namely, that the same electric stimulus produces in the eye the sensation of light; in the ear, that of sound; in the nerves of feeling, that of a shock; in the sense of smell, a phosphoric odour; while, galvanically—by the application of different metals on and under the tongue—a sour or alkaline taste is excited. So also with chemical stimulants. Applied to the nerves of the skin, they produce a sensation of burning; to the tongue, a peculiar taste; to the olfactory nerve, under a gaseous form, odour. On the eye and ear they cannot be brought to act *directly*, but mediately, as when conveyed into the blood; for instance, narcotic substances produce in the one peculiar luminous sensations, and in the other phenomena of sound.

To this objective or external class of phenomena succeeds the subjective class, or those arising from internal causes, and which, as manifesting themselves mostly under an abnormal state of the organism, were regarded only as fallacies of sense. Thus inflammation of the optic nerve gives rise to luminous phenomena;

congestion of blood in the head to a ringing sound in the ears, and luminous sensations in the eyes; derangement of the nervous system to unpleasant sensation of taste and smell; while the nerves of feeling exhibit, from purely internal causes, the same sensations of pain, heat, cold, &c. as are produced by external stimuli. It must therefore be considered as a physiological law of sensation, that any stimulus capable of exciting a nerve of sense into action—whether this stimulation proceed from an external object, or from any part of the organism itself—is capable of causing sensation. With all this the position holds good, that sensation may be modified by the organs of sense in a *fivefold* manner, and that the impression peculiar to one sense cannot be transmitted to another. We cannot see with the ear, nor hear with the eye; and when we say that such a thing tastes just as something else smells, it is not any immediate sensation, but the result of judgment. No doubt the excitement of one nerve of sense may, by the mediation of the brain, become also an exciting cause for another: a dazzling light, for instance, produces a sensation of pressure in the nerves of feeling in the eye; a sharp piercing tone, as the scratching on glass, an unpleasant sensation in the nerves of the skin, &c.; but these are only associated sensations, called forth by the same stimulus acting simultaneously on two different organs. A second physiological law of sensation, therefore, is, that every nerve of sense possesses a peculiar energy which renders it susceptible only for one determinate species of sensation, so that a substitution of one sense for another is impossible.

The organs of sense, then, do not serve as conductors of the physical qualities of objects to consciousness; nor can they consequently afford us any direct knowledge of external things. It is not the objective light, for instance, that is propagated through the optic nerve to the brain; this is only a single stimulus among various others, which, as being capable of calling forth the peculiar energy of the nerve, produces the sensation of light. What we perceive as light, sound, &c. is merely the excited state of the nerve of sense; and only in so far as this state is dependent on the changes of an external world, are we mediately in connection with this world, and able to judge concerning it. But this judgment is not the work of sensation: the senses of themselves do not indicate the seat of any stimulating cause, whether it be in the course of the nerve itself, or without the organism in the external world. Just as little do we know immediately from sensation which sense is concerned in this operation. We do not perceive that we see with the eye, or hear with the ear, &c. We may have simultaneously in any determinate moment a sensation of sound, of light, &c.; but whence these sensations come, or in what part of the living organism they take place, sense alone does not inform us. It is only thinking consciousness that is capable of determining the place of the stimulus, or the object which occasions it; and as every judgment is liable to error, so it happens here; while sensation, as such, cannot err. Thinking consciousness may, for instance, refer the excitement of a nerve which originates in the brain to an amputated limb, and fancy the pain felt to be as much seated there as if the limb were still existing; or it may pronounce a distant tower to be round, while in reality it is square. The appropriate office of sensation is—to perceive whatever is present in any determinate moment, and capable of acting as a stimulus on the nerves of sense: that of thinking consciousness, to fashion the external world, but always in conformity with the differences which things have among themselves, by transmuting the present and sensible into an idealised form. The first tells us *that* something is; the latter, *what* it is. The contradistinction, then, which is usually made between sensation and thought is obviously unfounded, since the thinking principle is alike essential to sensation. We shall now advert to the *physical* phenomena concerned in sensible perception.

All the senses except hearing, which was consequently considered as anomalous, were thought to be called forth

by the infinitely minute particles of bodies impinging on their respective organs. Hearing did not admit of such an explanation. Sound—unlike sapid and odorous substances, light and heat, all of which appeared as the subtle emanations of matter—presented itself rather as a property than an activity of bodies, capable of being called forth by bringing them into vibratory motion. This power of producing sounds naturally led to the means of modifying them; and it was found that the same string, for instance, will sound the tonic or its octave, according as it is made to vibrate either wholly or only half. The differences of sound, therefore, were clearly seen to result from the slower or quicker vibrations of the sounding body; whereas the differences perceived in the objects of the other senses—as yellow light and blue light, sour and bitter, &c.—could only arise, it was thought, from really differing substances.

But precisely that which had always been looked upon as an exception, modern physics have shown to be in fact the rule. Light, for instance, no less than sound, was found to arise from the infinitely rapid vibrations of bodies in their molecular structure, propagated through an extremely elastic medium; the limits of audible sound lying within from 16,000 to 48,000 vibrations in a second—constituting the scale of sounds from the deepest audible tone to the highest; while colours are visible only at 450 billions, and do not exceed 700 billions of vibrations in a second—constituting the scale of colours from the faintest red, through every gradation of colour, up to the brightest white.

With the disappearance of the matter of light from science, the matter of heat also vanished; both phenomena being produced almost in the same way, and found almost invariably together. The positive identity of heat and light may be said, indeed, to be fully established in the fact, that a heated body gradually attains a heat at which it first becomes visible in red light, and then runs through the ascending scale of orange, yellow, &c. up to the brightest white; the less rapid vibrations of the body being first felt as heat, and its more rapid ones seen also as light. The genesis of all three phenomena—sound, heat, and light—may be witnessed by bringing a small bar of iron in a dark room into continually quicker vibration. If it vibrate about 32 times in a second, a deep bass tone is heard, which gradually rises, through every intermediate degree, up to the highest and shrillest tones, when all becomes suddenly silent. From the place where the sound ceased a gentle warmth is felt, and next a faint red light seen, which gradually grows stronger, and then runs through every gradation of colour up to a glowing white. The blacksmith, in like manner, who hammers a piece of cold iron on his anvil, goes through the same series of phenomena: he feels the vibrations of the iron in his hand, hears them in the ringing sound, and sees them in the red heat.

Electricity, magnetism, and galvanism too—all of which, in like manner, were viewed as the effects of particular substances—are nothing but similar excitations of bodies in their infinitely minute parts. Each is called forth by pressure, friction, and shock; and each manifests itself also under the form of the latter. Each generates heat and light; and each is likewise produced by these. If electricity is not perceived immediately by any of the senses, it is only because the rapidity of the molecular vibration exceeds the limits of all others: in its modifications, however, it is accessible to most of the senses. Thus, while transmitted by the conductor, its existence is unperceived; but if interrupted in its propagation, it manifests itself in a crackling sound or loud report, heat and light.

But not merely these physical properties of bodies fall under the idea of the molecular motion of bodies, but every chemical effect likewise is referrible to the same idea, since all chemical action is nothing but a combination or decomposition of substances, or, in other words, a continued attraction or repulsion of their molecules. Hence it is that chemical action calls forth electricity, magnetism, galvanism, heat, light, and sound; while chemical phenomena are called forth by these in turn. Now since

taste and smell—the two senses as yet unnoticed—depend on the chemical relation of substances to the respective organs of those senses, the analogy of the other phenomena must lead us to infer in this case also a power of producing peculiar motions in the nerves of sense, on whose differing rapidity the different modifications of taste and smell will depend. The result, then, of the *physical* consideration of the qualities of things, acting as stimuli on the organs of sense, and thereby calling forth in turn corresponding sensations, is—that all such qualities are most probably nothing but the infinite modifications of motion in the molecules of bodies, on whose varying rapidity it depends whether we *feel* this motion as pressure, heat, &c.; see it as light; hear it as sound; taste it as flavour; or smell it as odour.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

Mrs Wright. I KNEW I should find you at home to-day, Lady Magan; so, as I wanted particularly to see you, I called in passing, though indeed my business is with Sir Hercules, to whom I have a message from Mr Wright.

Lady Magan. I'll send for him this moment. Pray sit down, my dear Mrs Wright, in this easy-chair, out of the air of the door. You see I am busy with my poor people: on Saturday they all come for their pennies; but I'm almost done with 'em.

Mrs Wright. Do you give every one that comes a penny a-piece every Saturday?

Lady Magan. Oh dear no, that would be a ruinous business indeed; only a certain number; just some old pensioners. There's about thirty of them on my list at this present time.

Mrs Wright. Half-a-crown a week! Do you think it does them much good divided thus among them?

Lady Magan. Not a bit in the world: it all goes in snuff, or tobacco, or the 'grain of tea;' and they are by no means content with it either.

Mrs Wright. I don't in the least wonder. They might each of them earn nearly a sixpence while they are loitering here for a penny.

Lady Magan. Yes indeed! and they are such unreasonable creatures—they all want me to give them the sixpence without their taking the trouble to earn it; and they try every means to move my compassion, and get me to increase their allowance, when the penny itself is entirely a piece of charity that they have no right to but through my own good-nature.

Mrs Wright. And what a troublesome thing standing here attending to them, to say nothing of the time it occupies.

Lady Magan. Just so: most disagreeable, I assure you. But Sir Hercules will not allow them to go to the back-door: you see there's turf to be had there, and potatoes and corn lying about, and it's best not to suffer such questionable characters near any property that could be removed.

Mrs Wright. Then these are not deserving objects?

Lady Magan. By no means: they are most of them idle, good-for-nothing creatures, or they would not be standing out there half a morning, wet or dry, for a penny. I would never have begun such a system myself: it was the custom of our good old aunt to keep this crowd of hangers-on about her, and as she left Sir Hercules the estate, we don't like to alter any of her ways with the people.

Mrs Wright. Well, I think you might do so in some degree, and without at all reflecting upon her memory: she would in all probability have altered her ways herself had she lived—changed them to suit the changing times.

Lady Magan. I doubt it: she was very much attached to her ancient habits. Still, it is a most unreasonable thing to expect me to be wasting my good money this way on such a discontented set, for I get no thanks, you see.

Mrs Wright. What would you say to giving the whole half-crown to one pensioner each week, and taking them all thus in their turn? You might go through the list regularly as long as all those who have been accustomed to receive the charity live; while it would be unnecessary to replace them as they died off. That sum might be really of use in a poor family: the penny is merely squandered.

Lady Magan. I declare I don't know: they have no sense in spending money. The one would be pleased enough, but the rest would raise such a clamour: I fear it would never do.

Mrs Wright. A little firmness would make it do. They are all very 'cute'; they would soon see the advantage of the change.

Lady Magan. They would not let me see they did, and there would be a regular fight about the precedence.

Mrs Wright. Make them draw lots.

Lady Magan. Indeed I have quite trouble enough with them as it is without oppressing myself with additional burthens. But here's Sir Hercules. Oh, Sir Hercules, here's Mrs Wright come to call on you upon particular business: I'm glad you were not gone out.

Sir Hercules. Delighted to see her. How do you do, Mrs Wright? How is Wright? Beautiful day! My lady with her levée as usual: no curing her of her bad habits, you see.

Mrs Wright. Mr Wright gave me a message for you, Sir Hercules: he was called in another direction himself on a matter of some moment, or he would have done himself the pleasure of bringing his own errand.

Sir Hercules. I am perfectly satisfied with his messenger, I assure you! It's a great chance, indeed, that he would have found me in. This is a very busy day with me, very busy indeed. We are getting in our crop, and while the steward watches the haggard, I am in the field. The times, you know, make us diligent: every penny is of consequence, and every minute too.

Mrs Wright. I am sorry I have had to bring you into the house.

Sir Hercules. Why, I have not yet been out; I was only just going. I have been occupied till this moment in the house. The post was late, and there was a splendid speech of O'Ruffe's at a great—an immense meeting at —. But, by the by, what is Wright's message?

Mrs Wright. It is about your presentment. The next sessions day, Tuesday, is the last for getting it passed before the assizes. He has written out a clear statement for you, and spoken to two of the magistrates, who both agree in the fitness of the proposal, and will support you. But Mr French was not there, and as his is the most influential voice, and as he is the person least likely to understand the propriety of any measure that will not exactly benefit himself, he must be communicated with before Tuesday.

Sir Hercules. I see, I see; just so. Very kind of Wright indeed.

Mrs Wright. Mr French will be in Ballyclack this afternoon on some business which will detain him there a couple of hours, and if you will ride over there between three and five o'clock you will find him, and can then explain the whole to him.

Sir Hercules. It is the most inconvenient day for me to leave home that could have been fixed on. There is so much to attend to this harvest-time, and such uncertain weather, and only a chance of finding the fellow after all.

Mrs Wright. Oh no; a certainty. He must be there; it is but five miles; and you can take the statement with you. You often ride farther to covert.

Sir Hercules. Very good, my dear Mrs Wright; very good. But there's a deal of difference between a dry matter of business and a fox-hunt. However, as I really am extremely anxious both about the road and the bridge, they being so essential to the comfort of my tenants, who have, in fact, now no way to the bog, I'll send for Simson, my steward, leave with him all home directions, and go to Ballyclack as you propose. [Enter

Mr Simson hurriedly. The very man! I was just going to send for you, Bob.

Mr Simson. Bedad, Sir Hercules, an' I've bin lookin' for you all over the place. There's the finest races ever you seen going to come off this very afternoon not seven miles away.

Sir Hercules. The deuce there is! Where?

Mr Simson. There below at Peterstown, just beyant Kilereganmoyle. A fellow o' the name o' Kelly overtook me not five minutes ago, an' I jist comin' up past the shrubbery-gate, an' told me all the world was drivin' off to thim like mad.

Lady Magan. (At the door.) Folly and nonsense, Peggy Walsh! What are you more than another? A penny I give, and a penny you get, or leave it alone, just as you like.

Peggy Walsh. (Outside.) An' what signifies a penny to a poor starvin' cratur like me? Sure, my lady, jewel, what in life's the sinse of a penny to me an' my six fatherless—

Mr Simson. There's twenty horses entered, as I'm told, at the laest; an' a match betwixt—

Lady Magan. (Shutting the door.) A match!—Betwixt whom? Races!—Where?—What match?

Mr Simson. Betwixt young Mr Fortescue, my lady, an' the Long Captain. A match for a hunder pound.

Sir Hercules. Bessie, my love, would you kindly give an eye to what is going forward here at home? I must be off to these races. I'm under promise to Fortescue, an old promise, an' I can't get out of it, Mrs Wright.

Lady Magan. I, Sir Hercules! I am going to the races myself, you may depend upon it. I delight in races. Everybody in the world will be at these races; and there's Mr Simson at home.

Mr Simson. Why, my lady, if your ladyship would think it no harm, an' Sir Hercules, I'd laid out for to go to thim races myself. Ye see the match is betwixt Mr Fortescue's Whirlwind an' the Long Captain's Miss Rattler; an' a cousin o' mine bred Whirlwind, an' I partly owned him, an' sold him myself at three-year old, dog-cheap too! If I'd a had a notion how he'd a turned out, young Mr Fortescue wouldn't a got 'im for double the money. He's bin a fortune to 'im.

(A crowd of children burst in.) Mamma, mamma, there's races at Peterstown! Johnny Riley says so. He told us to tell you. He's getting the carriage ready. May I go?—may I go?—may I go?

Nurse. (Behind.) Whisht, darlins; will ye whisht? It's a fact, my lady. Paddy Doyle seed all the neighbours flyin' to thim. Will Johnny bring the carriage round?

Sir Hercules. Harry, my boy, take this paper and put it away carefully for me in the drawer of my writing-table—the drawer with the key in it. I declare it's one o'clock.

Master Harry. Cecy, there's a good girl, run off with that paper. Mamma, mayn't I go? I've a bet on Whirlwind.

Miss Cecilia. I've a bet on Whirlpool too! Mayn't I go, mamma?

Lady Magan. Whirlwind, you little foolish thing! I can't possibly take you all. Where's Miss Faris? Oh, Miss Faris, I'll take the three best of your children, and pray make haste and get them ready.

Miss Faris. Surely. The three eldest, then, my lady, and Master Harry, I suppose?

Lady Magan. Master Harry of course.

Master Harry. I say, Bob, who's to ride Whirlwind?

Mr Simson. Tommy Magrath, Master Harry; and little Tyrrell rides Miss Rattler.

Master Harry. They'll have to weight little Tyrrell pretty heavy then. We'll have to look to that, I'm thinking.

Mr Simson. Well, the 'cuteness of that young boy! It bates all I ever—

(Enter a maid.) The carriage is jist a comin' round, my lady. All your things is out ready. It's past one o'clock.

Lady Magan. Tell them to cut some sandwiches for the children, Marianne: they'll lose their dinner.

Maid. Cook's a cutting on 'em, my lady; an' I've bin an' took down the silver cup an' the basket bottle—

Lady Magan. By the by, Miss Faris, if Mrs Fitzgerald calls, pray tell her how exceedingly concerned I am to be obliged to break my engagement with her. You can say I was under the necessity of going out; but indeed I daresay she will be at the races herself.

Sir Hercules. Now, Lady Magan, I must beg of you to hurry yourself a little. This is no time for speechifying. Mrs Wright will, I am sure, excuse us under the circumstances, and explain to Wright how much I feel obliged for the trouble he has taken. And if he could manage to see French himself, or would write to him for me, it would settle the matter at once.

Lady Magan. Mrs Wright, wont you go with us, though your nieces are not with you? I'd take it very kind. I have plenty of room in the carriage. Harry always goes on the box, and Sir Hercules rides. It's a delightful day; and really, in that pretty plain at Peterstown, such a very pretty sight.

Mrs Wright. My dear Lady Magan, I would go miles round to avoid a race. Many thanks to you; but these sorts of things are not at all in my way. So I will wish you good-morning.

Sir Hercules. Allow me to see you to your car.

Mr Simson. We made a slight mistake, my lady. Don't you recollect that fine young man was killed last sason steeple-chasing? Killed outright: fell, an' never spoke after. He was first cousin to Mr Wright.

Lady Magan. Goodness! I had quite forgot. Most shocking! I am so vexed we mentioned the races. Steeple-chasing is really horridly dangerous. Poor Mrs Wright! Well, children, are you ready? Come.

Children. Quite ready, mamma.

Master Harry. All ready. Where's my hat? Off we go!

CHATEAU LIFE IN ENGLAND.

A TOUR OF THE GROUNDS—DEATH IN THE CHATEAU—CONCLUSION.

THE honeymoon was over, and the bells of Marston welcomed the bride and bridegroom to the manor on their return from the wedding tour. They were to remain with us for a few weeks, before all the family went to town for the season; and the pleasure of the visit was to be enhanced to Portia by the presence of a great-uncle, who had joined the circle that he might have the enjoyment of his young kinswoman's society before she was engrossed by the whirl of London life. I love to recall the day of her arrival: it was just the debatable time between spring and winter; to use the quaint conceit of an old writer, 'the tears of the dying season were sparkling in the smiles of its young successor.' There had been a shower; the firs were glittering with rain-drops, that fell with a pleasant, pattering sound on the earth; the flower-beds near the old sun-dial were gay with silver and golden crocuses; the snowdrops hung their graceful heads lower, heavy with the moisture; the violets of Drumsnab had already taken

'The winds of March with beauty;'

and from a sky of blue, chequered with fleecy clouds, the sun looked down brightly on Marston.

The old village dames stood at their doors as the carriage passed, to drop their welcoming curtesy; and many audibly pronounced a blessing on their young lady, whose loss had, they affirmed in the *patois* of their county, made them 'feel very unked.' She had a smile and bow for each, and, with her usual frank courtesy, shook hands with the upper servants, who were assembled to greet her in the hall. Her kinsman, Sir John Digby, who had not seen her since she was a child, was charmed with her vivacity and grace, and with the noble bearing of her husband. Shortly after her arrival, a splendid gift arrived

from Sir Henry Montrose—a bracelet of diamonds for the bride, magnificently set, and an intimation that on the Monday following her first appearance as a bride at church, he would be one of the expected throng of visitors. The next day was the solemn fast of the Church of England—Good-Friday. We went to church; had the orthodox cross-buns and salt-fish; and of course saw no one. Easter-Eve was marked by a custom peculiar to some country families: the children of the school Mr Marston had built and supported in the village were all assembled in the servants' hall, for the lord of the manor to hear them repeat their catechism. The sides of the large room were lined with children, from the boy of fourteen, who pulled his lank lock of hair, and scraped his heavy shoe upon the floor in rude obeisance, to the blue-eyed baby of four, who folded her chubby hands on her waist, and bobbed a curtsy. The master of the mansion stood by the hearthstone, facing his young dependents, and from a large richly-bound prayer-book asked them the prescribed questions; and in the lines of Keble—

—'Each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims,
What sages would have died to learn
Now taught by cottage dames.'

When the children had finished repeating their task, they each received from the housekeeper a bun and a cup of warm milk, and dispersed joyously. What a contrast to the lord of the manor in other ages, whether he were the mailed baron, whose greatest glory was to wage war on the children of the East; or the fox-hunting, ale-drinking 'squire,' who was *de facto*, as well as nominally, *lower* than the good knight of yore! Sir John Digby was much pleased with the scene, and declared his resolution to adopt the same plan 'next year.' Alas, the uncertain future!

We were tempted, as we left the offices, to walk; for the air was sweet and fresh, and the sky bright. Portia offered to guide her great-uncle round the shrubbery, which makes a circuit of four miles about the grounds, and to show him the hothouses, greenhouses, &c. I accompanied them. Just at that season of the year nothing could exceed the beauty of the Marston shrubbery. The trees were almost wholly evergreen; the soil a red sand, marking with a rich warm line the undulating ground, and affording a charming contrast to the dark-green of the firs, and the delicate white of the snowdrops clustering at their roots: occasionally a squirrel bounded across the path, and climbed nimbly up the trees, amusing us by timidly peering at us with its bright eyes from among the boughs. The ground is hilly: one moment we stood upon a height commanding an extensive prospect; the next we descended into a hollow thickly roofed with nearly-closing trees, and looking even in the bright sunshine dim and mysterious. Here we found two large white cottages or lodges—one inhabited by the head laundress; the other the laundry, which is not allowed to be in the house. Passing these lodges, we were soon aware of our near proximity to the rookery, that never-failing appendage to an old country seat; for your aristocratic rook despises *parvenu* trees, and seeks his home only in the lofty tops of the tall elms or mighty oaks that are time-honoured and proof against the tempest in its wrath. They are birds of taste, moreover, and ever seek lovely haunts, undisturbed by vulgar traffic, or the neighbourhood of noise and smoke. 'The Black Barons of Marston,' as they are called, were just now somewhat relaxing from their usual state, being busy nest-building. They were dotted over the grassy knoll beneath their trees, and in the meadow on the opposite side of the shrubbery. One bird had perched on an innocent sheep's back, and was purloining the wool, while his comrade, seated on an overhanging bough, looking gravely down on him, his head cunningly bent on one side, uttered an approving 'caw!' We lingered here a few minutes to listen to their melodious chorus. Chateaubriand says 'monotony is the soul of music;' and we think that the peculiar beauty of certain old Scotch airs in which there is great repetition—as

in 'Logie o' Buchan,' and 'Banks and Braes'—rather bears out the assertion. Certainly there is something very musical in the monotonous cawing of rooks—the same incessant note, varied only by the difference of voices (which is very perceptible to a practised ear), having a strangely-soothing effect, independent of the association with the past which is attached to it.

From the rookery the shrubbery brought us to the ice-house, which is so built as to give a very picturesque effect to the recess it occupies. It had been well filled, though probably it will soon be quite superseded by the refrigeratory for making ice artificially. We have seen a very solid and elegant crown of ice, fit for the brow of the Storm-King himself, made in the middle of July in a few minutes by the chemical means of the refrigeratory. There is something glorious in this subjection of the elements to the sovereign sway of human intellect! From the ice-house we proceeded to the fruit and kitchen garden, where Forest and his son Thomas were in attendance to show the greenhouses and pineries. Several acres are walled in here, and are well stocked and cultivated; amongst other plans, we observed that the wall behind the peach and apricot-trees was painted *black*, that colour absorbing the rays of the sun; and we were told that if the wall were painted for one-half of the spreading tree, and *not* for the other, the *black* side would ripen first, and the fruit be much finer—a secret worth knowing. Whilst on the subject of wall-fruit, I may as well add that at another 'château,' belonging to a gentleman I know, I have seen wall-fruit and pear-trees growing *with their roots upwards*! The possessor of the place has excavated a garden in the side of a hill, walled it round, and encircled it with a broad path. The sides of the excavation are supported by a wall; and, not to waste it, the trees are planted on the soil above, and trained downwards. They appear to have no objection to their inverse position, and bear abundantly. The greenhouses at Marston are glass palaces for flowers, and very lovely the delicate strangers they cover look. Only to us, who had seen the cactus and prickly pear forming hedges to repress the incursions of the jackal and the leopard, the single, and, in comparison, diminutive specimens, looked sad, and not at all 'at home.' The oleanders also, though high and flourishing, are not like those that grow beside 'the water-courses' of the East. We acknowledge, however, that the cultivated pine of Forest's hothouses excels the East Indian pine; and that Egypt's melons do not exceed in flavour the delicious green Greek melon he grows. Portia encouraged a love of flowers among the village poor, as a means of improving and refining their taste; and the old women of Marston are skilful in the medicinal use of herbs, cultivated or wild—as furze blossoms for a cough, &c.

Portia made her bridal appearance at church the next day, after which visits are expected and received. So on Monday we sat in the drawing-room, rather more dressed than usual, with cake and wine upon the table, and carriage after carriage brought 'the neighbourhood' to congratulate, perhaps criticise, and most certainly in some instances to gossip. The next day, before luncheon, came the village people who were occasionally received at the manor: an old maiden lady, who lived in her own cottage alone; the apothecary's wife, a nice sensible, comfortable body; and sundry others. Thus passed the first few days of the bride's return. It was a wet morning; April had come in showery, and now the skies sent down a deluge which kept even the most enterprising within doors. The gentlemen had recourse to billiards, and the ladies to work and music. Sir John Digby, after a game or two, joined us in the music-room. He had complained of feeling poorly the previous evening, but we thought of it only as a slight indisposition—he looked so full of health, so strong and fresh-coloured. He asked Portia for a favourite song—an old favourite of his youth. She sang it, and we bystanders fancied afterwards that there was an expression of pain on his features as he listened, or appeared to listen. When it was ended, Portia turned to hear his thanks or his opinion of her performance; but to her horror perceived him

stagger, and the next moment fall. The strong man was suddenly smitten with apoplexy. The cries of the ladies brought Mr Marston and Captain Montgomery to the spot. A man was instantly despatched for the village doctor, as being the nearest; another to the railway, to bring medical advice from London. Mr Rosebrook was speedily at the manor, and by the time he arrived, Sir John's valet had undressed and placed him on the bed. He was immediately bled, put into a warm bath, and his temples covered with leeches. The distress and anxiety of the family and household may be imagined. The hush that succeeded former gaiety, the retreat of the guests to their own rooms, and their announcement of intended departure on the morrow, changed completely the aspect of affairs at Marston. Portia sent for me to her chamber. I found her in great grief, for her kinsman was much beloved by her; and giving up my intention of departing with the others, I remained with her, at her urgent intreaty, in her sorrow. The maid was repeatedly despatched for intelligence of the patient's state. He continued insensible; and it was with feelings of relief and delight which can be fully understood only by those who have been placed in similar circumstances, that just as dinner was announced, we heard the carriage drive up, bringing the celebrated Dr D— to the patient's aid. There was a pause of course, and the doctor was ushered in. He looked as calm, and his manner was as graceful and composed, as if he came a guest, instead of being in a degree the harbinger of life or death. He was at once conducted to the patient's chamber; and at our host's desire we proceeded to the dining-room, rather to wait with anxiety his reappearance with the physician than to eat. After what appeared a lengthened visit, he entered the room with Dr D—, informing us that the case was not quite hopeless, though Sir John was in great danger; that our clever little village surgeon had done everything necessary; and that Dr D— promised to return on the morrow. The good physician would only consent to drink a glass of wine, as he was in haste to catch the next train to London, and had very little time to spare; he therefore made his bow, and retired.

On the morrow, the guests not connected with the family departed. Sir John had given signs of consciousness by extending his hand to feel for that of his relative, but continued speechless, and with closed eyes. The London physician came again earlier in the day, but gave very little hope. It was a sad ending to a honeymoon; but thus is the path of human life, ever haunted by the shadow of death. A nurse was brought down by Dr D—, to relieve the female watchers—a bustling body, who set everything to rights, but had so many wants, and so much care for herself, that one doubted her care for any other person. We have been glad to see lately that an institution for training nurses has been projected under the patronage of the bishop of London, from which we may expect to see a better class of attendants on the sick than those who appear, strangely enough, to have lost womanly sensibility in the exercise of one of woman's chief duties. Sir John's nurse was, however, superior to the most of her class; and we did not hear that she more than nodded during the night, or that she stole Sir John's pillow, *à la* Sairey Gamp. Poor sufferer! he had no wife or daughter to watch beside him. Every care was, however, taken of him. The physician came daily; the surgeon remained in the house. No bell sounded; every movement of the inmates of the manor was hushed. Thus passed four dreary days. The stricken man never spoke again—never again opened his eyes on the light. Did reason act during that physical prostration? It is impossible to say. On the fourth evening, about sunset, after the physician had paid his visit, the soul fled in one long sigh, and Sir John Digby was a corpse!

The grief of the family was deep and sincere, and nothing could exceed the feeling of solemn and awful stillness that reigned in the house that evening. The passing bell tolled heavily from the old church tower; the windows of the manor were instantly closed, only from that of the chamber of death gleamed the light of

the large wax tapers placed near the corpse, which the nurse and a female servant watched from the adjoining dressing-room. I thought this custom—tender and touching as it is—must be a relic of the superstition of past ages, but on making the remark, was assured that the death-watch was necessary, as mice and rats would otherwise attack the corpse, drawn immediately to the spot by their strange instinct. I felt shocked as the nurse told me this; the idea of being the prey of foul vermin the moment the great gift of life was resumed by the Giver, being more revolting to human nature than the fancy that the watch, like the solemn voice of the bell, was intended to scare away the fiends so much dreaded by our ancestors.

The windows next morning continued closed, though air was freely admitted by means of open doors. The undertaker arrived from London, measured the body, and departed; that evening it was placed in the shell, or inner coffin, which was lined with white satin, quilted, and stuffed; a mattress, covered also with white satin, and a pillow richly fringed, received the unconscious form of the noble Digby, wrapped in a rich dressing-gown, the shroud being no longer used. This shell was finally placed in a leaden coffin; and that, again, in one covered with black velvet, ornamented with the arms in gold, and gold handles. On a gilt plate nailed on it was engraved an inscription in Latin—the language so long consecrated to holy uses—setting forth the name, age, and rank of the deceased, and the period of his death. The body was not to be carried to Sir John's usual place of residence for interment, as he had always expressed a wish to be buried in the Marston vault, with his favourite sister, Portia's grandmother: preparations were therefore made for the funeral at the manor. Meanwhile the ladies'-maids were busy about mourning. A man arrived from the great mourning shop in Regent Street; a milliner from Elise's; and orders had to be given, and dresses tried on, in the ladies' apartments; while below, the servants' mourning had to be provided, the undertaker's men seen to by the butler, &c. These busy distractions for the mind are perhaps beneficial to the mourners, by keeping their attention from dwelling too fixedly on the grief that time alone can console.

The day of the funeral came at last. The coffin was carried into the great entrance-hall, and placed on the marble table; a magnificent pall of black velvet, bearing the Digby arms in gold, with solemn plumes of black, covered it; and there it lay in state, the mutes standing near it. At four o'clock the knell began from Marston belfry; several of the neighbouring families had expressed a wish to send their carriages to the funeral—a mark of respect customary in London—but as the church was so close to the house, the attendance had been declined. The mutes lined the doorway, and the under-bearers lifted the coffin into the splendid hearse provided. It moved slowly forward a little way. The mourning carriages drove up, and the male friends and relatives of Sir John Digby entered them. It is a merciful fashion which now spares the pain of such a scene to ladies. The London physician and the village surgeon followed in a carriage alone. The under-bearers walked beside the hearse, and the procession moved slowly onwards. How sad it looked winding beneath the old beeches! the waving plumes of the hearse; the long fluttering silk hatbands; the plumed heads of the coal-black steeds, that appeared to have an instinctive sense of their office, and moved quietly and solemnly; and the cloaked figures of the mutes and under-bearers! The day was in unison with the scene, and did not mock it by ill-timed brightness. A thick drizzling rain fell; the wind, uncertain and wavering, soured up every now and then with a low wailing sound, blending occasionally with the tone of the deep bell; and the favourite dog of Sir John Digby, still missing his master, and as if aware that he was now about to pass for ever, bodily as well as spiritually, from the earth, howled mournfully. The procession stopped at the gate leading into the churchyard. The coffin was taken from the hearse, and carried up the little path to the side door of the church, where Sir Henry Montrose

in his surprise met it. In the chancel (into which the door opened) began the solemn service of the church. The vault of the Marstons is immediately beneath their pew; it was now of course open, and at the proper part of the ceremony the coffin was carried into it, and placed amongst the many others which in different states of preservation lined its walls. The church was hung with black, in compliment to the Marstons, as the living belongs to the manor; and during the day the shutters of the village cottages were closed. When the service of consigning 'ashes to ashes, and dust to dust' was over, the mourners returned to the house. I may as well observe here that the hall door is *never closed* till their return; a singular custom, peculiar even to the cottages of England, for which I could never learn cause or reason. On their return, the gentlemen assembled in the dining-room, in which refreshments had been placed; the funeral attendants had ale, meat, &c. in the servants' hall. The dead baronet's will was opened and read, all his relatives and connexions being present, as well as the legal adviser of the executors, and his own former lawyer. Some portion of his wealth was left to public charities; the remainder, with the exception of a few legacies, to Portia.

As the death and funeral had cast a heavy gloom over Marston, and it was of course impossible to join the earlier festivities of 'the season' in London, the family resolved to proceed to the sea-coast for a few months. Arrangements were made to carry this purpose into execution; and about the middle of April we left Marston. As we gazed back on the old manor, bearing now over the porch the hatchment of the Digbys' and Marstons' heraldic honours, and looked upon the budding vegetation waking at the breath of spring to renewed life and beauty, many sad thoughts flitted across our minds. The old church we passed had so recently been the scene of a bridal and a funeral, that we could scarcely forbear uttering the many-times repeated exclamations on the vanity and uncertainty of our existence, or saying with Shakespeare—

'Ah, how our spring of life resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!'

Since the period of which I have written, other and heavier afflictions have visited the Marstons. The old manor has a new lord; and I wear on my finger *two* mourning-rings in remembrance of my kind and generous host and hostess of other days, who, within a short period of each other, exchanged mortality for immortality. With something of the chivalrous affection of a past age, the brother of the lady has reared to her memory, not a useless monument, but a beautiful chapel, tracing, with the colours of the rainbow, on one of the antique-shaped windows, the graceful record of his sorrow and his hope. Marston is no longer the Marston I have sketched; but I have still a mournful pleasure in thinking of it, and am pleased to think that this brief chronicle of 'sayings and doings' occurring there is at least a faithful transcript of *Château Life* among the 'tuffless' gentry of England.

A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THAT pious feeling amongst sailors which is so frequently awakened by the vicissitudes of their lives, has caused the name of 'Providence' to be given to more than one coral reef and desolate island in the Indian Seas. Rarely, perhaps, has it been more appropriately bestowed than on a small rocky islet which lies to the northward of the Mozambique Channel, a few days' sail from the Isle of Bourbon. This was shown in a notable instance which occurred there about thirty years ago. The story is scarcely known even to the mariners of the nation to which the hero of it belonged; and therefore to make it familiar to our readers may not be thought undesirable.

In the year 1820 M. Cremasy, the captain of a Bourbon trading vessel, resolved to visit the little island of Providence, in order to obtain a cargo of cocoa-nut germs for

planting in the colony to which he belonged. The appliances for navigating the eastern coast of Africa were at that time very rude. Chain-cables were unknown; and the only kind in use were made from the fibres of the palm, similar to those which are called *goumoutou* in the Celebes, and *coir* on the Spanish main. These cables were very liable to be cut by the sharp reefs and coral bottoms which abound so plentifully in the Indian Ocean; and in order to spare the anchors, a wooden frame filled with stones, called a *pégase*, was the frequent substitute.

Immediately on his anchoring in this manner off Providence, M. Cremasy went on shore, and sent back his boat with her crew to the ship, while he explored the island. He had been thus occupied for some time, when the cable of the *pégase* broke, and the vessel was carried out to sea by one of the violent currents which set off these shores. The mate made sail as speedily as he could to regain the anchorage; but he was unable to head the current, and night fell while he was endeavouring to do so. The captain, left ashore by this accident, had on at the time nothing but a jacket and a pair of white trousers, and for his sole weapon a *manchette*, a kind of short sabre used in boarding. When he found himself condemned to pass the night on this desert island, his first care was to construct a place of shelter; and with the broad leaves of the cocoa-tree he built up an *ajoupa*, or hut, and made his supper of cocoa-nuts, eating the fruit and drinking the milk. He did not sleep over soundly, for he was tormented by a vague apprehension concerning his vessel; the sense of loneliness oppressed him, and he was somewhat in fear of rats and other noxious animals. At daybreak he was on the shore, anxiously looking out to discover a sail on the horizon; but nothing was visible through the misty morning air. The sun rose and dispelled the mist, but his rays fell only on a wide expanse of azure sea, unbroken by any vessel.

He sat down on a rock, and began to meditate profoundly on his future destiny. There was but one course open to him—to bestir himself for the supply of his daily wants. With his *manchette* in his hand, he set out once more to explore the territory of which he was the unwilling sovereign. He got nothing but a cocoa-nut for breakfast, and dined also upon the same fruit—a luxury to a schoolboy, but not held in equal estimation by a hungry sailor, though he thought himself lucky that the island produced anything eatable. By dint of prosecuting his researches, M. Cremasy succeeded in discovering an addition to his vegetable diet in the shape of some wild cucumbers; but he was unwilling to eat them raw, and had no means of cooking them with fire. A native, if the island had been peopled, would have lit one for him by the friction of two bits of wood. He remembered the method of the savages; and procuring a light sort of wood, made a hole in it with another piece of a harder kind, which he fashioned to a point, and by twirling it rapidly, endeavoured to kindle a flame; but whether from accident or want of skill, he was not successful in his first attempt; and when the sun went down, he was once more left in darkness. On the following day he again looked out for the ship, but again without success. He therefore redoubled his efforts to procure fire, and by dint of perseverance, at length produced a light smoke from the wood. He then hastily collected some fibres of the cocoa-nut, placed them in contact with the ignited substance, and at last was rewarded by a brilliant spark, which presently broke into a blaze. He now got together a sufficient quantity of wood to keep the fire in all night, heaped it with branches and dried leaves, and watched it with interest until the third morning broke. Tired out with his exertions, he at length fell asleep, but had not slept long, before he was awakened by a singular noise, as if some one was slowly creeping towards him. He opened his eyes, and looked wistfully into the obscu-

rity of the dawn, and presently saw a large object stealing across the sand. He grasped his manchette, and waited nervously for its nearer approach. At length he discovered that it was an enormous turtle, come, according to the habits of that animal, to lay its eggs in the sand above high-water mark. The turtles always select a situation that catches all the rays of the sun: they make a hole in the sand, cover up the eggs, and fifty days afterwards, without fail, their instinct brings them back to disinter them. At the moment when the layer of sand which covers them is removed, the young turtles break their shells, and follow their dam to the water's edge; and when they reach the waves, they make themselves fast to her belly, and are towed out to sea, to qualify them in time for the feasts of aldermen.

As soon as M. Cremasy ascertained who his early visitor really was, he walked stealthily towards her, and turning her on her back, kept guard over her till broad daylight came, when he despatched her. It was a task of some difficulty to cut her up; but when he had succeeded, he found himself repaid for his trouble. The turtle was in capital condition. He boiled the meat, which he thought excellent, and preserved the fat, which he disposed of in the shells of the smaller turtle left on the shore; and out of the fibres of the cocoa-nut he made wicks; in this manner constructing a very notable sort of lamp, antique in fashion, and, moreover, highly useful. To season his turtle, he then procured salt from the evaporation of sea-water, and converted the shell of his visitor into a caldron. With these civilised means of cooking, he ceased to enjoy his cocoa-nut milk, and laid in a stock of fresh water, obtaining it by sinking a well in the sand.

It soon became necessary to wash his linen, but he could not bring himself to the resolution of remaining a single instant entirely naked; he therefore would only arrange one garment at a time, wearing his trousers until his shirt was dried, and *vice versa*. He next burnt a clear space round his hut to keep off the rats, and fortified himself within a ditch, well fenced against intrusion by sharp palmetto branches and the stiff leaves of prickly pears.

In the course of his walks he had seen a number of pigeons, who allowed him to get tolerably close to them; he therefore set to work to hunt them down on foot with a long pole, and thus added a very agreeable dish to his repasts, for when roasted, they proved extremely tender and succulent. With flesh and fowl to supply his table, it was not long before he got the third requisite of a good dinner. On the south side of the island was a coral reef, upwards of ten leagues in length, which the tide, when it went out, left high and dry. At low water the fish hid themselves in immense quantities in the hollows where the water remained, and our solitary islander discovered in this fact a new source of profitable employment. Every day at low water he went out to the reef, sought for the reservoirs which contained the greatest number of fish, and then harpooned them with his boarding sabre; some of these he salted and dried, the rest were immediately cooked.

But however earnestly M. Cremasy laboured to improve his position, one thought dominated all others—the hope of finding the means of escaping from his solitude. When not employed in procuring and preparing his food, he passed his whole time on the look-out for any vessel that might shape her course within sight of Providence. His eyes were ever turned towards that point of the compass where his own ship had disappeared, and a thousand painful apprehensions disquieted him—the dread of its having been wrecked on some of the sunken rocks of that dangerous archipelago being the most paramount. But he was not one to give himself up for any length of time to inactivity. He knew the value of the proverb which tells men to assist themselves if they look for the aid of others; and accordingly he resolved upon constructing a beacon which should be visible at the distance of several leagues. It was not without difficulty that he succeeded in collecting a sufficient quantity of heavy wood to make a pile; he heaped it above a mass of leaves, and placed dry branches in alternate layers with the trunks of the

cocoa-nut and palmetto. This accomplished, his eyes once more wandered towards the ocean to seize the favourable moment for lighting up the beacon; but day followed day, and his solitude grew more and more dreary. His only pleasure consisted in watching the frigate-birds as they chased the gulls, and robbed them of the prey which they brought home from the great waters. It was, after all, but a melancholy sort of pleasure, for the screams of the famished sea-birds did not tend much to enliven the solitary shore.

M. Cremasy at length began to get uneasy about the condition of his wardrobe. How should he manage to cover himself, he asked, when his shirt and trousers were worn to tatters? The necessity of the case suggested an expedient. He manufactured a kind of cloth out of the thread-like substance of the interior of the palm, which he wove together as well as he was able. It was not a first-rate production, but it served at all events to prevent the sun from scorching, and the night air from chilling him, and then he had the ineffable satisfaction of admiring his own handiwork. He managed also to fabricate a pair of sandals out of the rosy bark of the cocoa-nut tree.

In this primitive costume he determined upon examining the island thoroughly. The task was not difficult, for Providence is little more than two leagues in circumference, and the surface is nearly level. About one-third of it, the part which lies to windward, is covered with a forest of cocoa-nut. The currents and the prevailing winds have cast innumerable seeds on the eastern shore, where they have germinated, taken root, and in the lapse of ages created the forest we speak of. The remainder of the island is merely a sandy plain, with stunted shrubs scattered here and there; but little grass, and what there is, coarse in touch, and salt to the taste. A more desolate spot altogether can hardly be imagined; but here it seemed probable that M. Cremasy was destined to end his days. Deliverance came, however, when he least expected it.

He was one evening returning to his ajoupa in a very pensive mood, absorbed in thoughts of the home he feared he should never revisit, when, as he stooped to gather some shell-fish for his supper, he fancied that something like the sails of a ship glittered on the horizon in the rays of the setting sun. He had been so often deceived by clouds which assumed the same form, that he was afraid to trust to his first impression. He watched the object steadily, and noted that, while the aspect of everything else changed, this alone preserved its first appearance, and, moreover, that it was nearing the island. He could no longer doubt that it was a ship. His heart beat high between fear and hope. Was it his own vessel or a stranger? Should he at once light the beacon, at the risk of rapidly, and perhaps uselessly, consuming what it had given him so much trouble to collect? But the sail drew closer. He resolved to take his chance, and the moment it became dark enough for his purpose, he set fire to the pile. A pyramid of flame shot up into the sky, and a minute afterwards the report of a gun assured him that the signal had been seen. He now listened intently, and the next sound that reached his ears was the noise of the oars in the row-locks, as with measured beat they urged a boat to the shore. The keel grated on the rocky bottom; but he had already hailed the crew, and in the joyous answer that floated over the waves he heard his own language, and recognised the voices of his shipmates. The vessel in the offing was his own, and the mate had come back to look for him. Carried away by the violent currents, and water and provisions failing, the former had been obliged to make for Anjouan, near Magotte, to victual the ship; he then returned in search of his captain.

The exile wrote the history of his thirty-two days' imprisonment, and placed it in a bottle, which he hung on one of the most prominent trees on the coast. An English vessel passing by a few months since happened to send a boat on shore for a supply of cocoa-nuts, and thus discovered the narrative. The sailors also found that the island was overrun with wild poultry; for when

M. Cremasy took leave of Providence he left behind him a small stock, which multiplied as he had desired. It was an offering of grateful remembrance for the mercy which had spared him.

THE MELON IN INDIA.

TILL recently, it fell to the lot of comparatively few of us in this country to know much more of the melon than the name; but, thanks to steam navigation, the poorest of us have now the advantage of at least seeing the fruit in great abundance in the shop windows. So is it likewise with the pine-apple; and as for pomegranates and oranges from Portugal and Malta, they are as familiar as apples and pears. The melon belongs to the order of cucurbits (*cucurbitaceæ*), comprehending productions that are mostly of tropical origin, although the annuals are common in European gardens. Some are natives of the Cape, others are found in Peru and Brazil, and some in Australia; but India is their favourite station. The cucurbits include, as the common species, the melon, cucumber, vegetable marrow, and other similar plants; but many others, more especially of the species of cucumis, to which the melon and cucumber belong, have violently-cathartic properties. One of them furnishes the well-known drug colocynth. The spitting cucumber is poisonous till it reaches a certain stage of ripeness, when the poisonous pulp is suddenly expelled from the interior of the fruit with great force.

The melon may be seen in all its varieties in the hottest months of the year—June and July—in whole cartloads in the Indian markets; and there the native is able to purchase three or four tolerably-sized melons for a halfpenny; while one large fruit, for which two shillings and upwards would be demanded in England, might grace his board for the outlay of the same copper coin. The Hindoo frequently makes his meal of this fruit, of which he eats several with impunity, a fact ascribed to his living chiefly upon milk and vegetable food; whereas the carnivorous and wine-bibbing habits of the European prohibit him from such indulgence. With him this delicious fruit, as well as the water-melon, are frequently the occasion of dysentery and other bowel complaints.

There are many varieties of melons in India, and all are distinguished by different names; but the surdah or green melon, and the thurbōōjah, which is striped, are the most prized. This fruit grows best where there is a loose sandy soil, mixed with rich alluvial deposit; and the melon is therefore usually cultivated on the banks of rivers.

A correspondent, an 'Old Indian,' to whom we have frequently been indebted for excellent materials of this kind, mentions that melon seed should be kept for a long time before it is committed to the ground. In Bengal it is sometimes laid up for five or six years in a dry and airy place, and this improves greatly the flavour and quality of the fruit. But the Hindoo, it seems, has recourse to the same thing in his cultivation of the radish, and with much more remarkable effect. Some of these may be seen on a market day trailed on a man's back, and of such enormous size, that they might rival an elephant's tusk both in length and girth. A radish of this magnitude, however, is always spongy and insipid, and quite destitute of the agreeable pungency we prize so much in this country. The effect of keeping the seeds of plants is not unknown to our own florists. The single stock, for instance, is by this means made to produce those splendid double blossoms which are the pride of our gardens.

The wild melon may occasionally be met with in some remote provinces of Hindoostan, by such as are observers of nature, and fond of strolling about on foot. It is about the size of a small duck egg, and of a lovely, bright, golden hue, with a smooth polished skin. In flavour, the child of the wilderness is not inferior to the offspring of art, but the edible part is rather thinner in proportion to its size, and the word seedy may without injustice be applied to it, for the core is disproportionably large.

The gourd, which belongs to the same species, affords a wholesome food to the poor and abstemious Hindoo. The red gourd resembles in taste, when boiled, a tender carrot; and the white gourd is presented at every native marriage-feast, being supposed to insure prosperity to the wedded pair. These plants may frequently be seen climbing over the roofs of booths and cottages, and during the easterly winds they doubtless add much to the comfort and coolness of these thinly-covered sheds.

The bitter gourd is found in a wild state in Hindoostan, and its gall-like properties are held in detestation by the natives, who look upon it as 'death in the pot.' Even this gourd, however, is made subject to the ornamental, and receives various fantastic shapes from the cultivators while it is growing. This is accomplished by tying it round with a string in such a way as to give it the shape of a bottle, an hour-glass, &c. when it has attained its full development. The useful, then, comes into play; and the pith and seeds being carefully scraped out, and the shell smoke-dried, and polished with oil, the gourd is converted, like the cocoa-nut, into a dish, in which the beggars collect the donations of the charitable in the shape of rice and cowries.

Dried gourds are used for guitars and sarindhās—favourite instruments in the East. Being light and sonorous, like our fir, they are well adapted for the sable musician's purpose, requiring no labour to shape them. The pipe of the snake-charmer is nothing but a small hollow gourd, with a couple of reeds stuck through it for the fingers, on the principle of the double flageolet. This simple instrument emits a shrill, tremulous sound, not unlike the Scotch bagpipe, though it has perhaps not quite so much of the drone.

A coarse yellow flower distinguishes both the gourd and cucumber; but one variety, the kuddhoo, has a pure, snow-white blossom. There are two sets of flowers, male and female, on each plant, the former appearing somewhat earlier than the other; but the Bengalee, ignorant of the beautiful economy of nature, merely remarks of them that the first set is good for nothing, and never comes to anything. Our 'Old Indian,' in conclusion, tells us that the enemy of Jonah still exists under the tropics in the shape of an orange-coloured beetle, which nips out the heart of the young plant, devours the rough leaves of the older one, destroys the fruit, and blasts the hopes of the Hindoo as speedily as it did those of the prophet.

MARION DE L'ORME.

[In No. 313 of this Journal, in an article entitled the 'Prisons of Paris and their Tenants,' some injustice, we hope, has been done to Marion de L'Orme by connecting her with the unhappy fate of Salomon de Caus, the mad inventor. The following is a copy of Mademoiselle de L'Orme's letter to M. de Cinq Mars, describing her visit to the Bicêtre with the Marquis of Worcester:—]

PARIS, February 1641.

While you were forgetting me at Narbonne, and giving yourself up to the pleasures of the court and the enjoyment of plaguing M. le Cardinal, I, in accordance with the desire you expressed, have been doing the honours of Paris to your English lord, the Marquis of Worcester. I lead him, or rather he leads me, from curiosity to curiosity, selecting always the most sad and the most serious, speaking little, listening with the greatest attention, and fixing on those whom he questions two great blue eyes, which seem to penetrate to the bottom of their thoughts. Besides, he is never content with the explanations which are given him; he never takes things on the side on which they are shown him: take, for instance, the visit which we have just made together to Bicêtre, and where, in a madman, he thinks he has discovered a man of genius. If the maniac had not been furious, I verily believe that your marquis would have demanded his liberation, to take him to London, and listen to his ravings from morning till night. As we were traversing the madmen's court, and whilst I, more dead than alive—so frightened was I—clung to my companion, a hideous face showed itself behind the large bars, and began to cry in a broken voice, 'I am not mad; I have made a discovery which must enrich the country which would put it in execution!' 'And what is his discovery?' said I to

him who showed us the house. 'Ah,' said he, shrugging his shoulders, 'something very simple, which you would never guess: it is the use of the steam of boiling water.' I began to laugh. 'This man's name,' continued the keeper, 'is Salomon de Caus; he came from Normandy four years ago, to present to the king a treatise on the marvellous effects which might be obtained from his invention. To listen to him, with steam you might turn mills, make carriages go, and I know not what—you might perform a thousand miracles. The cardinal dismissed the fool without listening to him. Salomon de Caus, without being discouraged, set about following the cardinal everywhere, who, weary of finding him always at his heels, and importuned with his follies, ordered him to be confined at Bicêtre, where he has been for three years and a-half, and where, as you have heard, he calls out to each visitor that he is not mad, and that he has made a wonderful discovery. He has even composed a work on the subject, which I have here.' My Lord Worcester, who had become quite thoughtful, asked for the book; and after reading some pages, he said, 'This man is not mad; and in my country, instead of shutting him up, we should have loaded him with riches. Lead me to him; I wish to question him.' He was conducted to him, but he returned sad and thoughtful. 'Now indeed,' said he, 'he is mad; misfortune and captivity have driven away his reason for ever. You have made him mad; but when you cast him into this dungeon, you cast there the greatest genius of your age.' Thereupon we departed, and from that time he talks of nothing but Salomon de Caus. Adieu, my dear friend, and faithful Henri. Return very quickly, and be not so happy down there as to have no love remaining for me.

MARION DE L'ORME.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A victimised navigator came into the town the other day from Kelso, where he had been employed on some of the railways. Pence and credit all gone—his jacket sold—footsores and friendless—he could not raise the price of a bed, and, as a desperate resource, he applied to the inspector of poor. His stalwart frame, although it bore evident traces of dissipation and blackguardism, did not justify the inspector in acceding to the request, and he accordingly refused it. The petitioner thereupon resolved to earn his board and lodging in a legal way, until his exhausted energies should be thoroughly recruited, and he at once knocked his fist through one of the inspector's windows. Apprehension and trial quickly followed, and, nothing loth, the culprit was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment. He got out on Christmas-Day, and appreciating the good porridge, warm soup, and comfortable clothing, with the accessories of a library to prevent him wearying, and the visits of a humane surgeon and a benevolent chaplain, he walked ten yards from the prison door and smashed one of the globes of the public lamps. His end was gained, and he was again placed in durance, not vile, but agreeable. What a commentary is this upon our extreme philanthropy in prison discipline! Men are taught to shun improvidence, folly, and crime, by perceiving that, as the natural consequences to such courses come destitution, misery, and death. Now-a-days this must be prevented. The idle and profligate, who are reduced by vicious excesses to premature old age, must be maintained at the public expense; and young women who have forgot the ties of religion and moral purity, must receive their weekly aliment, and the fruit of their misconduct brought up comfortably out of the pockets of the honest and industrious. A jail is now so regulated that it becomes a desirable residence for a broken-down vagabond. Criminals actually *gain in weight* in these asylums! It is high time that a reaction should take place in this mistaken philanthropy. The worthless, the abandoned, and the hardened offender, must be made to feel sternly the just consequences of their career. To come in betwixt them and these consequences is in a measure to subvert the laws of nature, and it is surely vanity in man to dream that he can ameliorate society by modifying or relieving the retribution which an all-wise Creator has decreed against all who transgress his laws.—*Peebles Monthly Advertiser*.

[The foregoing is a specimen of a class of paragraphs now becoming painfully common. A few days ago the 'Times' mentioned several cases of abandoned women breaking splendid plate-glass windows in Ludgate Hill, entirely with a view to comfortable board and lodging in prison; and in a subsequent paper, a tradesman who had

suffered from such practices suggested whipping and dismissal as somewhat more likely to stop window and lamp-breaking than giving good quarters in jail. Facts like these leave no room to doubt that the humane policy of the last few years has proceeded on too favourable an idea of individual character and social circumstances, as well as of the power of mere privation of liberty in curing a proneness to crime. In short, experience has most conclusively shown that there are large multitudes who care literally nothing for any species of imprisonment, provided they get food and shelter. The cunning of the dangerous classes has completely outwitted the humanitarians; and society, after a world of trouble and expense in attempting to carry out a theory, must needs return to a discipline which will at least bear some salutary terrors in its train. Of course juvenile education on a broad and compulsory scale would probably remove the necessity for any such measures; but that, amidst the contentions of sects and parties, can scarcely, we fear, be immediately hoped for.]

THE WREN BOYS.

On St Stephen's day, in the Roman Catholic counties of Ireland, the boys (and in Ireland all unmarried men are boys) assemble in great numbers, and having cut down a large furze bush, dress it up with bits of coloured ribbons, and hang on it numbers of wrens which have been hunted with dogs and sticks during the preceding week. They then march in procession, two at the head carrying the 'bush,' and visit every gentleman's residence in the neighbourhood, singing doggerel verses, and soliciting money, which they receive with loud huzzas. The origin of this odd custom is as follows:—During one of the rebellions which have so frequently distracted Ireland, many skirmishes had taken place, in which success had been about equally balanced, but the hostile armies had not yet met face to face on the battle-field. One Christmas night, when the royalists were encamped on the open plain, the entire army was sunk in the profoundest repose—even the sentries were sleeping at their posts. The night was wearing away, and the first faint streaks of dawn were seen in the east, when a little drummer, who lay fast asleep beside his drum, which had served as his supper-table the previous evening, was awakened by a wren pecking the crumbs on the drum-head. He started up, and looking round, thought he saw shadows moving through the mountain pass; he listened, and heard sure enough the tramp of armed men! To spring to his feet, beat his drum, and rouse the army, were the work of a moment. A few minutes more, and it would have been too late; for the rebels in all their strength were marching rapidly on them, and even now were not many hundreds of yards distant; but, thanks to the little wren, they had time to form themselves in battle array, and in the fight that ensued were completely victorious. The defeat of the rebels is still avenged on the descendants of the little bird which occasioned it, great numbers of which are annually slaughtered on St Stephen's day.—*From a Correspondent*. [This custom also exists in the Isle of Man. We suspect a much earlier origin for it than that here assigned.]

STANZAS BY SHAKESPEARE, AND SOMEBODY ELSE.

On how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose is fair, but fairer we it deem
For the sweet odour which doth in it live.
And thou, my rose, wilt ever be a rose,
Though time may steal the ruby from thy lips;
Thine eyes thy soul's bright thoughts will still disclose,
Though time their early lustre may eclipse.
Thy present mansion, lady, well I wot
Is very beautiful, but 'tis not *thou*;
For it may fade or change, but thou wilt not;
Though e'en when faded, 'twill be fair to me.
For thy fair soul so fair a shrine is meet,
But in thy being does most beauty lie;
As summer flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die.

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LOVEABLENESS OF FAULTS.

As man is lord of the earth, so the greatest of earth's imperfections are man's faults. They destroy the happy calm of life, they break up friendships, they bring grief and suffering alike to the injured and the injurer; and in the face of the sky, and beneath the gaze of angels, they mar a nature godlike but for them. But for everything there is alleviation, and it is no slight blessing, in this world of imperfection, that faults are not as unlovable as they are injurious, and that sometimes they prove an unexpected means of increasing the happiness which they seemed to have destroyed. Were they as repulsive in their sources as they are injurious in their consequences, it would be like taking the sunshine from us. It would break the golden chain of sympathy that binds us to our neighbours; it would destroy that kindness for them which is the parent of so many virtues; and would dry up the fountains of love, that keep life young, and make earth beautiful.

Faults are often virtues run to seed, and, amid their unsightliness, remind us of the beauty they have overpassed. Brave to a fault! generous to a fault! prudent to a fault!—we could run through the list of moral graces, and add the same sad tailpiece to them all. The amaranth, emblem of unchanging beauty, is no denizen of earth; flowers overstep the limits of their beauty, and fade; virtues overflow their golden basins, and run to waste, or derange the garden of the world. There is a weakness too, a fragileness of spirit, hanging about faults, which seems to cry for that sympathy which every generous heart is ready to offer, and for that leniency which a self-consciousness of many imperfections forces every candid nature to extend. The very reparation of a fault—for we speak not of such as do not repent them of unkindness—is often a new source of attachment. The lively expressions of regret, the mournful self-reproach, the renewed assurances of affection, the ardour to undo what has been done amiss, nay, more, and to present a favour while repairing a fault, in no more beautiful aspect than this does an amiable character appear. He stands before us, perhaps in the strength of manhood, yet in the frailness of humanity, surprised into error, because born to imperfection, but with energy and might to repair it fifty-fold, and with a heart that throbs indignantly at the thought of one of its unguarded impulses having wounded the spirit of his friend. He emerges from his fault like the sun from the flitting rain-cloud, roused into new beauty by its struggle with darkness, invested with new interest from its momentary eclipse, emerging at length in the glory of triumph, and painting its gratitude in the radiant rainbow.

As heat and cold, light and darkness—each and all excellent in their proper place and season—jar sadly when brought into company, so there are virtues which we

never see combined in the same character, and which seem to triumph in their neighbours' discomfiture. What virtue does not at times sin against its fellows? When incarnated in humanity, the family of the virtues is no more exempt from occasional bickerings than is the society of friends. Courage and self-respect quarrel with meekness for taking an impudent cuff too mildly; justice differs with benevolence as to the punishment of some unlucky offender; charity reproves caution for refusing to relieve a beggar; honesty denounces a brother-virtue for being generous before being just; and prudence, at one time or another, is at loggerheads with them all. Truly perfection, says the poet—

—'is not the growth of earth,
The search is useless if you seek it there:
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And only blossoms in celestial air.'

Looking abroad, then, upon the world as it is, what character do we find approaching nearest to this unearthly standard? It is the one, we think, not which displays the most varied virtues, but which presents the fewest failings. It is not the one most remarkable for numerous and brilliant graces, many of which necessarily clash together; for, as faults are more observed than graces, the inconsistencies inherent in such a character go far to neutralise our esteem for its excellences. As, says Schiller in his philosophical 'Punch Song,' the excellence of that generous beverage depends on the perfect blending of the four elements which compose it, so excellence of character consists in rather a harmonious union of a limited number of good qualities. It is this harmony that keeps the temper sweet and the judgment unclouded; it is this harmony that makes virtue most loveable; while it is the want of this that too frequently renders even the good man useless as an example; unsought as a friend.

We know no more disagreeable thing on earth than a 'perfect' character: those people who never do anything amiss—those moral automata who in all situations are the same, and to whom the etiquette of morality comes as handily as if they had had Chinese ancestors for a thousand generations—who smile and censure, speak or keep silence, just at the fitting time and no other: we never knew one of them long loved. One never sees the heart beat in them. An impulse, an emotion—cuffs or kisses—never shake them out of their bland composure: they seem constantly squaring their bad qualities by some secret rule of expediency. One night lately we heard a friend say, in reply to an assurance from his *fiancée*, that after marriage he would find she had faults—'if you had not, I should be afraid I had married an angel.' He need not have been alarmed—no angel would have had a gift of him; but he might with more reason have been apprehensive that he had married a hypocrite. 'The moment a perfect character enters a room,' says Professor Wilson, 'I leave it.' Nobody likes them; and no wonder.

For 'hypocrites they are,' says the moral philosopher, '*intus et in cute*, by the necessity of their nature.' Without faults, we should be unloveable. Not that there is anything loveable in faults of themselves; heaven forbid the thought! but they are sad necessities of our existence, and bind mankind together by the tender bond of common frailty; and they interest others in us, just as our fevers, our agues, the diseases of childhood, the accidents of maturer life, draw to us the affections of those who tend our sick-bed. Not merely because we are ill, bodily or mentally, but because they see us suffering under the disease, and struggling with it. It is the struggle and the suffering that engage affection, even as sympathy is repelled when the offence or the malady is wilfully incurred.

Alas that we should have to say it!—one fault sometimes mars a whole character. Such a fault is seldom of an impulsive nature, regretted as soon as done. It is a habitual failing, and one of which its possessor is unconscious. 'One Fault'—we have some recollection of a novel with this ominous title,* the hero of which was cursed with an over-sensitiveness, which made him find fault with everything—with the very notes in the sun-beam we daresay; and thus, though loving his wife devotedly, he managed to make her, himself, and everybody about him quite miserable. If we mistake not, he had the rather unusual custom of transmitting his domestic reproofs in letters, paper and wax of the most recherché kinds, and duly handed to his lady on a silver salver. 'A piece of humbug!' says some matter-of-fact person: 'gilding the pill—that's all.' In similar cases, however, it is a practice which one of the parties at least would be glad to adopt—for the tempers of over-sensitive people are so vexatiously irritable, that it is well to avoid any *vis-à-vis* explanations. And here we may remark, that over-sensitiveness is less seldom cured, and is even more disliked, than that other fault-finder, a hasty temper. The reason is obvious. A hot temper is bad—every one owns that, even its possessor—but a sensitive mind, one full of lively and fervid emotions, justly ranks high in the scale of intellect; and hence over-sensitive persons are too apt to regard their disease as the perfection of health; and not only offend others by their discontent and constant fault-finding, but wound their self-love by an assumption of superiority.

Littlenesses of mind, meannesses of heart, are the least loveable of all faults.† They are apt to beget contempt—a modification of dislike—of all others most to be shunned; and a defect of this kind will make a person be lightly talked of though his whole character be much above the average. It may be an egotism which leads one to speak overmuch or sillily of himself—or herself; for the failing is at least as common (though more excusable) in women as in men; or it may be a mean selfishness, trivial in degree, but never long in abeyance. In such cases the littleness of mind lowers our esteem, and the narrowness of heart repels our sympathy. They may hurt nobody; yet they are more disliked than many a fault that hurts many. Of this latter kind are the failings of those unfortunates who are commonly, but very erroneously, said to be nobody's enemy but their own. Their faults are often very grievous ones; and both from the mischief done by their example, and from the injury and vexation they inflict, reason and society unite in pronouncing upon them a heavy censure. Yet see how many love these unfortunates despite all their failings! Would you know why? It is because the heart is sound at the core, though wofully blinded by the mists of passion. Hitherto, perhaps, they have been unable to break the meshes which one fatal hour has coiled around them; but there they are, with warm hearts beating under all the unsightly weeds in which they have got entangled—and love cherishes the belief that some morn they will rise from their long sleep with the buoyant freshness of

awakening spring, and shake off tyrant faults 'like dew-drops from the lion's mane.' In the beautiful figure of Dante, they are rays got loose from the sunshine, and, in happier circumstances, we may yet hope to see them reunited to the brotherhood of light.

Yes, goodness of heart is the great redeemer. When united to genius, what a multitude of faults will it not cover! and it shines, though with the dimness of the lost Pleiad, even through the obscurities of vice. Few had ever a more numerous or a more devoted band of friends than the warm and noble-hearted *roué*, Fox; and who has not loved Sheridan despite all his failings!—above all, Goldsmith! for his life was one long chain of failings, often made ridiculous by a vanity and foppery that nothing but the gentlest and kindest of hearts could have redeemed. Think of a man moving (as Goldsmith scarcely did) in the middle rank of society with clumsy figure and plain face, and with an air and carriage by no means of a distinguished cast, yet decking out his person in all the glories of 'Tyrian bloom,' queen's-blue breeches, and peach-coloured coats! constantly in debt to his tailors and everybody else, and leaving them at last two thousand pounds out of pocket. Well might Johnson exclaim, 'Was ever poet before so much trusted!' Yet with all his foibles and embarrassments, he was fully as much beloved as he was admired. Burke, on hearing of his death, burst into tears; Sir Joshua Reynolds threw by his pencil for the day, and grieved more than in times of much family distress; the great soul of Johnson felt the blow deeply and gloomily; and on the stairs of poor dead Goldsmith's apartment there were the lamentation of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women—poor objects of his charity, to whom he had never turned a deaf ear even when struggling himself with poverty.

Thus there is an instinct in our nature that prompts us to love even where we censure; and it is good to strengthen this instinct by gratifying it, for on the benevolent feelings which we entertain for others, depends not merely much of their happiness, but nearly all of our own. Let us ever cherish the noble sentiment of the great poet of Florence, who (stern and austere as misfortune had made him), when regarding the world as God's garden, and men as the many-coloured foliage that gives it beauty, breathes his philanthropy in language the highest that man or angel can use:—

* As for the leaves that in the garden bloom,
My love for them is great, as is the good
Dealt by the Eternal Hand that tends them all.*

THE INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY.

LITHOGRAPHY, or the art of printing on stone, owes its origin to Germany—the country which gave birth to the great art of printing with types, and to which we are also indebted for many other discoveries of value to mankind. The inventor of the lithographic art, Aloys Senefelder, was the son of a poor actor at Prague, where he was born in 1771. The family having removed to Munich, the young Senefelder there received some education, and when it became time to think of a means of living, he, like many wayward youths, resorted to literature as a profession; of course with want of success—for no man can begin to live all at once by authorcraft.

To add to the mortification of Aloys, his father died, leaving a number of children; and the only means of providing for the wants of his brothers and sisters, as well as his own, was to go on the stage. With an aching heart, and an empty stomach, Aloys personated courtiers revelling in luxury and gaiety. When at the conclusion of entertainments he laid down his fine trappings at the theatre, he retired to a miserable home to starve on a crust and a pitcher of water. Two years were passed in this life of privation and anxiety. But although misery, that hideous phantom, or rather frightful reality, presented itself continually to the eyes of Aloys, poetry came like a consoling angel to soothe his griefs, and reanimate him with courage and hope. For him, as an actor, the theatre had lost

* A very clever and deeply-interesting one by Mrs Trollope; see an account of it in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, *old series*, No. 463.—Ed.

† We need scarcely mention that throughout this paper we have made an arbitrary, but, we trust, sufficiently understood distinction, between faults and vices, confining our remarks to the former.

all its illusions; but he still dreamt of rendering his name famous in literature, and acquiring reputation, which some seek even in the cannon's mouth.

But how to emerge from obscurity, unless his writings are printed? Senefelder cogitated on this, to him, important question with conflicting emotions, and at last resolved to be his own publisher, and print with his own hand. He was in possession of a few types, but not sufficient for a page, and was too poor to purchase a press. No matter; he could invent, without being aware of it, stereotype; and his observant mind, impelled by necessity, conquered the rest.

The first proceeding to which Aloys had recourse consisted in pouring sealing-wax into a soft mould, in which his phrases were impressed by means of movable printing types. But the want of strength in the tablets thus obtained, and the impossibility of taking proofs even by the slightest pressure, determined him on engraving his cherished verses on copper. He had never handled the burin, and was unacquainted with the method of writing in reverse, unskilled in modelling writing, and unacquainted with nearly every process made use of by engravers. Still, he persevered, confiding for success in his firm resolution.

He set himself to the work; and having coated a copper-plate with a composition intended to impede the action of acid elsewhere than on the characters to be written, he traced the first few words which would either confirm his hopes or destroy them for ever. When the plate was finished, he carried it to a printer, and begged him to 'pull' a proof. What was his joy on seeing the impression—imperfect, yet full of promise; and, on the other hand, with what pain did he efface it to commence a new attempt, viewing with alarm the diminishing thickness of the plate, which he was unable to replace!

To produce a new surface, Senefelder rubbed the plate with a block of stone, which, however, was too coarse to give the requisite polish. Brought to a stand by this defect, he remembered having seen in his boyhood on the banks of the Isar certain stones which he hoped would better effect his purpose, and at once he hastened to the spot.

One idea nearly always leads to another: at the sight of the stones, which previously had served only as flooring materials, Senefelder conceived the project of making use of them for his writing exercises; and with him the thought of an attempt and its execution were the same thing. He immediately busied himself with squaring and polishing these Kelheim-stones—so called from the name of the place where they were found; and at length engraved them by the aid of acid, and prepared a suitable ink from wax, soap, and lamp-black, which enabled him to judge of the result of his labour.

In all this there is nothing particularly remarkable. Senefelder scarcely went out of the beaten track, and his progress was slower than it might have been had his glyphic and chemical knowledge been a little more extensive. Long before his day men had engraved on copper and carved stone, but he was the first in Europe to conceive and execute the idea of engraving a stone in relief—an ingenious and fertile idea, the foundation of lithography, and source of the improvements and perfection which it has since experienced. The following is Senefelder's account of his discovery:—'I had just smoothed a slab of stone so as to coat it with gum, and continue my attempts at writing in reverse, when my mother entered, and asked me to write out for her a list of the linen she had prepared for the wash; the washerwoman was waiting impatient while we looked everywhere for a piece of white paper. It so happened that my whole stock was exhausted, having been used for proofs, and my ordinary ink was dried up. As there was no one then in the house who could be sent to buy what was wanted, I took the notion to write the list on the stone which I had just levelled, making use of my ink composed of wax, soap, and lamp-black, intend-

ing to copy it as soon as some paper was brought. When at length I wished to wipe off what was written, the idea struck me all at once to see what would become of the characters traced with my wax-ink, on pouring acid over the stone; and also to try whether they could not be blackened as types or woodcuts are blackened, and afterwards printed. The attempts that I had already made had acquainted me with the action of acid relatively to the depth and thickness of the incisions, and led me to believe I should not be able to produce the letters well in relief. However, as the writing was coarse enough to resist the acid for a time, I went immediately to work; and surrounding the stone with wax, after the manner of copperplate-engravers, I poured dilute acid over it to a depth of two inches, and left it to stand for five minutes. On examining the stone at the end of that time, I found the letters in relief about the fourth of a line, or the thickness of a card. Some strokes, which probably had been written too fine, or not received sufficient ink, were slightly injured. The others had lost little or nothing of their breadth, which gave me the hope that writing, well traced, could be produced in greater relief.' Senefelder then goes on to describe the various modes he took to ink the *form*, none of which succeeded until he prepared 'the lid of a box, very level, by covering it with thicknesses of cloth.'

The enterprising artist now fondly imagined that the obstacles in the way of publishing his poetic thoughts were removed: he was impatient to give them to the world; but he was poor. He had no possessions which could be converted into money: the household goods belonged to his mother. By and by he remembered that to enter the army as substitute for another will assure him a bounty of 200 florins, and with this sum he can purchase sufficient material to start a small printing-office. Here, again, he was disappointed: his Bohemian birth disqualified him for the Bavarian service.

Deprived even of this bitter resource, Senefelder addressed himself to M. Gleissner, the court musician, and proposed to print his musical works. The proposition was accepted, and M. Gleissner, in addition, consented to advance a moderate sum, with which the struggling Aloys commenced lithographic printing in Munich. Soon after, the works of the friendly musician were issued from presses also invented by Senefelder. A copy of the first book was presented to the Elector of Bavaria, who, in return, sent a hundred florins to the new printer.

The news of his success soon made itself heard, and the artist's reputation increased as his labours continued, when a rival started up to claim priority of invention. Senefelder's right was, however, satisfactorily established, and he was commissioned by M. Steiner, director of public instruction, to print a collection of songs and chants for the use of schools. The results surpassed the expectation of the new patron. One object especially excited his attention—a small vignette, placed at the head of one of the chants, and which, although ill executed, convincingly proved that chemical printing would equally reproduce both music and design. Full of the idea thus suggested, M. Steiner recommended Senefelder to engage the services of skilful draughtsmen, so as to substitute correct drawings and good taste for the rude illustrations generally found in popular literature. And from this beginning we may date the lithographic designs and sketches now so widely diffused.

Shortly afterwards, having to print a book of prayers in *italic* characters, and but little experienced in that style of writing, Senefelder succeeded, after numerous trials, in making autographic ink and paper. Once possessed of this double secret, instead of writing himself upon the stone, he employed a more skilful hand to form the characters upon the new paper with the new ink; and then, by a simple and ingenious process, he transferred the writing from the paper to the stone,

and was thus enabled to obtain an almost unlimited number of impressions from the original; and in this way what has been called 'autography' was invented.

Senefelder was now more than ever on the road of discovery; and, as the sequel showed, he did not stop until he had carried his art to such a pitch of perfection, that artists coming after him have scarcely added a new process to his instructions. 'I remarked,' he observes in his narrative, 'that paper written upon with lithographic ink, and well dried, when dipped in water with which were a few drops of oil, took up this oil on all the written portion, while the rest of the paper, especially when it had been dipped in gum-water or starch-water much diluted, remained free of oil. This made me think of trying the effect of paper printed with ordinary printing ink. I tore a leaf from an old book, and passed it through a weak solution of gum, and laying it on the stone, I took a sponge charged with a thin oil colour, and rubbed it all over the paper.

'The printed characters took the colour at once, while the paper remained white. I then placed another white sheet above, put both under the press, and obtained an excellent copy of the printed sheet—although reversed. It would be possible by this method to reprint old books without great cost, or even editions of new ones.'

Here we have evidence that the invention of anastatic printing, which was trumpeted as a new and extraordinary discovery a few years since, was in fact due to Senefelder. It is, however, remarkable that, being thus acquainted with the process of transferring old impressions, he did not think of applying them to the stone. This is one of those curious oversights to which all men are liable, and for which it is not easy to give an explanation. Still, the persevering artist went on from trial to trial, from deduction to deduction, and at last discovered the method of drawing on stone with crayons, to engrave without the use of acid, and even to execute the earliest essays in chromo-lithography.

Arrived at this point, Senefelder could regard his labours with legitimate pride. Chance effected nothing for his fame—for chance is a word void of signification, invented to conceal our inability to discover the secret connection of effects and causes: the artist was inspired only by his genius and his poverty.

Being of a generous and communicative disposition, Senefelder revealed his processes to learners, who afterwards employed their knowledge to their master's detriment. In 1799, to secure to himself and those dependent on him a share of the profit to be derived from his long-continued exertions, he associated two of his brothers with himself in partnership, and petitioned the king, Maximilian Joseph, to confer on him the exclusive privilege of lithographic printing. A patent for fifteen years had just been made out, when one of the chief editors of music in Bavaria offered to Aloys a sum of 2000 florins if he would teach him his art, and remove to Offenbach to establish a lithographic press. The proposals were joyfully accepted, and three months later the new business was in full activity.

This success led to wider views, and Senefelder was invited to join in a scheme for the simultaneous introduction of lithography into four of the principal capitals of Europe. In furtherance of this scheme he visited London, but left England, after a short stay, without having accomplished his object.

From this period Senefelder appears to have been engaged in a series of speculations more or less unfortunate. We find him again at Offenbach, then at Vienna, afterwards at Pottendorf, where he successfully applied his invention to the printing of cottons, and began to dream of fortune, when Napoleon's continental system came to prevent its realisation. He returned to Munich, and found that his brothers had sold their business for an annual pension of 700 florins. The government refused to confirm the privileges of his patent; but eventually, considering his merits, and the

benefits that had accrued from his inventions, they (in 1810) appointed him inspector of lithography, with an annual salary of 1500 florins. Senefelder had not forgotten his first friend Gleissner; and impelled by a feeling of gratitude, solicited and obtained for him a comfortable post in one of the government offices.

Thus tranquil as to the future, Senefelder married; but his wife died a few months after their union. He waited three years, and chose another—one every way qualified to become the companion of a man of genius. In 1819 he went to Paris with another invention: a sort of pasteboard, intended to supersede the heavy stones required in lithographic printing. Not finding it answer, he adopted plates of zinc, with which so much has subsequently been effected. After a time, he returned to Bavaria, living tranquilly on the salary attached to his office, and occupying himself in painting, in which he attained considerable skill. He was thus engaged when disease overtook him; he became blind, and died in 1834, leaving a widow and a son to inherit his fame.

Senefelder affords an interesting example of what may be accomplished by persevering thought and industry. He possessed great kindness of heart, and his integrity was unimpeachable. His artist-feeling was vivid and powerful, and to this cause may be traced the failure of his commercial speculations: he thought more of excellence of work than of reward. A bust to his memory stands among the other sculptured worthies of the magnificent Walhalla of Munich.

SATURDAY EVENING IN MANCHESTER.

WITH the working-classes generally the evening of Saturday is usually the busiest in the week. They have then to spend the wages for which during the previous days they have been labouring, and many among them find it more difficult to lay their money out in the most profitable and economical way than it was to earn it. The allurements to spend are more numerous and bewitching on Saturday than on any other evening. All kinds of provisions, clothing, and ornaments are exposed at temptingly low prices, their defects being in many instances undiscernible in the gas-light, by which the working-man and his wife have to make their purchases. Again, all descriptions of cheap literature appear on the Saturday evening. The windows and counters of the venders are covered with sheets, many of them decorated with woodcuts which promise the most exciting tales, and appear to the factory boy or girl well calculated to relieve the tedium of the approaching day, whose hours hang heavy on too many hands. Cheap amusement of all kinds is provided in great plenty: the poor worker, whose ears have throughout the week been filled with the incessant noise of machinery, flies with eagerness to listen to vocal or instrumental music, rendered all the more attractive by the freedom with which it can be enjoyed, and the indulgence in drinking and smoking by which it is accompanied.

In Manchester, Saturday evening is almost as important a time to the working-classes as Tuesday, the great cotton-market day, is to their employers. On this day the warehouses and offices generally close at one o'clock, and the clerks, warehousemen, and others of that class, who of themselves would people a moderately-sized town, are at liberty till Monday morning. The factories and other public works close about four or five, and a population of not much under 100,000 is immediately released from a whole week's labour. Few streets have a more gloomy appearance than a street of warehouses or of mills in Manchester on a Saturday evening. The steam-engine is then a mere heap of cast-iron, the machinery is inert and lifeless, the furnace is cold, the doors are locked, and the lights are out. But the soul of industry is absent: the last day of the week has come, and the thousands of busy workers have each gone to satisfy his or her individual wants.

Walk a few paces into the next street, and the scene

changes, as if by magic. Here you are surrounded by all kinds of human noises, and jostled most unceremoniously by all kinds of passengers. Every house is a shop, and every shop is streaming with light. Here almost every want that man feels can be satisfied. There are bakers' shops in profusion, with great parti-coloured tickets stating the prices of bread; cheering intimations that the staff of life is 'down again,' and that the best 'muffin flour' is exceedingly cheap. The factory, now so quiet, has given the people good wages, and food is at a low price, so that the customers of the bakers are very numerous. There are butchers' shops open in front, with the gas flaring and smoking with every current of air; the pieces of meat ticketed with the price per pound; and a stout rubicund butcher in apron and steel, with his hands in his pockets, promenading outside, and shouting at the utmost pitch of his voice, 'Now, ladies, make your markets—make your markets!' And the ladies are making their markets. You see the husband and wife, both of them very young, and neither looking very healthy, engaged in making purchases. The husband carries a baby, carefully wrapped up, and sound asleep, while the wife has a basket and the key of the house-door. They perhaps rent a little house in some of the cheaper streets; they do not keep a servant; the wife cannot go to market till she receives her husband's wages; and then, as the baby cannot be left at home, all three go out together. Such groups as these you will meet by hundreds in Manchester on Saturday, even so late as eleven o'clock at night. But injurious as such a life cannot fail to be to the health of the child, it is trifling in comparison with what those children suffer whose mothers work in factories, and who have to leave their offspring at home during the day in very inefficient charge. The freedom to wander about the streets and lose themselves which the children of Manchester possess is something quite unparalleled. In the year 1848, for example, 4715 children were reported to the police as having been lost. They were all found again, the police being instrumental in restoring 1681. In Liverpool, on the other hand, out of a population nearly as large, but not engaged in factory labour, the number of children found wandering in the streets by the police, and restored to their parents, was only 360.

But this crowded street is not occupied exclusively by people buying and selling. There are numbers of young men and women, in good strong working clothes, and often wearing wooden clogs, on whom the cares of Saturday night seem to sit very easily. They linger about the shop-windows, gazing at caps and bonnets, and fashionable top-coats, and rich variegated vests, and gaudy dresses. All these articles are usually ticketed with the price 'in plain figures.' But of such prices it is 'distance that lends enchantment to the view;' for it is no unusual thing for the eye to be attracted with a nice showy article, ticketed two shillings in dashing figures, while, on a close inspection, elevenpence is noticed marked in pencil, forming a considerable addition to the price; or a ticket will be seen at a distance that looks like tenpence, but on a closer view a thin stroke is seen, that raises the price to a shilling. The appearance of these young people, so indifferent and gay, contrasts strikingly with that of others not many years their seniors, but who have already started on their own account in life, and have a house of their own, from whose door the wolf must be kept.

But while within the shops all the buying and selling go on without much noise, there is a ceaseless clamour arising from the venders of various things in the streets. The cry is not as it used to be in the great streets of London, 'What d'ye lack?' but each itinerant dealer lustily shouts out the price and quality of his particular commodity. The most extensive out-of-door trade is that carried on in oranges. In a leading thoroughfare in Manchester, one Saturday evening, I counted twenty-two sellers of oranges on one side of the street alone.

Sometimes they have little stands stuck up in a corner, lighted by a paper lantern, the proprietrix busy in knitting stockings or some similar employment; but in general the oranges are kept in a portable basket, and the dealers move up and down alongside the parapet, vociferously shouting 'Four a penny, oranges—four a penny!' The consumption of this fruit in Manchester must be enormous. Go where you please, you are assailed with invitations to buy; and whether you attend the theatre or the circus, travel in the omnibus or the railway carriage, you will find the public eating oranges. Again, you find dealers in old umbrellas perambulating the street, offering their goods at very cheap rates. If the night is rainy, their stock is usually soon sold off; but if the weather is fine, their occupation is gone. Then there are poor women offering night-caps and dress-caps for sale. Perhaps they have been engaged all the week in making them, and now come out on Saturday night to look for customers among the moving crowd of the streets. There are flying stationers offering letter-paper, envelopes, and wax at excessively low prices; others selling almanacs or illustrated pamphlets. Here and there is a wheel-of-fortune, with boys twirling it for nuts. But amid all this noise of honest, and sometimes dishonest traffic, there is a class of people in the streets whose great claim on your pockets springs out of their silence. On an ordinary evening you see exceedingly few street beggars in Manchester; but on Saturday they appear in full force. Nothing is more puzzling than to know the real character of these claimants on your charity. For example, I noticed on two or three successive evenings an exhibition of distress which might have arrested the greatest opponent of street alms-giving. In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of Manchester, a woman, poorly but neatly clad in widow's weeds, was seated in a chair placed near the parapet. She had two young children, evidently twins, in her arms, and four others were ranged beside her. Not one of the family spoke a word, but looked patiently with a quiet, forcible appeal, to the passers-by. Two or three gin-palaces were near, and of course a crowd of half-intoxicated people was collected round, whose noisy manners and coarse language contrasted very strikingly with the 'respectable poverty' of this poor woman. It was a puzzling case. You could scarcely find it in your heart to pass without giving something; and yet there was a lurking air of deception about the whole group that was very unsatisfactory. Similar cases are exceedingly common in Manchester; but it is only on Saturday night that they are seen.

There are a number of public market-places in Manchester, the largest of which is Smithfield. This is an open space, where booths and stands have been placed so as to make regular lanes. The appearance of this market is very like that of a country fair. All kinds of exhibitions are here open: wild beasts, wax-work, jugglers, &c. &c. Each has its band of music, and before each a large crowd of idle people is collected. There are long lanes where old clothes are sold; others where crockery in any quantity may be purchased; others where fresh and salt meat, and various kinds of nondescript animal food, can be bought. The crowd here is not so great as might be expected. Indeed it will be found that the greater part of the buying and selling in Manchester goes on in the shops—the markets not being either on the same scale as regards size, or having the same conveniences as in Liverpool. Passing out of Smithfield, you come into Shude-Hill, another busy thoroughfare. Part of the street is lined with stalls, principally occupied by venders of old books. Here also are machines by which your height and weight can be accurately ascertained, and marked for you on a card, 'for the small charge of one penny;' here is an artist who draws likenesses in an amazingly short time for a few pence; and, most attractive exhibition of all to young ignorant people, here is 'the magic looking-glass, in which a young man can see his future wife, and a young woman her future husband.' All these

weighers and measurers, likeness-painters and prophets, have plenty of customers.

You pass from this district into the old churchyard, so lonely, quiet, and still; the great square tower, blackened by the smoke of every factory chimney that has ever been reared in Manchester, looking down like a speechless giant on the noise and bustle that abound in this great city. Cross the churchyard, descend a flight of steps, pass another market, and you are in Deans-Gate, one of the oldest streets in Manchester. Deans-Gate closely resembles the High Street of Edinburgh or the Trongate of Glasgow. It is not so wide, nor are the houses so high, but it is proportionably as densely populated, and as full of life. Here, on one Saturday night, I counted a hundred and fifty-five persons who passed me in three minutes, and the stream flows on every Saturday night as densely. Here you do not see so much of the factory population as in other districts, but here you see the greatest amount of drunkenness and profligacy. It is most melancholy to witness the crowds of young and old of both sexes hovering about spirit vaults, gin palaces, &c.; and when the door is opened, a glimpse is obtained of still greater crowds in the interior. Teetotalism has made much progress, town missionaries have laboured hard, many new schools have been built, but it would appear as if all these influences are utterly incapable of reaching a large class of the population—a class which very often have no honest means of obtaining a livelihood—which overflows into such great thoroughfares as Deans-Gate in Manchester on Saturday nights—which is kept not only in restraint, but to a great extent out of sight, by the police—and which, if any lawless outbreak took place, would suddenly appear, to the terror and astonishment of respectable people, who have no idea that they are living in the same town with such human beings.

Let me now show the reader some of the Saturday evening amusements of the people of Manchester. These are in a great measure of a musical kind. Here is a large placard on a dead wall headed 'Saturday Evening Concerts,' and announcing that a 'ballad entertainment of serious and humorous songs' will be given at the Mechanics' Institution, to which members will be admitted for threepence, and others for sixpence. The bill of fare is very attractive, and altogether the entertainment seems of a high order, and the charge sufficiently low to admit the working-classes. The Institution is in a central part of the town, the lecture-room is commodious and comfortable, and it contains a fine organ. But the audience is very small; the room, which can accommodate upwards of a thousand, is scarcely half-filled, and you look in vain for traces of 'mechanics' among the well-dressed people there assembled. The experiment of Saturday evening concerts has unfortunately not been attended with the same success in Manchester as in Liverpool; for it appears by the report of the directors of the Manchester Institution that in one year a loss of nearly two hundred pounds was sustained by these concerts alone. It is very evident that the working-classes are seeking their Saturday's amusement elsewhere.

Leaving the Mechanics' Institution, therefore, you walk a short distance, and reach a building called 'The Casino,' which, according to the public announcement, is 'a temple of poetry and song,' and to which the admission is 'free.' The building is in a highly-respectable neighbourhood. Within a stone's-throw almost there are four churches and chapels; the Museum of the Natural History Society, one of the best in the provinces; the world-famous Free-Trade Hall; the Theatre-Royal; and the Circus; and on the same side of the same street, at the distance of a few paces, is the Concert Hall, in which musical entertainments are given, attended by the *élite* of Manchester; so that in the same street the highest and the lowest classes have their tastes for music amply gratified. At the entrance to the Casino a number of young people are hovering about,

looking wistfully from time to time into the interior as the door occasionally opens; a policeman is there to keep order, and a printed notice gives all people to understand that they 'cannot be admitted without checks.' These checks are sold at twopence and threepence each, according as the visitor wishes to take his place in the body or gallery of the room. This payment naturally leads to the remark that the admission is *not* free, which again brings out the explanation that the money is returned in 'refreshments of a superior quality,' the said refreshments consisting, as the visitor afterwards finds, of 'apples, oranges, cakes, and ginger-beer; ale, porter, and cigars!' The room is a long rectangle, with a tolerably numerous instrumental band; a stage and scenery at one end, a narrow gallery running round three sides of the building, and two 'private boxes' near the stage. The walls of the gallery and the beams of the roof are decorated in theatrical style; there is a bar above and below, where refreshments are given in exchange for checks or money; the benches are supplied with ledges for holding bottles, glasses, &c.; in the gallery, space is left for promenading between the front rails and a number of boxes, similar to those in coffee-houses, ranged along the wall. The whole is brilliantly lighted with gas, and attached to the gas lustres are pendent pipes similar to those used in chemists' shops for the convenience of sealing packets and phials, but which in the Casino are used for lighting pipes and cigars. Altogether, the room may accommodate about fifteen hundred or two thousand people, and on the Saturday evening I visited it there could not be fewer than one thousand present. The greater number of them were young people, many mere boys and girls. A considerable proportion were females, some of whom, with a glass of porter before them, were nursing infants at the breast. They did not all apparently belong to the working-class; for there were many young men in the gallery dressed as clerks or shopmen, from whose cheeks Manchester air and Casinos had not yet extracted the fresh bloom of the country. Very few among the audience had their hats off; they were all engaged in eating, drinking, smoking, or talking. Ginger-beer seemed to be a favourite beverage, and occasionally the noise of the audience, or the music of the band, would be varied by the reports caused by uncorking unusually brisk bottles of this liquor, while the shouts of the waiters, as they passed to and fro with baskets full of 'refreshments,' added to the general confusion. The tobacco-smoke rising from the body of the room, the air vitiated by so much breathing and by the numerous gas-lights, the want of, or rather the impossibility of having, a thorough system of ventilation, rendered the atmosphere of the gallery excessively disagreeable and unwholesome; but the audience seemed to enjoy it—they were all very merry. Occasionally some person would give annoyance, and require the interference of a waiter or policeman; but there appeared to be little disorderly conduct, nor did any one appear to be drunk. No spirits or wines were sold, and the ale and porter consumed appeared to put the people in good-humour, rather than otherwise. All this time the band has been playing some inspiring tunes, which, amid the general noise, you cannot recognise. But a bell rings, and the noise is somewhat hushed: all eyes are turned to the stage; a singer appears, in proper costume, and sings some popular ballad of the day; she retires, but immediately reappears, and sings another; after which the noise and instrumental music are renewed, and then a male singer appears and goes through the same course. Occasionally there are dialogues, a little acting, tumbling, juggling, and dancing. But altogether there is little in the songs or music that can be objected to; occasionally there is a *double entendre*, which provokes hisses as well as laughter.

This Casino is one of the largest establishments of the kind in Manchester, and a description of it will serve as a description of all. Some of course are on a much

smaller scale, and have perhaps only a piano or an organ. Some aim at giving short theatrical entertainments; occasionally the exhibition of what are called *poses plastiques* may be seen at some. In many the walls are decorated with really good oil paintings; the greater part are open all the six evenings of the week, and more than one-third are open on Sunday, when it is professed that only 'sacred music' is allowed to be played—the chamber-organs with which many are supplied being then brought into requisition. Some idea of the number of these establishments may be obtained from the fact, that in Manchester alone (exclusive of Salford) there are 475 public, and 1143 beer-houses; 49 of the former, and 41 of the latter having musical entertainments; and 26 of the former, and 10 of the latter, having music on Sundays. The money spent in these places is very great, and perhaps it cannot be estimated at much under, if it does not exceed, £1000 per week, and about one-third of this sum is spent on Saturday evening.

This picture of Saturday evening amusement in Manchester is very saddening. The music at the Mechanics' Institution is unquestionably of a higher kind, and better calculated to elevate and refine the taste, than the music at the Casinos; but the latter have what in the former is quite inadmissible—freedom from the usual restraint of a public assembly, and indulgence in smoking and drinking; and the audiences at each leave no doubt of the nature of the tastes of a vast mass of the population. And yet there is some comfort in the reflection that such amusements are much better than those which were sought after a quarter of a century ago. For about a year past, concerts of a high order have been given at a cheap rate in the Free-Trade Hall on Monday evenings, and have proved very successful. The attendance on many occasions has been about 5000. The audiences are composed almost entirely of people who, if they were not there, would not be at the Casino. The people whom you meet on a Saturday night making their purchases have neither time nor inclination then to listen to music; but on Monday evening they have, and on Monday evening they attend. Thus the classes of people attending the two places are quite distinct, and, as a 'counter attraction,' the effects are scarcely perceptible.

About eleven o'clock all the music-saloons are closed; the audiences are moving homewards, some of them lingering to buy cheap periodicals; people begin to think of shutting their shops and counting their money; here and there a drunk person is seen reeling home; the itinerant hawkers have left the streets; the cabmen drive their jaded horses homeward; light after light is put out; and when Sunday morning comes, all Manchester, with its gigantic machinery, its treasures of manufactured and unmanufactured goods, and its hundreds of thousands of human beings, is wrapped in profound silence, broken occasionally by the wild shriek of a locomotive, and the thundering noise of the luggage-train by which it is followed, or the sharp ringing of iron on the pavement, as a policeman signals to his neighbour.

LADY ANN'S INVITATION.

We were already so numerous and happy a family, of all ages and sizes, in our old house, which seemed as if it would have tottered but for the substantial support of numerous ivy-covered buttresses, that when we had an addition to our circle in the person of Cousin Beatrice, certain misgivings were experienced by some of us lest the new-comer might not amalgamate in her habits or disposition with the inmates. Beatrice was an orphan, and had become our father's ward; she inherited a good fortune, and was a young, beautiful, and high-spirited girl—so high-spirited, that our unworldly and meek-tempered father was not fitted to curb or restrain the somewhat too exuberant outbreaks of a thoughtless but

not ungenerous nature. In short, the only individual who had any authority over our volatile cousin, which, however, he never appeared to exercise, except by gentle persuasiveness, though retaining an influential sway over most of her actions—this individual was our eldest half-brother, Colonel Lindores—who, after several years' sojourn in the East, had returned to end his days in his native land, and was now paying a lengthened visit to his family—consisting of our father, and brothers, and sisters in plenty, not omitting to mention Miss Sowerby, an ancient cousin, thrice removed, who had taken up her rest with us. Miss Sowerby had been a governess all her life; and now, in her old age, she would have been thrown on the world, destitute and helpless, had not our benevolent parent extended the hand of welcome and protection. She was a quaint specimen of the *prim gouvernante* of a former age—full of obsolete mannerisms and harmless pedantries—and exacting from all young people the most unbounded deference and respect. *What* she had taught her pupils we never could discover, with the exception of embroidery in all its stages, from the sampler to the gorgeously-finished tapestry. From the tenor of her conversation, it seemed as if Miss Sowerby had lived on the most intimate terms with aristocratic personages of note, so full was she of anecdotes concerning great folks and their secret histories.

We, who knew her weak point, humoured her in this particular, for she was the kindest and most simple creature in the world, and painfully sensitive to slights or ridicule. She had numbered amongst her former pupils the younger daughters of the Earl of —, one of whom had married a Mr Tyrconnel, and afterwards became celebrated for talents and charms of no common order. This was the pet theme of Miss Sowerby's life: everything turned on what Lady Ann Tyrconnel had said or done when she was a child; and although twenty years had elapsed since this child became a woman and a wife, still, poor Miss Sowerby felt persuaded that *her* memory must be gratefully treasured by the high-born lady, notwithstanding the fact, that during that long interval of time Lady Ann had never recognised the existence of her governess. Now, however, it was rumoured that the Tyrconnels were coming to the Priory, which they had not visited since their marriage. This seat was not more than twelve miles distant from our home—and in the country that is nothing; so, as Miss Sowerby said, while her whole frame shook and fluttered with excitement, 'Now that dear Lady Ann would be a next-door neighbour, she had no doubt of an early summons to the Priory.'

It was 'Lady Ann' henceforth from morning to night, and, truth to tell, we were all weary of her name; but we had learned to bear with Miss Sowerby's foibles—partly from affection, partly from pity—so we only smiled, and said nothing. Not so our Cousin Beatrice; she delighted to tease and banter the prim old dame, who in return disliked her as much as a truly kind nature could dislike any one—propheying that Miss Beatrice Delville would come to no good if she did not amend her evil ways: in *her* (Miss Sowerby's) day, young ladies did not ride about the country on wild horses, had not always a bloodhound at their heels, and did not talk and laugh so unrestrainedly as Miss Beatrice did!

'What! no invitation come yet from Lady Ann?' the torment would exclaim in return for all this tirade. 'Well, I declare, Miss Sowerby, if I were you, when it *does* come I would not condescend to accept it!'

Lindores looked annoyed and serious when these taunts and bickerings were repeatedly occurring; but the game was too pleasant and ready to her hand for the thoughtless Beatrice to be easily daunted, even by Lindores's grave reproofs. She and Miss Sowerby waged open war against each other—Beatrice not considering the unequal odds of age, poverty, and weakness, against youth, prosperity, and light-heartedness.

Accounts reached us from time to time of the 'gay doings' going forward at the Priory, coupled with re-

ports of Lady Ann's exclusive hauteur, the loveliness of her children, and the titles of her guests. Miss Sowerby devoured all this, appropriated it to herself, and still lived on hope—hope thin as air certainly—that the invitation yet must arrive, which set her heart throbbing when she contemplated it even at a distance. But, alas! no invitation came for the poor cidevant governess; and at length her slumbering pride was aroused, and the painful conviction forced on her mind, that she was indeed utterly forgotten. Lady Ann had been informed of her whereabouts; but Lady Ann had evidently ceased to remember her childhood's friend! So that when the saucy Beatrice came home one day from a long ride with Lindores, and expatiated rapturously on the 'little divinities' they had encountered—meaning the young Tyconnels on their Shetland ponies—exclaiming immediately, 'It is too bad, Miss Sowerby, really it is, to treat you so: when the invitation to the Priory *does* come, if I were you I'd send a cold decline!'

And to our amazement Miss Sowerby answered mildly, but firmly, 'It is my intention, Miss Beatrice Delville, to decline it, should I be favoured with a summons to visit Lady Ann in the form of a note of invitation.'

'Well, I'm truly glad to hear you say so, Miss Sowerby,' cried Beatrice laughing; 'for I think Lady Ann has used you shamefully, and you ought to retort, and show your spirit.'

More than once a conversation similar to this took place between the pair of opposites—our two cousins; Miss Sowerby vehemently adhering to her avowal of refusing were she asked, and Beatrice frequently taunting her with insinuations that the grapes were sour, and that if they hung within reach even now they would be eagerly snapped at. In dignified silence at last poor Miss Sowerby bore her tormentor's unmerciful bantering; then Lindores took up the cudgels in defence of the weak, and declared that he heartily wished a summons might come from Lady Ann, even at the eleventh hour, were it only to enable Miss Sowerby thereby to prove that Miss Delville was in error for holding expressed determination so lightly.

'And do you really believe her, Lindores, when she says she *wouldn't* go if she *could*?' exclaimed the merry young lady; 'that is too good a joke really! and I'll wager my darling Nep against your peerless Arabian, that if a letter comes from Lady Ann asking Miss Sowerby to visit her, *she'll* go.'

'I accept your wager, Beatrice, though I usually disapprove of ladies taking bets,' answered Lindores smiling, and desirous of ending the discussion, when our eldest cousin said, her eyes filling with tears, 'You may safely accept Miss Delville's challenge, Lindores, my dear, for Lady Ann has quite forgot her governess, that is clear: I have become resigned to the belief, though it is mortifying, considering past attachment.'

And while the amiable Lindores tried to soothe the worthy old creature's wounded vanity, he held out no false hopes, but attributed the apparent neglect to Lady Ann's numerous engagements and preoccupations; so she listened, and was comforted.

Great was our astonishment, in about a week subsequent to this little episode of 'the bet,' when a letter, bearing the mark of the nearest post-town, and addressed to Miss Sowerby, threw her into a state of absolute bewilderment, and finally into an ecstasy of joy. It was a formally and coldly-worded invitation from Lady Ann to stay at the Priory for two days, the time specified being a fortnight distant, and no answer required. The note commenced with 'Lady Ann Tyconnel's remembrances to Miss Sowerby,' and the handwriting was so careless as to be almost illegible; but our poor cousin pronounced it perfect in all respects! The formality was high-breeding, the coolness high respect for her! and so she laid the flattering unction to her soul; past neglect vanished away from her forgiving elated mind, and she shed tears abundantly over the scroll, kissing it repeatedly, and hiding it in her bosom.

'Alas for my peerless Arab steed!' said Lindores to Miss Beatrice Delville, with a half-puzzled, half-sorrowful look.

'What *do* you mean, Lindores?' exclaimed Beatrice, her colour heightened, her voice betraying agitation and surprise.

'Only,' he replied, 'that Cousin Sowerby has commenced preparations on a great scale for her momentous visit to the Priory, and carries her head an inch higher, poor soul!'

'You must be joking now, Lindores,' exclaimed Beatrice: 'you do not actually mean to say that she has accepted the invitation?'

'Indeed I do, Beatrice,' he answered. 'But what a strange girl you are; how astonished you look! Why, you bet me that she *would* if she *could*; and now, wherefore all this extreme amazement?'

'Because I only did it to tease her, Lindores; and I didn't believe she would go; and I don't want your Arabian. And oh, Lindores, Lindores, stop her: she must *not* go to Lady Ann Tyconnel's—indeed she must not! What shall I do?'

'Be kind to Selim, and don't over-ride him, Beatrice: you have fairly won him,' said Colonel Lindores, looking nevertheless a good deal surprised at his cousin's extraordinary manner.

'No, no, I have not *fairly* won him,' she exclaimed in a still more agitated tone. Then she abruptly stopped on encountering Lindores's earnest and serious gaze. A sudden thought appeared to strike her: she started, putting her hand to her brow, was lost in reverie for a few moments, and then looking up with a bright smile, she cried, 'When Selim is mine, I promise you faithfully, Lindores, to love him dearly, and care for him as you do.' So saying, she darted out of the room, leaving Colonel Lindores much perplexed at such vagaries even from her, privileged person as she was.

It was indeed as Lindores had said, and Miss Sowerby's preparations were on a great scale for her small means. A new dress and a cap were ordered from T—, and furnishing old things and remodelling was going forward from morning till night in Miss Sowerby's own room. Her heart was so completely in this great event of her passive life, that I became convinced any disappointment would go hard with her.

One week had elapsed since the summons arrived, and a continuous heavy fall of snow almost threatened to block up the roads, which were very wild and rough between our house and the Priory. Miss Sowerby kept watch anxiously; and my father having promised her the use of our seldom-used, lumbering family-coach for the coming event, she became consoled, more particularly as Lindores offered to be her escort, and to deposit her safely at the gates. All that night the snow continued to descend; and alarming accounts reached us of wayfarers missing, to say nothing of the perishing cattle on the hills; therefore our consternation may be imagined when, at a late hour, as the shadows of evening were gathering over the gloomy landscape, we were informed, on seeking Beatrice in her apartment, whither she often retired for hours, that she had been seen to quit our valley at an early hour of the day mounted on her mettlesome pony, and attended only by Neptune; nor had she yet returned. She had been seen by some labourers speeding past Donniwell Church, a lonely edifice on the edge of a moor, and in the direct route to the Priory. This was hours ago. And now the house was in confusion, for every one loved Beatrice, despite her naughty, teasing ways; for hers was the open heart and liberal hand, and the tongue was the unruly member which led Beatrice into all her scrapes. As to the grave, stately, and somewhat indolent Lindores, he exhibited symptoms of so contrary a nature to his usual wont, that Miss Sowerby, who shared to the full in our alarm and anxiety, innocently exclaimed, 'Well-a-day! Lindores, my dear, it's very good of you to be so brisk

about the safety of one you don't overmuch love.' But Lindores heard her not: he was off in search of the truant, alone over the dreary hills and moors, desiring proper persons to follow on his track with lanterns and requisite assistance. Lindores knew the danger far better than we did of being lost on the trackless wastes, and his countenance betrayed horror when he heard of his young cousin's escapade. The only words he uttered were, 'Towards the Priory, you say? Ah, I see—I understand it all!'

Lindores had not proceeded far when he met Neptune returning home in haste. With caresses of unbounded joy he recognised the colonel; and turning back, as he looked up in his face with a piteous whine, the faithful animal kept the unerring direction towards Donniwell Church; and there, in the deserted porch, nearly stiffened with cold, pain, and terror, was Beatrice Delville. Her pony had slipped, rolled down a bank with her, and broken both its own legs. She fortunately escaped without broken bones, but so sorely bruised, that after in vain trying to make her way amid the snow-drifts, she gave it up, and 'came back here to die, Lindores,' she faintly murmured, as he wrapped her in his vestments, and tenderly supported her frail and trembling form.

'Thank Heaven I have done what I had to do!' she continued in a scarcely audible whisper; 'and I am deeply thankful this accident befell me on my return'—

'From whence, Beatrice?'

'Don't ask me now, Lindores. All I grieve for is the misery I have caused you all. I deserve my punishment were it ten times worse.'

'It is bad enough,' said Lindores softly, as he gazed upon her pale cheek, and a deep cut on her fair forehead, from which the blood was oozing frightfully. 'No need for explanation, Beatrice; I guess your secret.'

There was no response. The head fell listlessly on his shoulder; and the domestics coming up, Miss Delville was speedily conveyed home, where it was many weeks ere she came forth from a sick-chamber. Long she hovered betwixt life and death, owing to internal injuries received in her fall. But a fine constitution triumphed, and she joined the family circle when the tender buds and green foliage made glad the face of nature, heralding the approach of spring.

During her slow and tedious convalescence, Beatrice found more pleasure in listening to Miss Sowerby's oft-repeated accounts of her visit to the Priory than any other theme of conversation afforded. The two days had been extended to a fortnight. Nor had Lady Ann's kindness ceased here; for ever since Miss Delville's accident and consequent illness, Miss Sowerby had received sumptuous presents of fruit and flowers from the great lady, which she with pride and pleasure immediately set forth in the chamber of the invalid. And when Beatrice attempted remonstrances, not wishing to be the only one benefited by such lavish generosity, Miss Sowerby would hint, with a mysterious nod of her head, that Lady Ann knew the destination of her gifts, and wished it to be so. 'For,' said the good creature, 'my dear lady knows that she can afford me no pleasure in life like that of ministering to the sick.' Nor did she ever suspect that Lady Ann Tyrconnel felt a deeper interest in the sufferer than that which arose from Beatrice being a member of the family with whom she (Miss Sowerby) sojourned. Unweariedly did the latter expatiate on the affability and goodness of her beloved Lady Ann, and on the talents and beauty of the wonderful sons and daughters of the Tyrconnels. There never were such children as those children in the world; they rivalled their mamma, to whom she once had imparted infant knowledge. Unweariedly did Beatrice listen to the old lady's raptures. They were the best friends possible now. And how had all this been brought about? Beatrice was ill—altered both in character and person; for the long dark hours in a sick-room had given her

leisure to 'commune with her own heart;' and the nearly fatal accident, when she crept into Donniwell porch for shelter, had left a scar for life.

This scar detracted from her beauty considerably in the eyes of strangers; but Lindores seemed to look upon it with peculiar affection, as, gentle, subdued, and thoughtful, he lifted Cousin Beatrice, for the first time since her recovery, on the docile Arab steed, whispering as he did so—'Fairly won, dear Beatrice, and your own for ever!' There was more in those words than met the ear, to judge from the blushes and confusion exhibited by her to whom they were addressed.

'Ah, Lindores,' exclaimed Beatrice when their marriage-day was fixed, 'you guessed my secret marvelously.'

'Which secret, dear Beatrice?' responded her lover, archly smiling.

Turning away with prettily-assumed displeasure, she replied, 'You know what I mean, sir, vastly well—my secret expedition to the Priory in that horrible snow-storm, when I cast myself on Lady Ann's mercy, and confessed the cruel trick I had played off on Miss Sowerby, by sending her a false invitation in a forged name. Yes, Lindores, I call it *forgery*; and I was indeed humbled to the dust before the proud, stately lady of Tyrconnel. But she was pitying and gracious when she heard my confession, and gladly promised to receive her poor *ci-devant* governess, whose oddities and simplicity she remembered. Thus the result has been beneficial to Miss Sowerby, and I only hope, Lindores, that she may never know the means by which she was brought to Lady Ann's remembrance in reality; and this because I would save her from mortification, and not screen my own guilt.'

'I am sure of that, my Beatrice,' replied Lindores; 'your sufferings have more than expiated your offence.'

'Ah, I wish I could think so,' said the weeping girl; 'but at anyrate I have learned an invaluable lesson, never to play off such dangerous jokes again, and to warn others from doing so. Had Lady Ann been unfeeling or obdurate, what would have become of poor Miss Sowerby? I don't think she would have survived the cruel disappointment after all her grand preparations and harmless boasting.'

'I think, Beatrice,' said Colonel Lindores gravely, 'yours would have been the most painful part of the business in undeceiving our poor old cousin, whose dependence on us is her best protection. We have indeed much cause to be grateful to Lady Ann Tyrconnel, whose ready sympathy relieved you from a load of care.'

'It has made Miss Sowerby so happy too,' hesitatingly murmured Beatrice; 'and you must suffer this ugly scar to remind you of that, while it pleads for me, Lindores.'

'Ah, Beatrice,' he replied, 'say no more: you have fairly won both the Arab steed and his master.'

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

SECOND VISIT TO COPENHAGEN—THE MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES.

HAVING re-established myself in the Hôtel Royale, I now spent three additional days in Copenhagen, with even greater pleasure than what I had experienced on my former visit—a circumstance mainly to be attributed to my good fortune in meeting two or three of the most eminent men of science and letters belonging to the Danish capital.

I had expected an opportunity of conversing with Professor Forchhammer on some of those superficial features of Scandinavia which he has illustrated, and which I had partly reviewed in the course of my tour; but this learned geologist had gone to attend the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham. With Professor Eschricht I was more fortunate. He is one of the most eminent naturalists of his age. I found him a

man of slight but active figure, with a broad form of head—in phrenological terms, large in the regions of Constructiveness and Secretiveness. Well acquainted with Edinburgh, which he has twice visited, he received me with the greatest frankness, and soon introduced me to the subject which is at present chiefly occupying his mind—namely, the *Cetacea*, or whale family of animals, on which he is now printing a large and laborious work, to be illustrated by numerous plates. This is well known to be an obscure and ill-arranged department of animated nature, very much in consequence of the difficulty of studying it. Mr Eschricht gave me an account of some of his plans for overcoming this difficulty. He had during several years been indefatigable in applying at the whale-fishing stations of Norway and Greenland for specimens of the principal parts of this tribe of animals, as the brain, the viscera, and the skeleton. The fleshy parts were usually sent to him enclosed in barrels of spirits. To help out his own unaided resources in defraying the large expense thus incurred, he had been obliged to make a sort of traffic in supplying extra specimens to museums for a small remuneration. Meanwhile all the substantial return he is to obtain for his own labour upon the subject consists of twenty copies of the book in which it is to be treated. Such is authorship apt to be where anything beyond the amusement of the public for the passing hour is concerned.

Professor Eschricht not only showed me the drawings designed for his work, but took me to the anatomical museum in the university, where he has assembled a vast number of the actual objects. Whale skeletons being somewhat bulky, I found it no easy matter to make my way through the place; but I saw and heard enough to give me a lively expectation of the benefit which the subject must derive from the learned professor's labours. Much error arising from superficial observation will be corrected by Mr Eschricht, particularly that class of errors which arises from taking up the same animal at different times of life, and thus making a plurality of species out of one. He has examined some species of whales in all stages of their existence, even those prior to birth. A portrait of a fetal *misticetus*, drawn of the natural size, is small enough to go into a page of the book, which is a dwarf folio. He is to give accurate drawings of the brain of this species. The brain of the whale tribes is remarkable for its numerous convolutions or puckerings, a feature in which it resembles the human brain; and its small size, in comparison with the entire bulk of the full-grown animal, is not less striking. Professor Eschricht remarked to me that the human brain is so ingenious, that in some physiological questions it can bring forward powerful proofs on either side; in short, prove, or at least establish anything. For instance, one wishing to show how low the whales are in the scale of being, will soon make it clear that this viscous, which is small enough to go into a glass cylinder of no great capacity, is only the *ten-thousandth* part of the weight of the whole animal. Another, who loves the opposite view of the case, has only to take the brain of an unborn whale, and show how it is about *one-thirtieth* part of the young animal, being about the same proportion as in man.

Professor Eschricht remarked how various were the kinds of animals included under the name of *Cetacea*. The orca, he observed, is as rapacious as a tiger, while other cetes are comparatively gentle. Such great differences are not to be found in other groups of animals ranked co-ordinately with the *Cetacea*; a hint, may it not be suspected, that we err in grouping so many families of the mammalia, merely on account of those common external characters which fit them for living in the sea? Mr Eschricht spoke of the hitherto very obscure genus called by Cuvier the *Hyperoodon*, from having an imperfect kind of teeth, sometimes in one jaw, and sometimes in the other. It is now found that they live exclusively upon cuttle-fishes and other animals of the same kind, digesting every part of their prey excepting only

the hard parts; namely, the horny beak and the lens of the eye. Enormous quantities of these beaks are found in the stomach of the hyperoodon, and, what is very strange, and not easily accounted for, as many as six or eight will be found inserted into each other, like the conical paper bags used by a grocer to wrap up small parcels of tea and sugar. The learned professor showed me many such groups of beaks, taken by himself from the stomach of the hyperoodon.

On my former visit to Copenhagen I had been more than once in the Museum of Northern Antiquities, but without having time to satisfy my curiosity regarding it. I now looked over it again, and, as on the former occasion, with the benefit of explanations from my kind friend Councillor Thomsen, to whom, I believe, Denmark is mainly indebted for the historical distinction conferred upon it by this extraordinary collection. The public is partly aware of the great and most interesting addition to the history of the earth which geology has of late years effected, extending from an apparently primitive, if not chaotic state of the planet, down to the time when all the tribes excepting man had been created. In our country, however, it is as yet scarcely known to even the learned that during the same time—namely, the last forty years—the antiquaries of Denmark and Sweden have, by analogous means, been piecing on to the geological record a chronicle of the first dark ages of the human race. Written history, as is well known, carries us back but a little way, for men lived long before they learned to write history even in the form of hieroglyphical inscriptions. Tradition comes forward with a supplement to the imperfect tale; but philosophy detects in her an unlucky tendency to convert *what might be* into *what was*, and sends back the nine-tenths of her heroes as mere *myths*. In this state of things, the hitherto despised antiquary has entered upon the field, and, like the geologist, dug a history out of the bowels of the earth. This history is written in the museum which I am now to describe.

In the huge palace called Christiansborg, one long suite of rooms—extending, I think, in all to thirteen—is devoted to the collection in question. You enter one of no great size, and find it surrounded by glazed cases, containing as many arrow and spear-heads of flint, stone axes and hatchets, as might furnish a savage army, all arranged in the most exact order according to their special peculiarities. You are here in the midst of the remains of the earliest inhabitants of Scandinavia. It is one of the rooms representing the period when man, as yet unacquainted with metal, was forced to make such weapons and utensils as he needed out of the readiest hard material which nature supplied. Such objects, especially the flint arrow-heads, are so often seen in our own museums, that a description of them is unnecessary. I may only remind the reader of the wonderful neatness to which they are usually found to have attained by a mere process of chipping, this chipping having necessarily been effected by the use of other implements of the same material. We see in the flint-headed arrows of the South Sea islanders of the present day an exact reflex of these weapons, as used by the Scandinavians of the Stone Age. The hatchets and axes are usually ponderous wedge-formed stones, or masses of flint, which have in like manner been fastened upon wooden shafts, probably by means of strips of skin or the fibres of plants, or else inserted or set in wooden clubs. Examples of such weapons still used in New Zealand are hung up in this chamber, the most intelligible of all possible illustrations. There are also flints fashioned like chisels and gouges, and thought to have been used in the rude carpentry of that early age; the latter, for example, being obviously applicable to the hollowing out of the trunks of trees into those rude boats and cobbles of which examples are occasionally found. Besides these, we have flint knives of a peculiar form, flint hooks for fishing, and stones which had been used as plummetts in sinking nets.

These objects have all been raised from the earth,

many of them from the graves of those who used them. They are dumb and partial memorials of the age to which they refer. Yet, as far as they go, they give even more distinct and correct ideas than we can derive from most written histories. We see in them the fact, that the first people of the north of Europe had only their natural ingenuity, the stones of the ground, and abundance of time and patience, to depend upon in furnishing themselves with things convenient to them. We infer, with equal confidence, that the people who used such articles must have had no extended knowledge, and no great social combinations. They had indulged their passions in war; they had hunted wild animals, and sought a finny prey in the sea. One physical peculiarity is abundantly clear—they were a people smaller than the present European races, for the space in the flint knives intended for grasping is too short to accommodate an ordinary-sized hand of our day. These are the great facts made known to us by the stone antiquities; but there are some minor tellings almost equally interesting. The stone axes, it must be observed, are in most instances polished: some, however, are only half-polished. We catch the work, as it were, in its process. We can see, moreover, how it has been polished, for a hollow stone has been found with the hatchet lying half done in the hollow. There are also instances where it is evident that the first sharpened face has been broken, and a new one afterwards commenced, there being a complete new chipping and a partial polishing upon a new angle departing from the general curve of the weapon. Here is economy in the use of means. We see, too, in this museum examples of war-hammers with a hole for the handle only partially drilled; but this partial drilling is seen to proceed from both sides, a process like that usually followed in the railway tunnelling of modern times. It was most interesting to attend Councillor Thomsen while he eloquently pointed out these traces of the very acts, nay, the very thoughts, of the unknown and long-buried people who once occupied his country.

While relics of the STONE AGE, as it has been appropriately called, abound in Denmark, they are rare in Norway and Sweden, particularly in the northern parts, the only district where they are plentiful being Scania, the low-lying province in the south of Sweden, and nearest to Denmark. It is hence evident that the northern parts of Norway and Sweden were not inhabited, or all but uninhabited, in that early age. Denmark, it may be observed, being covered with chalk gravel, and scattered over with northern boulders, possesses in itself all the materials required for the weapons and utensils of the period; but Sweden and Norway having no such chalk formation, we must presume that the flint articles used there were either imported ready made, or made of materials which had been imported.

Passing into other rooms, we find cases containing weapons and utensils of a different material, and representing a period following upon that of stone. These articles are formed of bronze, a metal well known to be composed of copper, with only as much tin infused as serves for giving hardness. Iron, though the most useful of all metals, is not that which mankind could have been expected first to use, for it is found in a state requiring somewhat complicated processes to bring it into a serviceable shape. Copper, on the contrary, presents itself in a state almost ready for use—in one, we may further remark, which suggests its use. Accordingly, it appears that this was the first metal used by mankind to make weapons and utensils. Such is the report of the oldest writers of Greece and Rome as to the southern countries of Europe, and the researches of the Scandinavian antiquaries come to the same effect. 'In Asia,' moreover, 'whence the greater portion, probably all the European races have emigrated, numerous implements and weapons of copper have been discovered in a particular class of graves; nay, in some of the old and long-abandoned mines in that country workmen's tools have been dis-

covered made of copper, and of very remote antiquity.*

In the rooms of the BRONZE AGE we find a vast number of those broad-fronted spear-heads, with a little eye at the side for fastening, which have in this country got the name of *Celts*, as being supposed to have been used by that people. There is even a greater quantity and variety of an implement usually called in Denmark a *pualstab*, resembling a wedge with a broad curved edge, and evidently fashioned at the other extremity for insertion in a handle, being probably used for cutting wood or stone. To this period belong the whole tribe of those short dusky swords, with small guardless handles and sharp points, which, when found in this country, are commonly called Roman swords—a gross mistake, it now appears, for here are they abundant in Scandinavia, where the Romans never were. The fact is, that our antiquaries, knowing something of the Romans as an early people, but nothing of any other, set down these weapons, without inquiry, as Roman, when in reality they belonged to the aborigines. The handles of these swords are usually wanting; but from some fragments, they seem to have been made of wood, slightly ornamented. The space for the hand is much too small for modern men, bearing out the inference derived from the flint knives, that these aborigines, instead of being giants, as tradition represents, were a slender, small people, probably such as the Hindoos of the present day. There are shields of bronze, with circular and wavy ornaments, and also long curved trumpets, having similarly ornamented plates at the further extremity, being probably designed to appear above the shoulder of the performer. Personal ornaments too, as bracelets, cinctures for the neck and brow, and buckles or fibulæ, appear in this age, all of them bearing the traces of artistic skill.

It is evident that in the Bronze Age the arts of metal-lurgy were known, for some of the moulds in which the Celts had been made have been found.† It does not, however, appear that the people of Scandinavia gradually advanced from the use of stone to the use of metal. The Danish antiquaries state that there is all at once an introduction of weapons, implements, and ornaments of bronze, and that thereafter the stone articles gradually go out. Now, as copper and tin are not found in Scandinavia, it is evident that the materials at least of the bronze articles had been imported. It is the belief of the Danish antiquaries that the Bronze Age commenced in their country with the irruption of a superior people possessing a knowledge of that composite metal, and bringing with them implements, &c. formed of it. It is nevertheless tolerably certain that the manufacture of bronze articles was conducted afterwards within the country. This fact appears from the discovery of moulds. I saw, moreover, in the museum a considerable heap of little bits of bronze which had been found in one place, as if the store or stock of some fabricator who had received or collected the raw materials of his trade in that form. There are similar articles to be found in Italy and other European countries, but those of Scandinavia have forms of ornament peculiar to themselves.

Up till the close of the Bronze Age, no trace of letters is discovered.

This age was succeeded by another in which iron is at length introduced, and a great further development of the arts takes place. We have now come abreast of the flourishing period of Roman history, and are approaching the termination of paganism in the north. Swords are made of iron, are larger, and have longer handles and guards. But the new metal seems to have been for some time comparatively scarce, for bronze hatchets are occasionally found faced with iron. The

* *Primæval Antiquities of Denmark*. By J. J. A. Worsaae. Translated by William J. Thoms. London: Parker, 1849.

† A mould for making these spear-heads has been found in Ross-shire: a fac-simile of it is placed in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries in Edinburgh.

style of the iron weapons and implements indicates a great advance in civilisation, and the abundance of the contemporary gold ornaments supports the same conclusion. These had begun in the bronze period, but only now became plentiful. The most remarkable are substantial *armlets*, sometimes composed of a spiral rod of many twirls, sometimes of a single rod terminating in two knobs. Another remarkable class are *bracteates*, or objects resembling coins, which had been hung from certain parts of the dress. We have all heard of Malachi with the collar of gold, an Irish king or chief. Such ornaments are frequently found in Scandinavia, as well as in Ireland. I saw one in the museum which had been recently dug up. It was composed of two pieces, clasping behind the neck, and doubling over each other in front. It had been ascertained that the inner or under part was of alloyed gold, as if for economy—a peculiarity understood to be more applicable to the later than to the earlier ages. Chains of silver are common in this period, and it is supposed that the links were used, or liable to be occasionally used, as pieces of money. I also saw in the museum a great heap of bits of silver in an unfashioned state, which had been found in one place, and was considered as the stock of money of some rich man of this early age. No coin was struck in Denmark till the tenth century; but it appears, from Roman coins of the first and second, and from Arabian and Persian coins, all of which are found in Denmark, that a traffic with the north, probably for furs and amber, had commenced from an early period, though not till after the close of the two first ages. Beads of amber, of glass, and of mosaic, are abundant throughout the later portion of these ages; those of the first material from the beginning.

The division of pre-historical antiquity into the three ages of Stone, Bronze, and Iron, has been effected by the northern antiquaries only through a careful and ingenious observation of facts. They have drawn much light from the ancient sepulchres of Denmark. One set of these objects are the *Cromlechs* (familiar in Scotland and Ireland, but there hitherto regarded as Druidical altars), composed of one flat stone laid over two, three, four, or more upright ones, so as to form a little enclosure. Remains of unburnt bodies, sometimes buried in a sitting or bundled-up fashion, are found under these enclosures, accompanied by stone weapons and beads of amber, but never by articles of bronze or iron. They are usually placed on a slight eminence, with a circle of stones round them, this circle being sometimes of an oblong form; and it may be remarked that the name *Cromlech*, used in Scotland and Ireland, signifies in the Gaelic language a circle of stones. Another class of ancient sepulchres, commonly called in Denmark *Jættestuer*, or Giants' Chambers, are more formal enclosures of upright stones covered over with flat ones, and usually having passages of approach, the whole being covered over by a tumulus of earth. In these the same objects are found. Some remarkable examples of this kind of sepulchre have been found in Ireland, and a few were lately discovered in Orkney. The *Cromlechs*, or, as they are called in Denmark, *Dysser*, and Giants' Chambers, were the burial-places probably of the distinguished men of the earliest people of whom we have any trace in Europe—a people unacquainted with the use of metal, and in the rudest social state. An entirely different kind of sepulchre is found in Denmark, as well as in Britain and Ireland, composed simply of a mound or tumulus, under which is usually found a small heap of stones covering a vessel of clay, in which are the remains of human bodies which have been burnt, and generally accompanied by some articles of bronze. Here we have the sepulchres of the Bronze Age. Those containing iron implements, with the accompaniment of golden ornaments, are also of the barrow or mound form, but not nearly so numerous. In them, as concerns Denmark, there is a return to a mode of burial without burning; while in Norway and Sweden the practice of cremation lasted far into the Iron Period. Thus it ap-

pears that in the north of Europe men at first buried the entire body; then, probably from some religious principle, burnt it, and covered up the ashes; finally, on this religious principle wearing out, they came back to the natural and primitive practice. Mr Thomsen remarked to me that the people of the middle ages had come to distinguish these various kinds of tombs from each other, for the barrows of the Iron Period have in a great number of instances been violated, for the purpose of extracting the valuables they contained; while it very rarely happens that a *cromlech* or giants' chamber, with its simple contents of bones and stone weapons, has been disturbed.

Perhaps the most interesting consideration connected with this train of discovery, this new revelation of history, as it may be called, is that arising from the character of the evidence. The plan of research, and the grounds of inference, have been the same as those upon which the geologists have proceeded, and the results are of a similar kind. The Danish antiquary begins by searching the bogs for the history of vegetation before man's appearance on the soil. He finds first an age of aspen, then an age of fir, then one of oak, during which the reindeer, elk, and aurochs [wild ox], roamed through the forests—afterwards came the light and beautiful beech. Each of these ages must have extended over a considerable space of time. Human remains are not found in any of the strata of moss prior to the beech, and no historical record speaks of an earlier vegetation in Denmark. The first people were spread along the coasts only. According to the comprehensive description of Mr Worsaae—* They occupied a low rank in civilisation. The use of metals was unknown to them, and hence all their implements were made of stone, of bone, or of wood. With such tools, the inhabitants could make no great progress in agriculture; on the contrary, hunting and fishing formed their chief sources of subsistence. For catching fish in rivers and in the sea they used hooks, harpoons, and lances of flint, and they possessed boats formed of stems of trees, which had been hollowed out for the purpose. When hunting, they were armed not only with bows and arrows, but also with lances and hunting-knives, the more easily to slay the large animals whose skins served them for garments. Their dwellings were formed most probably of stone, wood, or earth; for they even buried their dead with much care in *cromlechs*, which were formed of large stones smoothed in the inside. By the side of the dead were laid their hunting and fishing implements of bone and stone.*

Now all this is not applicable to Denmark only. *Cromlechs*, with similar contents, are found on the south coast of the Baltic, on the north-west and west coasts of Europe, in Britain,† and Ireland. Weapons and implements of stone are found not only in these countries (together with Norway and Sweden, where *cromlechs* are wanting), but in the south of Europe, and also in the celebrated mounds of the valley of the Mississippi. Their fashion in these countries is generally similar, and often identical. It may hence be concluded that all the countries along the coasts of Europe, including Britain and Ireland, were first occupied by a people in the same early stage of civilisation with the present rude inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. This people did not penetrate into Germany or any other part of Central Europe, probably by reason of these countries being then covered with dense forests, which there was no means of cutting down. North America also was possessed at a remote period by a people in the same stage of civilisation, but who had been able to rear earthen enclosures and mounds for de-

* Worsaae's *Primæval Antiquities of Denmark*, p. 121.

† A fine example of the *cromlech* is situated on a moor at Craigmaddie, in the parish of Baldernock, about eight miles from Glasgow. It is called the *Auld Wives' Lift*, from a vulgar idea as to its origin. A figure of it occurs in Ure's *History of Rutherglen*. For Irish examples of the *cromlech*, see Mr Wakeman's excellent Guide to the Antiquities of Ireland.

fence and for religious purposes. It is not necessarily to be supposed that it was one and the same people who spread along the European coasts, and dwelt in the Mississippi valley; for the faculties of man, with certain materials to work upon, and certain necessities and motives everywhere the same, must obviously come to nearly the same results in their first attempts at manufacture. It is at the same time very striking to observe, as we may now do through the medium of a superb book lately published in America,* how exactly similar are some of the flint knives of the Mississippi to those gathered in Denmark and Sweden.

To resume the outline of the new history furnished by Mr Worsaae:—"In the next period, or during the Age of Bronze, a greater degree of cultivation was introduced into the country, and by this means all previous relations were completely changed. The natives were now in possession of two metals, bronze (a composition of copper and tin) and gold. They possessed woven cloth and handsomely-wrought trinkets, weapons, shields, helmets, and wind-instruments, which are adorned by peculiar embellishments. Bronze tools gradually supplanted the implements of stone, which, however, continued for a long time to be used by the poorer classes; and hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which was then commencing. The forests in the interior of the country were cleared by degrees, in proportion as agriculture was extended and population increased. Inter-course with other countries was opened, partly by means of warlike expeditions, partly by commerce. . . . At this period it was customary to burn the bodies of the dead, and to deposit the bones which remained in cinerary urns, in small stone cists, or under heaps of stones in large mounds of earth. Sometimes the bodies were also interred unburnt in stone cists, which are, however, always different, both in size and form, from the cromlechs of the Stone Period." As such barrows are found over nearly the whole of Europe, we are entitled to believe that, by the Bronze Period, population had overspread the central countries.

The Iron Period brings us to the time when the north was coming into contact with the south, when civilisation had taken more rapid strides, and when Christianity was about to be introduced. As even this Iron Period is remote compared with authentic written history, it follows that the Bronze, and still more the Stone Period, falls back very far indeed into antiquity. If the question is asked, 'How far?' only a vague answer can be given. Mr Worsaae treats this subject with much acuteness, and shows reasons against believing that either the Fins or the Celts were the people who lived in Denmark in the Stone and Bronze Periods. We must go farther back still, particularly for the stone-using people, and for them he cannot assign an antiquity less than 3000 years. There are some geological reasons for believing that bronze was in use in that country five or six centuries before Christ, and there is tolerable evidence that it extended till the sixth or seventh century of our era. The Bronze Period seems, therefore, to have itself extended over at least a space of twelve hundred years.

The antiquities here referred to occupy the first three or four rooms of the museum; I must postpone for another paper a description of the groups of objects belonging to later ages. I may meanwhile mention that, forty years ago, there was as much ignorance respecting primitive European antiquities in Denmark as there now is in England. A young man, the son of a merchant in Copenhagen, bestirred himself to classify a few relics which lay in a lumber room of some more general museum. He collected more; he obtained the notice of the government to the subject. The collection grew. A royal commission, to which the young merchant acted as secretary, took charge of it. What favoured its increase very much was a royal decree, offering the full value for all metal antiquities which

might be found. Thus there was no longer any temptation for the peasantry to embezzle or melt them down. In the course of years, the peculiar facts attending the findings and the character of the objects themselves conducted the minds of the Danish antiquaries to a set of generalisations, such as no former antiquaries had attained. They built up the early history of their country out of what had heretofore been disregarded trifles; and not only this, but they furnished a key to the early history of Europe generally. It is pleasant to have to record that the young man who, in 1807, gave the first impulse to this most interesting line of investigation survives in my amiable friend Mr C. J. Thomsen, councillor of state of the kingdom of Denmark, the devoted chief of this magnificent collection. He has since been powerfully supported by fresh men of brilliant powers and accomplishments, as Professor Rafn, Mr Finn Magnussen, Mr Petersen, and Mr Worsaae; but though his last words to me were a deprecation of all notice on account of his exertions, I feel it to be only justice to say that his name must ever be the one most specially identified with this development of archaeological science.

R. C.

THE DIPLOMATIC ARTIST.

THERE is an English court-record, dated March 6, 1630, and bearing 'that Lord Carlisle gave two magnificent entertainments in the course of the week to the Spanish ambassador, and M. Rubens, the agent who opened the way for this embassy!'

We have long been accustomed to associate the name of Rubens with religious painting, in which fine imagination and brilliant colouring combine to give effect to scenes of the deepest interest. It is not so generally known that this artist was a skilful, perhaps it might even be said, a crafty politician, and that his profession as a painter frequently afforded a cover under which he could exercise his powers as a diplomatist.

War was raging in Europe, especially between England and Spain, as the two leading powers, and between the Stadtholder of Holland, in alliance with England, and Isabella of Austria, governing the Low Countries under Philip III. of Spain. Rubens was in the immediate service of Isabella; and, under colour of visiting the works of art in Holland to divert his thoughts from recent domestic affliction, he determined to make an effort for peace between his royal mistress and Prince Frederick Henry. He applied for a passport to Gerbier, an Antwerp painter, who had long been in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, and had been employed in secret diplomacies for Charles I. The passport was sent immediately; and it appears from Gerbier's report to the court of England that the object was understood and gradually developed in correspondence between the two artists. The overtures made in the name of Spain had the desired effect in the English quarter. Rubens made the best of the difficulty in which Buckingham had placed his country by embroiling it with France, while it had still to maintain a war with Spain, and there was great hope that Charles would feel obliged to listen to overtures of reconciliation.

He was not so fortunate in his transactions with Holland; for Frederick prosecuted the war with the greatest energy, and took several towns, while his navy everywhere captured the Spanish vessels. In vain did Isabella send message after message to the court of Spain to warn the sluggish monarch of the probability of his losing altogether his dominions in the Low Countries through the incredible activity of Frederick Henry. Neither he nor his minister D'Oliveres gave the least attention to it; and Isabella determined, as a *dernier ressort*, to send Rubens to disclose more fully the distressing state of affairs.

The diplomatic painter set out about the beginning of the year 1628. He explained the political position of his country in a manner that gained the respect and

* *Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*. By E. G. Squier, and E. H. Davis. New York, 1848. 4to.

confidence of both Philip and his minister. He urged the importance of concluding a peace with England, especially after the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in the August of that year had removed one of the greatest hindrances to such a consummation. But though the danger was daily becoming more imminent, this important business began to drag; and when Rubens had passed many months at the court of Madrid, painting and pleading the cause of peace, he at length implored and obtained a diplomatic commission to visit London, and endeavour to open the way for more direct negotiation.

Few men have ever possessed in a higher degree than Rubens the qualifications, both personal and mental, which are most suitable for a royal embassy. His general appearance was noble and dignified, his figure handsome, and his features remarkably regular, though bold and masculine; his voice was agreeable, and his manners elegant and courteous, but at the same time frank and unaffected: to crown all, he had a thorough knowledge of seven languages, and was as complete a master of rhetoric as of painting.

Shortly before his departure, an incident occurred which formed an interesting episode in the diplomatic career of the artist. John, Duke of Braganza, afterwards king of Portugal, having heard of the splendid talents of Rubens, and the estimation in which he was held at the Spanish court, desired to see this extraordinary man before he should leave the Peninsula, and invited him to meet him at his hunting-seat at Villa Viciosa, about twenty miles from Madrid. Rubens obtained the king's permission to avail himself of this invitation, and set out with numerous attendants, in company with several Flemish and Spanish noblemen, who were anxious to see the Portuguese court. While the *cortège* was still at some distance from Villa Viciosa, the duke learned that it was composed of a considerable number of cavaliers from the court of Philip; and not having expected so large a party, or prepared to entertain on so extensive a scale, he sent one of the gentlemen of his court to meet them on the road, and inform them that some very urgent affairs of state had obliged the duke to repair suddenly to Lisbon. The disappointed guest did not at first see through this strange artifice; but the messenger added, that he was charged by his master to hand him a purse containing fifty pistoles, to defray the expense he had incurred. The companions of Rubens could scarcely repress their indignation; but he maintained the most perfect calmness and dignity, declining the beggarly gift. 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'present my humble respects to your master, and tell him that, having come thus far at his desire, I am sorry to be disappointed of the pleasure of paying my respects in person. Be kind enough, besides, to remark to his Grace that the object of my journey was not a gift of fifty pistoles, for I had set apart a thousand against the expenses which I expected to incur at Villa Viciosa.'

The party, thus courteously ordered to the right-about, had no alternative; but it was now too late for them to reach Madrid before night: they were obliged, therefore, to halt at a village, where they had to separate, there being no lodging large enough to accommodate them all. Rubens and his friends were hospitably received at a monastery in the neighbourhood, while their attendants found lodgings in the village. The chapel of the monastery was to be the place of rendezvous in the morning; and Rubens, having attended the early mass, amused himself by examining the paintings and sculpture which adorned the edifice. A picture placed over the altar of a side chapel attracted his attention, and his admiration was in the highest degree excited by the perfection of the outline, the depth of expression, the strength of colouring, and the simplicity of the conception: it was a dying monk lying on a rush mat, in a cloister lighted by a torch; several of his brethren were around him, performing the usual religious offices to the departing. The visitor was curious

to learn the artist's name—it had been erased from the canvas: he asked a monk; the monk could not tell, but called the prior: the question was repeated to him.

'Sir, he who painted that picture belongs no more to this world,' replied the prior.

'But it is strange,' said the other: 'I know all the masters of the Spanish school, and cannot tell to whom this should be ascribed. It has evidently not been painted more than ten years. Pray, father, if you know the name of this artist, impart it to me; for it is worthy to be considered one of the first of the age. This work is a masterpiece—you can surely believe Rubens!'

The prior started, his colour rose, and a joyful smile lighted his countenance.

'What! your lordship is!—'

'The painter, Pierre-Paul Rubens.'

The recluse became agitated; but Rubens was so absorbed with the picture as not to observe it. Recovering himself, however, he said, 'I have told your excellency that the author of this painting is no longer in this world; at least he is dead to the things of earth—he is a monk.'

'A monk!' exclaimed Rubens—'a monk, say you? Father, I beseech you tell me his name and the place of his retreat. He must leave it. Heaven does not give the light of genius to be hidden in a cloister. Do, father, speak!—'

'Sir, I repeat he is no more of this world,' replied the inexorable prior.

In vain Rubens prayed, besought, even offered him one of his own works to adorn the church: the prior would not pronounce the name of the unknown artist. But at length, exhausted by the struggle of conflicting feelings, he trembled, tottered, and fell to the ground, striking his face on the stones of the chapel. The secret was too truly betrayed. Two monks hastily raised him, and carried him to his cell, and Rubens saw him no more. The prior died about a year afterwards, and the name inscribed on his tomb was Francis Collantes. The history of art in Spain mentions a painter of this name as the author of a 'St Jerome' and a 'Resurrection.'

Shortly after this adventure, Rubens left Spain, and arrived in London about the end of October 1629, and endeavoured to make his acquaintance with the Lord Chancellor Cottingham, without, however, betraying to him the object of his journey. After the first interview, the chancellor informed Charles I. that the celebrated Antwerp painter was on a visit to his metropolis. Charles was fond of the fine arts, and immediately desired that Rubens should be presented. After some conversation with him about Spain, the Netherlands, and the object of his visit to England, which the painter did not yet see it proper to disclose, the king engaged him to take his portrait. While occupied on this work, Rubens took an opportunity of mentioning the pacific desires of his Catholic majesty.

'I am surprised,' said the monarch, 'if such be the views of the court of Spain, that no candid explanation of them has been sent to me.'

'Sire,' replied the artist, 'if I might hope for the honour of being agreeable to your majesty in this respect, I could fully explain the views of the king, my master, having credentials for this purpose, with which his Catholic majesty was pleased to furnish me.'

The king read the letters, and returning them, 'Sir,' said he, 'I am much pleased with the choice of the king of Spain; for I am sure your talents must command success. Go to my chancellor, Lord Cottingham, give him your credentials, and make your proposals.'

That the terms proposed by Rubens, and finally acceded to by the English government, were neither very honourable to our nation, nor at all agreeable to Charles as an individual, is generally ascribed to the exigencies of the monarch, which left him no option; but that the scarcely less critical position of Philip, which induced him to seek the reconciliation, should have been so far lost sight of, must, we presume, be attributable to the skilful diplomacy of the artist.

Whatever was the course pursued in the negotiation, it is certain that Rubens remained in England so long, that he executed a large number of pictures: probably he was in no hurry to quit so desirable a field for the exercise of his profession. Among other things, he painted, by royal order, the ceiling of the Ambassadors' Hall, now the Chapel of Whitehall. The prescribed subject was the praise of James I., which he treated allegorically in a work of nine compartments. The sketches only were made in London, and the work was completed at Antwerp: according to Walpole, he received £3000 for it. Another fine allegorical piece done in London was 'Peace and War,' which he presented to the English king. After various changes of ownership, it was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford for £3000, and presented to our National Gallery in 1827. Besides these, there was the very fine picture of 'St George treading on the Dragon,' in which the figure of the saint is the portrait of Charles I., and that of Cleodolinde is the Queen Henrietta Maria.

While Rubens thus might seem to make his professional art go hand in hand with his political negotiations, he always gave the most honourable place to the former. On one occasion, two noblemen, high in office at Whitehall, found him before a tressel with his brush in his hand. One of them, by way of excuse for an occupation which he considered derogatory, said to his companion, 'The diplomatist of his Catholic majesty sometimes amuses himself with painting.'

'Your lordship is mistaken,' said the artist; 'the painter, Pierre-Paul Rubens, sometimes amuses himself with diplomacy.'

Rubens left England towards the end of 1630 loaded with honours. Charles created him knight of the Golden Spur, and bestowed on him the sword with which the honour was conferred. And as though this were insufficient, the king gave him at parting a diamond-ring; the band of his hat, valued at 10,000 crowns; and a gold-chain, to which a miniature of himself was attached.

It is thus that a key to important historical facts is often furnished by the biography of individuals whom history does not condescend to name. The men to whom prominence is given are often only the ostensible agents, while the work has truly been done secretly but effectually by less responsible parties before the former ventured to connect themselves with it. Of course, if we entertained a higher opinion of the monarchs who thus distinguished the accomplished artist, we should attach more honour both to the diplomacy with which he was intrusted, and to the favours which rewarded his success. But Rubens, himself a zealous monarchist and bigoted Roman Catholic, probably considered the service in which he was engaged as worthy of his highest ambition.

EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

WE observe by a New South Wales newspaper—the 'Maitland Mercury'—that it is proposed to institute a university at Sydney on a munificent scale. The proposition is conveyed in a Report by a select committee of the Legislative Council, which had been appointed to inquire into the subject. We have read no document of a bolder tone for many a day. In these days of sectarian wranglings, small hesitations, and timid adhesions to great principles, the paper before us is matter for gratulation and surprise. We may run over a few of the points in this startling manifesto.

First, it is announced that it is not creditable to the character of the colony, now sixty-one years old, and rising daily in wealth, prosperity, and population, that it should any longer be without the means within itself of affording education of the best kind—that the youth of New South Wales should require to be sent

thousands of miles to England to be taught. A university, therefore, the colony must and will have, on a liberal footing. The plan of operation is to consist in the incorporation of a senate, which shall hold and dispense endowments, and be the governing educational body. This body to receive from the local legislature an endowment, in the first instance, of £5000 per annum. Out of this fund from the public revenues, professors to be paid, and a library formed. Further, a university building to be reared at an outlay of £30,000, the sum to be raised by debentures secured on the revenues of the colony. The affair being thus supported by the whole public, it is declared as a primary principle that the university shall be purely secular—depend on no religious persuasion, and require no religious test—shall be thoroughly catholic in its operations and aims; for 'by no other means can it be made a truly national institution—one to which all classes and denominations can resort for secular education, which, it must be obvious, is the only education it can impart or suffer to be imparted within its walls.' To carry out which 'necessary conditions its visitor must be a layman, its governing body laymen, its professors laymen.'

The proposed *mécanique* of the university may next be adverted to. The senate is to appoint the professors; and it is suggested that they ought at once to engage—1st, A professor of classics and mathematics, who shall be considered the principal of the university, and have a salary of £800 a year; 2d, A professor of chemistry, at £400 a year; 3d, A professor of natural history, including the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, at £400 a year; 4th, A professor of experimental philosophy and civil engineering, at £400 a year; 5th, A professor of anatomy, physiology, and medicine, at £300 a year. These professors, it is added, 'will be sufficient to begin with; but as education progresses, and a more minute subdivision of knowledge becomes expedient, a different distribution of the departments of literature and science assigned to each professor will be required, as well as the appointment of other professors, to open out new fields. Among these latter probably a professor of modern history and political economy, and a professor of modern languages, will soon be found indispensable.'

In addition to the salaries or stipends which it is thus proposed to assign to the several professors, and out of which it is intended that they shall provide all necessary apparatus for the elucidation of their lectures, your committee consider it just to allow to each of them £100 to defray the cost of their passage to the colony, and £100 a year also for house-rent, until apartments can be provided for them in the university. It is further proposed to give them the whole of their class fees, with an understanding, however, that a subdivision of the subjects allotted to each may be made from time to time, as the senate may deem expedient. This arrangement, it is obvious, will give the professors a direct interest in making their lectures as instructive and agreeable as possible; and it is hoped that by means of this twofold stimulus men of first-rate attainments in literature, science, and arts, will be found to compete eagerly for those offices.

Your committee hope that, by the adoption of these recommendations, the means of attaining a liberal education at a very moderate cost will be extended to all sections of the community.'

The Report embodying the views of which we have here presented an outline was, according to the last accounts, under consideration, we are unable to say with what chance of adoption. In a leading article, the 'Maitland Mercury' speaks disparagingly of the project; and doubtless some parts of the plan might admit of modification—as, for example, the dogmatic exclusion of clergymen from professorships. As the subject is of more than colonial interest, we shall return to it should any fresh intelligence reach us.

THE IPSWICH MUSEUM—CULTIVATION OF SCIENCE
AMONG THE WORKING-PEOPLE.

At the annual festival of the Ipswich Museum in December last, some of the most eminent naturalists of the age attended, as Professors Owen, Sedgwick, and Henslow, Captain Ibbetson, Messrs Bowerbank, Waterhouse, and Gould. It was stated that the Museum is one of natural history, intended chiefly for the working-classes, and that it received last year 65,000 visits. It seems to be the result of a happy harmony of feeling between the upper and working-classes at Ipswich, much special gratitude being due, we believe, to the public-spirited family of the Ransomes of that town, as well as to the late sincerely-lamented Bishop of Norwich. Mr Bowerbank stated the following curious particulars as an encouragement to those who connect themselves with such institutions:—'It had been,' he said, 'his good fortune since the age of eighteen to be connected, until within a very short period, with a society of a similar description; he alluded to the old Mathematical Society of Spitalfields. In 1717, a few poor handloom weavers associated together, for the purpose of studying mathematics and natural history. These men used, after their daily labour in the summer-time, to pass into the fields and pursue the objects of their peculiar researches. Others, during the meeting of the society, were assiduously studying mathematics under the assistance of those better skilled in the science than themselves. The result of it was, not only the establishment of a high degree of good order among them, but it led to the benefiting of the community at large, by the scientific results which could never have been contemplated from the first association of such a body of men. He would mention one or two instances in connection with that little society. We were all familiar with the admirable Euclid, published by Simson. "Simson's Euclid" was to this day one of the best introductory works in mathematics. Now, Simson was a poor labouring weaver of Spitalfields. He acquired the whole of his mathematical knowledge after the labours of the day had passed, in the bosom of the little society to which allusion had been made; and after the publication of his work he still pursued his craft as a handloom weaver; but he was subsequently appointed Professor of Mathematics at the Military College at Woolwich. The use of achromatic glasses in telescopes was suggested by a Spitalfields weaver, John Hall, a member of the Mathematical Society. The elder Dollond was a member of that society, and the suggestion was immediately adopted by him, and subsequently carried out to the extent which had produced for us the unrivalled combinations which we now possessed in our microscopes and telescopes.'

GREEN PEAS.

It would not be either unamusing or uninteresting to trace the rise and progress of the taste for green peas. They were a luxury unknown to our early Saxon ancestors, for they had no varieties but the common gray pea; and though we have frequent mention of beans being eaten by them, we have never met with any such particular concerning the pea. Soon after the Norman Conquest, however, at monasteries and other establishments where gardening was cherished, we find that this vegetable was among those most desired. Thus, at Barking Nunnery, among other things, there were provided green peas against midsummer ('Fosbrooke's Brit. Monasticon,' ii. 127). In the seventeenth century there seems to have been a mania in France for the Skinless pea (Pois sans parche). Bonnefons, in his 'Jardinier Français,' published in 1651, describes them as the Dutch pea, or pea without skin, and adds—'Until very lately they were exceedingly rare.' Roquefort says they were first introduced by M. de Buhl, the French ambassador in Holland, about 1600. The author of a 'Life of Colbert,' 1695, says, 'It is frightful to see persons sensual enough to purchase green peas at the price of fifty crowns per litron' (little more than an English pint). Madame de Maintenon, in a letter written on the 10th of May 1696, says—'The subject of peas continues to absorb all others: the anxiety to eat them, the pleasure of having eaten them, and the desire to eat them again, are the three great matters which have been discussed by our princes for four days past. Some ladies, even after having supped at the royal table, and well supped too, returning to their own homes, at the risk of suffering from indigestion, will again eat peas before going to bed. It is both a fashion and a madness.' ('Gard. Chron.')—*Collage Gardener.*

A CHANT FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

BY JAMES BALLANTINE, AND SET TO MUSIC BY T. L. HATELY.

Come, gentle folks, come, simple folks,
Of high and low degree,
And listen to our joyous song,
And view our merry glee:
For vice and want have fled away,
While virtue marches on,
And joyous are our grateful hearts
That vice and want are gone.

By you our infant minds are taught,
Our infant hands are trained
To practise useful arts, by which
An honest living's gained.
And oh, how sweet the coarsest fare
By honest labour won!
And oh, how dear the humblest home
That we can call our own!

Your generous efforts God will speed
To help us on our way;
From us our mothers learn to read,
Our fathers learn to pray.
And 'mid the dark and gloomy dens
Of poverty's abode,
Each ragged child inspired becomes
A minister of God.

Then give us all your sympathies,
And lend us all your aid;
Be sure a present sacrifice
Shall amply be repaid.
By you the breach is closed between
The humble and the high,
And, warmed by love, the earth becomes
A transcript of the sky.

LAWS OF NATURE.

When we use the term *law*, we do not really explain anything, we simply proclaim a fact, although it may be a very general fact. Some persons greatly impose upon themselves in reference to this subject. They speak of the laws of nature in such a manner as if they considered them endowed with power or efficiency capable of producing the effects: but laws are nothing, and can do nothing in themselves; they are merely modes of operation, and necessarily imply and involve too the existence of an intelligent agent. Even of that most general of physical laws—the law of gravitation—Bishop Berkeley has remarked, with admirable sagacity—'Attraction cannot produce, and in that sense account for the phenomena, being itself one of the phenomena to be accounted for.' We are therefore conducted to the inference so well expressed by Dr Samuel Clarke—'The course of nature, truly and properly speaking, is nothing but the will of God producing certain effects in a continued, regular, constant, and uniform manner.' And here, you will perceive, inquiries of this description, which are sometimes denounced as speculative and metaphysical, nevertheless, when fully and fairly carried out, lead to results which most exactly harmonise with the first principles of natural and the authoritative declarations of revealed religion. They teach us that all the objects, and all the changes existing and transpiring around us, and within us, are not produced by any mere general laws, capable, when once set in motion, of acting independent of the law-maker; but, from the entire absence of any intrinsic power in the laws themselves, that each individual effect must be resolved into an immediate volition of the Supreme Being as its efficient cause; who, having been pleased to prescribe to Himself one uniform mode of proceeding, does in reality, and in that manner, constitute and continue what we designate the course or laws of nature. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is, that it is not figurative language, but a literal truth, that 'in Him we live, and move, and have our being.'—*Mr Spender's Lecture on Digestion, reported in the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES—ETHNOGRAPHIC MUSEUM—LUBECK—RETURN HOME.

THE early sections of the museum of Copenhagen—though the most valuable historically, and even possessed of some popular attractions, as, for instance, the extraordinary bronze trumpets, and certain cases resplendent with the quantity of gold relics contained in them—are little regarded by the multitudes continually streaming through the rooms, in comparison with those devoted to middle-age antiquities. These, as one can readily understand, come much nearer to the sympathies, besides being much more level to the intelligence, of the mass of the people.

The early Christian period, from about the year 1000 to the thirteenth century, presents a great number of specimens of priestly accoutrements, church ornaments, and knightly weapons. The former are strikingly homely, marking the simple ideas of the early religious; for example, a bishop's crosier is composed of bone, or of the tooth of the narwhal. In the next period—extending down to the Reformation—there is a great advance in elegance and costliness: the sacerdotal robes become splendid, and the crosiers glitter with precious stones. There is a copy of the Gospels, probably about 1300, a superb volume of illuminated writing, intended to lie on its side upon an altar. The upper side, accordingly, is magnificently ornamented with ivory images and precious stones, laid upon a case of gold-work. Some of the altar-pieces of that age are not less splendid. Mr Thomsen, remembering that I was a Scotsman, directed my attention particularly to a rich shrine of St Ninian, from a church at Elsinore, containing pictures representing the principal events in the life of that distinguished person—such as his coming a poor boy to the king's palace, his leaving the palace in good credit to obtain learning, the pope crowning him a bishop, &c. I was at a loss to understand how this holy man, though eminent above most of his class in Scotland, where many chapels were dedicated to him, should have got into repute on the shores of the Sound; but it was explained that his shrine at Elsinore was supposed to have been erected by some pious Scotsman of an early age.

One of the most recent acquisitions was a specimen of the early ivory-carving of Norway. This substance we can readily suppose to have been a favourite material for the imitative arts in the north, when we remember what stores of it have been left by the extinct *elephantides* of Siberia. The specimen in question is in the form of two leaves of a book, opening upon a hinge, each of the inner sides being a frame in which the carvings are inserted. One of the sides represents in compartments the leading events of the life of St

Olaf, including as a final scene his slaughter. The history of this relic is curious. It was taken to Rome by King Christian I. about 1438, and by him presented to the pope. When Frederick V., king of Denmark and Norway, was in Rome, two centuries and a-half later, the then pope, having heard of the Norwegian carving as a thing lying about somewhere in the Vatican, caused it to be sought out and presented to his royal visitor. Thus has it found its way back to Denmark.

Another highly-curious object was a similar double board, but containing only tables of wax, with writings traced upon them. This is an example of early wax-writing: it presents an inventory of the property of a monastery. Among the articles found in an ancient comb-maker's establishment was a stylus of bone, with a prick at one end for making such inscriptions, and a flat edge at the other for obliterating any error that might occur in the writing. Here we have brought before us, in the most lively manner, the whole plan of a peculiar kind of writing practised in the middle ages. It is now continually happening in the museum that one hitherto mysterious relic of antiquity explains another. An instance occurred on the turning up of the ancient comb-maker's establishment. A little bone article was there found, of most anomalous shape, and of no conceivable use. It was brought to Mr Thomsen, who quickly detected that it was the knob on which the string of an ancient species of cross-bow had been confined.

Amongst the mediæval utensils the drinking-horns take a conspicuous place. They have them of all metals and styles of ornament, and the remark of the museum-keepers—but I hope it is overstrained—is, that those which belonged to the clergy are the largest. There is an exceedingly superb drinking-cup of the famous Queen Margaret, under whom Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were united in one monarchy at the close of the fourteenth century. It is obviously more capacious than the drinking-cup of a single person requires to be; and it is therefore likely that the queen did not use the cup for herself only—a refinement, it may be remarked, of no old date in the best society, and which is yet scarcely introduced amongst the middle-classes of rural Scotland. The queen's cup is formed in eight or ten vertical bulges, on each of which is an initial or coat of arms, applicable to some particular person, including the royal owner herself. It is supposed that the cup had been used at the queen's table, by herself and her immediate attendants and officers, each drinking from a special part of the rim, as guided by the initial or coat armorial. Thus there was a refinement to a certain extent, though the nicety of the present day was not reached.

With reference to Catholic times, I have but one re-

maining curiosity to advert to, and that is an *affiche* for church-doors regarding the sale of indulgences. It is said to be the oldest surviving specimen of printing with a date, and it is unique. Of another such announcement there are two copies extant, one of which is in the possession of Earl Spencer.

The objects of post-Reformation dates are as yet but partially arranged, and I merely obtained a glimpse of them in the private rooms where they are for the present deposited. Amongst them are some grand old cabinets, and many fine specimens of old tapestry. What struck me, however, as the most curious, were the ornaments of a Romanist character, which are still, or were lately, worn by brides in Norway and Iceland. There is a gaudy vestment, a crown, and an elegant girdle. It is curious to think of the fashions of an obsolete religion being kept up with regard to matrimony, when everything else has undergone a change. In this private department of the museum I obtained some idea of the arrangements for conducting the affairs of the establishment and of the society of antiquaries connected with it. They are on a scale of liberality which puts our starved, self-supporting museums to shame. One thing impressed me deeply—that there is not in any part of the dominions of the king of Denmark an ancient tumulus, or church, or Runic stone, or indeed any unremovable relic of antiquity whatever, of which a *minutely-faithful drawing and an elaborate written account* are not deposited here. In opulent England we have no such care taken of this class of the national possessions, and they accordingly are continually becoming more and more obscure. If we reflect for a moment on the value which we should now attach to any such labours with regard to English antiquities in the time of Elizabeth, had she thought of spending a little money in that way, and on the bitterness with which posterity must look back on our continued negligence, we can scarcely fail to applaud the liberality of the Danish government as something wise as well as generous, and deplore the opposite conduct of our own as most unworthy, most fatal, and most foolish. I thought with special acerbity of the fruitless applications of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries to the Treasury, during a long course of years, for a small sum to keep up their museum, in which, purely by individual exertions and sacrifices, they have assembled what constitutes something like a shadow of the magnificent Copenhagen collection. Were I first lord of the Treasury for but as long as Abou Hassan was sultan!—or, as an old lady used to say, were I an *act of parliament*! In one thing particularly it is desirable that we should imitate the Danish antiquaries—we must hold out to the finders of ancient metal ornaments and treasure the full bullion value, without which their preservation is all but absolutely impossible.

THE ETHNOGRAPHIC MUSEUM, in an old palace contiguous to Christiansborg, is an institution complimentary to the antiquarian, and almost a necessary part of it. The object here in view is to assemble and classify the dresses, arms, implements, and all other convenient memorials of the barbarous nations now living. We have articles belonging, first, to nations without knowledge of metals or literature; next, to nations acquainted with metals only; third, nations acquainted with metals and literature, but still in a state otherwise backward. We have the rude bone and wooden weapons of the Australian nations—the furniture and weapons of the barbarous tribes spread along the Polar Ocean. A summer tent of skins belonging to

the Esquimaux, with its furniture, beds, and cooking utensils, is a great curiosity. The quantity of Chinese, Japanese, and Brazilian objects is remarkable, considering that the Danes have no particular connection with those countries. On the whole, this is a highly-creditable exhibition, although a scientific visitor will probably lament the want of those objects above all others illustrative of the character of nations—their skulls. I am not sure if the collection be absolutely greater than the corresponding section of the British Museum, which, I have understood, is generally regarded as meagre. I am very sure that, in proportion to the means which Denmark commands, both in wealth and in the necessary foreign connections, this museum is such as to put England to shame. It is on becoming aware of such things, that the Englishman is impelled to put the question to himself—How comes it that our country, with all her enormous expenditure, has so little to spare for what enlightens and elevates a people? Does it never occur to any one to question the absolute necessity of supporting that old system by which massive sums will be spent uselessly in mere experiments in the building of war-ships, or some similar extravagance, sanctioned by old but senseless usage and referring to almost obsolete policy, while for objects the most directly and positively useful only mere trifles can be spared?

It will have been remarked by many that the general result of the archaeological inquiries of the North is conformable to the theories propounded by the speculative philosophers of the last century as to the progress of mankind from savage simplicity to civilisation by successive stages. Their leading idea was, that the human race was originally in a rude and ignorant state, and that they gradually acquired knowledge by observation, and became refined by the influences of society. This idea they ventured to break down into particulars: they spoke of nations having first been in what they called a *hunting stage*—that is, a stage in which their sole dependence for food, besides the natural fruits of the earth, was upon animals trapped and killed; next, a *pastoral stage*, when families found a more regular subsistence in flocks; finally, an agricultural and commercial stage, such as we now see in its highest developments. This theory, though conformable to the progress of things in nature as now daily observed—for example, the advance of a single human being through the ignorance of infancy and the reckless impulses of youth to the rational steady life and complicated relations of manhood—was rejected by a small but active party, who deemed it more likely that mankind had declined from a primitive state of civilisation. Within the last few years the ingenious Dr W. C. Taylor wrote a work to prove that such had been the history of human society. His leading argument was, that we never see a people originate civilisation among themselves. It always, he says, comes to them from some external source. Therefore, he holds, it never could have sprung up spontaneously among men. Assuredly the discoveries of the archaeologists are in favour of what may be called the natural theory. They show to us, over large sections of the earth, the inhabitants commencing in ignorance, and with the rudest and simplest contrivances for the supply of their necessities—then devising superior contrivances, and advancing to more regular and abundant means of subsistence. In Denmark, the Bronze civilisation comes in abruptly, and apparently by the intrusion of a partially-enlightened people; but as migration and invasion appear to be the rule of early communi-

ties, we can easily understand how this intruding people may have been one which in its own original grounds had passed from stone to metal by gradations. It was, indeed, almost unavoidable that such should have been the case, for nothing can be more plain than that some nations had advanced to the use of metals long before others. We are accustomed to consider Egypt as one of the earliest scenes of civilisation: it possessed metals in all probability before even a stone-using people had come into Northern Europe. But even Egypt, it appears, commenced with a Stone Period, and had subsequently its Age of Bronze. To quote the words of Mr Wilkinson, in his 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians':—'In early ages, before men had acquired the art of smelting ore, and of making arms and implements of metal, stones of various kinds were used, and the chasseur was contented with the pointed flint with which nature had provided him. The only effort of his ingenuity was to fix it in some kind of handle, or at the extremity of a reed, in order to make the knife or the arrow; and we still witness the skill which some savage people of the present day display in constructing those rude weapons.'

'The Egyptians, at a remote period, before civilisation dawned upon them, probably adopted the same, since we find that stone-tipped arrows continued to be occasionally used for hunting even after they had improved every species of weapon, and after the arts had arrived at the state of perfection in which they appear subsequently to the accession of the eighteenth dynasty. Long habit had reconciled them to the original reed-shaft, with its head of flint, and even to arrows made with a point of hard wood inserted into them, which were also the remnant of a primeval custom.'

'Those, however, who preferred them of a stronger kind, adopted arrows of wood tipped with bronze-heads; and these were considered more serviceable, and were almost invariably used in war. But when this improvement took place in the construction of their arms it is impossible to conjecture, being coeval with the early stages of a civilisation which is concealed by the veil of ages, and dates long before the period of which any monuments remain.'

I left Copenhagen on the 26th September in a steamer for Lubeck, where I arrived next morning after a pleasant sail of eighteen hours. This is a town of greater attractions than is, I think, generally admitted or understood. Though the country in which it is situated partakes of the tame character of Northern Germany, its pleasant drives, formed out of the ancient ramparts, give it a cheerful and recreative effect. Then, as a specimen of the affluent city of the middle ages, little changed in either its public or private structures since that time, it is a perfect study to the antiquary. I found unflagging pleasure in wandering along its stately old streets, poking into its old religious institutions, many of which are degraded to secular purposes, and musing over the remains of commercial grandeur and liberality in its Dom-kirk and Raathuus. At the same time, with an aspect of decay, there is much neatness and cleanliness in this ancient city.

I do not think it necessary to enter into a general description of a place so much in the common track of travel, but yet I cannot resist saying a few words about the objects in the Dom-kirk. Plain itself, this cathedral contains many beautiful and interesting things. The ciceroné, a well-informed old man, not vulgar, as such persons usually are, but gentlemanlike and intelligent, makes his recital in French with great precision and distinctness. The baptismal font, a rich piece of Gothic work, of date 1455, reminds me, in its style of decoration, of the contemporary *mace* of St Salvador's chapel at St Andrews, helping to show how a uniformity of design and taste prevailed even then, as it still does throughout Europe. The expression on the faces of some of the figures is surprisingly well given for so early a piece of modern sculpture. Another of the precious possessions of the church is a picture by

the celebrated Hans Memmling, whose altar-piece in the church of St John at Bruges is likely to be more familiar to the reader. He was one of the fathers of modern European art. The picture in Lubeck cathedral, painted in 1471, represents in a multitude of compartments the events of the Passion. If one can overlook the weak grouping and rigidity of the outline of the figures, he will be lost in wonder at the exquisite finish which the old artist has given to this work. The faces are all laboriously painted, and fully charged with expression; the dresses carefully done, and of some importance historically. It is remarked that there are several faces repeated in different parts of the work, showing that the artist had employed real persons to sit to him. The tears on the cheeks of Mary and Magdalen are curiously distinct. In the bearing of the cross, Jesus's face seems to me less expressive of suffering and grief than was to be expected; but perhaps this was meant, and certainly it is not unsusceptible of defence. One must wonder that at the time when our Edward IV. was dictating barbarous executions of his Lancasterian opponents, and Louis XI. stringing up his traitorous subjects without remorse, such works as the font and Memmling's picture were produced in the adjoining countries.

The church contains some good family monuments, but none which ascend to historical interest. The whole floor is formed of sculptured memorials of the merchants, bishops, and other eminent persons who sleep below. The fine carving of the screen over the entrance to the choir is said to have been furnished by a priest who, having become Lutheran, and having subsequently repented of the change, as well as of his having taken to himself a wife, sought this means of expiating his offence.

On one of the side walls there is a rude fresco referring to a legend regarding the building of the church. An inscription in debased Latin informs us that Charlemagne, while hunting, encountered a stag which had a cross growing between its horns, and a collar of jewels round its neck. With the produce of the collar the first church on this spot was built. The story seems nearly the same as one related respecting the origin of Holyrood Abbey at Edinburgh. David I., while hunting, was thrown down by a stag, and in danger of being gored by it to death, when a cross miraculously slipped into his hands, and at sight of that sacred object the animal fled away. The crest borne as an armorial ensign by the church which the king founded in gratitude was a stag's head, with a cross inserted between the horns, exactly as in this case. It seems likely that the two legends have had some common foundation.

A passage by a steamer from Hamburg to Leith restored me to my home, on the 3d of October, after an absence of between three and four months. It was matter of grateful reflection that during all this time I had never had a day of bad health, or encountered any great suffering, though I had once or twice been in a small degree of danger. It was now agreeable also to recall the many proofs I had had of the kindly manners, and amiable and upright character, of the people of the North. Throughout my whole journey I had met with no rudeness, much less any disposition to violence or outrage. I had never seen any person drunk, or in any degree of excitement from liquor, excepting (so far as I remember) in one solitary instance. There had been some tediousness from the great length of some of the routes in proportion to the objects of interest which they presented; but, saving this, there was nothing in the physical character of the countries passed over to give uneasiness to a person of average hardiness. The general results were certainly not unworthy of the trouble and time required for the journey. I had seen the singular and striking memorials of some extraordinary, and as yet mysterious, operations of nature; I had seen society not yet advanced into that complicated state of industrial relations from which our national wealth has sprung, and yet far from being abject, or

unhappy, or low in either taste or intelligence. If there be any persons able to undertake such a tour, and likely to be content with such observations, I can safely recommend them to go over the same ground; keeping in view, however, that there are some districts, in Norway particularly, as, for instance, the fiords in the Bergen district, which are fully as interesting as any I had visited, if not more so, though, unluckily, it was out of my power to comprehend them in my excursion.

R. C.

CURIOSITIES OF ROGUERY.

THE FREE FORESTER—THE HORSE-MAKER.

ALTHOUGH in the conduct of business there cannot be said to exist any debatable ground between honesty and dishonesty, inasmuch as the golden precept which commands us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is ever at hand, and ever suggestive of the right rule of action, yet there is a wide field of operation for those who, rejecting the authority of this precept, and preferring the care and culture of Number One to all other considerations whatever, choose to live rather by their wits than their work. In London, and in all great towns, there are a thousand means of turning a penny, and a pound too, by practices and pursuits which, though opposed to the spirit of the law, are found in fact to be rarely punishable by it. It is hardly to be wondered at, when we take into consideration the infinite varieties of human character, that wherever men are congregated in great numbers, a certain portion of them should be found whose pleasure and delight it is to beard, to violate, and to elude the penal statutes. Rogues of this sort abound in the metropolis, and no inconsiderable amount of skill and cunning are displayed in the pursuit of their vocation. It is a question whether with some of them profit alone, unconnected with peculation, would have any charms; their industry demands the spice and flavour of rascality to stimulate it into action: they have no wholesome appetite for an honest penny, and would starve and die out but for the excitement of roguery. The following outlines, cursorily sketched from the life, may serve to introduce to the notice of the reader a few of the worthies who manage to enjoy the patronage of the public for services more than doubtful, and who, keeping for the most part out of the grasp of the law, do yet gain a living by its infraction.

The Free Forester.—This is a designation probably unknown to the majority of readers as applicable to the denizen of a crowded city: it is assumed, however, with no small degree of pride, by the members of a certain class well known to each other, and who are to be found sparsely scattered through the streets of London at all seasons of the year, with the exception of the fading autumn and during the rigour of winter. The free forester owes his title and his occupation to that inextinguishable love of nature which prevails more or less in all great towns and cities—united with his own independence of the claims of *meum* and *tuum*, and with the right which he has established, to his own satisfaction at least, to certain waifs and strays of the vegetable kingdom, or rather to certain vegetable property which he chooses to consider his lawful prey. He is a trader without capital; a seller who neither produces nor purchases; a gardener and arboriculturist without an inch of ground; a dealer in game and poultry too at times, having no license either to shoot or to sell the savoury wares, for the possession of which he would be puzzled to account.

With the very earliest breath of spring, the free forester, quitting his winter avocation, whatever it may be, appears in the streets of London, on the edge of some wide pavement, or between the shafts of a hand-cart, in charge of a goodly stock of the first budding promises of the opening year. Imitating the perambulating gardeners, he sets up the cry of 'All a-growing and a-blowing!'—and among a population notoriously fond of flowers,

who, if they can have a garden nowhere else, will establish one upon their window-sills, he soon succeeds in disposing of his roots. These consist of snowdrops, primroses, polyanthus, violets, oxlips, slips of geranium, hen-and-chicken daisies, and other early-blooming flowers or sweet-smelling herbs. As the spring advances, and warms into summer, you see him still pursuing his rounds, or standing at his accustomed corner well supplied with the blossoming flora of the season: tulips, hyacinths, roses—red, white, or mossy—fuchsias, rhododendrons, young variegated laurel, fir and box-trees in pots, bushes of rue and London-pride, balsams, geraniums, ranunculuses—everything, in short, that will grow out of the hothouse, and which garden-loving citizens are fond of cultivating in front or rear of their suburban dwellings. As summer wanes, and autumn steps quietly on the scene, the activity of the free forester would seem somewhat to abate: his cry is not so frequently heard; his stand at the corner of the street has altogether disappeared; and though he is here and there seen pushing through the crowd his hand-cart, still gay with the rich hues of autumnal blossoms, he yet drives but a laggard trade, and that only by dint of the lowest possible prices, which, however, he can well afford to take for wares which have cost him nothing, or next to nothing. Long before the crysanthemum has bared her starry face to welcome the waning year, the free forester has vanished, like the last rose of summer, to return no more till the dawn of a new spring recalls him to the scene of his labours.

But, the reader naturally inquires, How does the fellow come by his merchandise? We are not in a condition to give a perfectly satisfactory reply to this question. Thus much, however, we know: he is seen to start from the neighbourhood of St Giles's, not far from what yet remains of the old Rookery, late in the afternoon, or in the early twilight of a spring or summer's evening, sometimes driving before him an empty hand-cart, at others carrying over his shoulders a large canvas sack of four or five bushel capacity. Directing his course towards the suburbs, doubtless in pursuance of a plan previously designed, he is beyond the limits of London ere night closes in; and, marvellous to say, long before the drowsy citizen has begun to dream of breakfast, he is back again to his expectant partner at the point from whence he started. Consigning the produce of his night's industry to his chum, he turns into bed for an hour or two, while the other prepares the goods consigned to him for the inspection of the public. In this business no time is lost. We once witnessed, with perfect amazement, this apparently miraculous process, the operator dreaming of nothing so little as that his actions were under review. In the case referred to the wares were contained in a large bag, about two feet in diameter, and four or five in length, and must have weighed considerably above a hundredweight. The dresser—for so he may be appropriately called—turned them all out carefully upon the ground in the square back yard of a twopenny lodging-house: this he did not by emptying the bag at its mouth, but by unbuttoning it at the sides, and laying open its contents. These consisted of flower-roots in full bloom for the most part, but crushed, heaped, and tumbled together in such a squashed condition, as to appear fit for nothing but the manure heap. But he very soon changed the aspect of the stock into a goodly show, of which a Covent-Garden cultivator would not have been ashamed. Selecting the finest flowers from the mass, with a pair of short shears he cut away the bruised or broken leaves, and rinsing the plant in a small stream from a stopcock, set it firmly in a pot already prepared with mould, in far less time than it takes to describe the deed. Producing the mould-filled pots from an outhouse as fast as they were required, he soon had some dozens of fine blooming flowers in a condition for sale. Around the roots of each, as he set it aside as finished, he poured carefully, using a small ladle for the purpose, a few drops of a dirty-looking liquid from an earthenware pan which stood in a corner: this no doubt was some powerful vegetable stimulant, under the influence of which the excited plants would, for one day at least (long enough for his purpose), assume the ap-

pearance of extraordinary healthiness and vigour. In fact, when, in less than two hours afterwards, the whole stock, ranged on a couple of broad hand-carts, sallied out of the lane on its way to the fashionable thoroughfares of the West End, the show of tender balsams with their delicate blossoms, and gorgeous geraniums glittering in fiery redness, looked so beautiful and so healthy, such a credit to the skill of the florist, that we felt it would be madness to attempt to convince any one not an eye-witness like ourselves of what had been their actual condition three hours back. That portion of the stock not intended for potting was more summarily dealt with. It consisted of roots adapted for front gardens, chiefly of common flowers and sweet-smelling herbs, which, having suffered little from the rough usage and confinement to which they had been subjected, were merely sprinkled with a little water, and then ranged round the edges of the carts, forming a kind of enclosure for those in pots.

If the reader is not yet enlightened as to the manner in which the free forester comes by his merchandise, let him live in the suburbs of London, and try the experiment, as we have for the last seven years, of cultivating a garden in front of his parlour window. Let him note, moreover, what becomes of the contents of a garden, front or back, of a suburban house during the interval between the departure of one tenant and the arrival of another. We are loth to cast a slur upon the character of any class, more especially of one that is so eminently industrious, that lives not only laborious days, but laborious nights as well, one, too, that loves flowers and green fields—both a passion with ourselves; but the truth must out for all that, and the plain unvarnished truth is, as Dr Johnson would have phrased it, 'The fellow's a thief, and there's an end on't.'

But, as we have already hinted, this worthy does not confine his attention exclusively to botanical experiments; there is a department of natural history in which he has considerable interest, and by the cultivation of which he adds not a little to his annual income. Those Michaelmas martyrs, the geese, find their way somehow or other into his bag or his basket, and during the last week of September he drives a brisk trade with liberal-minded customers, whom he knows well where to meet with, and who, 'asking no questions for conscience' sake,' are content to buy a fat goose at a lean price, without troubling themselves to inquire under what circumstances the plump victim left the farmer's yard. His customers for poultry and game, it may be remarked by the way, are chiefly the well-employed workmen and operatives of the metropolis. In large establishments, where scores or hundreds of men are congregated for industrial purposes, he makes his appearance after regular intervals during the whole game season, generally coming an hour or two before pay-time, well laden with dainties doomed to smoke on the Sunday dinner-table of the artisan. The men banter him upon the cheapness of his wares; but his brazen self-possession is never put to the blush. He offers a couple of fowls or a hare at 50 per cent. below the selling-price in the cheapest market in London, observing, by way of recommending the bargain, 'I suppose you thinks I stole 'em, but I'm blow'd if you arn't wrong this here once. Them fowls was sent to me by my old gran'mother in the country, to keep my birthday with; but you see the old lady didn't send no sarce nor sassangers, and as I can't afford to buy trimmings, and it goes agin my conscience to eat 'em without, I hoffers 'em to you at two-and-two-pence.' 'Why, how often does your birthday come round?' asks the workman. 'That hare I bought of you a fortnight ago was given to you by a friend as a birthday present!' 'As often as I want it of course,' replies the chapman—'that's a privilege I've got, if I harn't got ne'er another. Come, take 'em at two bob: I can't be bothering all day with them birds.' As may be readily imagined, at such prices his merchandise does not remain long on hand: goose, chicken, hare, or turkey soon find new proprietors, and the free forester, shouldering his basket, disappears without loss of time.

Occasionally he will make his appearance in the work-

shop in the middle of the week, bringing a couple of fresh hares or rabbits, or a basket of live fowls; 'because,' says he, 'if you don't want to eat your Sunday's dinner on a Wednesday or Thursday, them pussies 'll keep for a week, and the birds is fresh enough, I 'spose, if you kills 'em when you wants 'em. A shillin' a piece—ax no more, and take no less. Didn't smug 'em nether; if I had, they'd a been eighteenpence. Got a man to steal 'em for me, a friend o' mine, as wants to be off to Botany arter his wife, as was sent over by mistake. I gived him the job cos it went to my heart, it did, to see him a grievin' an' a takin' on so. Come, who's for the live birds, and who's for the cats? Don't all speak at once, cos I hates confusion and bother. There, if that arn't enough for the money, I'll give you the next for nothin'!' One would think, by the light-hearted hilarity of the fellow, that his conscience was pretty clear of offence; but the expression of his eye belies his rattling tongue, and tells of a lurking dread of some not improbable mischance, which he is not altogether unprepared to meet. We must remark that it is not always that the viands he offers for sale are fit for eating. He is in the habit occasionally of intercepting a cargo of fish or a 'lot' of game on its way to the river, where, in the dawn of morning or the dead of night, certain dealers in these commodities are wont to consign their stale and unsaleable stock to the bosom of Father Thames. His impudence enables him to pass off such wares with unblushing effrontery; he knows that, however offensive they may have been to the olfactories for this week past, the keenest nose will detect nothing wrong after he has 'taken the stink out of them,' a process which he effectually performs, and the means of doing which he guards as a profound secret. If he encounter complaint on the subject of such bargains on again making his appearance at his accustomed haunt, he flies into a violent rage with the fictitious personage who, he swears, 'sold him the lot of goods,' by which he declares he not only lost money, but disobliged his best customers. His career is not generally of very long duration; his constitution would seem to be colonial, with an antipodal tendency: he is apt to become the subject of compulsory emigration, and is often required to complete his botanical studies, and to consummate his natural history experience, under official surveillance in a far-distant region. Some of them, however, being their own 'fences,' and having the caution to keep their depredations within bounds, escape such untoward accidents; and after accumulating a sufficient fund, cease their perambulations, and settle down in some safer calling. It is rare to meet with a man of mature years leading the life of a free forester in London.

The Horse-Maker.—We might fill a volume with the performances of this worthy, but must perforce despatch him summarily, as others are waiting to be limned as soon as we have moved him out of the way. This notable personage locates principally in the neighbourhood of White-chapel, though many of his kith and kin are to be met with in or near the neighbourhood of Smithfield, and in the lowest parts of Westminster. In appearance, the horse-maker has nothing Cockneyish or London-like about him; even his dialect, though he be a Cockney born and bred, is in some degree provincial both in idiom and accent. His costume is that of the respectable agricultural yeoman or small farmer; and is always in neat and tidy trim. He affects a rustic gentility and simplicity of behaviour, and disarms suspicion by his cheerful, open, loquacious, and unsophisticated manner: he makes no great parade of himself in the markets, never attending, in fact, when his presence can be dispensed with. By this means his simulated character lasts him the longer, and he is saved from the disagreeable necessity of shifting the scene of his labours. His business is to purchase horses which, from accident, vice, disease, or even old age, are rendered unfit for the service of man, and then, by means best known to himself, to metamorphose the poor beasts into quiet, plausible, serviceable-looking steeds, and to sell them, while yet under the influence of his all-potent incantations, to unwary customers. There is hardly a disorder horse-flesh is heir to the

symptoms of which he cannot temporarily banish, by means of drug, knife, cautery, or some secret nostrum; while there is no animal so vicious but that he can subdue him for a time to quiet, good behaviour. By dint of shears, singeing, currycomb, and brush, under his direction the roughest hide assumes the radiant polish of the turf: by the cunning application of ginger or cayenne to the jaws, the nostrils, the ears, or elsewhere, the dullest worn-out hack is stimulated into sprightliness and demonstrations of blood and breeding; and the poor honest brutes are compelled by his arts to play the hypocrite, and to assume virtues and qualities to which they have perhaps been strangers all their lives.

The horse-maker has an intimate connection with the knackers'-yards, to the proprietors of which he is well known as a customer. Not a few of his bargains in horse-flesh have been previously doomed to the dogs (or rather, in London, to the cats), and have been temporarily rescued by him from the knacker's knife. So well is this known, that respectable dealers in the metropolis, on sending a horse to be slaughtered, invariably charge their servants to see the animal slain before quitting the premises of the knacker. If this precautionary measure be omitted, it is more than possible that the owner of the beast may find himself, a few days after, mounted on the very brute which he had condemned to the knife, having bought him, re-manufactured, to supply the place of the supposed dead one. An instance actually occurred no great while ago of a farmer selling an old roadster for dogs'-meat price at Barnet Fair, and buying him again two days after at Smithfield, riding home well pleased with his purchase, and only discovering the fraud through the unaccountable familiarity of what he supposed to be the stranger horse with his old quarters.

A favourite speculation of these worthies, and one that generally pays a swinging per-centage, is by clubbing together to purchase at a country fair a lot of wild colts fresh from the hills, and by dint of doctoring and dressing, to prepare them for exhibition and sale at the West-End auction-marts. We have more than once witnessed the sale of these job-lots, which very rarely result to the satisfaction of the purchasers. We have seen each separate nag, just two minutes before he was led out to exhibit his paces in view of the company, subjected to certain indescribable manipulations and applications of stimulating nostrums, intended and calculated to make him counterfeit the gait and action of thorough-breeding, or something like it; and many a hack, whose actual value must have been something between seven and ten pounds, have we seen knocked down for from twenty to thirty guineas, or even more, to heedless amateurs in horse-flesh, who, before a week was over, would have been too glad to part with their bargains at a loss of fifty per cent. Still, it is possible at times to get a bargain even from a horse-maker. From the intimate practical knowledge these fellows acquire of all the various diseases and vicious propensities of the race *equine*, it does occasionally happen, especially when the defect is a vice, and not a disease, that they will effect a thorough cure. We were once too well acquainted with a brute who possessed every quality that a horse should have, with the exception of docility, the want of which nullified all the rest. Though valued at between fifty and sixty guineas, from his fine proportions and strength of limb, he was sold, after a score of grooms had tried their skill upon him in vain, for three sovereigns to a member of this fraternity, who, a fortnight afterwards, exhibited him in harness drawing near two tons with perfect ease and willingness, though he had not heretofore in any other hands submitted to become of any use whatever. His vanquisher declared that he had taken the devil out of him by driving him from Vauxhall to Bristol in one day, allowing him one day's rest, and then back again on the third day. Be this as it may, the horse was purchased at a high price for her Majesty's service, and we saw him frequently afterwards performing the hardest work with perfect quietness and docility.

This class of deceivers seldom succeed in their attempts to get on; they are for the most part men who, seduced

by the love of the saddle and the whip, have deserted the occupations to which they were brought up, and have sought, without capital, to participate in the profits of the regular dealer in horses. Not a few of them are the proprietors of rickety cabs or hackney-coaches, which, like the beasts that draw them, have been long ago fairly worn out in the service of the public. It is not unusual to encounter an equipage which, including horse, harness, and vehicle, would be a sorry purchase at five pounds. The hungry proprietor, seated on the box, crawls about the streets in the dusk of the evening in hopes of picking up another, and still another, last fare: he is afraid to halt at the regular 'stand,' lest his poor staggering brute should be too stiff to move off in case of a sudden call. The scoundrel has platted an iron wire into the thin end of his whip-lash, well knowing that nothing short of actual torture will goad the wretched jade he drives into anything faster than a walking-pace! One is often tempted at such a spectacle to pray for a collision with some racing van or omnibus, which shall shake the little remaining life out of the poor brute, and thus release him from the tyranny of his master, punishing the biped at the same moment for his dastardly inhumanity. But here we must draw bridle for the present.

THE DYNAMICS OF EARTHQUAKES.

CONVULSIONS and disturbances of the earth's crust have, until recently, formed exceptions to some other natural phenomena which inductive philosophy accounts for by the action of certain known and fixed laws. An assemblage of facts, often at variance with each other, has constituted for the most part the whole of what is known on the subject of earthquakes, yet any one of these facts, when properly explained, becomes of essential importance in considering the question in all its physical and geological bearings. An attempt has now been made to systematise the accumulated results. Mr R. Mallet, a gentleman well known for his scientific researches, has published in the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy' a treatise 'On the Dynamics of Earthquakes; being an attempt to reduce their observed Phenomena to the known Laws of Wave Motion in Solids and Fluids.' We shall follow the author through his valuable paper, and endeavour, as clearly as the subject may permit, to give an abstract of the general theory.

Mr Mallet's inquiry commences with a demonstration of the cause of the rotary or vortice motion supposed to be peculiar to earthquakes; one of the most remarkable instances of this movement is that mentioned by Sir C. Lyell in his 'Principles of Geology,' where the upper stones of a square pedestal are described as having been turned round several inches from their place without falling, while the lower blocks retained their original position. An analogous case is cited by Darwin: the buttresses of the cathedral at Conception were twisted, so to speak, clean off from the walls, while the walls themselves remained standing, and comparatively uninjured. Assuming the vortice theory to be the true one, the rotary force sufficient at its centre to displace such vast masses of masonry would be inconceivably great at a few hundred feet distant; so great, indeed, that nothing could resist it, and the tremendous phenomena of earthquakes would be a thousand times more terrible than they already are. Mr Mallet in brief terms shows that the effects here particularised can be satisfactorily accounted for on other grounds. 'I assume,' he observes, 'nothing more than what is universally admitted—that during earthquakes a motion of some sort takes place, by which the ground itself, and all objects resting upon it, are shaken, or moved back and forwards by an alternate horizontal motion, within certain limits, which, for all present evidence to the contrary, may be a straight-line

motion, though possibly variable in direction at different and sometimes closely-successive times, and the velocity of which is sufficient to throw down or disturb the position of bodies supported by the earth, through their own inertia.'

There has been much difference of terms in respect of the phenomena of earthquakes: the ancients described the motion as similar to the shaking of a sieve, while with modern writers it is 'a trembling'—'vibration'—'concussion'—'movement'—'undulation'—the last being nearest to the truth. Whether a building shall be twisted round or completely overturned by the progressive motion in a straight line depends on the centre of gravity of the edifice. 'The effect of the rectilinear motion in the plane of the base,' we read, 'will be to twist the body round upon its bed, or to move it laterally, and twist it at the same time, thus converting the rectilinear into a curvilinear motion in space.' Next we have the question as to whether the motion is alternate backward and forward, by which, as some have assumed, displaced objects should be restored to their former position. But as the back stroke cannot be so powerful as the forward one, it necessarily fails to move the disturbed bodies from the situation in which the forward stroke left them. This general view is not affected by the fact of bodies being occasionally thrown down in opposite directions—as the east and west walls of a building; such anomalies are to be explained by differences of resistance, weight, or connection, or simply by the *return* of the secondary or reflected wave.

Mr Mallet lays down the proposition that the only conceivable alternate motion which answers to all the circumstances observed in earthquakes, is that of an *elastic compression*, passing along through the crust of the earth, in parallel or intersecting lines; 'a wave of elastic compression,' he calls it. Such a theory was proposed a hundred years ago, but lost sight of. Earthquake shocks originate either on the land—as is the almost daily case in the volcanic region of the Andes—or under the ocean, the latter being the most disastrous in their consequences. Here the explanation is especially interesting—'When the original impulse comes from the land, an elastic wave is propagated through the solid crust of the earth, and through the air, and transmitted from the former to the ocean water, where the wave is finally spent and lost.

'When, on the other hand, the original impulse comes from the bed of the deep ocean, three sorts of waves are formed and propagated simultaneously—namely, one, or several successively through the land, which constitutes the true earthquake shock or shocks; and coincident with, and answering to every one of these, one or more waves are formed and propagated through the air, which produce the sound like the bellowing of oxen, the rolling of wagons, or of distant thunder, accompanying the shock; and a third wave is formed and propagated upon the surface of the ocean, which rolls in to land, and reaches it long after the shock or wave through the solid earth has arrived and spent itself.'

The effects here specified are familiar to most of us by having read of them as generally attendant on earthquakes: in what follows we have the apparent recession of the sea from the shore during the shock accounted for:—

'While passing under the deep water of the ocean, it gives no trace of its progress at the surface in all probability; but as it arrives in soundings, and gets into water more and more shallow, the undulation of the bottom, the crest of the long, flat-shaped, earth-wave, brings along with it—carries upon its back, as it were—a corresponding aqueous undulation, slight, long, and flat, upon the surface of the water. This, which, adopting Airy's nomenclature, might be called the *forced sea-wave* of earthquakes, has no proper motion of its own: it is simply a long, low ridge of water, pushed up at the surface by the

partial elevation of the bottom immediately below it, this latter elevation travelling with such immense velocity, that the hillock of water pushed up above it has not time to flow away laterally, and reassume its own level.

'Thus, then, the earth-wave below, when in shallow water, is attended by a small *forced sea-wave*, vertically over it, upon the surface of the sea, and these two reach the inclined beach or shore at the same moment; but as the beach is so inclined, and the forced sea-wave, as well as the earth-wave, are long and flat, and the velocity of the latter very great, the earth-wave, as it were, slips from under the forced sea-wave at the moment of reaching the beach, which it for the moment elevates, by a vertical height equal to its own, and as instantly lets drop again to its former level.'

Besides the surface ocean-wave, a wave of sound will also be propagated through the water, and reach the land long before the surface-wave arrives. The sound of the earth-wave, on the contrary, travels with it, and is heard on shore at the same moment that the shock is felt. A close analogy exists between the transmitted fluid wave and solid wave: the onward movement of the latter takes place in a series of elliptic curves similar to though smaller than in the former, but 'with inconceivably greater velocity.' It seems hard to believe in this literal wave-like motion of rigid earth and rock, yet science teaches that the intermobility of particles is not only possible, but actually takes place. 'The vibrations of the air of a drawing-room shake the solid walls of the house, when a tune is played upon a pianoforte, or otherwise the tune could not be heard in an adjoining house. Captain Kater found that he could not perform his experiments upon the length of the seconds pendulum anywhere in London, for that the solid ground everywhere vibrated by the rolling of carriages,' &c.

In marshy ground resting on sandstone, the vibrations caused by the passage of a railway train have been perceived at a distance of 1100 feet laterally, but vertically they cannot be detected through sandstone beyond 100 feet. Houses, towers, and tall chimneys rock with the wind, 'Salisbury spire moves to and fro in a gale more than three inches from a plumb line.' On removing the props of exhausted coal-seams, the superincumbent mass sinks with tremendous noise and violence, often taken for an earthquake shock. 'At the latter end of last century, one or more of the great vertical and impost stones of Stonehenge suddenly fell down; the concussion produced a wave, which was transmitted around in every direction, like that upon a pool of water into which a pebble has been dropped, and the shock felt in all the neighbouring hamlets was so great, that for some time, until the cause was discovered, it was thought to have been an earthquake, as in fact it was, though not produced by the usual causes. So, also, when the great Spanish powder magazine—said to have contained 1500 barrels—was blown up near Corunna, at the conclusion of Sir John Moore's retreat, officers who were present state that the ground rocked sensibly for miles away, and the wave was felt at a distance before the sound of the explosion was heard.'

Concerning the sea-wave: it is pretty generally known that an earthquake is frequently accompanied by a disturbance of the ocean, which at times does great mischief at places far from the centre of the shock; more so where the land slopes gradually to the water than where it is precipitous. 'It is remarkable,' says Darwin, 'that while Talcahuano and Callao (near Lima), both situated at the head of large shallow bays, have suffered severely during every earthquake from great waves, Valparaiso, seated close to the edge of profoundly deep water, has never been overwhelmed, though so often shaken by the severest shocks.' Many readers will remember that the great earthquake at Lisbon was followed by a huge wave, which came rushing in from the sea some time afterwards, and fearfully aggravated the previous alarm and destruction. The focus of the shock was forty miles from land, and the wave was forty feet in height; it swept three thousand persons off the spacious quay, to which they had betaken themselves to be out of the way of falling buildings. An attempt has been made to account for the effect produced,

by supposing that the falling in of a vast cavity in the ocean bed far away from the coast caused a sudden recession of water on the shore; or that the whole mass of dry land, being bodily elevated by the shock, and let down again, it would appear as though the sea had retreated and came in again; or that these effects were referrible to an upheaval of the bottom of the sea.

None of these views satisfy the newly-advanced theory: according to Mr Mallet, the original impulse given to the bed of the sea, acts simultaneously upon the earth, the sea, and the atmosphere, originating at the same instant, and transmitting one or more waves through each. 'The earth-wave moves with an immense velocity, probably not less than 10,000 feet per second, in hard stratified rock, and perhaps little short of this in the less dense strata.' But while the earth-wave travels at this rate, sound moves through water at about 4700 feet per second, so that a double sound will be heard from the sea after the land sound. Yet at times the waves of sound are absent while the others are present. In such cases it is supposed that no fracture of the earth's crust takes place, but merely a bending or flexure, which might naturally occur without the concussions that accompany actual breaking. Differences or anomalies in the times of shocks becoming audible are accounted for by the difference of strata through which they travel. The earth-wave varies in height from an inch or less to three feet, the latter being its vertical height in great earthquakes; the length depends on elasticity of the strata. The line where one quality of strata meets another is always marked by the greatest havoc. Dolomieu states 'that in Calabria the shocks were felt most formidably, and did most mischief, at the line of junction of the deep diluvial plains with the slates and granite of the mountains, and were felt more in the former than in the hard granite of the latter. Houses were thrown down in all directions along the junction, and fewest of any where these were situated in the mountains. . . . But if the case be converse, if the earth-wave pass from highly-elastic rock into a mass of clay or sand (suppose lying in a small-sized valley), and pass across this into similar elastic rock at the opposite side, all the former results will follow.'

As before observed, great earthquakes originate beneath the sea; those which have their focus inland are less destructive; the shock is generally lost beneath the ocean; or if a powerful one, it traverses the bed, and is felt in distant countries. The movement of the Lisbon shock was twenty miles in a minute—1750 feet per second; its effects were felt in Scotland. 'At Loch Lomond the water, without any apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level: the greatest height of the swell was two feet four inches. In this instance, it seems most probable that the amplitude of the earth-wave was so great, that the entire cavity or basin of the lake was nearly at the same instant tilted or canted up, first at one side, and then at the other, by the passage of the wave beneath it, so as to disturb the level of the contained waters by a few inches, just as one would cant up a bowl of water at one side by the hand.'

Many experiments have been made by scientific observers to determine the rate of motion through different materials. The velocity of wave-transit through limestone (soft lias) is 3640 feet per second; sandstone (millstone grit), 5248 feet; Portland stone (oolite), 5723 feet; limestone (primary marble), 6696 feet; limestone (hard carboniferous), 7075 feet; and clay slate (Leicestershire), 12,757 feet. A glance at this table will enable us to conceive something of the consequences that must ensue when such immense rapidity is suddenly checked or disturbed by meeting with strata of different elasticity. There is, then, no difficulty in understanding why everything on the surface should be prostrated; that frightful chasms should open, which, in closing again, have actually bitten human beings in two. But it must be remembered that, appalling as these convulsions may be, they 'do not properly constitute part of the earthquake at all; and in order to form clear notion of earthquake mechanics, we must carefully distinguish between these, which are but consequences of the consequences of the earthquake, and

the earthquake-wave itself, which gives rise to them all. The earth-wave shakes the country; the features of its surface are altered by the filling of valleys and levelling of eminences; a new state of things is instantly brought about as regards its drainage; and all its meteorological circumstances alter in proportion. Hence, when in the loose narratives of earthquakes—which abound with ill-made observations, fanciful and figurative language, and exaggeration—we read of 'lakes suddenly appearing where all was dry before,' rivers and lakes 'bursting up out of the earth,' 'lightnings and clouds of smoke or dust accompanying the shock,' we must bear in mind that these are mere accidents, contingent upon the consequences of the principal phenomenon—the transit of the earth-wave; namely, upon the disturbance of the surface of the land reacting upon its drainage, and producing violent electrical disturbances by friction, by pressure, by changes of temperature; and these all again reacting upon its climate, so as often permanently to affect it.'

Such is a brief abstract of Mr Mallet's views: we consider that he has done good service to science by his inquiry, the publication of which may greatly assist the officers of the American expedition stationed in Peru and Chili, who are directed to make earthquake phenomena an especial subject of observation. With a view to promote more exact observation on these points, Mr Mallet has constructed an instrument which of itself registers the various effects; and it is not improbable that some day earthquake instruments will become as common as barometers in countries liable to disturbance. We close our notice with his conclusion as to 'the efficient cause of the earthquake shock,' which he says, 'I define to be a wave of elastic compression, produced either by the sudden flexure and constraint of the elastic materials forming a portion of the earth's crust, or by the sudden relief of this constraint by withdrawal of the force, or by their giving way and becoming fractured.'

MARY ROCK.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

[Years have now elapsed since I have written one line about Texas, and probably I should have allowed my recollections relative to that country to become obliterated, but for a circumstance which has brought back my days of peril and adventure forcibly to my mind. A very little while back, a number of the Journal for which I am now writing this sketch fell into the hands of one who was my valued and esteemed shipmate under the flag of the Republic of the Lone Star. It contained the 'Gold-Seeker and the Water-Seeker.' Seven years had passed since we were almost boys together, and we had never heard of each other. My friend had become a trader in the backwoods; I an author. But the Michigan merchant was made of the same stuff as the Lieutenant in the Texan navy; and he addressed me 'London, England.' The letter found me, and now, since it has been followed by others, I hope again to be in communion with days which had their charms despite their hardships.]

THE Rock family had emigrated to the very verge of wild Indian life, when the recent war between the United States and Mexico burst out, an event which, while awakening prospects of fierce struggles between the rival republics, aroused also the hopes and passions of the swarthy Indian tribes that people the frontiers of the contending powers. Certain predatory and wandering habits already alluded to* as characteristic of this family, had driven Captain Rock from the easy neighbourhood of Dickenson's Bayou, and from all others, one after another, until at last he found himself far nearer than was generally considered safe to Spanish Peak and its troublesome tribes of Redskins.

This time the old man, his wife, son, and daughter—the other having remained with her husband—had to build a house, instead of taking possession of one aban-

* See Journal, New Series, No. 13, 'The Wedding, a Backwood Sketch.' New Series, No. 26, 'The Rock Family in Texas.'

done by former proprietors. They chose the mouth of a deep gully, and the verge of a dense forest. Their hut was, as usual, blocks of wood rudely put together; and their energies had this time gone so far as to induce the cultivation of a small field of maize. This excepted, their whole existence depended on hunting and fishing. Mary, who, it seems, had become more slim than when I knew her, was all the more indefatigable in her pursuit of the game afforded by the fertile and happy plains of Upper Texas. She and her brother were ceaseless in their endeavours to track deer, wild turkey, and partridges; and supported their family entirely. The old couple did absolutely nothing but eat, drink, sleep, and smoke, utterly forgetful of their former position in society.

A little while before the outbreak of the late war, the Rocks became aware of the presence of a neighbour. A tall young Kentuckian, passionately fond of a wild life, suddenly located himself within a mile of their abode, with a sturdy assistant from his own land, four negro slaves, a dozen horses, a herd of cattle, and a wagon. He erected a solid frame-house, and called his place Snowville—his name being given out as Captain Snow. With peace and tranquillity, his farm would probably soon have been the centre of a neighbourhood, and ultimately the site of a town. But a great pestilence, more destructive than cholera or plague, was coming: Texas was the cause of a terrible war.

As soon as Captain Snow had settled himself, built his house, and set his fields going, he thought it but right to pay a visit to the Rocks, despite the piratical character which he had heard of them round about Galveston. The chief things, however, which struck him on the occasion of his visit were the wretchedness of their abode, the wilful dotage of the parents, the industry of the children, and the matured beauty of Mary. Of a frank and sociable disposition, he made friends with young Rock; and very soon became the invariable companion of the brother and sister in their huntings and wanderings. The consequence was natural. Had she not been the only female within a hundred miles, Mary would have won the heart of any youth not already enchained by her simplicity, truth, and sincerity. Captain Snow, in a month, was over head and ears in love, and in two was the accepted lover of Miss Rock. It was agreed on all sides that immediately after the maize harvest they should freight a boat with their various goods, and, going down to the settlements, be married.

The interval was chiefly spent in hunting, fishing, boating, and riding, when the various parties concerned were not engaged in necessary avocations. Captain Snow heard with a bounding heart of the war, but his murderous propensities were wholly quelled by the sight of Mary, whom he loved with all the ardour of a single-minded, honest, and frank backwoodsman. Still, he could not divest himself of regret at not partaking the dangers of the expedition, and to divert his mind, proposed to the brother and sister a week's hunting in the buffalo regions higher up the country. Both frankly acquiesced, and one morning at dawn of day they started.

This time all the hunters rode horses, the very best which Snow could pick from his lot. Each had a rifle, a powder-horn, a bundle of corn-cakes, a flask of native whisky, and a hunting-knife. Mary on this occasion was dressed almost in as masculine a costume as her companions, and never was happier, more sprightly, or filled with more of the enthusiasm of prairie-life. Their journey was up deep gullies, along heaving plains, by cool streams, and beneath the shadow of thick woods. They rode along in the morning until they found a place fit for sport, and then halting, lit a fire, shackled their horses, and started on foot in search of game, sometimes together, sometimes separate. When success crowned their efforts, or when night approached, they returned to their camp and supped. After this operation, which in the prairies is a very serious one, they made a sober attack on their whisky gourds and tobacco-pouches, and after a little gossip, were glad to find rest. Mary had a little hut

always formed of boughs and their three cloaks, the brother and affianced husband keeping guard on each side.

Thus they wandered for more than a week, and none thought of turning back. When the wild passions of rapine, and slaughter, and murder, almost inseparable from savage life—which has generally all the faults of civilised life, with scarcely any of its virtues—are kept in the background, a wandering existence in the virgin woods and fields of America has an inexpressible charm. They all felt it. To camp at night beneath trees hundreds of miles from houses and men is a thing which excites romantic feelings in the rudest, and none of the trio belonged quite to the rough cast. Captain Snow had received some education, and Mary Rock had learned to read before I left the country. They had thus some common topic of conversation, and their excursion gained redoubled charms.

One evening, a little after dusk, having failed during the day to find a suitable encampment in an arid plain, they had turned back towards that which they left in the morning. They had ridden pretty hard, and when they came to the dry bed of a torrent which they had to cross their horses were very tired.

'I reckon,' said Captain Snow, 'we'll not circumvent Dick's Ferry this night. My horse is getting cranky like, and trails his legs like an old mutang.'

'Hush!' said young Rock in a low tone.

'What's up?' whispered the other in an equally cautious manner.

Young Rock pointed down the bed of the torrent, which was thick with bushes, and overhung by trees, and at some considerable distance the blaze of a fire seemed reflected faintly on the silvery branches of a larch. The fire itself was completely hidden, and would have been admirably concealed but for an accidental opening in the trees.

'Ingines—Redskins!' observed Captain Snow. 'Do you and Polly slope away to yonder clump of trees, and hide away spony, while I creep down to the reptiles, and look at their paint.'

With these words the Kentuckian descended from his horse, took off his cloak or poncho; and divesting himself of rifle, pouch, everything, in fact, but his tough pantaloons, flannel shirt, moccasins, and hunting-knife, began to descend the stony bed of the river. Mary and her brother rode away with every precaution, leading the third horse between them.

Snow moved with all the stealth and caution of an Indian warrior. He had lived three years with the Cherokees, and seen their arts and contrivances in the profession of man-slaying. He now roused all his recollections. The neighbourhood of Indians might be harmless, but it likewise might be dangerous; and the safety of his affianced wife quickened the young man's blood, but took nothing from the admirable coolness of his head, which was as fertile in expedients as that of a backwood lawyer is in abuse. It took him fully an hour to reach a little hillock behind which lay the camp. Snow now scarcely breathed. The spot he occupied was rough, and filled by thorny bushes. It was about twenty yards from the dangerous vicinity of the fire. Slowly and gravely he raised his head, and then his eyes fell upon a party of nearly a hundred Indians in their hideous war-paint. Some were sleeping, some smoking, while two or three were on the watch. One of these stood within three yards of him leaning against a tree. His side was towards the Kentuckian, and his eyes were fixed on vacancy. Once he turned quickly in the direction of Snow; but the darkness, and the scout's motionless position, made him see nothing, and the white man could continue his survey in peace. The long lances of the Indians leaning against the trees showed him that the warriors were cavalry, and this circumstance made his heart beat. He had hoped that the horses of his party would have given him a certain superiority over the Indians, which he now saw did not exist. With this conviction he was about to retire, when a young Indian moved aside the trees near the fire, and advanced into the centre of the opening,

until he stood before the chief, who was smoking his red-clay pipe with becoming gravity.

'Pale-faces!' said the young man after the usual pause.

'Ugh!' replied the chief.

'Three,' continued the young man: 'one squaw—two warriors. Squaw dressed like warrior: her voice soft and sweet like a Pale-face girl.'

'Ugh!' said the chief.

Another pause ensued, after which the young man, having explained that the white party was tired and weary, and could not go far, the chief of the war-party ordered him to take a dozen warriors about dawn and attack them. The Howling-Wind grunted his reply, and sat down.

Captain Snow was now amply satisfied as to the nature of the Indian tribe: they were Comanches, the Arabs of the great-prairie wilderness, outlying in the woods in the hope of cutting off volunteer parties going to Mexico. Using all his caution, he crept away from his dangerous post, nor departed from his noiseless walk until half a mile distant. He then made boldly for the clump where he had advised his friends to retire. He found them camped in its very centre, well concealed, their horses grazing with shackled feet, and a small fire.

'Heap on more wood-bog,' said Captain Snow as he came up; 'the varmint have seen us, and the sight of our camp may keep them in good-humour. I conclude their scouts are spying us out this very minute.' And he explained all he had heard.

A hasty meal, but an ample one, was taken at once, and then some portion of rest was snatched. Indeed the Rocks, with all the careless security of their Irish blood, slept soundly until two hours before daylight, when Snow roused them up. The horses were saddled in silence, a mouthful of corn-cake eaten. Snow then doled out to each a small panekin full of brandy, half of which they drank, while with the other half, mixed with water, they washed the joints of their horses, their mouths, and ears. They then piled a great quantity of wood on the fire, and mounting their horses, rode off.

Not a word was spoken, while Snow, who headed the party, forbore to press the horses, reserving their strength for sudden emergencies. They soon entered a beaten trail in the forest, which they followed until dawn. The night had been dark, without moon or stars; and when the gray morning broke, they found that their imperfect knowledge of the country had deceived them, and that they were getting away from home. They retraced their steps, guided by the lofty smoke of their own fire, not with the intention of getting so far back, but of gaining another trail which led across a vast open prairie in the direction of their home. Presently the skirt of the wood was reached, and they were on the huge plain. It was of the rolling character, covered with lofty high grass, and extended far out of sight. A heavy cloud in the distance, hanging over the edge of the horizon, showed that in that direction the prairie was on fire. Towards this the trio rode slowly in a line which promised to leave the vast conflagration which was being formed to their left hand.

'Whip handsomely!' suddenly exclaimed Snow; 'the varmint are on us!'

At the same moment the war-cry of the Indians was heard in all its horror from a hundred screeching throats, and the long lances of the Comanches were seen waving in the distance. The fugitives now gave whip and spur, and the horses bounded along at a rapid pace, and for a short time they succeeded in heading the Comanches: but their long lances were never out of sight. For four hours they rode hard over the plain, until they were not more than two miles distant from the crackling, smoking, blazing high grass, which bore down towards them like a fiery avalanche. To their left lay a stream of water, to their right a level sward, which had been burnt some months back, and was now covered with short turf grass. Near its edge grazed a number of wild horses, which presently raised their heads as they approached; for this mode of escape they had preferred to trying for a ford.

'The reptiles!' suddenly exclaimed Snow, reining in his horse. 'Do you see them horses? Well, every one of them has an Indian devil hanging by his side ready to catch us! I know that trick a mile off.'

The Mexican Indians, by means of a thong round the saddle, and a peculiar stirrup, will hang for hours beside a horse, which will thus appear to be galloping of its own accord over the plains. The trick is usually adopted when flying before superior forces, to guarantee their bodies from arrows and bullets.

Captain Snow looked anxiously around him. The pursuers were about a mile behind them, the ambushed Indians about half a mile to their right, while at about an equal distance before them was the fire.

'We have little choice,' said he calmly. 'My friends, we must do a dreadful bould thing! The horses will be a little skeary like, but a quick eye and a cool head will do it—we must shoot the prairie fire!'

The Rocks had heard of such a thing, but they stood amazed at the very thought. But Snow left them no time for reflection. The concealed Indians, finding themselves discovered, leaped into their saddles, and bore down upon them. But they remained unnoticed. The three fugitives were busily engaged. They had placed their powder-flasks out of the reach of fire: they had wrapped their rifles in strips of their torn-up cloaks; and then, having carefully and tightly bound their own clothes, they tied bandages over the eyes and nostrils of the horses. Then they mounted again, the Indians being close upon them, and made for the rampart of smoke and flame that lay between them and life.

The line of fire was about three miles long. The prairie, composed of reeds and grass damp with recent rains, did not burn with that lightning-like rapidity which leaves no chance of escape. It burned quickly, but steadily, and Snow remarked that in some places smoke predominated over flame. Just before them a lofty clump of bushes burnt high and brightly, but to the left of this a thick black smoke seemed to indicate a swampy expanse where the fire had less purchase. They were moving rapidly, the Indians not two hundred yards behind them, along the line of flame, and the Comanches were yelling with delight. They gained ground every minute on the fugitives, and saw no chance of escape for them.

'Close your eyes, and follow,' suddenly cried Captain Snow, seizing the bridle of Mary's horse, and plunging headlong into the thick smoke of the mouldering swamp. The atmosphere, which for a long time had been oppressive, now became absolutely suffocating. The noise was infernal. Crackling reeds, hissing damp bushes, flaming grass, a black vapour that choked and blackened, was all that they could distinguish, with a sense of intense heat, and then a black plain covered with charred wood, with smouldering heaps of charcoal, lay before them. They had passed with the least possible amount of injury. A few burns, a scorching sense of thirst, faces as black as negroes, were all that had ensued from their desperate and daring act. Snow pressed the hand of Mary in silence, and then examined the horses. They were irreparably lost. Their legs had suffered burns which would render much farther journeying impossible; but they were compelled, despite their frightful state, to urge them on again at their fullest speed.

A howl, that Snow knew too well, warned him of a new danger. The savage wolves of the mountains were upon them in vast droves. These animals follow prairie fires in search of the carcasses of deer, turkeys, rabbits, hares, &c. that perish in the flames; and, collected in such force, become formidable. The wretched horses instinctively darted away, and the fugitive band made for a wood about five miles off, which had been spared by the fire, the grass near the trees being too damp and too short to burn. As they rode, they loosened rifles and pistols, and took their huge powder-horns from the many swathes which had protected them. Several times they halted and fired at the furious beasts, which, to the number of about four hundred, came on behind them. Their shots told, and a general halt showed that the *caïats* were engaged in devouring their unlucky companions.

At length the wood was reached; and while, by a general discharge, they for an instant checked the advance of the hungry brutes, Mary climbed a tree, took up the arms, provisions, and other traps, and was then followed by the weary men. The horses galloped away, and became instantly a prey to the savage white wolves.

It required an hour of absolute repose to enable the fugitives to talk over their position. They then ate and drank, and smoked in silence for another half hour, when all were sufficiently recovered to hold a council. The wolves were howling round the tree, which was lofty and thick, and seemed determined not to abandon their prey. But the backwood trio laughed at them. Their chief concern was the loss of their poor horses, and the prospect of a tramp home. They were now pretty secure from the Indians, who must believe them to have perished in the flames, and who would choose a road removed from the track of the conflagration.

They spoke some time in a low tone, until the howling of the wolves below became intolerable, and Captain Snow and young Rock resolved to rid themselves of the nuisance. They descended to the lowest branches of the tree, and looked down. A fearful yell from a hundred throats greeted them; and the aspect of the long hanging tongues, fierce eyes, and savage teeth of so many animals would have terrified any but men inured to dangers and hardships. A quick volley from their revolving five-barrelled pistols drove the jackals back an instant. Snow was perched over a large pile of leaves driven together by the wind. On this he rapidly emptied a good handful of powder. With a handful of Spanish moss from the tree, and the lighted tobacco from his pipe, a flame was produced, and the burning moss dropped as the wolves returned to the charge. The animals retreated with terrific yells, as the leaves took fire and the gunpowder flashed, and then kept a respectful distance. Young Rock now leaped down, flung some wood on the fire, and, joined by his party, soon had a fiery rampart round the tree. Within this they rested, and dressed their wounds, or rather burns.

The next day, after sixteen hours of repose, the whole party started on foot. The wolves, which only collect in dangerous numbers on rare occasions, had dispersed over the black and smoking plain. Weary and tiresome was the journey through forest, through swamp, along dreary interminable plains, with a heavy rifle on the shoulders. They rarely fired a shot, eating sparingly, and at long intervals, for the crack of firearms had now become dangerous. Ten days they tramped along, and on the morning of the eleventh they were within a mile of the dwelling of Captain Snow. Two or three smart reports of guns made them prick up their ears, quickly followed as they were by the duller report of Indian fusils. The trio plunged into a thicket, loosened their rifles, and advanced. Ten minutes brought them to the skirt of the wood. The buildings of Snowville were a little more than a hundred yards distant. The Indians lay about fifty yards to their left, behind the wagon and corn-stack frame. Quick as thought Snow and his companions fired, and then, with a loud yell, rushed across. Taken in flank, the savages sought the cover of the wood, and made no effort to prevent the junction of the whites. Snow found that his house had been blockaded two days by the Indians, but that his assistant and the four negro slaves had made a very spirited defence. Mary was alarmed about her parents; but during the day any movement was impossible. They accordingly rested until night, making meanwhile every preparation for further resistance; and darkness once set in, Snowville was abandoned to two negro slaves. Snow had always been kind to his blacks, and they acted accordingly. The party of six crept on hands and knees through a maize field, and thus gained a trail that led to the house of the Rocks. A huge blaze soon informed them that the place was burning. Mary felt sick at heart, and darted forward. She was only restrained within the bounds of prudence by the exertions of her lover. They soon stood at the mouth of the gully, and the scene, illumined by the blazing hut, was revealed in all its gravity. Old Rock

and his wife cowered down by two posts: the Indians were preparing for the torture; they were at least twenty in number. But the whites hesitated not. A quick volley revealed their presence, and then on they rushed. But before they had gone half the distance the old couple were among them, with Indian guns in their hands. A retreat was beat at once; and before the astonished savages rallied, the Pale-faces commanded the entrance of the gully, and retreated in good order. The magic reputation of the Western rifle kept the Comanchees at a respectful distance.

Two days more were they within their post, but then the Indians gave up the siege. On the fifth day the whole party was mounted; the wagon, drawn by oxen, contained all their valuables, and on the top old Rock and his wife. The rest served as escort. Their destination was a county some two hundred miles distant, where Captain Snow was to be united to Mary. They were married; and then, joined by four enterprising families, the bold backwoodsmen again entered the wilderness, and returned to their old residence. A village was formed, and Captain Snow was at once chosen as sheriff. The community was small, but full of perseverance; and though they have suffered a little from Indian attacks, courage and industry soon repaired the damage; and Mrs Snow seems in a fair way of presiding over a considerable town at no very distant period. Peace is now restored, and, a wife and mother, the heroine of this narrative has given up the nomadic habits of Mary Rock.

LONDON GOSSIP.

February 1850.

LONDON itself is often the last topic in London gossip: having the whole world for its range, the metropolitan city appears to occupy itself more with what is without than what is within. This is a peculiarity that rather astonishes country cousins, and dwellers in Little Pedlington generally, who wonder at the unconcern with which your aboriginal citizen walks along the bustling, roaring streets, regarding all their multitudinous incidents as matters of course. Your rustic too is somewhat surprised that his Cockney friend cannot tell him the name of every church he passes in his laborious endeavours to see everything, from the Achilles Statue to the Tunnel, with a devout inspection of 'London stone' by the way. The Londoner is too busy to be inquisitive about local nomenclature; but you will find him very glib with news, from rumours scarcely beyond the dawn of credibility to reports in full-fledged certainty. Is there an insurrection in any part of the globe from Spitzbergen to Tongataboo—a blight in the cotton crop—a sanitary grievance—a complication in diplomacy—a falling off in sugar imports—a bigger melon than usual at Chatsworth—a water-spout in the Pacific, Buckinghamshire, or Borneo—no matter what, straightway it forms an item wherewith colloquists entertain themselves for a brief hour, or convert it into 'talking capital.' And yet with all this expansiveness and power of expansibility there is a marvellous amount of narrowness in the metropolitan mind, or in the place where the mind ought to be. If you want proof of this, consider the patience with which dirty streets are tolerated, slushy, greasy, or dusty according to the season—consider how passively the extra charge of a shilling for booking a box-seat at the theatre, or the sixpence for a bill of the play to the janitor, is submitted to—how meekly a hundred yards of unpaved footway in a busy thoroughfare will be endured—how quietly a river side-terrace is suffered not to exist—how composedly dear and sewage-defiled water is drunk—all these and many more prove that the mental capacity of the metropolis will bear widening; or is largeness of view incompatible with largeness of population?

So much for a beginning. I may now tell you that, as I stated in my gossip last year, an arctic expedition, to comprise two sailing and two steam vessels, is to be despatched by way of Barrow's Straits, to follow on the track of Franklin to the westward; while the ships under Captain Collinson, now on their way to Behring's Straits, will, if they can, force their way eastward. A somewhat similar attempt was made, as you will remember, in 1826, by Beechy and Parry. Let us hope that the present expeditions will be successful in discovering Franklin and his party: the chance of finding them alive is more probable than many persons are willing to believe—Sir John Ross and his crew passed four years in the polar seas, and survived to come home again. There is no want of spirit for the work, for it appears that the officers who have volunteered number more than enough to do all the duty without sailors. Besides these, two other naval parties will go out—one under Sir John Ross, the other to be conducted by Mr Penny, one of your Aberdeen whalers: he is now making preparations at that port; and a further search, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, is to be made by Mr Rae; so, whatever may be the result, we shall at least have done our best to find the long-absent adventurers. There has been a lecture on the subject at the London Institution; and those of curious eye as well as mind have now the opportunity to see an arctic panorama.

The Panopticon, to which I called your attention some time ago, is again showing signs of vitality. It is to be an exhibition to comprise philosophy, art, and science, with lectures adapted to a popular audience: the site selected for it in the Strand is highly in its favour. This reminds me of the Great National Exhibition of Works of Industry; the undertaking looks more promising than it did at first; the executive has been invigorated by the introduction of competent practical men. It is to open the 1st of May 1851; the building, which, as contemplated, will cover nearly, or quite, twenty acres, is to be erected in Hyde Park; and articles sent from abroad, for exhibition *only*, are to be admitted free of duty. This looks like business, and much is it to be desired that no littlenesses may intervene to mar the project. If properly carried out, this exhibition might be made the means of developing a good deal of native talent which now lies in obscurity for want of means to make itself known. A 'national' scheme should necessarily include the humble artisan as well as the wealthy manufacturer. The people might be found as willing to exhibit as they are to view: an art exhibition in Liverpool, the admission to which for adults was twopence, was visited by 13,000 persons in the month of December last.

Among points of interest connected with railway matters is the fact, that our six thousand miles of iron-road produced nearly twelve millions of pounds of revenue last year. Locomotion here shows itself as an important element in the national resources. The Great Northern Company are constructing a viaduct across the river at Peterborough; it is one of the topics talked about at the 'Civil Engineers'; as well as the swivel suspension bridge, the iron-work of which, weighing 3300 tons, has just been cast in this country for the emperor of Russia. It is to cross the Dnieper at Rieff, and when in place will be 1400 feet long, while the whole length of suspending chains is four miles. Besides these, the tunnel now being excavated by American 'navigators' on the banks of the Hudson between New York and Albany elicits a few remarks. This 'digg' is to be 830 feet long, 24 wide, and 19 high; with the open cutting at either end, the entire length will be 1530 feet: 400 men are at work on it night and day. Then there is the paper on 'Improved Dwellings,' read a week or two since at a meeting of the British

architects; it is an able discussion of a question now exciting a good deal of attention, and applies to middle as well as working-class dwellings. This is a point worth notice, for, as one hears in many quarters, why should not clerks and people in a similar grade be provided with well-fitted and independent dwellings, instead of being compelled to live, as so many thousands are in this great city, in ill-fitted lodgings, or miles distant in the suburbs? We shall have to come some day to your Edinburgh system of living in flats, though not as flats, and the sooner a beginning is made the better. Poor clerks, obliged, by the nature of their business, to dress respectably, are often much worse off than your fustian-clad mechanics.

The interest in this subject is spreading. A public meeting to discuss it and adopt measures has lately been held at Hull. It is to be hoped the other Yorkshire towns will follow the example: there is need enough! Another sign of the times is to be found in the formation of a company who propose to substitute *cremation* for *inhumation*, with such appliances as may suit modern sentiment. Could this project be entertained, it would at once settle the vexed question of intramural interments; yet although burning the dead would be a desirable improvement on our present obnoxious custom, I fear it will be long ere popular opinion will be in favour of it. And next, while projects are the topic, have you heard of the notable scheme for a railway from Calais to Mooltan? The intermediate space is only 3800 miles, and of these nearly 1000 (namely, to Pesth) are executed already! Wont it be pleasant, when this line is complete, to pass a month of the long vacation in that Eastern land where Brahma left footprints, still visible, if there be any truth in history, and where Sir Charles Napier issues proclamations and orders as startling as they are amusing? Wont it be nice to have a swim in the Indus, pic-nic in the caves of Elephanta, and bring home a bottle of the Ganges as a *souvenir*? Then, as though this grand scheme were not sufficient for the time being, a New York epistolarian states that 'the projectors of an electric-telegraph communication between that city and the Isle of Wight will bring their plan before congress at its present session. They propose to lay down a substantial insulated wire of thirty-six fibres, coated one half-inch with gutta-percha, and to guarantee its working with perfect integrity for ten years. They offer to complete it in twenty months from the date of contract, for a sum not to exceed three millions of dollars.' And further, 'the same company offer, within five years, and for five million dollars, to lay down a similar line from the Mississippi to the Pacific.' Whether these turn out to be dreams or not, they serve to show that engineering conceptions can at times approach the transcendental.

By the way, there is a fact connected with telegraphs which is worth consideration—I mean the difference of cost of the apparatus in this country and America. It is commonly said that two thousand miles of posts and wire can be fixed in the United States for the same sum that would be charged for two hundred in this country. The Yankees take a single wire from post to post across the country irrespective of railway routes, and furnish tools for repairs to farmers and other dwellers along the line, who, in return for their trouble, are permitted to use the telegraph for their own private purposes. If such an arrangement be not possible in Britain, surely some plan could be devised for diminishing the charge for flashing messages whereby the proprietors and the public would be mutually benefited. The Prussian system of laying the wires underground is said by practical men to be the best.

Talking of America reminds me of a new attempt to add to the resources of that go-ahead country—nothing less than the growth and manufacture of tea. The undertaking is the work of Mr Junius Smith, whose name is well remembered among London merchants. In the autumn of 1848 he imported five hundred tea-plants from China, and set them in his estate in South

Carolina. Some seed was sown at the same time, but as the 'fall' is not the sowing season, it did not come up; the plants, however, thrrove, notwithstanding the winter, and at the last accounts in 1849, were all in bud. It is said that tea may be successfully cultivated in fourteen of the states, and the estimated produce from one acre of land is 547 pounds. Jonathan consumes annually 11,000,000 pounds of the commodity: does his enterprising genius anticipate beating the Celestials out of the market at some future day by novel tactics in tea?

A notion concerning natural resources has also been thrown out in France. As reported by the correspondent of the 'Literary Gazette,' 'M. Lefevre de Vaugouard declares that he has discovered the means of artificially fecundating the spawn of trout, and that he is able, from the spawn of one single female, to produce an immense quantity of fish. M. Coste, of the College de France, has experimented on eels. He has had brought to Paris a quantity of the animalcule which, at the end of March or beginning of April every year, suddenly rise in immense masses at the mouths of rivers, particularly of the Orne, near Caen. This matter is, it appears, often dragged out of the river by the peasants to cast on the land; but M. Coste has ascertained that it is from it that eels are produced, or rather that it is itself a mass of eels in the earliest stage of existence, and that, if left untouched, these eels would ascend the rivers and canals. Out of a portion of this matter, called by the peasantry the *montée*, M. Coste has succeeded in breeding a promising and flourishing family of eels; and he calculates that, at the end of a few years, each of them will be worth in the market from six to eight francs.' These are interesting facts; and perhaps some good may come of gossiping about them, by making people aware of the value of this organic fluviatile deposit, as geologists would call it.

Apröpos of France: the Academy of Bordeaux offers prizes for a treatise on the ancient coinage of Guienne, distinguishing among the Anglo-Saxon coins those which belong to each of the Edwards. They propose also to give a gold medal of five hundred francs value in the present year for philological researches. 'On an author who is one of the brightest glories of Guienne, and one of the most illustrious founders of the French language such as it was formed in the sixteenth century.' The subject is to comprise 'the composition of a classified vocabulary of the language of Montaigne; and the competitors are to pay particular attention to all the words where the sense presents any difficulty, to explain the significations, and illustrate them by examples taken from Montaigne himself, from writers who preceded him, or from contemporaneous authors; to examine, also, which of the expressions, current at the present day, were made use of by classic authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.' Here is a subject to evoke the enthusiasm and industry of those who make words their study, and doubtless some will be found to plod at the work. What a fertile subject old Rabelais would be for a similar investigation!

Taking a stride over the Alps into Switzerland, we find the Society of Public Utility in Geneva offering fifteen hundred francs for an essay on the questions—'Is it advantageous to a small democratic state to grant encouragement to families containing the greatest number of children?'—'In democratic states of limited extent, by what guarantees is it most desirable to surround the recruitment of the population, occurring either by naturalisation or by the establishment of foreigners?' Thus philology and politics both present themselves to those disposed to enter the arena of discussion. To come back to our own country: it has been proposed to paint maps on the walls of the new houses of parliament and other edifices throughout the country, with a view to interest and instruct the public. These maps might be astronomical and physical, as well as geographical, and thus widen the sources of information to the fullest extent. The idea is not a bad one; perhaps some of our Mechanics' Institutes will act upon it. Mr Barlow's

lecture, too, on the novel subject, 'A Bank of England Note,' delivered at the Royal Institution, is worth a passing notice. The peculiar nature of the paper was explained; the security which these peculiarities afford against imitation: they consist in the colour, transparency, texture of the material, the feel it has on being handled, the water-mark, which is produced in the pulp, and cannot be successfully imitated in finished paper, the three rough or *deckle* edges, and the strength. The bank-note paper is made from *new*, and not from *old* rags; and before the size is applied, a note will lift thirty-six pounds, but with the addition of a grain of size only, fifty-six. In this way it was shown that perfection of manufacture is the best means of repressing the artifices of the fraudulent. There is yet another fact in connection with the Bank which comes in well as a winding-up: the directors have voted, or are about to vote, £500 for the formation of a library and reading-room in the establishment for the use of the clerks, who are to pay an annual subscription of a few shillings. Periodicals and papers will be provided; and as the books are to circulate, the advantages will be extended to the home-circles of all who may choose to avail themselves of them. I hear that Mr Francis, author of 'History of the Bank,' and 'Chronicles of the Stock Exchange,' is to be librarian. This is a step in the right direction.

THE BIRTHDAY TREAT.

'Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star.
Up and down the heavens they go—
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out.'

WORDSWORTH.

WHAT the poet has said of the small celandine, do I venture to say of a human flower of my acquaintance. A lowly one indeed—one that might be styled a weed of homely feature, if we could quite forget, in our complicated social distinctions, the great fact, that God hath given all of us a portion of his immortal spirit, and that with him is no distinction of persons. 'For goodness' sake,' and also 'for righteousness' sake,' therefore, we must be allowed to tell our readers something about a poor servant-of-all-work. Let us begin, however, by admitting at once that she is not an interesting martyr, nor an angel incognito, nor a heroine placed in advantageous contrast with a luxurious, indolent, black-hearted, silken-robed fine lady. It is not so: we have no skill in that sort of high-light and deep-shadow painting. We have no claim to any sort of invention in our little account of Mary Gray. It is just a copy from the life, and as much of a fac-simile as we can make it.

Mary Gray, then, was a servant-of-all-work when we first knew her. She had been cook, housemaid, and nursery-maid before, and was by no means bad in any one of these capacities; but she was by far the best servant-of-all-work we ever saw, at least for the place in which we first made her acquaintance—one which required head as well as hands, heart as well as head, and conscience and high principle above all. She was the daughter of respectable poor people living in a village in the west of England. She had numerous brothers and sisters, most of them younger than herself; and at the age of sixteen she went out to service. The first situation she had was that of under-housemaid in a physician's family in Bath. Mary had a certain something about her which was attaching. She had her faults, like other young people: she was giddy, somewhat hasty and warm in temper—she loved a gossip and a laugh dearly—we have no doubt she often broke cups and plates; but, as we have said, she had a certain something about her which was attaching. No one she lived with liked to part with her. This something we believe to have been an affectionate, *unselfish* disposition. She never seemed to think of herself first, or to study her own convenience. Her life was a constant series of

exertions and unconscious sacrifices for the good of those she lived with—mistress, master, children, fellow-servants. It was no great wonder that Mary was liked—that no one wished to part from her. For many years she received small wages, though she had a great deal of work to do; but she had that blessed alchymy of a contented spirit, which turned the copper of life into gold, and by virtue of which she believed the wages she received to be enough, and the work she did not too much for her. Yet Mary could not boast of extraordinary physical strength; on the contrary, she had not a strong constitution, and she suffered a great deal of pain in the course of her life. But her gay, active spirit carried her aloft over ill health: she set about her work like a lark, and got through more than many a stronger but less willing person. For seventeen years she lived in the service of various branches of the same family.

When I first saw her, she had just left some people belonging to this family, with whom she had lived seven or eight years. They had brought her to London with them. Mr D— was an artist, and lived at Brompton. When, from a series of misfortunes, her master and mistress gave up housekeeping, and were obliged to part with Mary, she had not to seek for a place. Several small families in the neighbourhood were anxious to engage her, for her good qualities had got abroad. Her generous devotion to the D—s—her utter self-forgetfulness—her efforts to help them in her humble way—were things whispered about and commented upon by charwomen, washerwomen, tradespeople, and servants in the neighbourhood; so that Mary was able to choose a place for herself. She made a good choice when she selected that of our friend Mrs Campbell; for though she had plenty to do there, she was allowed to do it in her own way, and was esteemed and thoroughly trusted as she deserved to be. When she had been with the Campbells about two years, we went to visit them one Christmas, and soon became aware of Mary's many good points as a servant. We heard many touching little stories about her strong attachment to her former employers, especially the D—s—. We also saw evidences of this. Once we peeped into her bedroom in the attic, and saw its walls adorned with unfinished oil-paintings and drawings, which she had saved from the wreck of her late master's studio. These she valued so highly, that she would part with them for no money. She had acquired some little knowledge of art in her former service, and always gave her opinion (if asked) concerning any drawing which Miss Campbell or Miss Georgy might be occupied with. She always considered herself as one of the family, and took care of everything in the house as if it were her own. There was one thing which some mistresses might not have approved in Mary: she had a great many visitors. Poor women and young girls, who lived in the lane at the end of which the Campbells' house and the house which had been the D—s' were situated—all came to see Mary. They had known her for eight years, and they could not keep from her. When the Campbells knew who all these visitors were, they raised no objection to the intercourse. The house was in a retired, out-of-the-way place, and it would have been impossible for a cheery, social creature like Mary, to live without keeping up her friendships and acquaintanceships. Besides, these friends and acquaintances always lent a hand in whatever work was going forward in the kitchen while they talked, and they, upon the whole, hindered Mary very little.

Although Mary received very good wages while she lived with the Campbells, I am sorry to say she could not be prevailed upon to begin to lay by a little money. 'How could she,' as she said, 'when there were so many to help?' She never neglected her own family, but sent great part of her earnings to her widowed mother, and some sisters who were in need. Then among her circle of friends in Brompton there were several whom she assisted in bad times with a few shillings from her little store. In these ways her money went as soon as, and

sometimes before, it became due; and at last Mrs Campbell adopted the plan of keeping Mary's money for her, as she could not keep it for herself.

During our visit that Christmas we were fortunate enough to become the witness of an act so characteristic of Mary Gray, so beautiful in itself, and so honourable to human nature, that it has seemed to us a duty to record it. We saw the treat she gave herself on her birthday: her thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth, we believe. She was just the sort of person to think a great deal about birthdays and feastdays. We don't think cold-hearted, calculating, or very saving people ever care about these things; but Mary Gray did. She was always glad of any excuse for making a present, or giving a treat to others. We saw that very Christmas the large parcel she sent down into the country to her relations: the warm shawl for her sister, the flannel and the bottle of gin for her old mother, the plums and currants for a Christmas-pudding, the old gowns to be made up for little nieces, the two little books for the nephew of seven years old, who could read 'quite beautiful.' And verily she had her reward. Indeed she had a twofold reward; for she not only had the great pleasure of sending her parcel home, but she had that other pleasure—the proof that she had been thought of there; for the very day that she despatched her present, she received a hamper from that dear home. There was a bottle of elderwine and a bottle of cider, both home-made; and there were abundance of apples—home-growth too; and there was a large cake, and other trifles, over which Mary's tears of delight fell. All these things were partaken of in the parlour; for, as we said before, Mary was one of the family, and everybody in the house rejoiced when she rejoiced, and ate her good things accordingly, to her immense satisfaction. She would have been deeply mortified if we had spared her cake and apples.

One morning Miss Campbell said to us, 'Mary's birthday is next week. She always has a holiday on that day; and this time she says that she means to give herself a regular good treat. Now what do you suppose this treat is to be?'

'As she is fond of gaiety, perhaps she is going to the theatre?'

'No. Guess again.'

'Perhaps she is going to begin a course of prudent saving, and will put every farthing she possesses in a savings' bank?'

Miss Campbell laughed, as if that were about the last thing Mary would be likely to do.

'Perhaps,' suggested I, 'she means to go and see her friends in the country?'

'No; she has sent them too much money to be able to afford that. But she has saved all her Christmas-boxes, and this is her notion of the pleasantest way of spending the money: she always has intended to give herself a regular treat, she says, and now she means to do it. And this treat is to give a grand tea, and a good game at snapdragon, to all the poor children in the lane.'

'It is a thousand pities Mary is not a rich lady!' we exclaimed.

'I do not think so,' said Miss Campbell; 'and I don't think the children in our lane will think so. They will enjoy themselves more at Mary's tea-party, I am sure, than at any entertainment given them by a Lady Bountiful of the parish. They all love Mary, and she loves them. And you may be sure that there will be no lack of kind sympathising friends in her own class who will forward her wishes in every way.'

'I suppose you and your mamma will really pay the cost of the feast?' we said; and were glad to receive the following reply:—'Oh no; that would be to deprive Mary of half her pleasure. It is to be her own entertainment: we shall do nothing towards it. Mary must not be deprived of her great luxury—generosity.'

If our readers could have seen Mary's happiness while preparing for her party, they would agree with us in thinking that there were few women in the kingdom

who could enjoy that part of the business of giving an entertainment so well. As soon as her intention became known in the lane, and among the tradespeople who served the Campbells, the popular feeling about Mary became evident. Mrs Jackson, a violent-tempered woman, who lived in the lane, and had an empty room in her house, which Mary intended to hire for the evening, graciously intimated that she would lend Mary the room for nothing: the milkman promised to give her as much milk as she required, ay, and some cream too, dear as cream is in London at Christmas-time, that her own tea might be perfect on the occasion: the baker sent her as many loaves as she wanted: the butterman sent her butter, not a small allowance, or of a common sort, but three or four pounds of the best fresh butter he had in his shop: the landlady of the White Hart lent her tables and benches to furnish her room, and promised to give her brandy for the snapdragon, and a moderate amount of beer and other drink for the fathers and mothers of the children when they should come later in the evening to see their young ones at play: the grocer sent her tea and sugar, and plums for her cake; and one of her friends brought her plums for the snapdragon: and, as Mary said, her 'birthday treat would cost her nothing after all.'

When the important evening arrived, it was a dreadfully cold one, just the best sort of evening to enjoy a merry-making by the fire. Mary dressed herself in her best, and set off at an early hour in the afternoon with a huge basketful of things down the lane. One of her guests was ready waiting to help her to make the room ready for the company. It would not be easy to describe the sensation which the anticipation of Mary Gray's party caused in the hearts of the little boys and girls who were invited. We heard from the mother of two of them, Mrs Bailey, a respectable hard-working charwoman, and a great ally of our Mary's, that the little things had been talking and thinking of nothing else for a fortnight past.

'Some wise man has said that being happy, and seeing others happy for two hours, is a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived a creature as man.' We met with this remark in 'Forster's Life of Oliver Goldsmith' just now; and so far from thinking two hours of such bliss a thing to be slighted, we are inclined to say that a quarter of an hour of it is a thing to be prized. Of this, at all events, we are sure—if the gentle, generous, large-hearted Goldsmith could have accompanied us in our short look in upon Mary's party, he would have valued the enjoyment highly; indeed we question very much whether he would have been got away again at all. He would have thought it a pleasant thing to help Mary to dispense her good things to the bright-faced, clean little children; he would have taken out his flute, and played the company a tune, we are almost sure; and we are quite sure that he would have made Mary Gray as immortal as Beau Tibbs or Dr Primrose. Goldsmith was the man to have appreciated her.

We paid two short visits to the party in the course of the evening. We went first at about five o'clock. Mrs Bailey, radiant with smiles, opened the door of the room when we knocked, and begged us to walk in; and Mary was loud in her welcome. It was a small room, quite clean and neat, and warm and brilliant with a good fire and plenty of candles. There were two tables. Mary was pouring out tea and coffee at one; and about eighteen children in a state of quiet ecstasy were eating toast, cake, muffin, and all sorts of good things, and drinking cups of sweet tea *ad libitum*, at the other. While at Mary's table sat three or four respectable poor women, besides Mrs Bailey, drinking tea—some of the very best tea it is possible to drink, we assure you, reader. Mary invited us so earnestly to take a cup, that we could not refuse; and we found it so unusually good, that we all of us had some difficulty in getting to sleep that night. We mention this to show you that Mary had everything in first-rate style. As soon as we had drunk our tea,

we came away, as we feared that our presence might be some restraint upon the company.

An hour or two later we all went down the lane again, to have another look at Mary's juvenile party. The fun was now at its height. There was a fiddler in one corner of the room playing away with all his might; and the little ones, with our Mary in the midst of them, were dancing in a style that did one good to see. After the dancing was over, we waited to see the snapdragon begin. By this time some of the fathers of the children had come home from work, and had joined the party. It was a pleasant thing to see how cheerfully they entered into their children's sports; and the mothers seemed so happy, that you would have thought they had never known what it was to fear the want of a meal for those enraptured, noisy little ones. About ten o'clock all the children were gone home to bed—and then Mary, and such of the parents and grown-up visitors who could remain, kept up the evening till midnight; and they separated with the mutual declaration, that none of them had ever spent a pleasanter evening. We can easily believe it; for we, who were present so short a time, are almost ready to say the same thing.

We are not very good at tacking on a moral to every slight tale or anecdote we may happen to tell. In the first place, we think the tale must be very badly told, or not worth the telling, which requires any such clumsy explanation. It must be something like the picture of that animal under which the painter found it necessary to write, '*This is a lion!*' In the second place, if there be a moral lesson to be learned from a tale, we think it a very bad compliment to the reader's ingenuity to point it out to him: it is part of his business to find it out for himself. Whether any one will find a moral in Mary Gray's Birthday Treat we know not; but we cannot help thinking that no right-hearted person can hear of it, and know that it is *true* (for it is *quite true*), without being pleased to think that such things happen, not unfrequently perhaps, among the generous poor of England. Well might the poet, with whose words we commenced, say that he cared not merely for the great, and wonderful, and magical—

'The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.'

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

[About sixty years ago, a shop in the town of Forfar, in a large way of general business, was burnt down, and the following curious document is the inventory given in by the proprietor to the office in which he was insured. The jumble of heterogeneous articles, the style, the spelling, and the *slumping* of the whole loss into the arbitrary, but not very formidable, sum of five pounds, give one a strange idea of the value of such a business at the time in a respectable provincial town, as well as of the intellectual status of its proprietor:]—

'An acct. of what articles I, William Butchart marchant in Forfar, was sailing at present in my shop in the same hoose wher I dwell and down so for this 51 years now going in as fair as I can remember and what my wife has soild and mead for the public and the countree round about both for destressed pepall and otherways at funeral times, for the women at chrestemss and mony publick metings of respectable pepall both in toun and countree for mor than 40 years which is well known—First I shall menchan shop good—Sugar and tea and soda and soap and ashes and blwe of tow kinds pruchan and butan starch whal oil green oil and lintseed oils ink and trakel black shugar and candy spoe and black paper and ginger and pich whitning and alum and rosit and brimston rock and flour of it writing papar both kinds long and letter whit sugar sometimes corks for comon bottles day wod or spels as it is called rops for carts honey tow kinds hadder and hom kind alyes sumer and winter thread from No 8 to 24 sorted alyes got lettley from Peter Banay a good assortment of tapes blue and black and white knoting from No 12 and 13 and 17 and 25 and 35 striped string what we call dunepretty brod and narree a pretty assortment of silk

thread blue and black and light and reed in short the coulers comman sought—they are almost rendered hoiasless by the wathewarks destroying them and all other things wemen's neaddles and thembles salts and seney and sefron aud cloves and cinaman mereo and rubarb and salt peter and limbrech and cut beard and shirt buttons and salt butter—I had just now a kitt from the country all destroyed and ivory black and bain black vitrel and ink glasses and writing pens nails from Jaurns sorted to single pumps of all kinds DD and D plenchens and single door and clout and large and smaller and double and single pump and tow kinds of cart nails. I forgot in last acct. catechesims ballarnetic barly for the pot sat for dallie huse yellow oker vinegar alyes and black and gray and other coulers coffen cords and chalk weght pens and peper sorted all my weghts for weighing goods destroyed and metle weghts for weing much hurt 3 steups for measuring the vinegar destroyed I mutchken 1 gill 1 half gill my oil measures destroyed several boxes destroyed and burnt that I had a pretty barley box and thimble ladle for taking out and several boxes holding reset and brimstone and sulphur and other things candles but not many of them at present alyes sold flour bread more than this 40 years had asortment of lofe and bisket and penny lofs in short all kinds sold by me destroyed and keal seed as I sell plants had a good and bees wax and mustard and brass wair and fishing hooks and fiddle-strings and pip clay and heren butter and hazer blue and white mustard seed and worm pouders there is a few artickles added more than before that my wife and me reminded but not many and 12 forks and knives in a barrel in the shop among some seed to keep them from rusting—now what my wife and me sold summer and winter gill and jam and presarved berrys of kinds and marmet there was marlmet mead leatly she sold the gill at 2s 6d per lb gamat 1s 8d marlmet at 2s per lb which in all L.5 sterling might be a mothret calkelation and these artickles and heny was much huse for the publick and now cannot be sold being destroyed and several of my wifes cloath since the inventory taking found to be much hurt attested by

WILLIAM BUTCHART

'There was 9 fulls suffoted in the house next the shop upon the south side and all dead—6 dukes and 2 hens and one cock to the great surpres of all that sead it and a great deal of our houseld things much hort by the smock which Mr — and others sead and dyd sielk—and my wife and tenament cleaning them and sorting them. W B'

ORIGIN OF PUBLIC WASHHOUSES.

It originated not with one of the philosophers, but with the humble wife of a labouring man in a small house in one of the back streets of Liverpool, who, during the cholera, offered the use of her back kitchen and copper to her neighbours. It was there that the first idea of this great institution was formed. This poor woman found that during the cholera there was great suffering from the constant necessity of the change of clothing for patients, and she gave the use of her back kitchen to her neighbours, and this plan went on for years, till it became constantly used by some eighty-five families. Some contributions were given to the poor woman towards keeping open her kitchen by a Ladies' District Visiting Association, and the people who came thankfully paid a penny a time for the facilities that were afforded them. Well, inquiry was made as to the working of this, and the result was such as to induce the corporation of Liverpool to think that they could do nothing better for the convenience and comfort—ay, and along with other measures, the moral improvement—of their fellow-citizens, than by erecting, which they did, public baths and washhouses on a large scale. They erected two establishments, which cost L11,000, and their example was followed in London and elsewhere; and now the bathers and washers are to be reckoned not by hundreds, but by thousands; and the articles washed not by thousands, but by millions. And this is a scheme founded by the labouring-classes—adopted by them in silence and obscurity for years, and at last taken up in Liverpool and London by the people and by the legislature.—*Lord Ebrington's speech at a public meeting in Plymouth.*

DEATH OF BURKE'S ONLY SON.

Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be

inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavoured to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. 'I am under no terror,' he said; 'I feel myself better, and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects.' Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, 'Does it rain? No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees.' The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect—

'His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;
With every plant, in sign of worship wave!'

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sank into the arms of his father—a corpse! Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator, to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

[The following piece is from a volume of genuine poetry just published at Boston, United States, entitled 'The Seaside and the Fireside.' By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:—]

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance night and day.

Not far away we saw the port—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town—
The lighthouse—the dismantled fort—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could not mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly from out the fire,
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main—
Of ships dismantled, that were haled,
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames—
The ocean, roaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed! oh hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

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VISIT TO SUNDERLAND.

TOWARDS the close of the past year it was my fortune to make a pleasant excursion to the north of England, in obedience to a request that I should preside at a public soiree of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Sunderland. Of the meeting on that occasion it is unnecessary for me to say anything further, than that the demonstration was eminently successful, and that I was treated with a degree of consideration infinitely greater than was either expected or deserved. What may be more calculated to entertain the reader, is an outline sketch of a few remarkable things which came under my notice during the excursion, which led me into the heart of that great bustling scene of operations, the northern coal district of England.

On arriving in the morning by railway at Newcastle, a deputation of several gentlemen met me, with the obliging purpose of conducting me through some of the more remarkable manufacturing establishments in that town and its neighbourhood, previous to my proceeding to Sunderland. The object in which I felt most interested was the celebrated High Level Bridge, which has been thrown across the deep valley of the Tyne between Newcastle on the north, and Gateshead on the south, so as to allow railway trains to pass to and fro without stoppage. To this, therefore, we went. Like all strangers, I was much struck with the effect of this magnificent erection, which, as a work of art, is much the finest thing in the north of England, and contrasts very favourably with the old low stone bridge across the Tyne a few yards farther down the river.

The High Level Bridge, erected from plans by Robert Stephenson, Esq. M.P., consists of six arches of open iron-work, which, seen at a distance, appear like a stripe of lace drawn across the sky. At the north end of the bridge, on the Newcastle side of the river, is the old castellated fortress, or keep, which performed an important part in the ancient Border wars. From this end, to the further extremity at Gateshead, the length of the bridge is 1337½ feet, or upwards of 445 yards; its breadth is 32 feet. The piers of the arches are of stone—light, elegant stalks planted in the bottom of the river. These piers are built on piles of wood driven into the soil as deep as the solid rock. The piles were driven by a ponderous steam-hammer—in itself one of the curiosities of the age—at the rate of from fifty to sixty blows per minute: such, indeed, was the rapidity and violence of the blows, that the iron heads of the piles became almost red-hot. On the top of the stone piers rest the iron arches, the construction of which is very peculiar. Each arch may be described as consisting of four bows, or ribs, of cast-iron laid sideways. From point to point, each bow makes a span of 125 feet, with a rise of 17½ feet in the centre. Each bow has, as I may call it, a string of iron rods; the

span, therefore, consists of four strings of iron lying parallel with each other. Now the curious thing about this contrivance is, that the iron bows form a double bridge. The back or top of the bows bears a road for the railway, and joists thrown across the four strings make a lower roadway for the ordinary thoroughfare of foot-passengers, carriages, and horses. Thus there is a bridge above a bridge. The upper bridge appears a giddy height. From the surface of the river, at high water, to the level of the rails, the height is 108 feet 6 inches, and to the suspended carriage-road, 85 feet. I had the pleasure of walking along the upper bridge, and being conducted through the lower by the assistant-engineer, Mr R. Hodgson, who explained a number of the details. The view from the top, looking down on the shipping and the old bridge, also over Newcastle and the spire of St Nicholas, its principal church, is exceedingly picturesque. In entering the lower roadway, we seem to look along a lengthened gallery. In the middle is a road of twenty feet broad for carriages, and at each side a foot-path of six feet. The road is paved with wooden blocks, with gravel in the interstices. While we walked through the gallery, a railway train went overhead roaring like a peal of thunder; and the only thing to be feared is, that the noise of the trains may startle horses. However, it will not be difficult to remedy this. The weight of iron, stone, asphalt, and other materials borne by the slender piers is very great. The weight of cast-iron in each arch is 517 tons; of wrought-iron, 50 tons; wooden planking, 125 tons; paving, rails, and asphalt, 68 tons; making a total weight of 760 tons for each arch. The weight of cast-iron in the whole structure is about 5000 tons. Surmounting all are the wires of the electric telegraph. The bridge was executed with wonderful rapidity. The contracts for this great work were undertaken in August 1846, and in August 1849 the first railway trains passed along it. In September the train bearing her Majesty and suite southwards from Scotland passed along the High Level, in the midst of multitudinous rejoicing. Before the bridge was opened for trains it was exposed to a severe test. Four of the heaviest locomotives were yoked together, and driven backwards and forwards for upwards of an hour; and scarcely anything is more indicative of high engineering skill than the fact, that at this vast trial of its powers of endurance the structure did not show the slightest symptom of weakness or vibration. The work was a perfect work—another triumph of England's greatness in the arts. It is not less gratifying to know that no serious accident took place in the course of its erection. I was told that a remarkable instance of preservation of life had occurred. One of the workmen fell backwards from the upper platform, and was arrested in his descent by the leg of his trousers catching hold of a nail which projected from part of the scaffolding: he remained suspended in air head downwards, until res-

cued from his perilous situation by some of his fellow-workmen! The nail which had been the instrument of this marvellous preservation of course became an object of curiosity to visitors.

The last thing I need to observe respecting the High Level Bridge is its cost. The contract for the stonework, piling, and scaffolding, was £95,000; and for the iron-work and roadways £112,000: I should suppose the whole cost will be little short of a quarter of a million of money. The contractors for the iron materials were Messrs Hawks, Crawshaw, and Sons, whose foundry at Gateshead I went to see after visiting the bridge. Unfortunately space will not permit of my describing the extent of that large concern—the smelting of iron, beating by steam hammers, forging of anchors, and other matters of interest to a stranger; neither need I speak of the process of making chain cables, a work which requires great nicety, for the safety of a ship depends on the perfect soundness of every link. At another establishment—that of the Messrs Armstrong, which is a model of order and neatness—I had the satisfaction of seeing the manufacture of hydraulic engines. These work like steam-engines; but instead of steam, the agent of motion is only cold water, and no fuel or fire is needed. A pipe of water is led from a height, and that is all. The engine I saw making was intended for pumping water from the extensive lead-mines of Mr Beaumont at Allenheads, which I visited on the occasion of a former trip into Northumberland. The invention of the hydraulic-working engine is one of the most surprising things of the age; and by and by the machine will come into use wherever a pipe of water can be led from an adjoining height. At the quays of Newcastle ships are loaded and unloaded by cranes which are operated on at no expense by this new demonstration of power.

But I must hurry on. My visit to Sunderland opened up a fresh scene of industry, brought me in contact with many intelligent minds, and revealed to me much kindness of feeling. Sunderland is situated at the mouth of the river Wear, and by means of new docks and otherwise, is growing up to be one of the greatest seaports on the east coast of England. Already a greater number of vessels are built by it than any other port in Britain, or in the world; nor, from all accounts, is the port likely to lose its trade of ship-building, as some of its inhabitants feared, by the abolition of the navigation laws. The commissioners of the Wear and its port having placed a barge at my disposal, to visit what seemed interesting, I had the pleasure of being rowed a mile or two up the river, passing in our course underneath the lofty iron bridge of a single arch of 237 feet span, for which Sunderland has long been celebrated. On both banks were abundant signs of activity. The eye everywhere encountered staiths for shipment of coal, and ship-building yards, in which stood on the stocks, ready for launching, as many as ninety-three vessels of different sizes; one a beautiful vessel intended for the East India trade, and which, when finished, would be worth twenty thousand pounds. The idea that the energetic ship-builders of this old-established mart of naval architecture were to be swamped by the meagre skill and capital of foreign states seemed to me too absurd ever to have been seriously entertained!

The probability of Sunderland attaining a degree of prosperity beyond anything it has hitherto experienced, is evident from the stir now making to extend the harbour accommodation. Formerly the ships which visited the port lay chiefly along the banks of the Wear, and the quayage was particularly defective. Now all this is to be remedied: a series of docks on a large scale has just been completed. Conducted over these magnificent works by their accomplished engineer, John Murray, Esq., I had an opportunity of seeing them before the water was admitted, and judging of the vast amount of labour bestowed on their construction. These docks form a frontage to the sea, immediately southward from the mouth of the

Wear, from which they are in the first place to be entered; but afterwards a second entrance, as I understand, is to be formed at the further extremity of the docks, so as to avoid the bar at the mouth of the river. The site of these great works is an excavation from the sea-beach—land, as it were, stolen from the domains of Ocean. This kind of acquisition is, however, perhaps less unusual than the ingenious plan resorted to by Mr Murray for forming a new beach on which the waves may lash themselves at will beyond the outer line of wall. It was a day of bitterly-piercing wind as our party tramped along the rough and newly-formed shore, the white foam of the angry billows careering like snow-drift, and mingling with the showers of dry sand which drove at every step in our faces. To fix the surging sands to the spot, Mr Murray has run out at intervals low walls or barricades, which being at right angles to the beach, the tide at each recess leaves an accumulating deposit; and thus gradually dry land is formed of a sufficient breadth to make an outer quay and roadway. The great dock, sheltered by these exterior defences, measures upwards of eighteen acres, and will accommodate 253 sail of vessels: most of these will be colliers; and to enable them to ship their cargoes with despatch, staiths—a kind of scaffolding projected over the holds of vessels, in connexion with railways from the pits—will be erected along the quays for the accommodation of wagons. The estimated expense of the docks is £275,000, a sum not unworthily spent on so useful an undertaking; but in the mode of raising which by Mr Hudson, in connection with the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company's affairs, there has unfortunately been too much to lament and condemn. Pity that the achievements of modern art should be so frequently associated with cupidity merging in something worse. Before quitting the docks, I was shown what must be deemed a real curiosity—a handsome lighthouse of stone, 76 feet in height, which, with all its interior fittings, and without the slightest disturbance of parts, was removed from its former situation to the extremity of the pier—a distance of 120 yards!

Sunderland is, properly speaking, two single towns united in one. That part of it most distant from the harbour is called Bishop-Wearmouth; and in this upper section are the finer streets and houses. By means of the lofty iron bridge across the river, access is now gained to the northern side of the Wear, and the houses here constitute a kind of third town, named Monkwearmouth. On this side, at no great distance from the north bank of the Wear, is situated Monkwearmouth coal-mine, which has the reputation of being the deepest pit in the world below sea-level. Having been courteously invited to visit this remarkable mine, the opportunity I thought was too good to be lost, and down accordingly I went. Before descending, as is usual for strangers, I went into a room in one of the adjoining cottages, and there took off all my clothes, and equipped myself in a pitman's dress, with a stick in my hand, and a leathern cap on my head, like that of a London coal-heaver. There are two entrances to the mine—one called the down-cast, and the other the upcast shaft; the former being employed for admitting fresh air, and the latter for bringing up the used air, along with the smoke of a fire which attracts it from the various parts of the pit. These two orifices of the mine, however, are each employed at the same time for raising coal, and around them respectively are mechanical appliances, with all the bustle of rising and sinking wagons, and turning out the coal which is every moment arriving at the surface. The point of exit is not exactly level with the ground. Over the mouth of each pit is erected a species of wooden house; and to get down the shaft, we begin by ascending a stair to the first storey of this structure, where the wagons from beneath make their appearance through a hole in the floor, and are emptied on large sloping sieves or screens, which separate the dross from the coal. The floor around the orifice is sheathed in plates of iron, to withstand the tear and wear which the wheels of the wagons would inflict on the timbers of the building.

The two shafts are of different depths. The deepest is

the upcast, which reaches to 300 fathoms, or 1800 feet, in sheer descent. The downcast is much less profound; but by means of an inclined plane beneath, it finally reaches the same level. After taking a look of the large steam-engine which works the apparatus, I was invited to descend the upcast shaft; but from its dark abyss there rose so fierce a torrent of smoke and culm, that it seemed to me impossible to go into it and live. My fears of being instantaneously choked only excited a smile; and all declared that I should scarcely feel the smoke after getting fairly into it. But I shrunk from the undertaking as I would have done from going down a chimney in full blow; so I was conducted to the less frightful channel presented by the downcast opening. Now let me describe the way of descending, which is very different from what is practised in Scotland, where a bucket dangling at the end of a rope is the usual and far from agreeable apparatus; but even in some parts of England the improved method is not yet introduced. The shaft at Monkwearmouth is provided from the bottom to the top with posts of wood fixed on two opposite sides. These posts, called 'guides,' may be said to be a kind of railway, against which the apparatus for lifting the coal smoothly glides, to keep it steady. The lifting apparatus, styled the 'cage,' is like a set of shelves of several tiers, strongly held together with iron, and is suspended by a rope from the pulleys of the engine. On being pulled to the top, it rests for a moment while the first shelf is level with the mouth of the pit—that is, level with the orifice in the iron-clad floor above-mentioned—and during this moment a wagon is drawn from it to be emptied; next rises the second shelf to deliver its wagon; and then the third. Now being cleared, the wagons are, one after the other, run back, each with a clang being fixed in its crib, and then down goes the whole out of sight. No language can picture the amazing rapidity with which all this is gone through, there being, as it would seem from long practice, not a single movement which does not tell. The whole thing is like a piece of jugglery. But this is England's greatness. Every man knows what he has to do, and does it well. And then let it be remembered that to these rapid movements the steam-engine keeps exact time; the attendant on that mighty force keeping his eye on certain admonitory bells and hammers which tap in a particular kind of way in obedience to the pulls of the workmen at the top and bottom of the pit. By a certain signal, for example, he knows when visitors or pitmen are coming up, and they are accordingly hoisted with more gentleness than would be a load of coal. Before descending, I may notice another precaution which is adopted. The beams fixed in the shaft are now rendered serviceable in case of accidental breakages of the rope. Formerly, when the rope broke, the apparatus was dashed to the bottom. In the year 1848, as many as eighty-nine persons were killed in England and Wales from this cause alone. Thanks to the genius of Mr Edward Fourdrinier (son of the ill-requited inventor of the paper-making machine), a process has been discovered, and is coming into use, by which deaths from breakage of ropes need no longer take place. The invention is simple. On the top of the cage there is fixed an apparatus of iron clasps, held up in such a manner by the rope as not to touch the side-posts. Should the rope break, the clasps are instantly disengaged, and projecting beyond the edge of the cage, are forced against the posts. By this jamming, the cage is held fast at the point where it happens to be, and there it remains suspended till succour is afforded. As the cage with its contents weighs about two and a-half tons, we may judge of the degree of power exerted by the apparatus in grasping the guide-posts, and saving the whole from destruction. This ingenious application of Mr Fourdrinier is the subject of a patent, and I was glad to learn that it has been extensively adopted in the coal-mining districts of England.

With these preliminary explanations to show that the descent into a coal-pit is no longer so hazardous an enterprise as one would be inclined to imagine, we may be permitted to go down. There were four of us—a confidential viewer or overseer, with two assistants, and

myself. Each clambered into a wagon just emptied of its contents, and sat down crouching with the knees nearly to the face. In my wagon the viewer also packed himself, holding in his hand a *Davy*, or, more properly, a *Clanny*—a safety-lamp of an improved kind, invented by the late Dr Reid Clanny of Sunderland,* by which we had a little light. The live cargo being made up—each wagon pushed into its shelf on the cage—down the whole swiftly and smoothly went into the abyss. The motion, contrary to my expectation, was not unpleasant; and what seemed odd, the sensation was that of going upward instead of downward. There was, however, little time for reflection, for we were speedily at the bottom of the shaft, where we were received and disengaged by the dusky figures in attendance. On gaining my feet, the place in which we had arrived did not appear by any means dismal. We were at the end of a long gallery, which was white-washed, and lighted with gas—a sort of Thames Tunnel on a rude scale, stretching away into the bowels of the earth. Gas in these subterranean regions was somewhat unexpected; but I experienced still greater surprise on being conducted by a ladder down into a dungeon-looking place, and there shown a gas-manufactory, with a furnace, retorts, and gasometer in full operation. 'How does the smoke of the fire escape?' 'Come this way, and take care of your feet—hold by me,' said Mr B—, my obliging conductor, as he led me into a further gulf of darkness. A door was here cautiously opened—the rush as of a whirlwind was heard—and stooping forward, we looked into the great upcast shaft, the channel of universal exit, in which torrents of smoke ascended with a fury that would almost have driven us before it to the upper world.

We now proceeded along the gallery or tunnel, which, as has been said, was well lighted with gas, encountering as we advanced trains of coal wagons, drawn on a railway by horses under the guidance of boys, on their way to the shaft. Here and there water dropped from the roof, which was for the most part boarded, and the footing was not so bad as I had expected. The tunnel, however, was rather confined in point of width, so that when a train came rattling upon us, we were constrained to stand pretty closely up to the side, to avoid being run over. The spectacle of horses at work in such a situation inspired sorrowful feelings. The poor creatures may be said to be condemned to toil for life underground—never more to see and enjoy the cheerful light of day. One of the horses was white, but drudgery had smeared it with culm and dirt, and I somehow felt more for it than the others. Yet my compassion was said to be thrown away: these horses, like Canning's knife-grinder, had really no tale of woes to tell. There were sixty of them altogether in the mine, and as all were in good condition, it was logically argued that they did not pine for want of sunlight. Fresh provender and water are brought regularly down to them; and to give me an idea of their comforts, I was taken into their stable, which is a large excavation in the side of the tunnel, fitted up with stalls and other conveniences.

* The Davy lamp has 784 meshes in the wire-gauze cylinder in the square inch, and it has long been known that if the meshes were of a more open texture, for the purpose of giving a more suitable light, explosions in coal-mines would be even more frequent than heretofore. Again, if the meshes in the Davy were smaller, so as to afford more safety to the miner, the light of course would be so insignificant that no pitman would attempt to work with such a lamp. It is a curious fact, that the above-mentioned inconveniences are happily obviated in the construction of the Clanny lamp; for in the latter are from 784 to 1296 meshes in the square inch, through which air for combustion passes downwards in safety through the meshes within the whole depth of a very thick glass cylinder; by this arrangement, from scientific discovery, the atmospheric air, when mixed with fire-damp at the exploding point, is rendered innocuous, being greatly expanded, and the flame of the oil lamp continues longer than in that of the Davy, and in perfect safety, readily indicating, through the glass cylinder, any change in respect to the fire-damp contained in the atmosphere of the coal-mine. From the flame of the oil lamp being surrounded by the glass cylinder, no blower or strong current of air at the exploding point can reach the flame, nor can the pitmen light their pipes at the flame; besides, the Clanny lamp gives out from four or five times more light than the Davy.—*Newcastle Journal*, April 7, 1849.

Some of the horses, I was told, had been ten years in the mine, and of course had become quite used to a subterranean life. It seems that after a time their sight becomes impaired, and if taken to the surface, some days would elapse before they regained the natural power of vision.

After inspecting the stable, we prepared to descend the inclined plane. In a small apartment, fitted up with a couple of forms, and jocularly called the 'parlour,' we all stripped ourselves of jackets and other garments, and stood equipped only in a woollen shirt and blue woollen drawers. My conductors laid aside their neckcloths. Thus as lightly dressed as possible, and each with a tallow candle stuck in a piece of moist clay in his hand, we got into wagons, and were let down the inclined plane at a considerable speed—the moving power being a rope over pulleys acted on by the steam-engine above. On arriving at the foot of the incline, which is at the full depth of 1800 feet, I found things a little more rude than in the stage above. There was here no gas, and the galleries, branching out in different directions, were apparently more confined. We had got to the level of the great seam of coal, and what a beautiful seam it was! About five feet thick, it glittered a continuous mass like a wall on each side, and was to all appearance horizontal, and therefore comparatively easy of excavation. Along the principal route towards the workings we bent our way, and walked altogether a distance of perhaps the third of a mile, the channel always getting more confined, and the heat becoming the greater the further we advanced. Yet at this depth, such was the excellence of the ventilation, that there was nothing to complain of as respects breathing. The only thing unpleasant was the necessity for walking in a stooping posture, to avoid knocks on the head by the incumbent roof. The road, be it observed, was still a tramway of rails, to facilitate the exit of the loaded wagons, which in these recesses are not drawn by horses, but pushed along by men. Soon we had occasion to see some of these men engaged in their laborious duties. They were for the most part quite naked, or at best clothed only in a few inches of apron; but all wore coarse buskins, to protect their feet and ankles, and every one of them of course as black as a negro. Receiving the wagons as they were filled, they handed them along from one to another, using a degree of muscular exertion which, along with the heat and closeness, caused the perspiration to pour down their culm-covered skins. Arrived at the spot where the wagons were being filled, we found two parties of men, also the next thing to naked, actively engaged in digging the coal from the seam which blocked up and terminated the pathway. We sat down on a mass of coal just riven from its bed, to watch their proceedings. The temperature, as shown by a thermometer, was $86\frac{1}{2}$ degrees—the heat of a tropical climate. All around us was coal. We were in the heart of the great seam, which stretches for many miles, and is apparently inexhaustible—wonderful when contemplated as the transformation of a luxuriant vegetation which, hundreds of thousands of years ago, had flourished in the light of day, and been afterwards submerged beneath the sands of the ocean and calcareous deposits—still more wonderful when contemplated as a store of the richest fuel prepared and set aside for our use by the hand of a bounteous Providence!

The seam is not difficult to work. By means of a pick, the colliers brought down great masses, which crumbled into small pieces in falling. It was interesting to observe that the surface of the seam crackled and sputtered on being newly exposed. The workmen call this being *free*, and it indicates, they say, a good coal. When a coal is mute, and does not sputter under the pick, it is considered to be of inferior quality. The liberation of confined air or gases is doubtless the cause of the phenomenon. While seated for a few minutes in this murky recess, one of the hewers entertained us with his history: he was a man of colour, and had absconded from slavery in the West Indies. We now retraced our steps along the galleries, ascended the incline in a train of wagons, and finally reached the surface without accident, though in a state

which required some potent ablutions before assuming our ordinary attire. Our visit had occupied about three hours.

This coal-pit may be considered a fair specimen of some of the largest mines. In and about it there are employed nearly a thousand people, and every day it sends a thousand tons of coal to the surface, where they are immediately run off in wagons by a tramway to a staith on the Wear, and shipped. The excavation of the mine was a matter of great labour and expense. The operation of sinking commenced in 1826, and was carried on for ten years, at a cost of £100,000, before the work was crowned with success. The perforation was through a capping of magnesian limestone, and several beds of coal and strata of sandstone were gone through before arriving at the great seam, which it was the important object to reach. In the course of sinking, various springs were come upon, which gave incalculable trouble. The most profuse of these springs was one at the depth of three hundred and thirty feet, which poured water into the workings at the rate of three thousand gallons per minute. This fearful influx was kept under by a steam-engine of two hundred horsepower, and the shaft was made secure by strong metal tubing. At present the works do not seem to be troubled with water. I found them in most places quite dry—a circumstance rather surprising, as they are considerably below the level of the sea, which is only a mile distant, and also below the bed of the Wear, which rolls with its shipping overhead. Maps of the workings, showing the different strata perforated, are kept in the viewer's office, near the mouth of the pit; and from these I traced the line of route which we had lately pursued below ground. Some fine specimens of fossil Flora, the memorials of an ancient era, are preserved by W. Bell, Esq., one of the proprietors of the mine.

I could not, it may be supposed, leave this and other scenes of industry in the north of England without making some inquiry into the social condition of the working-people. I grieve to say that here, as almost everywhere else, accounts of misspent means—intemperance, and the evils that follow in its train—were much too prevalent. One man, a skilled worker in an iron-foundry, was pointed out to me as having for years received a wage of one guinea a day, or six guineas a week. He had spent all, mostly on drink, and now was reduced to a lower department at a wage of a pound a week. That man, said my conductor, might now have occupied a high position if he had behaved himself properly. On going through a glass-work, various instances were mentioned of a similar degree of recklessness; and in answer to a question on the subject, the Scotchmen employed in the concern were said to be 'just as bad as their neighbours.' One man of different tastes and habits was pointed out. He was a Frenchman, dressed in a blouse; and at the time he was blowing glass with a long iron rod in his hand. This species of work is highly paid. That Frenchman, said the foreman of the works, receives £5, 10s. per week, and he is so clever and so steady, that he is cheap at that. On inquiring how he spent his earnings, I learned that he exercised a reasonable economy, and would probably be able to return to his own country with considerable savings. Such accounts as this are exceedingly perplexing. How comes it that we so frequently hear of foreign operatives—men whose religion or no-religion we view with a kind of horror and compassion—being steady in their general behaviour, while our own countrymen, in similar circumstances, give themselves up to indulgences of the most despicable nature? The problem is only explicable on the ground that in foreigners the qualities of *taste* and *self-respect* are more commonly exercised and developed; but why the cultivation of these qualities is less successful among us than in continental Europe, is a question which I have not space here to either consider or answer. That there is nothing in the condition of our humblest workmen really hostile to elevation of taste, is sufficiently evident. When at Sunderland, I had an opportunity of hearing of an instance of self-improvement under the most untoward circumstances. A gentleman connected with the coal-pits invited me to dine with him,

and after dinner he told me his history. He was the son of a pitman, and was sent into the mine at nine years of age. At first, for a year, he acted as a trapper—that is, a boy who keeps a door, and opens and shuts it, to regulate the ventilation; for this he received half-a-crown a week. Next he became a putter—that is, a lad who pushes along the wagons in the workings; and for this terrible drudgery, which, as already mentioned, is done almost in a state of nudity, in consequence of the heat, he received three shillings and sixpence a week. He now, when he went home at night, put himself to an evening school. Next, from his steadiness, he was appointed to attend to the condition of the rails on which the wagons run in the mines; and for this he got higher wages. He now was more intent on educating himself than ever. He saved sixpences and shillings from his wages to pay schoolmasters, learnt drawing and mathematics, and finally studied the kind of engineering applicable to mines. The more he learnt, the more useful he became. He rose from one place of trust to another; and now, said he, here am I at the head of the concern with a salary of five hundred a year! Not only, then, has this person by his own efforts, under God's blessing, raised himself to a position of high local trust, but he has gained the world's esteem, and attained no mean eminence as a mining engineer. All of course cannot expect to reach anything like such a position. But what a different kind of world it would be if every one, as a point of duty, would at all events try!

W. C.

AN ADVENTURE IN BRITTANY.

IN 1843 there dwelt at a place called the Rocher-Fendu, on the coast of Brittany, and not more than ten English miles from the town of St Malo, a man of the name of Pierre Dupont, with his family, consisting of his wife, his mother, and one child. Pierre Dupont was half fisher, half farmer: *propriétaire* not only of the cockleshell in which he, in favourable weather, ventured a few miles to sea in quest of such prey as the teeming waters were disposed to yield without too great a requirement of skill and trouble, but of between three and four acres of middling land, cultivated in accordance with the wisdom of his ancestors. Maître Pierre was not, it will be readily understood, over rich; still, as he had but one child, and as his wife Jeannette, a pretty Grandillaise, was a model of thrift and industry, honest Pierre contrived, by scratching his land, and skimming the seas within easy reach, not only to keep the wolf from the door, but to maintain a very comfortable *ménage*; and on his wife's, his mother's, or his own *jour de fête*, to display a quantity of silver spoons, forks, &c. those indispensable adjuncts of the most modest French *bien être*, that never failed to awaken the admiration, if it did not excite the envy, of the guests bidden to those simple festivals. Altogether, Jeannette had little to complain of in her helpmate, save when the too prodigal waters loaded his boat with so great an abundance of fish, that it could not be disposed of in the village about three miles distant from the Rocher-Fendu, and he had consequently to make a journey or a voyage to St Malo with his flimsy treasure, an expedition which never failed, according to Jeannette, to demoralise him for several days afterwards. However early he set out in the morning, he never returned till very late at night, sometimes not till the next morning; and there was always a confusion in his accounts with reference to sales and expenditure—for Jeannette, like the great majority of French housewives, was keeper of the privy purse—which nothing but a very liberal discount for wine-shop disbursements could in any way balance or explain.

Upon one of these dangerous errands Pierre was once more departed, accompanied by Jean Collas, his assistant both by land and sea, whose loutish shyness a draft into the conscription—to which honour his growing years would in a few weeks entitle him—would, there could be little doubt, speedily eradicate. The St Malo market happened to be very poorly supplied on this

particular day, and Pierre Dupont's cartload of rare and valuable fish was rapidly disposed of at a very high price, to his own great satisfaction and the huge admiration of Jean Collas, who had seldom before seen so much coined money in one person's possession.

'Ah ça, Jean Collas,' chuckled Pierre, as he pouched the money for the last basketful. 'Voilà qui va pas mal. La bonne femme doit être contente, n'est ce pas?'

Jean Collas replied with a gesture significative of his very decided impression that a woman that would not be satisfied with a canvas bag full of five-franc pieces like that must be a very unreasonable woman indeed.

The cares of the day, as Pierre rashly concluded, over much earlier than he had anticipated, he consulted with Jean as to the advisability of taking a *petit verre* before or after dinner. There was so much to be said on both sides of this important proposition, that Jean and his master found themselves practically deciding it in a favourite cabaret before they had properly commenced the discussion, which, in the presence of the *fait accompli*, they therefore very wisely adjourned to a future day.

'A ta santé, Jean Collas.'

'A vous, Maître Pierre. Dam! mais c'est bon ça!'

They had not been unobserved by certain men unusually quick at arriving at unexpected solutions of difficult problems, especially in matters relating to the laws which govern and regulate the possession of property, and who, by a rule of arithmetic peculiar to themselves, had already reached the conclusion—that, given a bag of five-franc pieces in the possession of two rustics of vinous propensities, a certain desirable result might, by a very simple process in subtraction, be quickly and easily obtained.

The politeness, the frank generosity, the caressing manners of the three gentlemen who entered the Pomme d'Or a few minutes after them, powerfully excited the sympathies of Pierre Dupont and Jean Collas. They were invited to join the new-comers over a bottle of wine in a private room; and when there, the friendship of their entertainers rapidly increased in warmth and intensity. Not a sou would they permit Dupont to pay: they were just returned from Algeria, and their hearts were brimful of love for all Frenchmen. Pierre and Jean listened with avidity to the marvellous campaigns against the Arabs in which their friends had participated, and drank bumper after bumper to the confusion of Abd-el-Kader, and the glory and success of the French marshals and generals who had shed new lustre on the brilliant tricolor. Dupont, modest man as he might be, was still too much a Frenchman to permit himself to be totally eclipsed by the blaze of eloquence and valour which had so unexpectedly burst upon him, and he recounted with much spirit and complacency the various items by virtue of which he claimed respect and consideration from mankind: his farm, his fishing-vessel and apparatus, the quantity of *argenterie* he had inherited and purchased, his pretty Jeannette, were all carefully enumerated for the admiration of his companions, who, to do them justice, listened with a touching interest to all he said as long as he could make himself in the least intelligible. When that point was past, as it ultimately was in the case of both master and man, they considerably advised their going to bed, and not attempting to reach the Rocher-Fendu till the following morning. This friendly counsel being tacitly agreed to, the attentive kindness of the gentlemen went so far as to see them both safely in bed, after having first assisted to undress them; and then, with a gracious 'Au plaisir!' their excellent friends left them to their repose.

How long the unfortunate pair of simpletons slumbered they had no accurate means of testing; but they were at length roused from uneasy, feverish sleep by the rude shaking and shouting of a number of gendarmes who had visited the Pomme d'Or in quest of the very gentlemen by whom they had been so liberally entertained.

'What have you done with the fellows you have been drinking with all day?' demanded one of the officials in an imperious tone.

'Plait-il?' murmured Pierre but half awake, and rubbing his eyes, which he twisted alternately in the direction of the astounding scene before him and Jean Collas' bewildered countenance. 'Plait-il?'

'And your money?' cried another of the officers, lifting up a pair of trousers, of which the pockets had been turned inside out, on the end of his cane, 'what has become of that?'

The eyes of Pierre dilated to their extreme width as the appalling spectacle met his view. 'Vois-tu ça, Jean Collas?' he exclaimed, but without turning his gaze from the fascinating exhibition. 'Mais, voilà du sérieux, ce me semble!'

Serious indeed; and still greater loss and peril to be apprehended if the opinion of the officers, after he had told his story, might be trusted. Active measures were instantly resolved upon; a swift conveyance was immediately procured, and Pierre and Jean, accompanied by two gendarmes, were soon off to the Rocher-Fendu, whither I must, with the reader's leave, for a few hours precede them.

The sultry summer day was rapidly drawing to a close, and still no sign of Pierre and his cart met the anxious gaze of his wife as, her household work long since accomplished, she sat at her opened door looking out upon the road to St Malo. He had set out very early, and should long since have returned; where could the weak promise-breaker be loitering? Jeannette's fitful anger as she ran over in her busy mind, enlightened by former experience, the uses to which he was in all probability putting his time and money, made her spinning wheel—the constant appendage of industrious French matrons—revolve at intervals with a rapidity utterly fatal to the evenness and regularity of the thread; and but for the placid countenance of her infant son, half-slumbering in a cot hard by, and the sedative influence on herself of the snatches of old songs with which she strove to beguile it to sleep, the good woman would in all probability have soon worked herself into a towering passion. The lids of the child's eyes had just yielded to the lulling influence of its mother's soft, low voice in the gentle melody of l'Oiseau-bleu—

'Il est tard; l'Ange est passé;
Le Jour a déjà baissé;
Et l'on n'entend pour tout bruit,
Que le ruisseau qui s'enfuit.
Endors-toi! Endors-toi!
Mon fils, c'est moi:
Il est tard, et ton ami,
L'Oiseau-bleu, est endormi!'

when heavy thunder-drops striking on the casement, followed by a vivid flash of lightning, warned Jeannette of a sudden and violent change of weather. She closed and fastened the door, placed the *riz-au-lait* by the hot fire-embers in preparation for the family supper, and then called to her mother-in-law, Madame Dupont, who had been busy up stairs, to come down. The elderly but still very active dame, who was even more terrified at thunder-storms than her daughter-in-law, hastened to comply. Candles were instantly lighted to render invisible the flashes of the lightning; the mother, with the simple superstition of her class, sprinkled her child with a few drops of *eau bénite*, carefully preserved for such occasions; and then both immediately opened and earnestly coned their prayer-books, in devout deprecation of the divine wrath, manifested, to their untutored imaginations, in the conflict of the elements. These arrangements had been scarcely made, when a loud summons at the door announced an impatient and unusual visitor. It was opened by Jeannette, and a young man, of some five or six-and-twenty years of age, and of gentlemanly dress and aspect, stood before her. 'He had,' he said, 'been loitering in the neighbourhood, and had unfortunately missed the diligence from Avranches to St Malo. He was already

wetted to the skin, and should be extremely grateful for shelter, and, if possible, a bed, till the morning.' Jeannette concluded in an instant, from the stranger's appearance and accent, that he was an Englishman, and with the frank hospitality of her class and country unhesitatingly acceded to his request. He expressed a wish to put off his wet clothes as soon as possible. A bed in an inner room was instantly prepared for him, and Mr Henry Talbot, fatigued with his day's rambles, was soon sound asleep. A short time afterwards, Madame Dupont, during a lull in the storm, retired to her bedroom, and Jeannette was left to await in silence and solitude the return of her truant husband.

It was getting very late, and Jeannette began to think that Pierre, not having left St Malo before the storm burst forth, had determined not to return home till the following morning, when she was startled by another summons at the door—this time fierce and peremptory, and accompanied by the sound of rude voices, enforcing by shouts and cries the demand for instant admittance. Jeannette, startled and alarmed, hesitated to unclothe the door. She had just snatched her infant from its cot with the intention of running up stairs to seek counsel of Madame Dupont, when the frail fastenings gave way, and three fellows, drunk, and desperately savage, reeled into the room, and insolently demanded to know why they had been kept waiting so long in the rain.

Jeannette, pale, trembling, scarcely able to stand for terror, stammered out an incoherent reply; and the ruffians, seating themselves without ceremony, commanded wine and brandy to be immediately placed before them.

'Allons, Jeannette!' cried the leader of the ruffians. 'Wine, brandy of the best, for your husband's friends!'

'My husband!' ejaculated the terrified woman. 'Do you know him?'

'Know Pierre Dupont! Parbleu, intimately!' rejoined the fellow. 'He has sold all his fish, I must tell you; but as he intends passing the night at the Pomme d'Or, he desired us to make his compliments to his charming Jeannette, and bid her give his excellent friends a hearty welcome. So, quick! We are customers that do not love to be kept waiting. After that,' added the audacious scoundrel, 'we will examine the plate-chest, and see whether Pierre gave us a correct list of his *argenterie*!'

Jeannette, half-dead as she was with fear, still retained sufficient presence of mind to murmur a trembling acquiescence, and left the room to fetch the required liquor. Her mother-in-law was not yet in bed, and she had just time to whisper with white lips the state of affairs below, when the ruffian voices of the intruders shouted to her not to delay a moment in her errand.

'Monsieur! monsieur!' exclaimed Madame Dupont in a suppressed and trembling voice, shaking Henry Talbot, who was with difficulty awakened from profound and dreamless sleep; 'for mercy's sake rouse yourself!'

'What is the matter?' he cried at last, raising himself from his pillow, and regarding his strange visitor with astonishment. 'Why do you disturb me?'

'Hush!' rejoined the woman; 'do not speak so loud. Get up as quietly as you can whilst I go and open the back gate. I will return immediately.'

'You have been quick,' she said on re-entering. 'Now follow me on tiptoe.' He complied; and passing into an adjoining closet, saw and heard, unobserved, all that was going on in the inner apartment. Madame Dupont then led him back to the room in which he had slept.

'What is the meaning of all this?' he demanded in a hurried whisper.

'Robbery first; and next, there is little doubt, murder, to avoid detection! Two of them, I gather from their conversation, are escaped *forçats*!'

'Good Heaven!'

'You are an Englishman and a seaman, if I mistake

not?' said Madame Dupont, apparently misinterpreting, as she keenly perused his countenance, the emotion which the suddenness of the communication had elicited, 'and that is a designation which I have heard is seldom borne by cowards.'

'Cowards!'

'Pardonnez, monsieur. I perceive you are not a man to abandon a woman and a child to the mercies of such ruffians.'

'I trust not. Still, the odds are great, and it would be well for you to summon assistance.'

'You are armed!' interrupted Madame Dupont. 'I saw two small pistols by your bedside. Are they loaded?'

'They are, but'—

'Listen: we can both leave the house unperceived by this door, and if your English *sang froid* will enable you to act your part, all may yet be well.'

'Go on.'

'Farmer Girardeau's house is not distant across the fields much more than half a league: I will hasten there; and as he has horses, it will not be long before help arrives. You must amuse them till then.'

'Amuse them?'

'Yes: knock boldly at the door, and ask shelter for a short time to rest yourself. You understand?'

'I do. I will not abandon the young woman and her child in this terrible strait; but as gentlemen of the vocation of our friends yonder are not only extremely impatient of delay in such enterprises, but remarkably cunning in their generation, it will be advisable that you lose no time.'

Madame Dupont eagerly assured him that she would not lose an instant, and immediately set off.

The appearance of Mr Talbot excited, it will be readily supposed, not only the savage surprise of the three ruffians, but the unbounded astonishment of Jeannette herself, who was of course ignorant of her mother-in-law's stratagem.

'There is no room here for you, Monsieur l'Anglais,' exclaimed one of the fellows with a sinister scowl.

'Pardonnez, monsieur,' replied Talbot with a coolness which surprised himself, as he pushed a chair behind a table standing between him and the gang, and sat down upon it. 'The mistress of the house is the only person who has a right to say *that*; and unless she orders me out, here I shall remain till I have thoroughly rested myself.' He then took out his cigar-case, lighted one, and began smoking.

'He crows well, ce galliard ci,' exclaimed one of the fellows. 'We'll see presently what he is really made of.'

The three then held a whispered conference, and some irresolution was perceptible in their demeanour. Talbot in the meantime took advantage of an unobserved moment to place his two small pistols, concealed by a handkerchief, on the table before him.

'We have private business to transact here,' said one of the fellows at last. 'How long do you propose remaining?'

'Not long. Half an hour perhaps, or a little more; during which,' Talbot added carelessly, addressing Jeannette, 'I could dispose of a good part of a bottle of wine, if madame could spare one?'

Jeannette, who still clutched her child in her arms, hastened with tottering steps to comply with his request.

'Will madame do me the favour,' said Talbot, who saw that Jeannette's strength was rapidly failing her, 'to take a glass with me?' The terrified creature mechanically swallowed the proffered glass. 'Another, madame—you look cold. Your health, messieurs,' he continued, himself swallowing a bumper. 'If my friend Girardeau,' he added with a meaning look at Jeannette, 'should call, as I expect he shortly will, tell him, if you please, that I am gone on.'

He was understood; and the blood which had been curdling at her heart rushed in an instant tumultuously

through her veins, and flushed her pallid cheeks with crimson.

Her look of gratitude and intelligence aroused the half-alumbersing suspicions of the attentive ruffians, and Talbot, brave as he was, saw with a beating pulse that a deadly struggle, in which his chance of victory was slight indeed, was at hand. He started up, and passing his hand beneath the handkerchief, clutched the handle of one of the pistols.

'It is time this were finished!' shouted one of the fellows, and instantly hurled a bottle at Talbot's head. He missed his mark; and the furious assassin, brandishing an open clasp-knife, sprang madly at his anticipated victim. He rushed upon his death: the bullet from Talbot's pistol passed through his throat, and the curses he was vomiting were choked in his life-blood. He fell back with a frightful yell, and must have almost instantly expired. This unexpected result staggered for an instant the resolution of his confederates; but presently recovering from their momentary panic, they rushed fiercely towards their enemy. Talbot discharged his second pistol at the head of the foremost of them, but unfortunately missed his aim, and an instant afterwards was in the death-gripe with the assassin; whilst Jeannette, rushing distractedly from the house, rent the night-air with her shrieks. Talbot was a powerful, active young man, and but for the villains' knives, might perhaps have succeeded in the mortal strife. He was at last borne to the ground, gashed with slight wounds in a dozen places: the bitterness of inevitable death, in the midst of youth and life, swept through his reeling brain, and then his senses failed him.

Before the triumphant wretches could raise a hand to despatch their victim, a shout and rush were heard near the door; in leaped Pierre Dupont and Jean Collas, and were in an instant grappling with the surprised scoundrels on the floor, whilst a volley of '*accélérats! coquins! voleurs!*' streamed in breathless fury from the lips of both Pierre and his man. When the gendarmes, who followed close behind, entered, they found the victory already won. The iron gripe of Jean Collas round the throat of his opponent, had it not been forcibly wrenched away by the officers, would soon have terminated his earthly career; and Pierre Dupont was battering the head of his vanquished enemy with his recovered bag of écus in a way that in a few minutes would certainly have left nothing to be desired.

Mr Talbot's wounds were not serious, and about a fortnight after the adventure he took leave of his grateful host and hostess, much weakened, indeed, by loss of blood, but otherwise in good health.

The '*Gazette des Tribunaux*,' which records the sentence of the court upon the captured miscreants—'*travaux forcés à perpétuité*' ('the galleys for life'); not certainly too severe a sentence—is silent as to the effect produced on Pierre Dupont's habits by the terrible lesson he had received. It can scarcely, however, one would think, have failed to cure him of the vice which, but for a remarkable accident, would not only have beggared his home, but have destroyed his innocent wife and child.

S A L E S.

At a literary soirée in London some years ago, where many of the now lost stars were present, and among them Thomas Hood, the conversation happened to turn upon antipathies. Instances of dislike to every existing object, from cats to roses, were quoted, when Hood at once surprised and amused the company by inquiring if any lady or gentleman present ever knew an individual who had an antipathy to bargains. Not a single example was recollected in the party, nor is it probable that one could be readily furnished anywhere; for in all classes of society mankind are proverbially bargain-lovers; and though a more than ordinary zeal on this subject has been attributed to the fairer portion of the

race, the 'razor employers,' as I once heard a belle designate the opposite sex, also manifest at times a strong relish for the very cheap. A warehouse advertisement, promising 'rich silks at less than muslin prices, and everything under prime cost, owing to peculiar arrangements for the special service of customers,' is itself a tolerably clear comment on bargain-loving and its uses. But in no corner of trade's extensive empire does this general propensity stand forth in such free relief as at those gatherings of the public known, and dear to all dwellers in towns, under the denomination of 'sales.' Roup and auction were the old-fashioned names by which our grandmothers knew and sought them; but in their days they were much less abundant than in ours—owing, as some say, to frequent panics, and others, to the progress of commercial arts.

Who that has resided for any length of time in a city has not been occasionally attracted to a sale, perhaps in hopes of a great bargain—perhaps to see what might be had if one could only spare the cash? The last-mentioned case certainly affords the best opportunity for observation. The expectation that sits on every face; the anxiety, especially of those in the background, to inspect the articles put up; the excitement of opposing bidders; the disappointment of those who have lost an unmistakably cheap lot; and the still deeper chagrin of some who have bidden too high, and hoped, till the hammer fell, that there might be somebody simpler than themselves: but, above all, the auctioneer, with his thousand modes of uniting amusement with business, and manoeuvres to increase the returns—are things common enough, but well worthy to be seen among the pictures of life.

In the early part of the last century sales were reckoned among the chief attractions of London, the resort of its rank and fashion, and one of their grand resources against time—ever regarded as an enemy by that division of the unemployed. Fashionable people, indeed, still attend sales by way of business; but at that period the West-End world—wits, beaux, and belles—chronicled the sales as well as the balls of the season, and attended both with the same amount of small mortifications, petty triumphs, and occasional amusement. There Lady Mary Montagu heard whispered compliments from Pope, and court-scandal from Lord Hervey; there the Duchess of Queensberry displayed her rustic dress with yet more rustic manners; and there Horace Walpole was in his glory, though not alone, collecting gossip for his 'Letters,' and curiosities for the celebrated collection, which a sale in our own day has dispersed from Strawberry Hill.

In the current and familiar literature of those times, sales figure quite as conspicuously as the Italian Opera, or the artist, *par excellence*, does in ours. Addison and his contemporary writers make frequent mention of them as the haunts of fashion, and, naturally enough, the love of bargains appears to have been considerably stimulated by the prevailing mode. All who have read the 'Spectator,' the 'Idler,' and kindred publications, must be acquainted with the lady who bought everything that was cheap; for if not the crack, she is the standing character to personate that folly of the age. Her house, says the humble companion who acts as describer, 'is a perfect lumber repository, containing more old china, damaged crystal, and dilapidated chattels of all sorts, than would furnish any three houses of its size in London; yet there is not a chair safe to sit down upon, nor a table that could be warranted sound in the whole mansion. On Monday last the brocade settee fell under Mrs Heavyside, and Dr Slow heaved the soup over on his side of the company by planting his elbows on the table, in order to take his ease in wonted fashion at a friendly dinner [here, by the way, we have a trait of the manners of our grandfathers]; upon which Mrs Buyace remarked that it was a pity those things hadn't been repaired, for she got wonderful bargains of them; and though she didn't require it, thank her stars! yet she always liked

cheap things; and never left a sale without a lucky bid to bring home.'

There is one description of sale which certainly forms a novel and peculiar feature in the commerce of our age, and would have astonished the men of the Spectator—namely, those sales of autographs lately become so frequent in the British metropolis. Doubtless they originate in the popular demand for such articles. Everybody collects autographs now, and there is scarcely a family of the middle and upper rank that cannot boast a portable museum of its own in the form of an album, filled with those memorials of the celebrated which taste and energy have gathered from all quarters, and treasured among the regalia of the household for the inspection of the friends it delights to honour. Here trade has found a new channel of profit. Four pounds have been paid for one of Byron's notes regarding his intended duel with Southey; an epistle from Coleridge concerning his projected works has been knocked down at three guineas and a-half; a scrap of the correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Ballantyne was esteemed a cheap lot at more than half the sum; and quite as much was bidden for an angry letter from the Ettrick Shepherd to one of his best friends, concluding with 'Yours, in much disgust.'

These small signs of our times, indeed, testify to a general acquaintance with literature, and a public interest in genius unfelt by earlier generations. Perhaps they also indicate the prevalence of that lionising spirit which rarely tends to promote either social respect or individual respectability. True it is that something of the show has always mingled with the regard or admiration of the multitude; and this fact is most objectionably evident in the public roup, as our Scottish parlance hath it, of the autographs of living notables. The occurrence is now by no means unusual, at least in London; and thus an order to a tradesman, a letter of business, or a note of invitation carelessly written in the ease of intimacy, or the hurry of pressing affairs, may become the representative of a poet or popular author to those who will see his personality through no other medium.

Speaking of the parliamentary reports which Dr Johnson, in what he called his 'hungry days,' furnished to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and for which that conscientious genius expressed his repentance so frequently in more mature and prosperous years, a friend once remarked that the speech of a certain member there given was far superior to any he had afterwards uttered. 'Yes, sir,' responded Johnson; 'it was a good speech, for I made it one night in a garret in Grub Street.'

Let the purchasers of autographs lay this moral to heart, for these articles also could be made in garrets, though, as the auctioneer observed, 'When a man takes a thing for *genewin*, he bids for it all the same.'

The mention of an auctioneer reminds one of that prince of the order, the late well-known Robins. Sales of pictures and objects of virtù can still command a fashionable attendance, but those at which he officiated were peculiarly attractive, owing to the display of his professional abilities. Never was there a greater master of the selling art—one that could better support the excitement of a sale, or lure wary bidders into its vortex. It was in the disposal of relics that he shone to the highest advantage. Once, when auctioning the effects of Barry O'Meara, Napoleon's Irish surgeon, he chanced to come upon a tooth of the Emperor, long preserved by its admiring extractor. Suddenly Robins paused, as if overwhelmed by an idea of the greatness of the bargain; and then looking round on the crowded sale-room, exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, a tooth, a real tooth, of the conqueror of mankind! Make me an offer, some of you, for pity's sake, for a simple man like me can't know what to ask for such a treasure.' On another occasion, when there was presented such a supply of articles, said to have had the same distinguished owner, that the interest flagged, and the sale was getting rather dull, he put up a silver teapot as one of the best lots; but there was no responsive bidder. Robins looked first

into the utensil, and then at the door, by which some ladies were making their exit, as he shouted, 'Oh, ladies, ladies, the Emperor's very teapot!'

In the 'Adventures of a Guinea,' a work of the Smollett school, abounding with racy though coarse humour, there occurs the description of an auction-scene, in which Puff, one of the coin's temporary masters, sets up a china jar as an Egyptian antiquity—recommending the pattern to the notice of antiquaries for the abstruse hieroglyphics it contained, and relating impromptu the history of its migrations through various climates, till, to use his own words, 'it was taken from the Spaniards by that Heaven-born admiral who taught the cowardly Dons to tremble at the name of an Englishman.' A sagacious lawyer once gave his opinion that, next to the bar, the auctioneering business was best calculated to sharpen the wit and blunt the conscience; but he charitably added, 'It is not impossible to preserve some conscience in either trade.'

Leaving this question aside on the judge-not principle, it is certain that considerable wit is occasionally exhibited by the orators of sales. I remember an Irish auctioneer, who, having the contents of sundry bankrupt toy-warehouses to dispose of, and a more than usually cool and cautious attendance, after exhausting his tact and eloquence in vain to enliven the bidding, and knocking down model railways and tumbling-Jacks at ruinously low prices, at last put up a specimen of that article known to the juveniles as Noah's Ark. 'Here, ladies and gentlemen,' said he, 'is Noah and his whole family—Shem, Ham, and Japhet:' still there was no bid: 'besides all kind of beasts and brutes,' continued the auctioneer in an under tone, casting an unmistakable look on the recusant bidders.

Even in sober Scotland there is sometimes good cause for laughter in assemblies collected by the red flag at the door which announces bargains within. In the recent season of failure and panics, an auctioneer, when disposing of the collected remnants of more than one milliner's stock, was obliged to sell a few soiled and crumpled caps, which both shopkeepers and purchasers seemed to have left neglected for years in some dusty corner. Of course his praise of their beauty and usefulness rose in proportion to the improbability of their sale, and he expatiated to such good purpose, that one of them was actually sold at more than twice its value. 'Hand me up that other jewel,' said he, addressing his attendant, and a still dirtier cap was produced; but it unfortunately suffered from a rent which the auctioneer did not at first perceive. 'Ladies,' he began, 'this is a perfect gem; an article of real taste; the true Parisian cut: only examine it for yourselves.' Here his eye caught the rent, and he observed that the nearer customers saw it too; but nothing daunted, he looked through the hole at them, and added, 'A transparent diamond it is too, I declare!'

The skill which extracts bids rather than smiles seems more especially the aim of the Scottish auctioneer. It might be presumed that the task is one of more than ordinary difficulty north of the Tweed; but in spite of the long-asccribed caution of the land, the love of bargains, which is at least as strong there as in most countries, sometimes affords ample scope for his talents.

I was once present at a sale of furniture where a somewhat ludicrous case in point occurred. The room was unusually crowded, and the bidding had been brisk; but a large old-fashioned chest of drawers was at length offered, in which no one seemed to take any interest. The auctioneer of course enlarged on all its supposable excellences, directed attention to the size, soundness, and durability of the article, and eventually a low voice from the heart of the crowd gave a bid, but little below its actual value. The orator tried to get up opposition, but in vain; and after repeated declarations that he would sell if there were no advance, the hammer came down. With its descent came a squeak from the opposite end of the room, offering two shillings more. 'Was ye in time, man?' demanded the auctioneer. 'Yes, and it's

mine,' replied a shrill whisper. 'Then, ladies and gentlemen,' he continued, 'this splendid article must go up again, for justice is the motto of the sale.' Up it went, and the woman's offer was followed by a still higher bid from the man, who seemed to be determined on having the drawers; but she was equally resolute, and advanced proportionally. The contest was left to the pair, and they continued to bid against each other, being mutually irascible, till the drawers rose to a price considerably above that of their pristine beauty and fashion: then the deeper voice was silenced; and the lady, having the last word, was declared the purchaser. The crowd opened a way to her prize; but as she advanced, a respectable-looking artisan from the centre exclaimed in a most rueful tone, 'Oh, Maggie, is it you? Guid life, woman, I wud hae had them an hour syne at thirty shillin' less!'

Were it not that something of the excitement found in games of chance is connected with it, the anxiety and forgetfulness of value evinced by rival bidders would be wholly inexplicable. Auctioneers perfectly understand this chief charm of their business, which alone accounts for the prices obtained at times for even inferior articles under their administration. In the late sale at Stowe, one of the greatest affairs of the kind that has taken place for many years, by which the entire furniture of a ducal palace, collected by generations of nobility, has been dispersed through a thousand dwellings of almost every class and capacity, a pair of candlesticks were, after a fierce competition, knocked down at L.38, which a silversmith present declared, not without demonstrations of regret, he had fabricated for the noble proprietor at the cost of L.20; and a silver cup was bought at L.19 which had been originally purchased at L.9!

So much for bargain-seeking! But with all my recollections of sales arise the words of an old moralist: 'My friend, life is like a sale, where Hope is the auctioneer, and your powers and opportunities are the means to bid withal. As they are limited, you can buy but proportionate articles. Believe that all of them will be extolled to you above their actual value; that many of the most eager bidders will find time to repent their purchase; and beware that you expend not too much on what may prove a sorry bargain.'

MRS CHISHOLM.

NEVER was there a period at which the public mind was more deeply stirred by the question of emigration than at the present moment. While hundreds of vessels, freighted with our self-exiled countrymen, are speeding their way across the Atlantic or the Southern Ocean, our principal ports swarm with people of all classes and conditions in life, who, pressed by poverty, or stimulated by the love of enterprise, are about to abandon their native soil for some other land more rich in promise and in hope. Alike at the cottage fireside and in the drawing-room circle are discussed the relative advantages of Illinois and Canada, of New Zealand and Australia; and many a thoughtful mind is intent upon plans for the comfort and wellbeing of those who, in their far-off homes, must ever share our kindly interest and our truest sympathy.

Among the practical benefactors of our emigrant countrymen stands pre-eminent Mrs Chisholm, whose efforts in their behalf have been not more remarkable for their success than for the gentle yet persevering wisdom with which they have been pursued.

It has often been observed that no really great work was ever achieved save by those who had concentrated the whole power of their minds on its accomplishment. The truth of this remark is strikingly illustrated in the history of Mrs Chisholm, whose very earliest day-dreams abounded with thoughts of suffering emigrants rescued by her care from difficulties and dangers. In a letter to a friend she thus describes her first attempt at colo-

nisation, which was carried on in a *wash-hand basin* before she was six years old:—

'I made boats of broad beans; expended all my money in touchwood dolls; removed families, located them in the bed-quilt, and sent the boats, filled with wheat, back to their friends, of which I kept a store in a thimble-case. At length I upset the basin, which I judged to be a fac-simile of the sea, spoiled a new bed, got punished, and afterwards carried out my plan in a dark cellar, with a rushlight stuck upon a tin kettle; and, strange as it may seem, many of the ideas which I have since carried out first gained possession of my mind at that period; and, singular as it may appear, I had a Wesleyan minister and a Catholic priest in the same boat. Two of my dolls were very refractory, and would not be obedient; this made me name them after two persons I knew who were always quarrelling, and I spent hours in listening to their supposed debates, to try and find out how I could manage them: at length I put the two into a boat, and told them if they were not careful they would be drowned; and having landed them *alive*, I knelt down to pray to God to make them love each other.'

'The child is father to the man;'

so says one of the greatest and most philosophical of our modern poets; and so it has proved with regard to the lady of whom we now write. In the childish anecdote just related may be traced the germ of those principles which have guided her conduct through life amid very trying and perplexing circumstances. Calmness and decision in the management of the refractory—catholic-minded charity, embracing alike all who need her succour, without any attempt to sway their minds for sectarian purposes—together with unfeigned reliance upon the blessing of Almighty God to prosper her philanthropic endeavours—such have been the features most observable in Mrs Chisholm's character during the many years which she has devoted to the service of her fellow-creatures.

Soon after her marriage with Captain Chisholm of the Madras army, we find her commencing in that presidency her career of active benevolence. The position of the soldiers' daughters seemed to her fraught with peril, and she became earnestly desirous to withdraw them from the idle levity of a barrack life, and to impart to them some useful knowledge, which might render them more worthy and happy members of society in after-life. With this view she established a sort of school and boarding-house, under the name of 'School of Industry,' which proved so successful in its results, that some even of the soldiers' young wives begged leave to place themselves for a while under her superintendence, and share her instructions. Through the liberal assistance of Sir Frederic Adam, the governor of Madras, and the kind aid of other influential persons at the presidency, she was enabled to establish an institution which has since acquired a permanent character, and at the present moment affords a sheltering home to many of the orphans of our brave soldiers in the East.

After a residence of several years at Madras, the failing health of Captain Chisholm required a temporary change of abode; and accordingly, in the year 1838, he removed to the more genial climate of New South Wales, whither he was accompanied by his wife and infant family. Scarcely were they fixed at Sydney, when Mrs Chisholm's active mind was engaged in seeking for some opportunities of benefiting the poor emigrants who were then crowding to the colony. Much as she valued systematic plans of benevolence, yet she was far too wise and practical a person to remain with folded hands until some *great* work were given her to accomplish. Accordingly, on her first arrival in a strange land, where her sphere of influence was necessarily a very contracted one, she turned her attention to a band of poor Highland emigrants who had landed in that far-off country without money, without friends, and without even a knowledge of the English language, which was

spoken by all around them. Their stout hearts seemed to quail at the thoughts of the hopeless struggle which evidently awaited them. Mrs Chisholm lent them money to buy tools, and advised them to cut firewood for sale; she cheered their fainting spirits by kind words and wholesome counsel. Gladly did they listen to her, and gratefully accept her aid. So humble was the commencement of that arduous course of service which was subsequently pursued at Sydney by this friend of the emigrants!

Early in 1840 Captain Chisholm was obliged to rejoin his regiment in India, but it was arranged that Mrs Chisholm and her youthful family should, for a time, fix their residence near Sydney. Family cares did not so far engross her as to prevent a continuance of charitable effort in behalf of the emigrants; and among those who shared her warmest sympathy were the young persons of her own sex, who at this time were arriving in great numbers at Sydney, where but too many of them found themselves exposed to all the miseries of a homeless and unprotected state. Mrs Chisholm resolved on opening a sort of temporary home for some of those destitute beings. This was, however, too great an enterprise to be accomplished by her own unaided resources; accordingly, she decided on attempting to enlist the sympathies of the wealthier classes, as well as to secure the support of the colonial government in this good work; but she found herself at once beset by difficulties, and chilled by the indifference of those to whom she appealed for aid. We have a graphic picture of her early struggles in a pamphlet which she published some years ago, entitled 'Female Emigration Considered.' She says, 'I wrote in January 1841 to Lady Gipps, and from that time never ceased my exertions. I knew that every ship's arrival would increase the necessity of such an institution. I prepared my plan: for three weeks I hesitated: as a woman, and almost a stranger in the colony, I naturally felt reluctant to come forward. I was impressed with the idea that God had in a peculiar manner fitted me for this work, and yet I hesitated. Meanwhile I did all I could to aid young women who applied to me; but the number increased, and I saw that my plan, if carried into effect, would serve all. On Easter Sunday I was enabled, at the altar of our Lord, to make an offering of my talents to the God who gave them. I promised to know neither country nor creed, but to try and serve all alike without partiality.'

'Things were wearing a most favourable aspect, when even some of my first-promised supporters withdrew their pledges. It is a remarkable fact, that at the very time the Protestants* were afraid of my Popish plot, several of the leading Catholics had withdrawn their support. I could have done without help, but this continued opposition wearied me. Two gentlemen, one a Roman Catholic clergyman, called on me, and begged me to give it up.

'*From the hand of a friend came a missile of great strength.* I felt it deeply. No other person in the colony could have thrown more serious obstacles in my path.'

The words given above in italics refer to the conduct of a dignitary of her own church, who, not content with private exhortations, published a letter in the 'Sydney Herald' condemning the proposed institution, and speaking very slightly of Mrs Chisholm as a lady who was 'labouring under amiable delusions.'

* It is pleasant to record the issue of her correspondence with one clergyman, who at first declined forwarding her plans, from an apprehension that the institution would prove a proselytising one, but on farther explanation writes thus:—'Your frank and straightforward avowal of the objects you aim at, and the means you will use for the attainment of those objects, disarm suspicion. The assurance in your note that you will not follow or be led by the agents of an ecclesiastical party, but that you will pursue steadily the good of the *whole* of the emigrants who may come under your care, referring in matters of religion to their respective clergy and teachers, induces me to offer you very cordially whatever support I am able to afford. I beg to enclose L.2 as a donation.'

Disapprobation expressed in such a quarter staggered her resolution, and disposed her to pause a while before taking any further step in the business. While in this painful and perplexed state of mind, a slight incident occurred which at once confirmed her in the benevolent design of establishing an 'Immigrants' Home' at Sydney.

This was a rencontre with a girl who was about to drown herself. Having saved that girl, 'my spirits returned,' writes Mrs Chisholm: 'I felt God's blessing was on my work. From this time I never thought anxiously about human help. I neglected no steps to conciliate; I increased my exertions; but from the hour I was on the beach with Flora, fear left me.'

The governor, Sir George Gipps, who had hitherto left Mrs Chisholm's written representations unattended to, at length consented to have an interview with her; and expecting to see a starchy, elderly person, was agreeably surprised when a handsome and somewhat youthful lady was ushered into his presence. But although favourably impressed by the appearance, as well as by the conversation of Mrs Chisholm, the governor yielded a slow and reluctant consent to her intreaty that a certain government store, of very rude construction and moderate dimensions, might be appropriated to her use as an Immigrants' Home. In the pamphlet already quoted we find a vivid picture of the difficulties she had to encounter in the commencement of her work there. These are her words:—'At length consent was given that I should take possession of part of the Immigrants' Barrack. On closing the door, I reflected on what I had been compelled to endure for fourteen feet square. My first feelings were those of indignation that such a trifle should have been so long withheld; but better feelings followed. I determined to trust to Providence to increase its size, and prove my usefulness. I soon observed, to do any good, I must sleep on the premises; and as soon as Mr Merewether was aware of my determination, he gave me the best room then vacant. I cannot say vacant, for it was used as a store-room. This was, however, cleared for my accommodation; and having been busy all day, I retired wearied to rest. But I was put to the proof at starting. Scarce was the light out, when I fancied a few dogs must be in the room, and in some terror I got a light. What I experienced in seeing rats in all directions I cannot describe! My first act was to throw on a cloak, and get at the door with the intent to leave the building. I knew if I did this, my desertion would cause much amusement, and ruin my plan; I therefore lighted a second candle, and seating myself on my bed, kept there until three rats, descending from the roof, alighted on my shoulders. I knew that I was getting into a fever, and that in fact I should be very ill before morning. But to be outgeneralled by rats was too much. I got up with some resolution: I had two loaves and some butter (for my office, bedroom, and pantry were one); I cut it into slices, placed the whole in the middle of the room, put a dish of water convenient, and with a light by my side, I kept my seat on the bed reading "Abercrombie," and watching the rats until four in the morning. I at one time counted thirteen, and never less than seven did I observe at the dish during the night. The following night I gave them a similar treat, with the addition of arsenic; and thus passed my four first nights at the Home.'

Among Mrs Chisholm's trials connected with the establishment of the 'Female Immigrants' Home,' was the necessity of parting with her children at night, as it appeared absolutely necessary that for a time at least she should sleep under the same roof with her protégées. At first she resolved on keeping the youngest with her at night, and describes thus the termination of her maternal struggle:—'Some sickness among the children in the tents told me plainly my duty; still, I would not, could not, give him up. . . . At night, as was usual with me, I saw the girls after they retired to rest. Ninety-four were in that dwelling. I asked if

they had any place to go to if I turned them out: not one had a place of shelter. On my return to the office, I found a poor woman waiting for a white gown to make her *dead bairn* decent. I went into my room, packed up my little fellow's wardrobe, and the next day he was under the honest care of Miss Halvin at Windsor. This was the last sacrifice it was God's will to demand.'

The evidence of Mrs Chisholm before a committee of the House of Lords (in 1847) on Irish colonisation yields us the following interesting information concerning the progress of her work at Sydney:—'After obtaining possession of the building, which I named the "Female Immigrants' Home," I appealed to the public for support. After a time this appeal was liberally met. The "Home" becoming crowded, the majority of the inmates being most fit for rough country work, I proceeded into the interior, to form committees, and to establish country "Homes," taking in some cases parties of females with me. When I commenced taking them up the country, I had to meet in the first instance their travelling expenses, which were afterwards refunded. The inhabitants of the district cheerfully supplied them with food; the committees afforded them protection and advice. I took them to Campbell-Town, Maitland, Liverpool, Paramatta, and Port Macquarie. The first parties of young women varied from fifteen to sixty in number. I went from farm to farm, getting them places in service. I quickly disposed of the first venture, and then returned to Sydney, after having made arrangements for the establishment of country depôts. I also got married families to promise shelter and protection to such young females as might require it.'

'At the time labourers were required in the interior, there was an excess at Sydney, supported at government expense. I undertook journeys of three hundred miles into the interior with families. The farther I went, the more satisfactory was my settlement.'

'When the public had had an opportunity of judging of the effect of my system, they came forward and enabled me to go on. The government contributed in various ways to the amount of about £100. I met with great assistance from the country committees. The squatters and settlers were always willing to give me conveyance for the people. The country people always supplied provisions. Mr William Bradley, a native of the colony, authorised me to draw upon him for money, provisions, horses, or anything I might require. The people met my efforts so readily, that I had no necessity to draw upon him for a sixpence. At public inns the females were sheltered, and I was provisioned myself, without charge. My personal expenses during my seven years' service amounted to only £1.1. 18s. 6d.'

'Numbers of the masters were afraid, if they advanced the money for their conveyance by the steamers, they would never reach the stations. I met this difficulty, advanced the money, confiding in the good-feeling of the man that he would keep to his agreement, and to the principle of the master that he would repay me. Although in hundreds of cases the masters were then strangers to me, I only lost £16 by casualties. Some nights I have paid as much as £40 for steamers and land conveyance.'

'From first to last, I have been the means of settling 11,000 souls. . . . I established an office in Sydney, where all persons that required service used to attend in the morning from ten till four. My object was always to get *one* placed. Having succeeded in getting one female servant in a neighbourhood, I used to leave the feeling to spread. With some persuasion, I induced a man to take a servant, who said that it would be making a fine lady of his wife. The following morning a neighbouring settler said, "You are quite upsetting the settlement, Mrs Chisholm. My wife is uncommonly cross this morning, and she says she must have a servant, and I think she has a right to one." It was among this class that the girls married best. If they married

one of the sons, the father and mother would be thankful; if not, they would be protected as members of the family. I have been able to learn the subsequent progress in life of many hundreds of these emigrants. Girls that I have taken up the country in such a destitute state, that I have been obliged to get a decent dress to put on them, have come again, having every comfort about them, and wanting servants. They are constantly writing home to get out their friends and relatives.

'I should not feel the interest I do in female emigration if I did not look beyond providing families with female servants—if I did not know how much they are required as wives, and how much moral good they may do as wives in that country.'

In the above extracts from Mrs Chisholm's evidence before the House of Lords, we have in her own words a brief statement of the nature and success of her work in New South Wales. Let us now take a glance at her in one or two of her enterprising journeys in the bush, surrounded by emigrants of all ages, whose hardships and difficulties she shared in without a single murmur of complaint. Sometimes, when part of the journey was to be accomplished by steam-vessels, Mrs Chisholm explored the bush on foot; but her usual mode of travelling was on horseback, and many a time her night was passed in a rude covered cart, which, during the day, served as a carriage for the younger children of the party. On one occasion she is described to us by one who met her as effecting the passage of a wide swampy stream by dint of the most patient perseverance—bearing across upon her own steed two children at a time, until all were safely passed. At another time, when there were thirty women and children in her train, no water was to be found, and she was beset by the cries of children and the complaints of women. Some of the emigrants came up to her and said in a discontented tone, 'Mrs Chisholm, this is a pretty job! What must we do—there is no water?' 'I knew,' she writes, 'that it would not do for them to be idle—anything was better than that in their frame of mind; so, partly judging from the locality, I said to them without hesitation, "If you will dig here, I think you will find water." Directing the tools to be got out, they immediately set to work, and, by a good Providence, they had not dug many feet when they came to water. This had such an exhilarating effect upon their spirits, that they instantly threw off their coats, began to dig two other holes, and did not leave off till moonlight.'

It has been already said that during these journeys in the bush food was readily supplied for the travellers by those who were already settled in the country; but such grants were necessarily to be sought after, and Mrs Chisholm was not only the leader, but also the commissary-general of her forces. While the emigrants were still asleep in their camp, this indefatigable lady might be seen, before the break of day, driving along in a gig, whose charioteer was a prisoner from Hyde Park Barracks, and collecting provisions for her emigrants amongst the neighbouring settlers.

Manifold were the services performed by Mrs Chisholm in her capacity of the Emigrants' Friend; and in one of her publications, entitled 'Pictures of Australian Emigrants,' she has given some very graphic sketches of her official life at Sydney. She received many applications from young women who professed to be governesses, but were utterly incompetent for such a situation. Among others came M— R—, who offered herself as nursery governess. 'I found,' writes Mrs Chisholm, 'that she could neither read, write, nor spell correctly.'

"Can you wash your own clothes?"

"Never did such a thing in my life."

"Can you make a dress?"

"No."

"Cook?"

"No."

"What can you do?"

"Why, ma'am, I could look after the servants; I

could direct them: I should make an excellent house-keeper."

"You are certain?"

"Yes, or I would not say so."

"Do you know the quantity of the different ingredients wanted for a beefsteak-pie of the size of that dish, and a rice-pudding of the same size?"

"Oh no, ma'am—that's not what I meant: I'd see that the servants did it!"

It need hardly be said that the capabilities of this applicant were deemed less highly of by Mrs Chisholm than by herself: but the difficulties she had to encounter from employers were not fewer than those which she had to bear with from the employed. She tells with much spirit the management she used with a most impracticable lady, whose interviews with the new-comers would be somewhat of the following sort:—

'Mrs O. Can you make up a room very neat?

Girl. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs O. Can you cook?

Girl. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs O. Can you work well at your needle?

Girl. I can do plain work neatly.

Mrs O. (*Looking at her hard from top to toe.*) After a pause—Ah, you won't do; it's a thorough servant I want.

'Day after day did she repeat this; and when it had occurred for at least the twentieth time, I went into my own room, mustered over in my mind her different objections to different girls, and came at last to a conclusion and a decision.

'The same evening I received a cargo of sixty girls, one of them a parish pauper, her hair not combed, her face not washed, her clothes looked as if she had first jumped into, and then slept in them, her features and figure quite justifying the name she had earned from her shipmates of "Little Scrub." A gentleman who was present at the time said, "I suppose you intend her for the bush?" I answered, "There is a place for everybody in this world, and I think I have had one waiting for her several weeks past." The following morning came the fastidious Mrs O., and I saw at once that, while reviewing the late arrivals, her eye fell with peculiar complacency on Little Scrub.

'Being rather afraid that I could not keep as grave a countenance as the gravity of the affair required, I thought it best to call Mrs O. into my own room, and told her that I had a girl that would suit—"not a good servant, but a good girl." I then called in Little Scrub and the following dialogue took place:—

Mrs O. Can you wash?

Little Scrub. (*Staring wildly.*) Wash, marm!

Mrs O. Can you cook?

Little Scrub. Cook, marm!

Mrs O. Can you make a bed?

Little Scrub. Make a bed, marm!

Myself. Will you do all this lady bids you?

Little Scrub. Oh yes, marm.

'Mrs O. looked at the poor girl with the scrutinising and pleased air of a connoisseur in front of a fine dusty picture, and her countenance glowed with satisfaction.

"I will take the girl," said she: "I daresay she will turn out a good servant. Oh, Mrs Chisholm, you've not been long in this colony: it takes years to know it. You will make the agreement for six months. (*With a deep sigh.*) Oh it is such a comfort to have something a little repulsive!"

Many other details of great interest might be given concerning Mrs Chisholm's arduous work in New South Wales, but our space is nearly filled up; and we shall only mention that, in addition to her ordinary labours, she undertook in 1845-46 the task of collecting a mass of useful information regarding the history and prospects of settlers in that colony; and with a view of obtaining the most authentic and satisfactory accounts concerning them, she travelled into the bush, and collected several hundred biographies, some of which, we understand, have been published under the title of 'The

Voluntary Information of the People of New South Wales.' In one of those letters which she has printed since her return home, she tells the public that the facts in question were 'sometimes taken down in their own dwellings, sometimes on the roadside, and sometimes in the ploughed field, having the plough for her table.'

But the time approached for Mrs Chisholm's removal from that colony where her presence had been a source of untold blessings to thousands of her expatriated fellow-countrymen. Early in the year 1845 she had been rejoined by her husband, who, far from checking her ardour, had aided her in her labours of love among the emigrants. But it became advisable for them to return to their native land. Accordingly, towards the close of 1846, they took their departure from New South Wales; not, however, without having received a public testimonial of the high esteem in which Mrs Chisholm was held by the inhabitants of that colony, and of their deep gratitude for her services. It is impossible to have read the preceding pages without perceiving that all her exertions were prompted by a far higher principle than the desire for human applause; and yet, to a genial, kindly nature like hers, these marks of reverential love could not be unwelcome.

It will readily be supposed by those who have thus far traced out Mrs Chisholm's course in Australia, that her patient and persevering zeal was not likely to fail so long as life and strength were granted her to labour in behalf of emigrants; and so it has proved; for in her present home at Islington, all the energies of her mind are still devoted to the important object of bettering their condition. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the letters she has addressed on this subject to the public through the medium of the press; but few of them can divine how systematic and self-denying are the daily acts of her life, having the same noble object in view. But we forbear, for it is not well to gaze too prylingly upon domestic life, even when the glance is a friendly and an approving one. Let us rather aim, each in his narrow sphere, to comfort and aid those who are about to leave the land of their fathers and fix their home upon a distant soil, remembering they are our brethren, and that—

* No distance breaks the tie of blood—
Brethren are brethren evermore.*

LATIN VERSIFICATION FOR THE MILLION.

A FEW years ago (1845) considerable interest was excited in the London circles by the public exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, of a machine, constructed, I believe, by the celebrated German mechanic Professor Faber. This machine, when set in motion, composed Latin hexameter lines or verses of faultless prosody. The lines were not, as might be supposed, an unmeaning collection of dactyles and spondees, arranged according to rule, similar to what are termed in some of our classical schools *nonsense verses*; but each line conveyed a meaning in good grammatical Latin. Almost any number of different lines, it was said, could be ground out of the machine; so that by its aid the most illiterate person could produce thousands of Latin verses which, for correctness and purity, were unassailable by criticism! Solomon has said 'there is nothing new under the sun'; that observation, though perhaps not exactly applicable to some of the devices of the present age, may nevertheless be quoted when speaking of the Latin verse-making machine, it being to Solomon's 'wise saw' a corroborant 'modern instance.'

Amusing myself lately by examining an old arithmetical school-book,* while wondering and pondering over the very great pains taken by the school authors and dominies of the olden time to make the acquisition of knowledge as difficult as possible to the youth of those days, I found in a note that a certain 'John Peters

(Sep. 29, 1677)' had 'distributed' the letters of some Latin words into tables, and 'entitled the piece Artificial Versifying; whereby any one of ordinary capacity, though he understands not one word of Latin, may be taught immediately to make hexameter and pentameter verses—true Latin, true verse, and good sense!'. Who or what John Peters was I do not know, neither have I met with any of his writings; but from the clue obtained, I, with a little trouble, succeeded in arranging the following tables, by which any one who merely knows the letters of the alphabet, and can reckon as far as nine, may make good and correct Latin hexameter and pentameter verses. This no doubt reveals the secret of the machine previously alluded to, it being highly probable that these or similar tables were used in its construction. I have neither ingenuity nor yet any acquaintance with mechanical art, still I cannot help surmising that the machine was constructed on the principle of the barrel organ; the tables being arranged on barrels, in a similar manner as notes of music are set on the barrels of that not very melodious instrument.

HEXAMETER.

Table I.

T I P H A M B L E u
g e o s a a a u f r n
s r p r r r f b e s
r e t b i e i a l i
r i a d r d * m d a
a r a a a * a a * a

Table II.

f s d b v s c e t a
i a e i i a c e t g
m l n s s o l a n n
l c t t r a * a a a
l r r t * * * * a
a a a

Table III.

a f p t d p p p f e
o a u o a u a e q r
t i m t t l r u i i
s i c o a u i s * *
* * * t

Table IV.

p p p p p m p p p r
r r r r r o r r r r a o
o o o n o o o m r m
t d s g n m o i i e
u t i a u n t t n o
r g r l s a t d u a
n r g t n u u n b e
a a r t n n t u n n
n a * t t * n t t t
n * * * t * * * t

Table V.

t p p v l f a c s e
o r e u a g r i m o
e r m d m i d p u l
b i o i m e o l i e
n r n l r r a a r a
a a n a n * a a *
* a

Table VI.

d s q a p m d n s a
e u c r u i l e r p
e a l r g v a e d
r v t a r a * a b
a a * a * * m a

PENTAMETER.

Table I.

T A P I S I T T N e
r e m o m r u o t d
r p r p l r x r u f
r d i a p i f a i o
i a t i a c * d b d
* i a * a * a a a *

Table II.

p p c p p c e s p r
r o r c o o i r a e
n a e r n n g o a a c
d f s g n o c t c l i
i u l i n a r u e c
m o f r b l d u i m
m i a u b u n u a e
c u n u n t n n r a
t t n t * t t a n *
* * * * t

Table III.

d a v v d f l a a u
o i e i a n a r a r t
n r o c b m t a a a
b t t r a r * * a
a a a *

Table IV.

d p p n c a m a m o
u r e r u o l a l d
o f u p l n l o e t
a e c e l i s n e n
n r s a g a d r d t
b t t n a v a n a
a r a * a a * * a *

Table V.

n a t v s m m v m o
l i i c e a i l v i
b r i a l d h i f i
i o * i o i s s s
* * s s

The rule for composing hexameter or pentameter verses from their respective tables is simply this:—Select any one of the first nine (*capital*) letters in Table I, the letter chosen, with every subsequent ninth letter in that table, will form the first word; then take any one of the first nine letters in Table II, and every subsequent ninth letter in the same table to form the second word; proceed in like manner through the tables; Table VI in the Hexameter, and Table V in the Pentameter, furnishing the last word of the line or verse; asterisks, where they occur, must be counted as well as the letters. For example, suppose we take the first letter in Table I,

* Arithmetical. In Two Parts. By Solomon Lowe. London: 1749.

Hexameter—namely, *T*—the ninth letter from it, counting from left to right, is *u*; the next ninth *r*; the next ninth *b*; and so proceeding, we form the word *Turbida*. Suppose we then take the first letter of Table II—namely, *f*—and by the addition of every subsequent ninth letter in that table we form the word *fata*; and so, by taking the first letters of each, and proceeding in the same manner through the remaining tables, we obtain the line—

Turbida fata sequi præmonstrant tempora dura.

In just the same manner, the first letters taken from each of the five pentameter tables give—

Tetrica præstant dura dolosa novi.

Again, suppose we take the fourth letter in each table, which makes in hexameter—

Horrida bella tuis protendunt verbera acerba :

In pentameter—

Improba prædicunt verba nefanda viris.

One more example: suppose we take the seventh letter of Table I, the fifth of Table II, the ninth of Table III, the sixth of Table IV, the eighth of Table V, and the sixth of Table VI, we obtain in hexameter—

Barbara vincula ferunt monstrabant crimina multa :

In pentameter—

Tristia periclitant astra superba mea.

I think, from these examples, the reader will find no difficulty in extracting the verses. Persons unacquainted with the powers of numbers may be surprised to learn how many different verses may be obtained by the permutations and combinations of the letters in the above tables. As any of the first nine letters, combined with their subsequent ninth letters, in each table, form a word, and as there are six tables for hexameters, we find by a short calculation— $9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 = 531,449$, the number of different verses that can be extracted from that table. The Latin scholar can still more vary the lines, for, as he will readily perceive, most of the words in the first and sixth may be transposed with those of the fifth and second tables. Again, as there are nine words in each of the five pentameter tables, by a similar calculation we find that they contain 59,049 different lines or verses, making in all 590,490 different lines that can be obtained from the two sets of tables. The writings of Virgil number not more than 13,016 lines, so these tables could furnish forty-five volumes, each as large as the complete works of Virgil, and 4771 lines over. I fancy I can hear the reader exclaim, 'Cui bono?'—'What is the use of all this?' I can only reply, that the construction of these tables helped to wile away from me some tedious hours of lassitude and ill health: perhaps in their present form they may afford a similar benefit to another.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

RICE AND DAHL.

Rice, the chief food of perhaps one-half of the human race, is comparatively little used in this country. It has a certain reputation as something 'light' for the sick-room and nursery, and appears on our tables in the form of puddings, and in the confectioners' shops in the form of buns; but, upon the whole, it seems to be considered of little substantial importance. Of late years, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, it has come a little more into use; but the working-classes do not take kindly to it. They consider it a poor substitute even for the potato, and demand something more *nourishing*. Returned Anglo-Indians, on the other hand, who have been accustomed to it in Asia, use it not only in curries, but in meat dishes of every kind, from plain roast and boiled to the most delicate *hors d'œuvres*. The fact seems to be, that the poor dislike it merely on account of its insipid taste, which they have neither the skill nor the opportunity to enrich.

The Hindoo has a different name for this useful plant in all its different forms and stages. The plant in the field, and the grain in the husk, are both styled *dham*; but let it be cleaned and winnowed, and thereby reduced to the form in which it reaches us, and it becomes *chawul*. Again, the chawul boiled becomes *bhaut*, and this is the staple food and staff of life to the Bengalee. On the Malay coast the rice has a similar diversity of names: in the husk the grain is called *padi*; divested of it, and boiled, it becomes *nassi*. Rice is cultivated all over India, in China, and in the Oriental islands, as well as in America. In Persia it is prized for *khooshka* and *pillau*. The Peshawur rice is most highly esteemed in India, both on account of its flavour and the large size of the grain—about half an inch in length. In Calcutta this variety is sometimes sold at the rate of a shilling a pound; but it may be doubted whether in flavour it is superior to the Carolina rice now so well known in this country. The size and beauty of the grain, indeed, appear to have little to do with its quality: we have known wealthy Anglo-Indian families who used in preference the broken, dark-looking Bengal rice, so cheap and common in England.

In the hands of the Bengalee confectioner rice assumes a variety of shapes and guises, some of them not very attractive to the eye of a European. The grain is sometimes steeped and flattened. The *mowrie* looks like our bonbon, but is light and crisp, being parched in an earthen pan, on dry leaves of trees. The *lava*, again, is like driven snow, as white and pure, but also as light and insipid. In other confections it is prepared with sugar and treacle, but an Englishman would find the names of them almost unpronounceable, nor is it easy to write them in our character. With milk or cream, it is called *kheer*, and is one of the standard dishes at a Hindoo feast; and when cooked with a little camphor and pounded cardamum, a delightful flavour is given to the rice. In religious sacrifices rice is indispensable. It is also used in charms and ordeals, such as chewing dry rice in cases of theft, as noticed in a former Journal. For the same purpose—that of detecting a delinquent—it is put into ants' holes in the shape of balls, each ball representing a suspected individual; and he whose ball is first eaten by the ants is held to be the culprit.

What we wish specially, however, to draw the reader's attention to, is the Indian dish formed by a mixture of rice and dahl. The latter is not the name of any particular plant, but is applied to a cooked mess of any pea or vetch, of which there are a great variety in India. The grains are divested of the husk by the same sort of primitive handmill which is alluded to in Scripture, when it is said 'two women shall be grinding together, the one shall be taken, and the other left.' At early dawn, we have often, while passing through a village on a march, heard the not disagreeable whirring of these mills, with which they also grind wheat, accompanied by the singing of the women, and marvelled how little the Hindoo had deviated from his antique customs.

The principal sorts of vetches used for dahl are the following:—The *moonj* or *moongh*, the most delicate and expensive; the *maas*, which, although coarse, is used in sacrificing to the gods—it is also used for feeding horses, and when boiled, is reckoned a cheap and fattening diet for that animal; and the *mussoor*, which is of a beautiful pink colour after its brown husk is ground off. This is probably the same lentil for a mess of which the famished but generous and noble-hearted Esau sold his birthright to his younger brother. The Eastern females use the mussoor made into a cataplasm when they wean their children. With their abstemious habits it answers well as an absorbing remedy, but for a European constitution it is too inflammatory.

While the above and most of the other vetches are low and tender plants, the *urhar* aspires to the character of a shrub, growing to the height of six feet and upwards; and although an *annual*, has very much the appearance of our broom, having a profusion of yellow blossoms.

Dahl is also sometimes made of *charana* or *gram*, which may occasionally be seen in this country, as sea-captains often have it in their ships as food for their live stock. In India this grain is used in all the stables of Europeans as food for their horses, being sometimes steeped in water, and sometimes parched and ground with a mixture of barley. It is reckoned highly nourishing, and wrestlers and other *athletæ* often train themselves on a diet of gram. The leaf of the plant has an agreeable acid taste, and a peculiar smell. Parrots delight in, and are sometimes very destructive to it.

All the species of dahl which I have named have papilionaceous flowers, some of them as pretty as our sweet-pea, though generally smaller. The word *dahl* is probably derived from the verb *dalna*, 'to pour;' the dahl, when mixed up with saffron, onions, and chillies, being boiled into a soft pap, and *poured* over the rice. It is sometimes flavoured with tamarind or a green mango; and thus cooked, is no despicable dish.

Hedgerie is a compound of dahl and rice *boiled together*. This may be called a *hasty dish*, and really the aroma of the pea and rice, combined with the various condiments, is enough to sharpen any appetite. With Europeans on a march, it is a favourite dish for breakfast. In former days, the Hindoo widow, if she refrained from becoming a Suttie, was doomed to eat hedgerie, and nothing but hedgerie, during the days of her weary widowhood, and it was to be prepared by her own hands without salt or condiment, and eaten only once a day; perhaps this penance has been abolished or modified, since widows are no longer allowed to burn themselves with their husbands. In the upper provinces of India dahl is eaten with wheaten cakes, as in the lower with rice. Dahl, in fact, is not only savoury and nourishing, but possesses aperient qualities, which counteract the opposite tendency of the wheat and rice.

In this way the ingenious Hindoos enrich the insipidity of their rice, even without the aid of meat; and in this country, where it is now becoming a kind of rage to press vetches of all kinds into the service of the table, we think a useful hint may be gathered from the Indian practice.

TIDINGS FROM THE GOLDEN CITY.

[The following is copy of a letter from an officer of a merchant ship at San Francisco, dated 22d October 1849, addressed to his father in Zetland:—]

'The world is turned upside down here altogether. Seamen's wages are 150 dollars per month; labourers get seven dollars per day; and Jack is as good as his master. Ships innumerable are lying here without a soul on board—all gone off to the diggings. The climate is beastly. Fever and ague abound, and dysentery carries off thousands. There is a population of 25,000 in this town, and only about one hundred tolerable houses; all the rest are hovels, mere sheds; and the greater part of the population live in tents, and sleep on the bare ground. It's a miserable place, though they speak of dollars as you do of pence in Shetland, and of ounces of gold as you do of half-crowns. Still, with all their money they cannot obtain a comfortable meal or a comfortable lodging. Gambling is carried to a frightful extent. The amount of drunkenness exceeds belief. As soon as the vessel is discharged, we proceed to Tahiti. Of the hundreds of ships that left England in February, not one has yet arrived. They will be nearly as good as lost to the owners, and the shippers of the goods will be ruined, for goods of all sorts are now lying rotting ashore. The crews will all desert, and men won't be found to man them again at any price. A vessel left this for France the other day with seamen at 1400 dollars for the passage to France. The diggings are of more than 100 miles extent, and gold will be found there in plenty as long as men can be found to go and dig for it, or rather look for it, for it is found in the rocks and stones, which must be broken up into dust, and sifted in water through a sieve. It is

also found in lumps in the streams and bogs with which the gold country abounds. The said country is about 100 miles to the north-east of this place, which lies in north latitude 37 degrees 48 minutes, and west longitude 122 degrees 27 minutes. There is one continual fog hovering over the town. I am sure if I went to live ashore, I would die in a month. There have been no robberies nor murders this long time. The law is summary. When a man is caught at any mischief against the lives or property of the people, half-a-dozen or so of the nearest people hold a court-martial over him; and if they think he is guilty, they hang him up to the nearest tree. Such summary proceedings have frightened the evil-disposed, and now the people are quieter, and more honest than any other set of ragamuffins. To-day I saw about twenty come down from the diggings with about 400 ounces each. They had been there four months. The small vessel they were in came across our bows and got foul of us, and I went down to them, and had a yarn with them. Each had his gold dust in four worsted socks. One fellow said he would either have double or none by that time to-morrow. I asked him what he meant, and he said he would stake each sock upon a single card. Such are the people here. I can't afford to have any clothes washed here, for it costs eight dollars (L.1, 12s.) per dozen, and I can buy a dozen white shirts at that price.'

CONFORMITY.

It is hard to say in what department of human thought and endeavour conformity has triumphed most. Religion comes to one's mind first; and well it may, when one thinks what men have conformed to in all ages in that matter. If we pass to art or science, we shall see there too the wondrous slavery which men have endured—from puny fetters, moreover, which one stirring thought would, as we think, have burst asunder. The above, however, are matters not within every one's cognisance; some of them are shut in by learning, or the show of it; and plain 'practical' men would say, they follow where they have no business but to follow. But the way in which the human body shall be covered is not a thing for the scientific and the learned only; and is allowed on all hands to concern in no small degree one-half at least of the creation. It is in such a simple thing as dress that each of us may form some estimate of the extent of conformity in the world. A wise nation, unsubdued by superstition, with the collected experience of peaceful ages, concludes that female feet are to be clothed by crushing them. The still wiser nations of the West have adopted a swifter mode of destroying health, and creating angularity, by crushing the upper part of the female body. In such matters nearly all people conform. Our brother man is seldom so bitter against us as when we refuse to adopt at once his notions of the Infinite. But even religious dissent were less dangerous and more respectable than dissent in dress. If you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity, take a European hat for your subject of meditation. I dare say there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute each wearing one of these hats in order to please the rest. As in the fine arts, and in architecture especially, so in dress, something is often retained that was useful when something else was beside it. To go to architecture for an instance—a pinnacle is retained, not that it is of any use where it is, but in another kind of building it would have been. That style of building, as a whole, has gone out of fashion; but the pinnacle has somehow or other kept its ground, and must be there, no one insolently going back to first principles, and asking what is the use and object of building pinnacles. Similar instances in dress will occur to my readers. Some of us are not skilled in such affairs; but looking at old pictures, we may sometimes see how modern clothes have attained their present pitch of frightfulness and inconvenience. This matter of dress is one in which perhaps you might expect the wise to conform to the foolish; and they have. When we have once come to a right estimate of the strength of conformity, we shall, I think, be more kindly disposed to eccentricity than we usually are. Even a wilful or an absurd eccentricity is some support against the weighty commonplace conformity of the world. If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for them-

selves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity. It is worth while to analyse that influence of the world which is the right arm of conformity. Some persons bend to the world in all things, from an innocent belief that what so many people think must be right. Others have a vague fear of the world, as of some wild beast which may spring out upon them at any time. Tell them they are safe in their houses from this myriad-eyed creature: they still are sure that they shall meet with it some day, and would propitiate its favour at any sacrifice. Many men contract their idea of the world to their own circle, and what they imagine to be said in that circle of friends and acquaintances, is their idea of public opinion—'as if,' to use a saying of Southey's, 'a number of worldlings made a world.' With some unfortunate people the much-dreaded 'world' shrinks into one person of more mental power than their own, or perhaps merely of coarser nature; and the fancy as to what this person will say about anything they do sits upon them like a nightmare. Happy the man who can embark his small adventure of deeds and thoughts upon the shallow waters round his home, or send them afloat on the wide sea of humanity, with no great anxiety in either case as to what reception they may meet with! He would have them steer by the stars, and take what wind may come to them. And in all things a man must beware of so conforming himself as to crush his nature, and forego the purpose of his being. We must look to other standards than what men may say or think. We must not abjectly bow down before rules and usages, but must refer to principles and purposes. In few words, we must think not whom we are following, but what we are doing. If not, why are we gifted with individual life at all? Uniformity does not consist with the higher forms of vitality. Even the leaves of the same tree are said to differ, each one from all the rest. And can it be good for the soul of a man 'with a biography of its own like to no one else's,' to subject itself without thought to the opinions and ways of others: not to grow into symmetry, but to be moulded down into conformity?—*Friends in Council.*

HALFPENNY SAVINGS AND PENNY BENEFICENCE.

The Report for 1849 has been sent to us of a savings' bank established by some wise and benevolent persons in the poor district of Killinchy in Ireland. The society offers no inducement by way of premium, but merely affords to the poor man a convenient place of security for the deposit of anything he may be able to save—were it but a halfpenny—out of his weekly earnings. 'At the close of this its first year of trial, its managers are much gratified in being enabled to report that no less a sum than L.11, 7s. 8½d. has been received in weekly deposits of one penny and upwards, from depositors among whom are found persons earning on an average only *ninepence per week*. Of this money, saved by gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost, the sum of L.8, 3s. 7d. (the greater part of which, we may confidently assert, only for this society, would never have yielded any return of comfort to its improvident possessors) has been expended either in payment of rent, or the purchase of warm, useful clothing; leaving a balance now in the hands of the treasurer of L.3, 4s. 1½d.' In the same district a Penny Contribution Fund was raised in 1847, for the purpose of employing aged persons, in that season of scarcity, in spinning yarn. 'Out of the yarn spun at this industrial school of aged and destitute women, 226 webs of cloth have been manufactured since its commencement, three years ago, which has led to the disbursement of L.450. Of this sum, two-thirds, or the sum of L.300, have been circulated among the infirm and helpless in the neighbourhood. Sixty-four spinners, poor and aged persons, utterly unfit for any other work, have been receiving the wages of industry during the above-mentioned period; which, together with 12 weavers employed, makes the number 76 deriving benefit from the fund.'

DRINKING AT MEALS.

It is injurious to drink much at meals. Those who take a large quantity of liquids during dinner generally eat more than those who take less. The sensation of thirst depends upon the quantity of aqueous fluid circulating in the blood. It has been found by physiologists that the most severe thirst of animals is appeased by injecting watery fluids into the blood. A moderate quantity of liquid should be taken at dinner; too large a portion acts inju-

riously by diluting the gastric fluid. Persons whose diet is more animal than vegetable require more liquid during their meals. Drinking before a meal is pernicious, whilst by drinking during a meal the digestive process is promoted. Those who eat fast require more drink than do others, for, as Dr Philip says, 'the food is swallowed without a due admixture of saliva, and forms a dry mass in the stomach.'—*Winslow's Health of Body and Mind.*

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

HARSH is the voice and loud the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When, leaving southern lands afar,
The sun wakes up our northern clime.
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every wailing shore,
And, foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street:
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wide fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of early green.

But God, with all a Father's love,
When earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals, in blazing pomp above,
The wonders of His radiant skies:
Look thou on night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find, in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless west,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest.
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Bear and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, ever thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere:
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath oppression's rod,
He whispers from His starry throne,
'LOOK UP, OH MAN! AND TRUST IN GOD.'

MUSICAL SPIT.

The most singular spit in the world is that of the Count de Castel Mario, one of the most opulent lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes; and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, *à l'Anglaise*, will be excellent at the twelfth air; and a fowl, *à la Flamande*, will be full of gravy at the eighteenth; and so on. It would be difficult perhaps to carry further the love of music and gormandising.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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WHAT IS THE USE OF POETRY?

WHEN Bentham compared pushpin with poetry, and gave in some sort the preference to the former, the hereby awakened much indignation among the tuneful tribe, and even reflected some obloquy upon the system of utilitarianism thus violently divorced from taste. The controversy which ensued was not very satisfactory. The poets did not condemn the principle of utilitarianism—'the greatest happiness of the greatest number;' but they reprov'd the sordid materialism which limited happiness to the objects of sense, and ridiculed the notion of estimating the value of a thing by 'what it would fetch.' They quoted Aristotle to show that poetry is a still more philosophical and excellent thing than history itself; Bacon, as well as several ancient writers, that it has 'some participation of divineness;' Feltham, that 'a grave poem is the deepest kind of writing;' Augustus Schlegel, saying of an individual poet (Shakspeare), that the world of spirits and nature had laid their treasures at his feet—that he was in strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit; and Coleridge, that poetry had been to him its own exceeding great reward, soothing his afflictions, multiplying and refining his enjoyments, endearing solitude, and giving him the habit of trying to discover the good and the beautiful in everything around him.

All this, it will be seen by reflecting persons, had little or nothing to do with the argument. If utilitarianism, admitted to be true, despises poetry, poetry must be false. It is no defence of poetry to say that it is divine, and the delight and solace of divine natures; for the object of utilitarianism is not happiness, but the happiness of the *greatest number*. It is no refutation of Bentham to laugh at the rival he sets up in opposition to poetry; for there cannot be a doubt that, of the two, the game of pushpin is by far the more generally pleasing as well as intelligible. It would be more to the purpose, we think, to inquire whether Bentham's reach of mind enabled him to see to the end of his own system—whether utilitarianism, considered as a true science, *really* looks upon poetry as a thing of fictitious nature, or is merely supposed to do so through the mistake or constitutional defect of the great philosopher. We owe no obedience, be it observed, to the sayings of Bentham because they are his; but because they are true. Plato, we are told, preferred poetry in its loftiest character to every other human art, and yet Plato banished poetry from his model commonwealth.* The reason of this seeming inconsistency is, that in the time

of Plato, and long before, poetry was the mother of fable and superstition, and a practical misleader of the young and ignorant, who formed the mass of the nation. He, as well as Socrates, were of those free spirits who looked through the mythic framework of religion, and despised, more than they durst avow, the faith of the vulgar. Bentham, on the other hand, lived under quite a different dispensation; and if poetry be a true thing, he can only have rejected it from a deficiency in those finer faculties which would have enabled him to appreciate its importance, and perceive its essential connection with his own science.

If the present were the final age of the world, and society had reached its culminating point, it would be very proper to place poetry low down in a system which sought the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It would be mere waste of time to preach of the divineness of poetry to an audience ninety-nine hundredths of whom were for ever incapable of rising beyond the enjoyments of sense. But the philosophy in question is emphatically the philosophy of progress. It is based upon the natural expansiveness of the human mind; and its object is to confer general happiness by means of general knowledge and enlightenment. Now if poetry is confessedly the solace and delight of superior spirits, of those spirits which are to be looked upon as models by the multitude, so far from being thrown aside as of slight utility in a scheme of progress, it must be lighted up as a beacon to invite and guide. In its higher essence it may be unattainable by the vulgar, but every step towards it is an advance. Thus many of the injunctions of Christianity are impossibilities to human nature in its present stage of development; but it is our duty, notwithstanding, to press forward towards the mark of that high calling, and thus play worthily our parts in the great procession of being in which our individual existence is lost, but yet to which it is necessary.

This points to a mistake which is not confined to the harder natures among the economists. Education is commonly regarded merely as a means of amassing such facts as are adapted to the present constitution of our minds; while knowledge—which, building up the materials of information, looks from them, as from a tower, into the region beyond—is practically overlooked. This is as if we thought the physical world was confined to the sphere commanded by our vision, and never dreamed of any further earthly inheritance. But the sciences that minister to our comfort and sensuous enjoyment, that store our mind with curious and interesting facts, and open out to us the wonders of external nature, are all subordinate to the science of mind. They are merely the information which serves as the groundwork of knowledge. They are the education of our spirits, by means of which we advance to a loftier stage of being.

* Denied by Feltham, who supposes that the philosopher intended the proscription to apply only to the mass or meaner herd of poets.

The restrictedness of view under which we labour is obvious not only in our lives and conversation, but even in the higher enthusiasms of our nature, and in the nobler departments of our literature. To this, for instance, is to be ascribed (as pointed out in a former article) the slow progress we have made in history, which has hitherto been at the best little more than an aggregation of facts bearing upon particular epochs, and coloured by personal predilections and antipathies. Everything is small, special, material, finite. Men and nations are treated of like individuals and tribes in natural history—not as links in a chain of being, the end of which is lost in light as its beginning is in darkness.

Poetry, however, is not what Aristotle tells us it is—a higher philosophy, a higher history. It is something altogether distinct. The poet does not reason, but feel. He cannot communicate his art, although, like Orpheus, he may soften the most rugged natures into sympathy. He cannot teach the expression of harmony, but he may awaken the perception of it. And the mind so awakened will thenceforward hear poetry in every sound of nature, see it in every cloud and sunbeam, handle it in every pleasant thing, inhale it in every flower that blows. And these objects will no longer be merely objects of sense: they will be impressed with a spiritual life, and seem to the beholder as something akin to his own nature, something to love as well as admire. This is the true business of poetry: to breathe a living soul into the dead world, and provide for man, even in the most familiar objects that surround him, wherewithal to appease the cravings of his immortal nature.

To this tendency to the spiritual, which is so remarkable a part of our nature, may be traced (if our theory be correct) the exclusion of poetry from the Platonic republic. The neophyte of the antique world, walking without the light of science in his sacred groves, had no misgiving as to the nature of their poetical denizens:—

‘Delightedly dwells he ‘mong fays and talismans,
And spirits, and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.’

And owing to the same spiritual tendency, even now, in the midst of a new faith, and after the lapse of thousands of years, the ‘fair humanities of old religion’ still live in their associations:—

‘For still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.’

Poetry is said to be false, because its facts are not true. But what facts can be truer than those that are felt and recognised as truths by the human heart? The free spirit that fought the battle of Marathon is a truth of poetry, which makes the pulse throb and the eyes flash at a distance of between two and three thousand years, and which stamps an imperishable authenticity upon the event. As for the historical facts, it would take but little ingenuity to prove logically that they are a dream, and the perished actors shadows and fictions. Well—let such proof be given, and accepted: What then? Why, then, Marathon remains unchanged—a substantial existence as before, its poetical truth being blazoned indelibly upon the heart! Is *Lear* a falsehood? Is *Othello* a falsehood? Is *Macbeth* a falsehood? They are truer than Alexander, or Charlemagne, or Napoleon, for they are fastened by subtler and stronger ties to the heart, conscience, imagination. Is the *Venus de Medici* a falsehood, because so perfect a form never walked the earth? She is truer than the woman we loved in

youth. There is not a hair on her head which has not its separate truth in nature, and the whole figure is the essence of truth—a concentration of eclectic loveliness. When the peripatetic teacher declared that poetry was a more philosophical and excellent thing than history, he gave as his reason that its theme was *general* truth, while that of history was *particular* truth; and herein lies the whole question of the fictitious nature of poetry. The beauty of the *Venus de Medici* is not the beauty of an individual, but a compound of the traits which nature divides among a multitude of her favourites:—

‘So, when the Rhodian’s mimic art arrayed
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled in his piece,
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece;
To faultless nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourned in the *Ægean* isles,
Wooded all their love, and treasured all their smiles.
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined;
Love on the picture smiled; expression poured
Her mingling spirit there, and Greece adored.’

The ‘ideal beauty,’ as it is called, here described, is a truth of nature, a truth of poetry; while the truth of a portrait, which may be recognised without any exercise of the imagination, is simply a fact. It is true there may be, and sometimes is, something higher and nobler in a portrait beyond the likeness—there may be general as well as individual truth; but in this case it is no longer a mere portrait we behold, but a poem in colours.

Thus it is easy to understand why poetry should be less popular than pushpin. A hundred persons are able to discover a likeness in a portrait for one who can appreciate its poetical truth. The Chinese are said to find great fault with European portraits on account of the shadow of the nose, which they look upon as a ridiculous deformity. It is just so with ourselves in nobler things. We must place ourselves under the tuition of poetry if we seek the development of those higher tastes, the germ of which is implanted in our being—and surely for no idle or unworthy purpose—by the hand of Providence.

Bentham admits that poetry has some merit as a substitute for the amusement of *drinking*; and he was right here, though only by chance, for neither he nor Locke—neither the great utilitarian nor the great metaphysician—comprehended poetry. The practice of drunkenness is the result of our constitutional craving after the poetical—a fatal expedient, resorted to by rude natures in all tribes and conditions of mankind, for the purpose of elevating their thoughts, softening their affections, and ennobling the tame realities of life. Opium and alcohol, these are the treacherous ministers who, in exchange for a brief term of enjoyment, exact the soul of their victim. But in the most evil thing there is always a germ of good; and even from this mean and base propensity we derive an assurance of the upward tendency of man’s nature. Poetry, when summoned by such unholy spells, soon loses her goddess look, and appears with the snakes of the Furies hissing round her head; but the fact of her being summoned at all, shows that there is something even in the rudest natures to render men dissatisfied with things in their mere outward forms—something which indicates, like an instinct, that there is a universal soul breathing in, upon, and through the external world. The mechanical means, however, which they resort to for the purpose of opening this new well of enjoyment, unto the same time the fountains of pain and woe; and him who ate unworthily of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they have reason to curse the hour that he chalice of their immortal thirst.

It is a fact, that the special colouring in our own country is observable in the

history of various other regions both of the eastern and western world, and more especially among the Chinese, the farthest advanced of the peoples of the East. This connection may be accounted for by supposing that, up to a certain point in refinement and civilisation, the individuals who cultivated the expression of poetical feeling as a calling would be more likely than common men to have recourse to mechanical stimulants of the imagination. The conjecture is the more probable from the fact, that the weakness in question has beset only poets of an inferior grade, while the master spirits, with hardly an exception, have trusted to their own genius and its purer inspirations.

To decry the sacred thirst of poetry is unphilosophical, because it is vain. It is an instinct of man's nature, and man will seek to indulge it in one way or other, whether by wholesome or unwholesome, whether by legitimate or illegitimate means. But being sacred, to deny it is profane; and being a passion of noble natures, it is worthy of encouragement in all. Do not suppose that its tendency is to disgust men with the work they have to do in the world, of whatsoever nature that may be; for it does not elevate the man alone, but all things ascend with him. His daily employment, before a cold and hopeless task, becomes blended with, and coloured by, his domestic affections; his commonest recreations are exercises both of the heart and the fancy; and

'To him the meanest, simplest flowers that blow,
Do raise up thoughts that lie too deep for tears.'

This 'Iron Age,' we are told, is unfavourable to the cultivation of poetry; its machinery is incompatible with imagination; its railways are the antipodes of nature: it is ridiculous to think of putting Parnassus under the plough, and starting a steamboat on Helicon. All this may be very wise and very witty; but to say that industry and poetry are antagonisms (for this is the sum of the whole), is to confound poetry with verse-making. The expression of poetry must still remain the province of a few, but the perception of it—if we would advance the people beyond the dry bones of material life, and lift them above the coarse gratification of the senses—must be extended to the many. The appliances of our Iron Age, so far from being unfavourable to poetry, are more essentially poetical than those of that Golden Age when shepherds, with the aid of oaten stop and pastoral song, 'dallied with the innocence of love.' If an ancient Greek were evoked from his tomb of ages, and set to wander through the wonderful country we term unpoetical, he would be thrilled with mingled delight and awe, and his impressions would gush forth in a torrent of song. The manufactory would be to him a world of poetry; the thunder of its machinery would be, more truly than that of the tempest, the voice of viewless but intelligent spirits; and its productions, changing from rude, shapeless masses, till they came forth perfect in form and beauty, would appear the work of enchantment. The fiery locomotive, skimming like the wind along the surface of the earth, gliding by the side of precipices, spanning gorges and valleys, and plunging with a rush and a roar into caverns as black as Erebus, would take away his breath; while the steam-ship, with her banner of smoke, attempting impossibilities, yea, getting the better of them, sailing defyingly up into the very eye of the tempest, and laughing at the laws of common nature, would seem the realisation of a dream that could have haunted only the brain of a poet. All things in, around, above, beneath us, are grand, beautiful, wonderful, sublime; and the use of poetry is to touch our eyes with that talisman which opens their inner nature to our view. Till this is done, we are surrounded only by cold and lifeless forms.

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civilisation—if we do not rather seek to gratify the yearnings of our nature after the poetical by such extraneous and unholy means as end both in moral and social ruin.

L. R.

TOWN LIFE IN RUSSIA.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF NICHOLAS GOGOL.

THE town of B—, in Lower Russia, is, generally speaking, a particularly dull and uninteresting abode. The houses, built of clay, were originally covered with mortar; but this, softened by the rain, has peeled off in various places, leaving unsightly patches, whose darkness is far from being relieved by the rude thatching of reeds which covers the roofs. According to an all but universal custom in our southern towns, the *gorodnitchi** long since caused the front gardens to be taken away, in order no doubt to embellish the view. In the streets few bipeds are to be seen, except now and then an unlucky stray cock, who stalks along all covered with dust. The first shower converts this dust into mud; and then the town swarms with pigs, grunting portentously, and thrusting their solemn physiognomies against the legs of any horse which may happen to be carrying a traveller. Sometimes a farmer from the neighbourhood, the owner of a dozen serfs, may be seen passing, seated in a vehicle which forms a sort of compromise between the *britzka* and the *telega*, surrounded by sacks of flour, and whipping his bay mare, which is accompanied by her colt. The aspect of the market-place is sad enough. Near it stands the tailor's house, presenting a sharp angle by way of front; at the opposite side rises a tall brick mansion, left unfinished during the last fifteen years; a little farther on may be seen a great isolated bazaar, built of wood, and painted mud-colour. This notable building was constructed by the *gorodnitchi* in the days of his youth, before he had acquired the habit of sleeping after dinner, and drinking every evening a decoction made from dried currants. In the centre of the market-square stands a small low shop, invariably furnished with a pile of round flat cakes, pieces of soap, some pounds of bitter almonds, lead, cotton balls, with an endless variety of other commodities—all presided over by two shopmen, who spend their day in playing the *evdeta*†. But some time since, the aspect of things was totally changed by the arrival of a cavalry regiment. The streets became more busy and animated when they were filled with moustaches rough and bristly as so many clothes-brushes. Then might be seen passing some tall handsome officer strolling towards a comrade's quarters, perhaps to discuss the chances of promotion, or the properties of some new snuff; or, more likely still, to play cards, and stake his *drozki*, which might fairly be called the *drozki* of the regiment; for amongst the officers it was perpetually changing owners. One day the major might be seen driving in it, the next it would appear outside the lieutenant's stable, and not long afterwards the captain's servant would be busy greasing its wheels. The garden-hedges outside the town became gay with soldiers' garments, hung out to dry, and the roads were enlivened by the continual waving of feathers and glancing of bright steel.

The social animation of the upper classes was much increased by the arrival of the general commanding the brigade. Several wealthy proprietors from the surrounding country came in to call on the officers, and invite them to their houses. After some time, the general resolved to return these civilities by giving a grand dinner, and mighty were the consequent preparations. The whole market was laid under contribution; so that on the day before the entertainment, the judge and the archdeacon were forced to dine on soup-meat and brown bread.

* Chief of police.

† A game which consists in darting an iron rod through a ring fastened in the ground.

Amongst the most distinguished guests was Pythagoras Pythagorovitch Tchertokoutski, a fiery orator at the elections* of the nobility, and the possessor of an elegant equipage. He had formerly served in the army, and continued to wear long spurs and immense moustaches, in order to make it known that he belonged to the cavalry. He had married a very pretty woman, endowed with a fortune consisting of two hundred serfs and several thousand rubles. The money he employed in the purchase of six beautiful horses, a quantity of showy furniture, and a tame ape. Besides, he engaged a French *maitre-d'hôtel*. His wife's serfs, as well as his own, were pledged for money at the bank. In short, he fully preserved the character of a fashionable Russian gentleman.

The dinner was splendid. There were sturgeons, a belouga,† a sterletta,‡ bustards, asparagus, quails, partridges, mushrooms. The exquisite savour of the dishes testified most favourably for the sobriety of the cook during the preceding twenty-four hours. Four soldiers, who had been sent to assist him, had worked all night at compounding *ragoûts* and jellies. Nor were there wanting both long-necked and short-necked bottles of Madeira and Lafitte.

The guests rose from table with an agreeable sensation of languor, and having each lighted a pipe, adjourned to take coffee in the balcony.

'Tovkatchvitch,' said the general, addressing his aide-de-camp, 'will you have the goodness to send for my bay mare? You shall see her, gentlemen, and judge for yourselves.' Here the general expelled a huge mouthful of tobacco-smoke.

'Is it long since your excellency—pouff, pouff, pouff—condescended§ to buy her?' asked Tchertokoutski.

'Pouff, pouff, pou—ou—ou—ouff—not very long: about two years.'

At that moment a loud neighing was heard, and a soldier with immense moustaches, wearing a long white riding-coat, appeared leading by the bridle a fiery-looking, prancing animal.

'Come, come on, Agrafena Ivanovna,' said he, as he drew her towards the balcony.

The general ceased smoking, and looked at her with satisfaction; the colonel descended the steps, and stroked Agrafena Ivanovna's head; the major did the same to her fore-legs; while the other officers produced simultaneously that peculiar noise with the tongue and palate which has so soothing an effect on horses in general.

'She is a fine animal,' said Tchertokoutski; 'very fine indeed. Permit me to ask your excellency, does she go well?'

'Capitally; only that goose of a doctor gave her some medicine which has made her cough during the last two days.'

'Has your excellency got an equipage suitable to so good a mare?'

'No—I can't say I have. I have wished for some time to purchase a new chariot, and I have written to my brother, who lives at St Petersburg, to ask him if he could manage to send me one.'

'I believe, your excellency,' remarked the colonel, 'that the best chariots are those made at Vienna?'

'You're quite right—pouff, pouff, pouff.'

'I have a most excellent chariot, your excellency, made at Vienna,' said Tchertokoutski.

'Is it very easy?'

'So much so, that your excellency would fancy your nurse was rocking you gently in your cradle.'

'Pleasant enough that.'

'Then it is as light as a feather, and as luxurious as

an easy-chair. Besides, one can stow away such a quantity of things in it. When I travelled in it on active service, I always carried ten bottles of rum, twenty pounds of tobacco, six uniforms, all my linen, and two of the longest pipes your excellency ever saw. In the inside lockers you might pack an entire ox.'

'Do you wish to dispose of it?'

'To oblige your excellency, I should have no objection. It cost me four thousand rubles.'

'It certainly ought to be good at that price.'

'Will your excellency do me the honour to condescend to dine with me to-morrow, and you shall see it?'

'I don't know what to say. Alone I could not go; but if you will permit me to bring my aides-de-camp—'

'I shall be highly honoured if all the officers will give me the pleasure of their company.'

The colonel, the major, and the others thanked Tchertokoutski, and accepted his invitation, while the general continued to smoke with perfect tranquillity.

'Your excellency will make acquaintance with my wife.'

'That will give me much pleasure,' said the general politely, as he twirled his moustache.

Of course in the household of Tchertokoutski, although sufficiently well appointed, many preparations were requisite to be made for the next day's entertainment. The master therefore prudently determined to hasten home, and give his wife and cook due notice of what he considered a most important and delightful event. But alas for good resolutions at a dinner party! Whist and punch were introduced simultaneously; and the company, including our hero, drank and played, and drank again, until, by the time supper was announced, scarcely an individual present could distinguish a queen from a knave.

They sat down to a substantial meal, where wine of various kinds was not lacking. Neither did conversation flag; but it was conducted after a strange fashion. A colonel related with much detail his adventures in a battle which had never been fought, and ended by sticking the stopper of a decanter into the upper crust of a pie. A particularly fat little captain, whose arms were so short, that they looked like pendent potatoes, made desperate but ineffectual efforts to extract his snuff-box from the hind-pocket of his coat; and a lieutenant was equally unsuccessful in obtaining his pocket-handkerchief. They began to separate about three o'clock in the morning. The coachmen were obliged to carry many of them down stairs, and lodge them in their respective vehicles like so many sacks of corn. Tchertokoutski himself, notwithstanding his aristocratic pride, bowed so profoundly to the company, that he carried home two thistles* sticking in his moustaches. When he arrived, every one but his valet was asleep, and the master was put to bed in a state of perfect unconsciousness.

The following morning, when his young wife awoke, she found her husband snoring by her side, so profoundly asleep, that she could not find in her heart to rouse him, so, gliding noiselessly into her dressing-room, she finished her graceful toilet, much to her own satisfaction, and then sipped her chocolate, and ate a few delicate biscuits. Afterwards, leaving her husband still asleep, she walked into the garden. It was a calm, lovely summer morning, and the lady enjoyed the pleasant freshness of the pleached alleys among which she wandered, the profound stillness broken only by the distant snoring of the coachman, who, after a hearty meal, was taking his siesta under the shade of a tree.

It was already long past noon when she emerged on an open raised terrace, commanding an extensive view of the high road. Suddenly her attention was attracted by a cloud of dust in the distance, caused, as she quickly discovered, by the rapid approach of several carriages. The first was a light chariot, containing the general and

* The Russian nobility elect a marshal for each district, and another for the province.

† A large kind of sturgeon.

‡ A fish which is only to be found in Russia.

§ In Russia, when an inferior speaks of the actions of his superior, he always employs the verb *izvolit*, which signifies pretty nearly *condescend*. A servant will sometimes say that his master 'has condescended to die.'

* Wild flowers are often scattered on the floor in Russian dining-rooms.

the colonel; then a travelling coach, filled by the captain, the aide-de-camp, and two lieutenants; closely followed by the celebrated droski of the regiment, whose present owner was the fat major. After this came a nondescript vehicle, in which five officers were tightly packed. Finally, three cavaliers on prancing steeds brought up the rear in gallant style.

'Can they be coming here?' thought the lady. Most certainly they were; for they turned off the high road. And the lady, clapping her hands, flew off to the chamber where her husband still lay fast asleep.

'Get up—get up—quick!' cried she, shaking his arm. 'What!—who is it?' muttered Tchertokoutski, stretching himself, without opening his eyes.

'Get up; visitors are coming: the general and all his officers.'

'So soon? Why wasn't I called in time? Is the dinner I ordered ready?'

'What dinner?'

'Did not I order a large dinner?'

'No indeed. You came home at four o'clock this morning unable to speak a word; and out of compassion, I would not have you disturbed all day.'

Out of bed jumped the now thoroughly-aroused Tchertokoutski. 'Horse* that I am!' cried he, striking his forehead; 'what shall we do? I asked them all to dinner. Are they far off?'

'They will be here in a moment.'

'Hide yourself, my love; hide yourself. Hallo!' he continued, calling a servant, 'when the officers come, tell them your master is not at home; that he set out on a journey this morning, and will not be back for some days.'

So saying, he hastily threw on his dressing-gown over his shirt, which had hitherto formed his sole covering, and ran to take refuge in the coach-house, esteeming that the safest hiding-place. When there, however, he began to think he might chance to be discovered; so, jumping into his handsome chariot, he ensconced himself snugly under the seat, and crouched down beneath the leathern apron.

Meantime the visitors had arrived, and descended in due order at the hall-door.

'My master's not at home,' said the servant who answered their loud summons.

'How! Not at home? But he'll be back to dinner?'

'No, please your excellency; my master is gone on a journey, and will not return for some days.'

'Pon my word,' said the general, 'I don't understand this.'

'Cool enough certainly,' remarked the colonel.

'What the deuce!' resumed the angry general: 'how could the man do such a thing? If he could not receive us, why did he invite us?'

'Indeed, your excellency,' remarked a young officer timidly, 'I can't understand how he could do such a thing.'

'What?' said the general, who regularly used this particle when addressed by any officer beneath the rank of captain.

'I was saying, please your excellency, how could any man act so?'

'Certainly. If anything unforeseen had occurred, he ought to have let us know.'

'We have nothing for it but to return as we came,' said the colonel.

'Yes,' replied the general; 'but we may as well take a look at his chariot before we go. I suppose he has not taken it with him. Hallo! boy; come here.'

'What do you please to want, gentlemen?'

'Show us your master's new chariot.'

'This way, please, into the coach-house.'

Enter the general and his suite. They narrowly examined the outside of the vehicle, its wheels and springs.

'Tis nothing at all remarkable,' said the general: 'quite an ordinary chariot.'

'It seems to me, please your excellency, not at all worth four thousand rubles,' observed a young officer.

'What?'

'I was saying, please your excellency, that it is hardly worth four thousand rubles.'

'Four thousand! It is not worth two. Perhaps, however, it may be handsomely fitted up inside. Come, boy, unbutton the apron.'

And plain before the officers' astonished eyes appeared the crouching Tchertokoutski in his gaudy dressing-gown.

'Ah, there you are!' said the general quietly. And carefully covering him up again with the apron, he and his officers went away.

THE FEATHERED MOUSERS.

BY RUSTICUS.

IN my paper about the house-sparrow I had occasion to mention the windhover; and in the notes on mice and rats I just glanced at the services of the barn-owl. It was certainly no more than a mention or a glance, yet I hope sufficient to make the matter clear, without dipping too much into the personal history of the two admirable mousers on behalf of whom I now address the reader.

Notwithstanding her universal proscription by game-keepers, the windhover or kestrel is the commonest of our hawks. How she maintains a footing, seeing that the beautiful kite has disappeared, is a problem worthy the attention of the learned. My solution is at your service. At the proper time of spring and autumn migration there is a very general movement, which I may hereafter more fully explain. The windhovers join this movement. Some cross the Channel southwards in the autumn, but four times the number cross it northwards in the spring. Our continental neighbours understand natural history out of doors far better than we do. They know the windhover, and put a just estimate on her services; we know she is a hawk, and we emphatically pronounce hawks to be *vermin*, and we destroy vermin by every expedient which our sagacity can invent or our experience recommend. The vernal migration from France makes full amends for the windhovers we annually trap, shoot, and crucify. We can never exterminate a migrant as we do a resident species. The kite was once abundant; it was regarded as a common scavenger, and was highly valued for its services; but as population increased, it was driven from our towns, and having been detected tasting hares' flesh, the fiat of extermination went forth. It is now almost unknown, and the consequent increase of the prolific hare has brought many a poor tenant to the workhouse. The kite seems a resident bird: his extermination could never have been achieved had he crossed the Channel with the windhover and the hobby. There would in that case have been a vernal addition sufficient to replace the annual slaughter. To return to the windhover: she passes southwards at the end of September, the numbers being well thinned during that month. While hovering over stubbles in search of mice, or over grass hunting for grasshoppers, she presents the most attractive mark to gentlemen as well as keepers: the former kill her for practice, the latter as a matter of duty. The southward movement at this season causes a great muster of windhovers in our southern counties. Although numbers cross the Channel, still others remain; so that there are always more of these birds in Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire in the winter than in the summer; while in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the neighbouring counties there are more in summer than in winter.

In all our hawks the female is the larger, stronger, and fiercer sex. This is the case with the kestrels: the females have the best of it in every way. They often

* In Russia the word 'horse' is used as a term of reproach, as 'donkey' is among us.

fight with each other with such a thorough good-will, that nothing but death will part them. A gentleman living a few miles hence told me that one evening while he was out with his gun, watching for rabbits, he saw two hawks meet in the air with tremendous violence, instantly closing with each other. He fired, and killed both: they were female windhovers, and so firmly were they grappled together, that after death he had great difficulty in separating them. Some years ago, a pair of windhovers took possession of an old crow's nest in the little wood opposite the house at Busbridge. In a few days one of the keepers killed the cock, and fixed him up after the manner of our country. The next day there was another cock in attendance, and he too was killed and fixed up; and so on with four, the hen all the while keeping beyond the range of Smallfield's gun. Two days after this she was again mated, and the mate again shot; but this time, instead of falling to the ground, he hung on the bough of a spruce fir. In this position the hen pounced on him, and seizing him in her talons, bore him away. The astonished keeper watched the course she took, and loading again, followed her. He found her in a fallow, and shot her while actually devouring the body of her mate, which she had stripped of every feather. When I was in the Isle of Wight in 1824, I found that the kestrels had a foe almost as formidable as the keepers. A pair of peregrine falcons were breeding in the cliff at Freshwater, and the female would every now and then recreate herself with a chase of a windhover. I have a vivid recollection of a scene of this kind which we witnessed. The evolutions of the birds were energetic and graceful in the extreme. Each strove to the utmost to get the sky of the other—the peregrine to gain the swoop, the windhover to avoid it. The peregrine, once in the ascendant, would cleave the air like a falling thunderbolt; but the windhover, adroitly swerving, would escape the stroke, and rise towering above her foe. In a moment the struggle for the vantage-ground would be renewed, and the same scene enacted again and again. How this terminated I know not, for at last we lost them in the extreme distance. A cliffsman, who was with us in the boat, told us he had often seen the wings and feathers of the windhover scattered about the eyrie of the peregrine; and he ought to know, for he had robbed that said eyrie for many years, and had made a handsome profit of the young. It would seem the old saw, that 'hawks don't peck out hawks' e'en,' is not supported by modern instances.

But I must record another encounter, in which a female windhover was one of the combatants, a magpie the other. A magpie's nest was built in a Scotch fir, and carefully covered in a-top with the cuttings of gooseberry bushes—a very favourite mode of architecture with Maggy when gooseberry-cuttings are to be had. I presume the windhover, in passing, had just dropped in to ascertain whether this desirable tenement were to let, thinking she would like to become a tenant for the summer. Mind, I only say *presume*, for I know nothing of the matter. My acquaintance with the affair commenced with a tremendous flapping, screaming, and chattering, almost immediately followed by a confused mass—black, white, and brown—tumbling out of the nest, and falling among the boughs, scratching and clawing, grappling and flapping, screaming and chattering—the feathers flying in all directions, and the combatants tumbling head over heels from bough to bough. Another magpie, attracted by the inviting sounds, soon arrived at the scene of action; but whether from a love of fair-play, or a salutary dread of the fate of those who in quarrels interpose, he kept clear of the combatants, merely hopping round them with intense activity, and chattering in the loudest voice and in the angriest strain. The noise made by the three brought more magpies and more noise, and the hawk soon thought it prudent to relax her hold, and beat a retreat—a movement she executed with such ease and speed, that the chattering train of pies, which at first followed with spirit, were

soon tailed off, and diving into a young plantation of larches, seemed to find comfort in jabbering to each other a recital of the brave feats they would have gladly performed.

And this brings me to the nesting of the windhover; and though I don't like to say that books are wrong when they describe what she builds with, and what she lines with, and such particulars, yet I hope I may say, without hurting the feelings of the most sensitive author, that during twenty seasons' birds'-nesting I never found a nest built by a windhover. From a personal inspection of the homesteads of twenty-six pairs of windhovers, the following statistics resulted:—Seventeen pairs occupied the nests of crows in trees; four pairs occupied the nests of magpies; three pairs occupied the nests of sea-gulls, on ledges of cliffs facing the sea; one pair occupied the nest of a jay in ivy; and one pair occupied the hollow stem of a pollard ash, previously occupied by a pair of screech-owls. The following statement may have its interest with some: in each case I counted and recorded the number of eggs or young ones, with this result:—Three nests contained five each—each of two nests had four young ones and a small addled egg—and the third had five eggs, one smaller than the rest; twenty-one nests contained four each; and two nests contained three each. I conclude, therefore, that windhovers usually occupy the nest of another bird, and also usually bring up four young ones in a brood.

The next point in the history of this bird is her food; and here she certainly takes a wide range—varying her diet according to circumstances and seasons. The standing dish is a rat or a mouse; but lizards, blindworms, caterpillars, cockchafer, grasshoppers, worms, and, on the sea-shore, crabs, and, in the dead of winter, an occasional lark or yellowhammer, appear to be equally acceptable to her palate. Rats and mice seem to be the sole reputed food of the windhover. Your bird-stuffer will always send your windhover home with one of these creatures in his claws, the fur being decorated with a little red sealing-wax, which the beholder's imagination is to convert into blood, supposed to issue from wounds inflicted by the captor. The occupation of mousing is carried on with great success in the autumn, when the mice are busy in the stubbles. The windhover may then be seen perpetually hovering over the fields, keeping her head close to the wind, and moving her wings with the regularity of a pigeon, but without making the slightest change in her position: hence her name. Her assiduity in hunting for grasshoppers, and her skill in catching cockchafers in her claw, and so handing them to her beak, have been recorded long ago. I have often seen these birds in company with cuckoos, searching the long blades of grass for the caterpillars of the burnet-moth; and this association of the two birds may have led to a strange belief, very prevalent in some places, that the cuckoo is a young hawk; that his song is only a cry for food; and that this of course ceases in autumn, when he is able to shift for himself. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable food for a hawk is the little crab to be found on all our shores. I do not know that this is a common food, even of the maritime windhovers; yet having seen one of these birds carrying off a crab, and, in order to be certain, having made her relinquish it, I conceive it would be unjust on the part of the historian to omit the crab from the list of her occasional indulgences.

Let us now turn to the screech-owl, a gentleman who pursues much the same kind of game as the windhover, but in a somewhat different manner and time. While the hawk is hovering over a stubble, the owl is dozing away her hours in a hollow tree; and while the hawk is slumbering on her perch, the owl is beating the fields on noiseless pinions. It is beautiful to watch the owl thus occupied. With what perseverance, with what method, with what untiring industry, does he seek his prey—sometimes following the direction of the furrows, sometimes taking the lands transversely! With what

unerring skill does he seize the little marauder with his talons! With what a triumphant scream does he now and then proclaim from afar that he is bearing food to his young! A pair of screech-owls once nested in our old barn, and they seemed to have young to feed from early spring to quite late in the autumn. I used to watch the old ones go forth to their hunting-grounds, and watch also for their return. I observed that, before entering the barn, they invariably pitched on the corner of an old outhouse just by: it was only for a few seconds; but something was always done here, and I determined to learn what. So one day I boarded up the front of this shed, and stuck a short pole out at the corner, thus offering the owls a more convenient perching-place than before, and so situated, that I could see from within the shed what use they made of it. When evening came I went to the garden-gate as heretofore, to observe proceedings: the owls passed and repassed, eyeing the shed and pole with distrust, and never once pitching on either; indeed they went about purposely to avoid it, or else to convince me that they entirely disapproved of the new arrangement. But their aversion to the change wore off with its novelty, and at the end of a week I saw one of them using the pole for a perching-place, just as he formerly used the corner of the shed. Next day I shut myself up in the outhouse by broad daylight, and patiently waited for dusk. I saw both owls pass within three yards of me on their way to the hunting-grounds, but full twenty minutes elapsed before their return. I kept my eye constantly at a wide crack that opened towards the field by which I knew they would return. Presently one topped the hedge, and came directly towards me; he held something in his foot, certainly a mouse, head and tail hanging down. On he came; he alighted on the pole, stooped his head, took the mouse in his beak, turned his broad face and great eyes full on the crevice I was looking through, and then silently floated through the open window of the barn. I saw all this again and again; and when both my friends were far away at their hunting-grounds, I left my hiding-place, and went in to supper, well pleased with the success of my experiment. The visit to the shed was often repeated, and sometimes in company with others. Generally the owls returned silently to their perch; but sometimes, especially before rain, they announced their return by a loud scream. Screech-owls never hoot. They have four notes, or rather noises: the first is a kind of hiss; the second a kind of snore; the third a kind of plaintive call-note, not very unlike the pewee's; and the fourth is that loud scream always uttered on the wing, which constitutes, as I suppose, their title to the name of screech-owls. A word more about the pair in our barn: one of my visitors, delighted with watching them from the shed, determined on a visit to our owl-cot, as we called the corner of the barn they had selected for their eyrie. He wished to make an inspection of the family arrangements, and he well-nigh paid the penalty of his curiosity: both the old birds flew at his head; and his hat, hastily pulled over his eyes, luckily saved him from claws that would have disfigured his physiognomy for life.

I have said that these owls had young ones to feed throughout the summer and autumn: I will explain how this is, and how I came to find it out. In the first place, owls are hatched almost naked, and in a very helpless state, and are at least twice as long as other birds before they can shift for themselves; in the second place, the female lays eggs in pairs, and she lays a second pair after the first pair is hatched. The young soon become covered with down, and look much like powder-puffs, and the warmth of their bodies keeps the eggs warm—warm enough, as I imagine, to hatch them without any regular sitting on by the mother. I cannot say positively that she does not sit at all on any eggs but the first; most likely she does; but this I know, that she does not sit regularly, being away half the night mousing for her first-born. When the second pair of eggs is hatched, these want feeding too: I suppose the

big pair are fed with big field-mice, and the little pair with little harvest-mice; but, mind, I don't lay this down as a fact; I merely give them credit for so clever an arrangement; for, in virtue of their adoption by so sage a personage, we may fairly suppose the birds of Minerva to be the wisest of all birds. Thus a constant succession of young is kept up. Now I believe it is well known that nestling birds eat double or treble as much as old ones: such is certainly the fact, and the quickness of their growth in a great measure explains it. A young bird on leaving the nest is almost as big as his mother; and as this commonly happens in a very few weeks, the rate of growth is prodigious, and certainly the supply of food is bountiful in proportion. It is obvious to me that the prolonged season of feeding, in the instance of the screech-owl, compels that bird to do the greatest quantity of good. It seems as though these persecuted creatures were commanded to serve mankind to the utmost. But to my tale:—

One day in October 1822 I was sauntering along a lane between Munstead and Hascomb, when, just as I passed a great pollard oak, I saw a screech-owl come out of a hole from which once issued a tolerably large branch. I tapped the trunk with the butt-end of my gun, and immediately afterwards heard a response from within—that noise which Bewick calls snoring. Of course I laid down my gun, and climbed the tree, which was certainly one of the toughest tasks I ever undertook; there was scarcely a twig to hold on by, and the bole was uncomfortably large. I think the top of this tree must have been snapped off by the wind, or perhaps struck by lightning at some remote time, for a lot of short, thick, worm-eaten splinters stuck up amongst vigorous boughs, giving the tree a very odd appearance. There is something curious in the way life and death contend for the mastery in an old tree. Life is continually supplying new branches—ay, and vigorous ones too—new wood, and new bark, which gradually creeps on, and at last hides old decayed spots or wounds. Death works his silent way from the centre day by day, reconverting particles of solid wood into its kindred dust, hastening it back to earth, from whence it sprang. To proceed: the treat of inspecting the interior of this tree was not to be obtained; so I put on a thick leathern glove, and thrust my arm up to the shoulder into the hole whence Mr Gillihoolet made his exit. The produce of the first grasp was an owl of very respectable size, quite three parts grown, and too well feathered to be trusted alone, so I buttoned him in the pocket of my shooting-jacket, and tried my luck again: this time an owl came to light less than half the size of the first, and apparently youthful in proportion to his littleness; he was also consigned to the pocket; and then a third exactly like the second. After a good deal of groping about, I felt pretty sure there were no more owls or owlets to be found, but there was something very much like eggs; so I ventured to feel with an ungloved hand, and brought out three eggs, one at a time. They were very warm, and seemed half-buried in something very much like highly-dried pulverised mice, which I presume to have been produced by long trampling on the pellets cast up by the old owls. Having carefully deposited one egg in each waistcoat pocket, and a third in my mouth, and having screwed up in paper some of the dust, I commenced my descent, and landing in safety, proceeded to examine my treasures. One of the old owls returned in the meantime, and, perched on a bough at a little distance, strove to look as philosophical as possible under her loss. Determined to understand as much as possible of this happy family, I proceeded to pierce the eggs. One was addled—this was not the one I had brought down in my mouth—the others were 'set hard,' as our countrymen express it. The owlets were too far advanced towards hatching to admit of their being blown. I felt sorry for having destroyed the eggs; but I made what amends I could by again climbing that difficult tree, and replacing the three young ones where I found them—first, however, submitting them to a

searching examination, and pencilling down these 'mens.' in my book.

Like the windhover, the owl occasionally varies his diet with a dor-beetle, a cockchafer, or a shrew; but the food of both these birds is essentially murine. Mice and rats are their support, and the numbers they destroy are far beyond our powers of calculation. Oh that I could enact laws for protecting them against the keeper and the sportsman, and especially against those they so especially befriend—the farmer and the gardener! And oh that I could protect the owl from ignorance and superstition!—that ignorance and superstition which screams out 'the nasty owl is come for the dying one,' if perhaps a nightingale or willow-wren, on its passage to a milder clime, beats against the window of a sick-room, attracted by the midnight lamp. The idea is equally foolish and fatal—not only to the poor unoffending owl, but fatal also to the crushed spirit of the sufferer, who too often believes the senseless prediction.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

SCENE: A SMALL STUDY IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE—A GLASS-DOOR OPENING INTO THE GARDEN.

[Mrs Wright and Judy.]

Mrs Wright. Come in. Oh, Judy, is it you? Come in and sit down, and tell me what you want with me?

Judy. (Seating herself at once.) Bedad, my lady, I'm after comin' here a power o' times strivin' to spake to yer ladyship, an' niver could git so much as a sight o' ye.

Mrs Wright. I am always in this room after breakfast, waiting to see any one who may happen to have business with me. I sit here regularly from ten to eleven o'clock, and I certainly never saw you at the glass-door till this morning.

Judy. Oh, my lady; sure I didn't suppose you would use me like the common sort—me that was rared dacent, an' didn't mane to trouble you, but jist to ask a question, an' no more about it.

Mrs Wright. It is not out of any disrespect to you, Judy, that I was not able to see you at another hour—

Judy. (Rising, and making a curtsy.) I am obliged to ye, my lady.

Mrs Wright. But as I have a good deal to do, I am not certain of being found at home or at leisure at any hour of the day; so, for the convenience of both parties, I thought it best to fix an hour when you would all be sure to see me.

Judy. That makes a differ certently. Well, I suppose as I am here, I may as well spake what I have to say, if it's not illconvenient?

Mrs Wright. Not at all: speak out at once. What can I do for you?

Judy. (Sighing.) Times is very hard, my lady.

Mrs Wright. We require to exert ourselves to get on in them certainly.

Judy. An' I'm willin' to do it—proud an' willin' to do it; and that brought me to yer ladyship, to see if there was e'er a little situation about yerself or the young ladies—may the Lord keep them an' you in health an' happiness!—that would shuit me, an' bring in a little arnin'; for I declare to God I'm a'most naked. It's a borrowt cloak an' a borrowt coat that's on me this blessed day, and my mother's apron—God bless her!—an' so many of us boys an' girls strivin' to keep the bit an' the sup amongst them, that I may say she's a'most broke with it.

Mrs Wright. I am really glad to find, Judy, that you have the courage to begin to earn your own livelihood; and if I can in anyway help you to it, you may depend on my most ready assistance. What would you wish to do? What do you feel yourself more particularly fit for?

Judy. Anything at all, my lady. I am jist fit for any situation at all that's not anyway onrasonable; for I'm wake in meself, my lady, an' rared in dacency, an' could take the care of childer, or wait on young ladies, or the like of them sort of respectable attindencies.

Mrs Wright. The care of children! You would not find that a situation suited to weakly health. There is almost no place requiring more strength of body or more evenness of temper.

Judy. Timper, my lady! Thank God there's none can fault my timper. It's too quiet I am, an' let's the people impose on me, I do, with my quietness of timper. An' for stringth—glory be to God!—I'm strong an' able, as the neighbours can testify; an' far more than that, if I had it to do; an' that's all that's in it for strongness anyway.

Mrs Wright. You don't quite understand me, Judy.

Judy. Beggin' yer pardon, my lady, I do; an' more. An' for caryin' childer, walkin' out with them, an' kapin' them clane, an' hushaby the baby, an' all the contrariness of them—swate innercent cratures!—I'll go bail there's ne'er a girl in Ireland better shuited to the work than meself, though I say it.

Mrs Wright. (Smiling.) Still, Judy, more may be required of you in this line, in a really respectable family, than you are at all aware of; and—

Judy. Respectable! Sure it's into no other I would go by any manes, nor would yer ladyship wish me.

Mrs Wright. Surely not; but as the duties of a nurse or nursemaid have altered very much of late years, and as perhaps some other department might suit you better, suppose you were to think of—

Judy. I've no objection to be lady's-maid—none in life, my lady; an' in regard of sittin' up of a night when they would be at their parties, an' company, an' that, of coorse the ladies would consider that I should have my good sleep out of a mornin'.

Mrs Wright. Can you cut out and make a gown, Judy?

Judy. (Turning herself round.) I make my own, my lady: cuts it, an' shews it, an' shapes it, an' fits it: an' my caps as well; an' trims my own bonnet; an' let me see the girl that goes more tidy to fair or chapel than Judy Flanagan. (Curtsy.)

Mrs Wright. You are always very neat, Judy—very neat and tidy for your condition; but a fine lady requires a great deal more from her maid than you have had an opportunity of learning. If you want really to earn your bread, I am willing to help you to do it; but it must be in a rational way. You must begin at the beginning; and if you are in earnest in going to service, take service properly under some better-instructed person than yourself, who will teach you your business. I am in want of an under-housemaid. Will you take the place?

Judy. Tache me my business! Under Nancy Fox, I do suppose? Is it my father's daughter will go under Billy Fox, the ould cobbler's orphan? No, my lady—glory be to God in heaven! I'm not so low as that. What can she tache me that I require to know?

Mrs Wright. To do the work of a gentleman's house, of which you must be entirely ignorant. Nancy Fox, luckily for her, had no one to interfere with her progress. She went steadily through all the classes of the National School. She came to me to be under my late housemaid, Kitty Flinn, who married so comfortably last year; and she has thus qualified herself to be upper-housemaid now in her stead, as you may qualify yourself in your turn by and by to succeed her.

Judy. Is it Nancy? Thank you, my lady, an' I'm obliged to you; but I'm not come to that yet! An' I wish you good-mornin' all the same, ma'am, though you've been poisoned agin me by those as I know of. But I dar' thim all, fornint their face or behint their back, to say anything but what's truth o' me or thim that owns me!

Mrs Wright. You are mistaken, Judy; no one has ever said a word to me against you.

Judy. They darn't, my lady.

Mrs Wright. You have done yourself more harm than any one else could have done you. Still, I forgive you, and I will serve you if I can; but not now: you must suffer a little more first. Pride, and idleness, and vanity, must all be punished a little further before either I can help you, or you will profit by my help. Go home, good girl, for another month or two, and then come back to me again.

Judy. You wouldn't have a piece of an ould coat, my lady, nor an ould apron, nor a bankercher, that you could give me for coverin'? I declare I'm a'most ashamed to face the people the way I am, with scarce a tack upon me.

Mrs Wright. No indeed, Judy, I have nothing to give that you will find useful, I fear; and I can say nothing more at present. See, there are several of our friends outside waiting to see me.

Judy. Well, I wish your ladyship good mornin', an' thanks for yer advice. An' surely God he knows I did my best anyway!

PALACE OF THE POPES.

THE expected return of the sovereign pontiff to Rome, to resume his residence in the Vatican, will probably be thought to impart considerable interest to an account of that singular palace. Few among the travellers who have visited the Eternal City have entered into a description of the Vatican; and no one, we believe, has popularly delineated it, together with the buildings and establishments which should always be taken in conjunction with it, as parts of one great whole.

Among the ancient divisions of Rome, the Mons Vaticanus occupied a prominent place, though much less thickly inhabited than many other quarters. Early in the decline of the Empire—according to some in the fourth, and to others in the fifth century—the Christian bishops erected themselves a dwelling on this mount. Of its ancient condition, however, little or nothing is known. It was inhabited for a short time by Charlemagne, and a long succession of popes enlarged and adorned it with the wealth poured into the pontifical coffers by all Christendom, until it at length became in many respects the most extraordinary edifice inhabited by man. It now contains within itself a perfect world of art. Genius of the first order has been employed in decorating its walls, in planning its halls, galleries, and corridors, and in grouping together those innumerable monuments of all ages which lie collected beneath its marvellous roof.

To describe these in order and at length would require many volumes and the labour of years; but some idea may perhaps be formed of the whole from that cursory glance which we are about to cast over it. Most visitors content themselves with admiring the Basilica of St Peter's, or the Sistine Chapel, or the Loggia of Raphael. In many instances neither their knowledge nor their taste qualifies them for judging of the system of grandeur which develops itself, like a mimic universe, before the eye in the innumerable chambers of the Vatican. Some small fragments of its splendour we are, at second-hand, enabled to admire by elaborate criticisms on the Belvedere Apollo, the Minerva Medica, the 'Last Judgment,' and the 'Transfiguration.' But with these our imagination seldom connects the thousand other creations of art which on the spot dispute the palm with these much-vaunted productions, and, in the estimation of many, bear it away triumphantly.

You enter the Vatican by a large doorway in the colonnade of St Peter's, just as you do Covent-Garden Theatre from the piazza, and come immediately upon the Scala Reggia, a magnificent flight of steps which branches off to the right and left, conducting to different suites of apartments. To enhance the grandeur of this staircase, the natural laws of perspective have been artificially interfered with, so that the

eye imagines itself to be traversing an immense distance, though the real space it commands be comparatively confined. Arriving at the summit, you are at what is called the Royal Hall, because there the sovereign pontiffs are accustomed to give audience to the ambassadors of kings. The highly-projecting cornice of white and gold is converted into a gallery by having a balustrade run all round. The ceiling consists of a series of coffers of pure white, varied in size and form, and the walls beneath are covered with pictures in fresco, by Georgio Vasari, Giuseppe Porta, and others; and terminate as a skirting of various-coloured marble, which extends all round the apartment.

Standing in the Scala Reggia you behold a number of superb portals, leading all to chapels or apartments of European celebrity: the Sistine on the left, the Pauline on the right; and beside these, the Ducal Hall, and chambers containing pictures by Marco de Faenza and Giovanni d'Udino. Turning into the Pauline Chapel, we are first struck by its magnificent architecture. It consists of one long vault, the ceilings adorned with coffers in the usual manner, and the walls divided by pilasters into compartments covered with fresco paintings. Among these there are two—the 'Conversion of St Paul,' and the 'Crucifixion of St Peter'—by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. The altar, at the farther extremity, is adorned with two beautiful columns of porphyry, surmounted by the figures of two angels. During the ceremony regularly performed on Easter-week, this chapel is for forty hours filled with a blaze of light from wax tapers, the smoke of which has blackened the ceilings, and dimmed all the creations of the pencil. Traversing the Royal Hall, we enter the Sistine Chapel, similar in form and construction, except that the ceiling is here elliptical, and covered with a profusion of paintings by Michael Angelo, said to have been all executed in twenty months. Among the subjects represented are the Creation and the Deluge, things which transcend the powers of art, however vast, and excite in the spectator a strong feeling of disappointment. The walls, divided into three tiers of compartments, are painted in the lowest portion with imitations of crimson drapery; in the next with subjects of the Scripture; and in the third with representations of statues in niches. On the wall above the choir is painted Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' which covers 900 square feet, and took the great artist eight years to complete; on the left of the choir stands the pope's throne; and on the right the benches for the cardinals, above which is the musicians' gallery. Here, during the performance of the 'Miserere,' are heard some of the finest singing and music in Italy. On such occasions the chapel is densely crowded, and a red light is cast over the sea of heads by numerous flambeaux. The multitude is hushed; and then instruments and voices, mingling together, roll intoxicating floods of sound over the excited worshippers.

The Scala Ducale, built originally for the reception of the princes of the Papal States, is now appropriated to the consecration of cardinals, and the annual washing by his holiness of the feet of twelve poor pilgrims, which has now degenerated into a theatrical exhibition. Passing through this, we enter the arcades known by the name of Raphael's Loggia. Here the genius of the greatest of modern artists has displayed all his prolific powers of creation. Tier above tier, the pictures rise to the ceiling, displaying the utmost perfection of forms and colours, and a lavish exuberance of composition discoverable in the works of no other painter. The series of domes of which the roof consists is painted with architectural ornaments, trellis-work covered with vines relieved against a light-blue sky, and filled here and there with birds of Oriental plumage in the gayest hues of summer. No language can convey an idea of the blaze of colours and variety of forms which meet the eye in the innumerable frescoes. Every remarkable event in Scripture history, from the Creation to the Crucifixion, or rather to the writing of the Apocalypse,

seems here to meet the eye; narrated, if we may so say, by the pencil with a brevity inimitable by words. The pictures extend over three sides of a quadrangle, and every inch of wall and pillar is covered with painting.

From the Loggia we pass into the Borgia apartments, adorned with allegorical pictures and representations of the personages of the mythology, mingled in strange confusion with Scriptural pieces. Next follows the Corridor of Inscriptions, containing sarcophagi, statues, pedestals, and pagan altars. It consists of one single apartment, 993 feet in length, and may be said to present to the eye in one vast group the most interesting monuments of pagan antiquity. Parallel with this runs another corridor of equal length, of which you obtain a complete view through a series of arched portals, some flanked with beautiful columns of porphyry or marble, and all adorned with jambs and lintels of the same materials.

Here learning may literally be said to sit enthroned, since we witness on all sides a sort of apotheosis of books which contain all that the ancient or modern intellect has piled up for the enlightenment of mankind. These are arranged in painted, closed wooden cases, resembling a long succession of wardrobes, interspersed with a few glass cabinets stored with antiquities. At the eastern end is a small garden, where are preserved a colossal pine-apple of gilded bronze, eleven feet in height, and two peacocks of the same material, all discovered in the mausoleum of Hadrian. Along the western side a series of large, low windows open on the Papal gardens, which in the spring are brilliantly carpeted with the most exquisite flowers, among which are numerous rare specimens of the ranunculus. The corridor of the Library is connected with that of Inscriptions by a magnificent apartment about 180 feet in length by 51 in breadth. The ceiling, opening from double rows of columns, is painted in the most delicate arabesque by Zuccari. The representations of plants and flowers are in the highest degree light and exquisite. The ceiling terminates in a cornice of white and gold extending round the whole apartment. The pillars seem to rest on pedestals of wood, finely carved, which contain the books, and support numerous splendid vases and objects of art and antiquity. At either end, between the first and second columns, is a ponderous table of red Oriental granite, supported by figures of slaves, as large as life, in bronze. In the spaces between the pillars is a profusion of vases, candelabra, and pedestals, with a curious spirally-fluted column of Oriental alabaster.

The books are locked up, but permission to consult them may easily be obtained. Among them is a splendidly-illuminated Bible, the most ancient copy of the Septuagint, and the earliest Greek version of the New Testament, with many other rare and curious manuscripts. Of these fair copies have been made, and placed beside the originals, at once to save visitors the trouble of deciphering, and to preserve the volumes from being worn out. The books contained in the prohibited list are said to be stowed away in particular cases, accessible only to the priests, who are supposed to be preserved from contamination by their sacred character: the Index Expurgatorius is made only for the people.

In the vestibule at the end of the Library is a finely-preserved specimen of the asbestos winding-sheet, in which, in later ages, the bodies of the dead were consumed on the funeral pile. This cloth, known to be incombustible, preserved the ashes from mingling with those of the pile itself, and being thus lost to the friends of the departed.

Traversing a number of apartments and galleries, we enter the Chiaromonti Corridor, 500 feet in length, probably the finest sculpture gallery in the world. Here are preserved more than 700 statues, busts, bas-reliefs, &c. delineated and described in the 'Musea Chiaromonti,' a work of singular beauty and exactness. From this we pass into the Braccio Nuovo, adorned with pillars of Cipollino marble, and containing forty-three statues and seventy-two busts.

Among the statues is the celebrated Minerva Medica, found among the ruins on the Esquiline Hill, which were then popularly called the Temple of Minerva Medica. It is of Parian marble, and regarded as one of the most finished specimens of Hellenic sculpture. It is the practice among connoisseurs to visit this statue at night, as all its exquisite beauty and symmetry are supposed to be best brought out by twilight. Besides, at such a time, a sculpture gallery always shows to most advantage; for the imagination almost infuses life into the marble, and fills the air with an influence scarcely felt by day. Other famous statues found in this gallery are those of Isis and Sanymede; to which we may add a figure of Artensis in mosaic, of ancient workmanship, forming part of the pavement. There is likewise a colossal recumbent statue of the Nile, surrounded by sixteen diminutive figures representing symbolically the cubits of the Nilometer.

From the corridor Chiaromonti we ascend by a broad flight of steps to the Egyptian Museum, which once contained a portrait of George IV., and plaster-casts of the Elgin marbles, now, for some reason or other, removed to the Lateran Palace. The antiquities from the valley of the Nile are more superbly mounted than anywhere else in Europe, the cases resting on magnificent marble tables, with pillars and claws of birds and beasts. In many cases, however, these antiquities are of small dimensions, and probably also of small value—consisting of papyrus rolls, utterly unintelligible, and idols of bronze and terracotta, supposed to have been found in the tombs of the kings near Thebes. There are likewise several mummies of birds and other animals, erroneously said to have been taken from the same tombs, though discovered no doubt in the vicinity of Memphis, the great storehouse of antiquities of this description. Among the human mummies is one divested of its cerements, and exposed in all its hideous deformity to the gaze of the visitors. Among the colossal statues are two or three of Anubis, or the dog-star, supposed to preside in a peculiar manner over the inundation of the Nile.

This museum terminates in a very original and beautiful manner with the representation of an Egyptian portico adorned with hieroglyphics and granite columns; with a ceiling representing the blue sky studded with stars, and commanding through the intercolumniation a view of the sandy desert, dotted with palm-trees, and stretching away till the blue sky descends on the distant horizon.

Returning to the entrance of this museum, we ascend by another flight of steps to a suite of the Belvidere apartments, known commonly by the name of the Museo Pio Clementino. Here the principal objects of curiosity are—a bust of peperino marble, supposed to be that of the poet Ennius; and a sarcophagus of the same material, in which once reposed the ashes of Lucius Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, grandfather of Scipio Africanus. These two remains were found at the foot of Mount Aventine. In the same apartment is one of the most celebrated monuments of Grecian sculpture—a mutilated statue of Hercules, known commonly under the name of the Belvidere Torso. This fragment was found among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, and belongs to the last age of Hellenic art. It is the work of an Athenian sculptor, Apollonius, son of Nestor, whose name is cut in antique characters on the marble. Though the statue has neither arms nor legs, it seems possible to determine its attitude, when entire, from indications in the posture of the body, and from its resemblance to another monument preserved in the Villa Albani. It represents the hero after his apotheosis, reclining in Olympus in a state of beatitude, his right arm thrown over his head in intense repose, and his eyes fixed serenely on the sky. Among the other antiquities is a statue of Meleager and his dog, the colossal bust of Trojan, and two bassi-relievi—the one representing an ancient seaport, the other the apotheosis of Homer.

We then traverse a wilderness of apartments, corridors, galleries, and vestibules, which surround the octagonal court called the Cortile Belvidere, in the middle of which is a fountain. This court is surrounded by a portico, supported by sixteen granite pillars, in the intercolumniations between which are some of the most celebrated works of art in the world. Among these, the first of course is the Apollo Belvidere, the most noble representation of the human form that has come down to us from antiquity. Of this statue there have been descriptions without number, while casts are so multiplied, that they have diffused the idea of it throughout the civilised world. Still, nothing but a profound study of the marble can afford a satisfactory conception of its beauty and majesty. The proportions are somewhat above that of the human figure, but so replete is it with the spirit of grandeur, that it excites a much more powerful feeling of the sublime than the most colossal statues of Egypt or Asia.

Next after the Apollo, the most remarkable statue is that of a Bacchic nymph, recumbent, and in a state of deep sleep. The artist has represented most successfully the attitude of extreme repose, and adjusted the limbs so as to suggest the idea of dreamy enjoyment. In what is called the fifth niche is the celebrated group of Laocoon and his two sons, interlaced in the folds of the serpent. This is one of the few examples of the horrible left us by antiquity, and belongs to that period of art in which the striking was substituted for the beautiful. It is ably executed, but in bad taste, as it is not the object of art to suggest ideas of torture and suffering.

There are several statues of Venus—one grouped with Love, another bathing, and a third bearing the emblems of victory. Minerva, too, and the other goddesses are there; so that, standing near the centre of the court, the eye may command almost at one view all the more powerful denizens of Olympus, besides groups innumerable of Bacchantes, Fauns, and animals.

We next proceed to the Sala degli Animali, so called from the numerous figures of animals there found in conjunction with those of men and heroes. Several of the achievements of Hercules are there represented in marble—as his destruction of Geryon, his contest with Cerberus, the death of the Nemean lion, and of Diomedes. Next to these are a symbolical figure of Mithra stabbing a bull, an equestrian statue of Commodus, a Nereid, and a Centaur. Scattered in confusion around are figures and groups of animals—a sphynx in alabaster; a dolphin swimming in a sea of white marble; a crab of green porphyry; a lion devouring a horse; a sow and litter of white marble; a cow of bigio, with dogs, serpents, eagles, stags, otters, scorpions; a leopard of alabaster, inlaid with spots of black marble; and a lion of Porta Santa, with tongue of rosso antico, and teeth of white marble.

This leads into the gallery of statues and busts, though the name might with equal propriety be given to half the chambers in the Vatican. Here are found so many remains of antiquity, that a whole volume would scarcely suffice to describe them. Among these are exquisite representations of Artemis, Aphrodite, nymphs, fauns, satyrs, gods, heroes, and kings, arranged in two long lines; and at the extremity of the vista is beheld the jewel of the whole collection—the figure of Ariadne asleep. A singular charm belongs to almost every representation of this Cretan princess, whose wrongs and sorrows have excited the sympathy of mankind for more than three thousand years. Here, dressed in the most graceful manner, she lies upon the ground in a quiet repose, every limb, attitude, and posture being calculated to suggest the idea of celestial slumber. With unusual taste they who superintended the arrangement of the gallery have placed this sleeping beauty in a position which suggests the idea that all the vast assembly of divinities and mortals there assembled are engaged in watching the slumbers of Ariadne.

Traversing several chambers of various dimensions,

but all adorned with splendid mosaics, arabesques, and paintings representing fruits, flowers, and vines, and enriched with the varied creations of art, we arrive at the grand hall of the Greek Cross, so named from its being built in that form. It is regarded as an architectural masterpiece, and is constructed upon a circular area in such a manner, that the limbs of the cross are represented by the areas of four arches that support the domed ceiling, lined with plain white stucco. The pavement, partly of inlaid marble, and partly of ancient mosaic, is separated into two parts by a balustrade which serves to protect the head of Athena, surrounded by fantastic arabesques. The portal by which we enter is the most magnificent in the Vatican, with jambs and lintels of highly-polished red Oriental granite, flanked by a pair of colossal statues of Egyptian deities, which serve as caryatides to support a broad and heavy entablature above. The doors are formed of two enormous slabs of dark wood, with ornaments of gilded bronze; and above the whole is a splendid marble basso-relievo representing a combat of gladiators and wild beasts. A few statues and busts form the sole contents of this magnificent hall, on one side of which is the grand staircase leading to the upper apartments of the palace. The steps are of Carrara marble, the balustrades of an intermixture of the same material and bronze, the whole producing a gorgeous effect upon the eye. Ascending this superb staircase we find ourselves in the Hall of the Racing-Chariot, sculptured in white marble, the whole supported on a prodigious block of verde antico. Around, in niches and on pedestals, are numerous ancient statues. Out of this chamber we pass through a door of glass and iron into the Hall of Candelabra, of capacious dimensions, where the spectator enjoys the most splendid *coup-d'œil* in the Vatican, through long ranges of candelabra, of the richest materials and most exquisite workmanship, interspersed with Egyptian and Hellenic statues, marble tazza, vases of crystal, alabaster, and serpentine; figures sculptured in coffee-coloured basalt and black granite, with red crystals; columns of porphyry, of variegated marbles, rare red and white granite, and a profusion of bassi-relievi, mosaics, paintings, and every kind of ancient monuments.

Beyond this we mount to the Gregorian Museum, in obtaining permission to view which strangers experience great difficulty; and even when there, are rigidly prohibited from making notes. They must therefore trust to their memory, which, in such a Noah's ark of antiquities, is sure to mislead. This accounts for one learned Theban's comparing a beautiful statue of Mercury to a new chimney-pot, simply because the colour reminded him of that useful article, which is not always red. The man who shows you round has had his nose inflamed by the statue to the colour of that of Bardolph; and as he is particularly active and vigilant, he sometimes puts connoisseurs out of temper. There are here about a thousand Etruscan vases, taken from the tombs, which, if they represent scenes similar to what are there found, may well be concealed by the popes from the prying eyes of northern visitors, and kept for their own exclusive pleasure. To this succeeds an immense apartment, which may be called the *boudoir*, or dressing-room of the goddesses, since it is filled with all sorts of female ornaments—tiaras, mitres, fillets, some of pure gold, exquisitely wrought in filigree, with leaves of vine, myrtle, and olive. There is one of oak, each leaf of which has the exact resemblance of nature even to the minutest fibres; and these are overlaid, one over another, like the feathers at the end of a peacock's tail, to a considerable thickness. One ingenious traveller suggests that modern ladies might imitate these head-dresses with great effect. Passing this, we enter the great Gallery of Tapestry, then the Hall of Maps, and the Picture Gallery, and the Camera di Raffaele, containing some of the greatest productions of modern art. Other galleries, corridors, halls, courts, vestibules, and suites of apartments follow in interminable succession,

till the eye and the imagination droop from sheer satiety.

Had the Vatican been built from a regular design, or on any intelligible plan, it might probably have appeared less wonderful than it is, because the mind would have been able to form at once a conception of the whole. At present, it appears like one of the enchanted palaces of the East, in which you might wander for ever without emerging from the labyrinth. You mount, you descend, you turn to the right, to the left, and everywhere find yourself in a blaze of grandeur, consisting principally of the fragments of the ancient world; and if you have the courage to compare the productions of our present civilisation with those of our predecessors, you will be compelled to admit the immense superiority of the latter. The statues of Buonarrotti, Canova, Thorvaldsen, and others, literally dwindle into insignificance before those of the third-rate sculptors of antiquity; and in vases, candelabra, &c. we have nothing at all to compare with what has been left to us. Taken altogether, the Vatican ought to suggest to its owners ideas of humanity and peace, and of profound veneration for human genius, which has created that universe of beauty and grandeur by which they are surrounded. A description of the Vatican would be an account of all the arts of ancient and modern times which have there piled up their treasures in profusion.

Unfortunately, the possessing such things does not necessarily lead to sympathy with humanity, as may be seen by passing into one of the appendages of the Vatican, the palace of the Holy Inquisition, into which, during the government of the popes, no one save the inquisitors ever entered with the hope of being let out alive. During the late government, however, its halls and dungeons were thrown open; and we will, by way of contrast, present our readers with a sketch of them.

The first parts visited were the prisons, the stables, kitchens, and cellars. Some entrances were opened in the walls, and part of a pavement raised, beneath which human bones were found and a trap-door. Digging very deep in one place, a great number of skeletons were discovered, some placed so close together, and so imbedded in lime, that no bone could be moved without being broken. In the roof of another subterranean chamber was a large ring, supposed to have been used in torture. A stone divan ran along the wall for the use of the prisoners. In a third underground apartment was found a quantity of very black rich earth, intermixed with human hair, of such a length, that it seemed rather women's than men's hair. In this dungeon a trap-door was found in the wall opening into a passage leading to the room where examinations were conducted. Among the inscriptions written with charcoal on the wall many were of very recent date, expressing in pathetic terms the sufferings of the victims. The person of most note found in the prisons was a bishop named Kasner, who had been confined for more than twenty years. He related that he arrived in Rome from the Holy Land with papers belonging to an ecclesiastic there. Passing himself for that person, he succeeded in getting the court to ordain and consecrate him a bishop. The fraud was discovered, and Kasner—on his way to Palestine—was arrested, and brought to the prison of the Holy Office, where he expected to have ended his days—less as a punishment for his fraud, than to hide the blunder of the infallible court of Rome.

Passing to the upper floor, and entering the chamber of the archives, it at first appeared as though everything was in its proper place; but it was found that though the labels and cases were in their places, they were emptied of their documents. Some suppose that these had been carried to the convent Della Minerva, or to the houses of private persons; while some say they were burnt, because, in November 1848, soon after the flight of the pope, the civic guard came hastily to the Holy Office, attracted by great clouds of smoke and a

strong smell of burnt paper. Thus, in all likelihood, perished the records of diabolical cruelty. Until then, therefore, the priests could regale themselves in the history of the sufferings of heretics, or terrify the accused with pictures of what their predecessors had endured.

This makes an unpleasant pendant to the Vatican, because it suggests to us the idea that the splendour of one was based on the wickedness of the other; but while it is to be hoped the latter will never be revived, the former may continue to instruct generation after generation in the theory and practice of the fine arts.

THE ENCHANTED CITY.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

EVERY now and then a rumour gets afloat in the provinces of Mexico of a city situated in the heights of certain mountains, where dwell a people utterly distinct from those around, who have had no communication with the rest of Mexico from time immemorial, and of course since long before the Spanish conquest. Such reports reach the local papers as a wonderful discovery, are translated with slight exaggeration into those of the United States, and die away in the more sober sheets of our own land in the shape of a paragraph generally headed 'Marvellous, if true,' and then for a while we hear no more of the matter.

I myself heard tidings of the belief while among the half-savage contrabandists of Corpus Christi; but engaged in a very active and very practical life, I at the time thought little of the report, until lately a brief narrative has reached me in relation to the subject, which, as characteristic and interesting, I have no hesitation in placing in fitting shape for perusal.

Nearly all countries have felt the desolating influence of the most ruthless and savage of warfare—that between the citizens of the same country. All Europe, our own island, every acre of habitable ground in Asia and Africa, has seen the quarrels of the same family—generally efforts of ambitious men—to found power to the exclusion of others. Mexico has suffered in this way as much perhaps as any country. Deluged with blood when conquered by the Spaniards, ruled as New Spain with a rod of iron, it has found little happiness in independence, wanting most of the qualities which appertain to a prosperous people—education and enlightenment, civilisation and industrious habits. The political and social causes which perpetuate misery everywhere exist peculiarly here, and misery flourishes in a remarkable degree despite the benign nature of the climate.* Discontent, revolution, or efforts at revolution, are necessarily common; and the more so that great distances separate the provinces, rendered greater by bad roads, mountains, rivers without bridges, and many other things which, in remote days, were also characteristic of our own land.

During the early career of the president Santa Anna many local rebellions took place; arising some from the ambition of certain soldiers of fortune, some from discontent at taxation, some from the rude and violent mode of recruiting the army by a kind of pressgang. The village of Papa-axil, in one of the most picturesque districts, at the foot of the great mountain chain, remained for some time free from these commotions, and here dwelt the individuals whose fortunes I am about to relate. The village was rather large, and lay near a clear and limpid pool, the reservoir of a clear spring that bubbled incessantly from the soil; only sufficient liquid, however, for the use of the inhabitants, and to replenish the pool, constantly drained off by the sun and the neighbouring vast forest. Here dwelt Don Paolo Oloza, the descendant of a soldier of the days of Cortes, the terrible conqueror. He was quite a youth, being about twenty, and yet he was owner of a vast *ranchero*

* See account of Mexico in *Journal*, New Series, No. 75, and No. 78.

or farm, was a husband, and the proprietor of a vast extent of territory. He had received a certain amount of education in the city of Mexico; but proud of his connection with the old country, though allied on the female side to the original dwellers, and incited partly by his fondness for his young wife, he had left the busy life of towns to dwell on his paternal estates. He had a certain amount of literary taste; but in a country without toleration, governed by soldiers and priests, and where education had only faintly spread, he had acquired little advantage from this. His reading was confined to the worst and most strained of French novels, which, in the original and translated, form the chief mind-food of such Mexicans as can read. This kind of study necessarily fitted him little for a quiet country life, filling his head with fantastic ideas, such as are often the growth of a devotion to this one class of reading. He had much of the Don Quixote in him, in truth; so much, indeed, that while reading that work, his indignation was great at the ridicule thrown on the hero. His mind was filled with vast designs, but he took not the slightest steps towards their realisation. He saw and sighed over the miseries of his beloved and beautiful land, but he had not the heart to undertake the serious and arduous studies which might have enabled him to labour for her happiness and civilisation. Marriage takes place at a very early age in Mexico. Indeed Don Paolo at twenty, and Maria Zitana at seventeen, were considered to have wedded remarkably late in life; and Maria would have been considered, previous to matrimony, a confirmed old maid, had she not been affianced to her cousin.

In the society of his purely country wife, who soon created in him an interest in his estate, his farm, and his house, Don Paolo would probably have forgotten his juvenile dreams, but for a rumour which one day reached Papa-axil that a band of soldiers were scouring the country in search of volunteers for the army of General Santa Anna, engaged in a war with the republic of Texas. Don Paolo was at once roused to martial fury. He declared that not one of the young men of his village should be taken away as volunteers, their arms strapped behind their backs, and their eyes strained over their shoulders in search of home. He ordered a general turn-out, armed his tenantry and neighbours with like resolutions, induced them to prepare lances, muskets, pistols, daggers, and all the other customary instruments of modern warfare; and, in a word, turned the peaceable people of Papa-axil into a troop of savage soldiers, ready to slaughter all who dared violate their territory. In these warlike proceedings he was ably seconded by a good-for-nothing, idle, but good-natured young man, one Juan Busta, who in his boyhood had been ever his Sancho in all his Quixotic rambles and plans.

Sentries, scouts, a guardhouse, military exercises, parades, all of a sudden appeared in Papa-axil, which hitherto had only kept arms for the rare contingency of an incursion of mountain Indians, and the military frolic threatened materially to affect the next harvest, and the prospects of food and clothing for the new year. For whole weeks the place was in a commotion. Don Paolo, with Juan the farmer's son, in a queer kind of improvised uniform, sat together at the guardhouse, talking over the plan of campaign, a *cigarette* between their teeth, and a pot of *pulque* by way of drink; or rode about inspecting the proper places for barricades and ambushes; or galloped along the line of seventy-three soldiers, men and boys, arrayed in order, and divided into several companies. Some nights, sleeping at the guardhouse, he would rise at night with huge broad-brimmed hat and vast cloak, and, accompanied by the delighted Juan, go forth to inspect the sentries. An active time of it had the army of Don Paolo; but as they didn't work, and the rich owner of the land gave them food and holiday, no one grumbled.

Not so Maria. The young wife grew alarmed at the martial furor which had seized on her husband,

who, like many other ardent men, only understood enjoyment in a state of perpetual excitement. She saw cattle and crops neglected, farming work abandoned, and all her projected improvements and reparations put off. But she was angelic in patience; and finding opposition useless, humoured Paolo's inclination, awaiting the hour of its exhaustion. She was resolved, however, firmly to oppose anything beyond a demonstration when the recruiters came; and gave Juan warning that if, in his love of fun and idleness, he brought her husband into trouble, he should forfeit her favour for ever.

But the recruiters came not. Courier after courier, scout after scout, did General Don Paolo send in search of intelligence. They rode about the country, laming his horses, and jingling their bells; but as one galloped in after another, and reported respectfully at headquarters, the visions of war vanished. In truth the warlike preparations of our young gentleman had been so exaggerated, that the recruiting troop sent a report to Mexico city of their having left the country in the face of a formidable insurrection. But the province being remote, and not very important, and insurrections only matter for newspaper paragraphs, no serious consequence ensued.

Don Paolo, when this became self-evident, reluctantly dismissed his army to their ordinary labours, and sought to sink himself once more into the quiet country gentleman. He did his best; he made up for his late absence by assiduous attention to his wife and to her wishes; he gave her unlimited direction over his farming interests, and was surprised to see the energy with which she set to work to train her truants to labour. At her request and suggestion Don Paolo went out much in search of sport: he hunted in the forest with Juan, his wife hoping thus to devour his ardour and love of excitement, which, if in a man, must have some outlet. Don Paolo went, but to dream with Juan. Walking side by side, or jogging on upon their *mustangs*, they talked eternally of what they would like to do; and visions half of wandering, like Don Quixote, for the redress of grievances, half of revolutionising the land, filled their discourse.

'If we could only reach the Enchanted City,' said Juan one day, 'we should then see wonders.'

'What city?' cried Don Paolo eagerly.

Juan, who loved the marvellous, then launched forth his legend, which is common to most of the South American States and Mexico, of a strange city, inhabited by an ancient people, who live apart purposely from all men, and the approach to whose residence is concealed by all kinds of dangers: he finished by pointing to the rugged blue peaks in the distance, behind which, according to recent travellers, the fabled city is situated.

Don Paolo—who had known the legend, and then forgotten it—listened half-wildly; his eyes flashed fire; his cheek flushed; his whole mien was that of delight and ecstasy. At last he had found the object of his wishes. If he could find this people and the Enchanted City, and introduce them to his nation, his name would be immortalised, his country perhaps benefited by some new great mart of commerce! He spoke not a word for some time; and then dazzled—roused to a pitch of enthusiasm, which, great as are its results at times, is always a kind of madness—he plainly gave notice to Juan of his intention to abandon all, to become a pilgrim and a wanderer, until he had discovered the El Dorado of his wishes.

Of course with such a character this course once decided on, he lost no time in inaction. He returned home immediately, spoke of a hunting journey in search of bears and elks in the mountains, and the very next day, mounted on his best horse, well armed, with ammunition and provisions, and a stout cloak, Don Paolo Oloza, followed by Juan, started on his way. His young wife half-guessed from his manner that he had some strange scheme in his head, and cross-questioned

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During the early career of the president Santa Anna many local rebellions took place; arising some from ambition of certain soldiers of fortune, some from discontent at taxation, some from the rude and unimproved mode of recruiting the army by a kind of conscription. The village of Papa-axil, in one of the most fertile districts, at the foot of the great mountains, remained for some time free from such disturbances; here dwelt the individuals who were first mentioned to relate. The village was small, but the water was clear and limpid pool, the air was pure, and the soil that bubbled incessantly from the ground was so liquid, howbeit, that it was not possible to walk upon it. The people were replenished by the water, and the soil was so fertile that the people of Oloza, the nearest town, were obliged to come to the village to obtain it.

Juan most closely. But the lad was cunning, and seemed to know nothing; so that from him Donna Maria heard no satisfactory details. With a foreboding sigh she saw them depart, but had too much good sense to oppose her husband's fancy, well knowing his impetuous character that fired at opposition.

The two wild youths took an unfrequented path through the forest, having resolved to make straight for the mountains, and, ascending their rugged sides, there to commence their search. They made little progress the first day, the wood being tangled and thick; but they rode until night, when, weary and hungry, they camped by a spring, and reclining their limbs against a fallen tree, supped with the appetite of young men and hunters. A fire was then made; their horses given the length of their tether to graze; and they themselves, wrapped in the *poncho*, or Mexican blanket, sought sleep. Thus journeyed they for some days, until they left the usual haunts of men, even of hunters, to enter the deep forests, which still remain almost unvisited by the unenterprising children of Montezuma. Here they began to take other precautions. Wild beasts of a ferocious character were common in these woods, and to sleep near a fire was not always a sufficient protection. They therefore supped, as usual, by a blazing pile, put on new wood, and then ascending a tree, slept as best they might in its branches. A little axe was of course one of their weapons, and this served to clear away and arrange a couch; while huge leaves readily formed the mattresses, laid on boughs and large branches. On the third night of their tree-practice, and towards the approach of dawn, they were roused by the furious neighing of their horses. Both started up, and saw one of the unfortunate animals attacked by a huge panther, which had sprung on its very back, while the other steed was struggling furiously to get loose. They seized their arms, and fired. The balls, piercing the terrible beast, took fatal effect; and before the young men were down, it was utterly helpless. But Don Paolo found it necessary to kill the horse upon the spot; while the other, gaining strength from terror, broke loose, and darted away panicstruck from the scene.

Don Paolo was deeply grieved at the death of an animal he had an affection for, while he foresaw hardships without end during his future journey. But it was of no use repining. After a brief consultation with Juan, he resolved not to advance that day, but to halt to bury his favourite steed, skin the panther, and search for the other horse. They succeeded in the former occupation, but the last proved fruitless. They tracked the terrified animal back along the path they had come for miles; but it seemed doubtful if he would pause until, after some days' journey, he reached his stable. The wanderers were then condemned to proceed on foot. Early the next morning—heavily loaded with guns, pouches, cloaks, food, axes—they began to tread the deep mazes of the forest in a south-westerly direction. Their day's journey was not very promising; and that night they deposited such of the articles they bore as were not absolutely necessary in a place of concealment. They preserved guns, powder and ball, and axe, and what remained of provisions, and with this load started to continue their fantastic journey.

They reached the foot of the great hills by degrees. For two days they wandered through ravines, and rocks, and rugged hills, and savage valleys, some naked, some bordered by the pine and hemlock, shooting for their existence, and sustained in their arduous undertaking by the great hope before them. One evening they camped in a wild and picturesque gully. A stream tumbled headlong some twenty feet down the rocks, and after frothing and boiling in a broad pool, slunk away silently between two steep rocks. The spot was approachable only on this side. Here they resolved to rest a whole day, and amuse themselves by arranging their plans. At early dawn they took a bath and their first refreshment, and were about to cast a small net

into the water, when Juan started with alarmed mien, and pointed down the gully. A dozen fierce Indians of the hills, the hereditary foes of the lowlanders, were advancing up the side of the stream. The two young men flew to cover, and, animated by passion rather than reflection, fired. A fearful yell followed, and report after report awoke the long-silent echoes of the valley. The Indians had all firearms, but the Mexicans had the advantage of position. The conflict once commenced, they resolved to sell their lives dearly. They had fired first, and had now no mercy to expect.

The cunning Indian foe disappeared as soon as the dangerous proximity of rifles was apparent; and Juan, while Don Paolo kept guard with both guns, rushed, concealed behind the rock, to cut a pine-tree down with his axe. Working for dear life, the tree soon fell, as he wished, across the stream, over which it hung; and then floating other boughs and branches with all the energy required by their circumstances, the stream was soon dammed up, then overflowed, and poured forth the whole width of the narrow outlet of the valley. From that hour until night scarcely a shot was fired; and towards evening the young men ate heartily of the remains of a deer killed the day previously, and prepared to pass the night. A cursory examination of the gully convinced Paolo that there was no approach possible save up the stream: a huge, almost perpendicular rock surrounded the hole on every other side. Escape was also impossible but by this one natural gateway. They resolved, accordingly, to watch for two hours at a time each all night; and Paolo commenced. Taking a sheltered post amongst the roots of the pine, he told Juan to lie at his feet, to be awakened in two hours. But the first watch passed without surprise for Paolo, without sleep for Juan, and it was thought best to commence this system only when fatigue compelled. About midnight the keen eye of Juan—a hunter from his babyhood—caught sight of a dark object creeping in the shade of some tall pines towards them. He fired at once; and then loading, trusted the rest to his master, who, as soon as he was nearly ready, fired also. At this instant the Indians rushed on; but Paolo had a pair of long horse-pistols, which, with Juan's rifle, checked them; and the rest of the night again passed in peace.

Towards morning each in turn seized a hasty nap, and then breakfasted this time on uncooked venison and wild berries from the trees. It was, on consideration, resolved that each should sleep six hours, if possible, in the day, and both keep watch all night. Juan knew well that the Indians will lie weeks in ambush to starve out foes in a good position; and American hunters have lain as long behind a pile of logs. It was thus evident that the siege they were now undergoing might be long protracted. Food was the most terrible consideration. They had provisions for two days at most. They might catch a few stray fish in the pool, and there were berries; but this was poor prospect for hungry stomachs. But then Californian pilgrims by land have semi-starved for a month, and they resolved never to be taken alive, for their fate, if captured, was now certain and terrible. The next night passed without alarm; but the besieged knew better than to act with any want of caution: they saw well that the Indians counted on famine.

And thus passed a terrible ten days, at the end of which, wan with short naps, and half-starved—they had eaten nothing but berries for two days—the two young men, pale, gaunt, with famished looks, sat chewing some young bark to stay the pangs of hunger, and looking with sorrowful eyes on each other. Both thought of their happy home, of the tranquil and peaceful life they had quitted; and Don Paolo cast his thoughts back to the face of his beloved wife; while Juan himself reflected on a certain damsel—Rosa by name—whom in his gay days he had despised for love of wandering; and thinking, thinking, the young men bowed their heads, and almost slept.

An awful yell of triumph burst from the Indians. A bold lad had crept near, and reported them lifeless; and forgetting their caution, the Red-skins rushed helter-skelter, in hope to be the first to capture the admirable rifles that all coveted. Paolo called to Juan to be ready. Firing their rifle and a pistol each, they snatched up their axes, and prepared for the last struggle.

A more human shout responded to their volley. From down the valley rose a joyous cry of triumph; then the trampling of horses, the discharge of muskets, and the sudden flight of the Indians up the sides of the valley, proclaimed a rescue. They were saved; and in a few minutes more Donna Maria was aiding to restore her fainting husband to his senses; while poor Rosa, her attached maid, gazed in pity on the starved mien of Juan.

The terrified horse had reached its stable, to the great alarm of all the village. Donna Maria, with that decision of character which characterises the sensible woman and the attached wife, armed a party of fifteen horsemen—picked young men and hunters—and, accompanied by Rosa, started in pursuit. The Mexicans had no difficulty in following the trail. They reached the scene of the panther tragedy, and then understood the flight of the horse. But Maria was doubly terrified at the idea of her husband wandering on foot in these savage wilds, and pushed on. Still guided by their recent trails, they pursued their way; and one afternoon a discharge of rifles, and the sight of an Indian camp, explained all.

Two days did the poor wife nurse her weak and feverish husband in that wild place; but then she saw him revive under the influence of care, affection, and nourishing food. Juan was so sobered by his sufferings, that he humbly begged the hand of Rosa; and their Quixotic enthusiasm over, the two young men were ready to agree as to the absurdity of their searching for an Enchanted City amid those rugged piles of stone. The cavalcade returned home without further adventure. Don Paolo set to work with zest to improve the condition of his farmers and peasantry; and while studying quietly to be able to serve his country, was a devoted and grateful husband, an excellent father—as turned out Juan, who married, and became in time a solid, grave steward and overseer. Both are now fully convinced that there is in this world but one Enchanted City—and that is a happy home.

IMITATIVE MANIPULATION OF MACHINERY.

Biscuit-Baking.—Such was the striking inefficiency of the system of baking the biscuits for the use of the navy during the late war, that an establishment has been in operation for some years at Portsmouth for manufacturing them by machinery, which, being on a great scale, turns out an immense quantity of bread weekly, and of a very excellent description. The machinery is the invention of T. J. Grant, Esq., 'who, we believe, has been properly rewarded by a grant of £2000 from government.' The ingredients being mixed in proper proportions, are subjected to the action of revolving knives, by which they are mixed. The dough thus formed is passed beneath heavy cast-iron rollers, moving horizontally along stout tables, which press it into huge masses, some 6 feet long by 3 broad. After being cut into smaller pieces, and again subjected to the action of the rollers, thus quickly reducing all knots, and thoroughly mixing the dough, it is passed under a sheet roller while lying on large flat boards. The next operation is the cutting the thin sheets of dough then prepared into properly-shaped biscuits. The shape adopted is that of the hexagon, for the same reason as that which appears to have dictated the instinct of the bee in forming its cells. If the circle had been the form used, it is evident that the pieces of dough left between the touching circles must have been unused, whereas, from the peculiar shape of the hexagon, the whole sheet of dough, with the exception of insignificant portions at the edges, goes to form biscuits. The dough to be cut into biscuits being placed in the blanket, a frame moving vertically, having on its under surface sharp-edged

hexagonal divisions, is brought down upon it, thus cutting at one operation fifty-two biscuits. To facilitate the removal of these to the oven, the frame is allowed to come down only a sufficient length, to cut the cakes nearly, but not quite through. When baked, they are very easily separated. It may be supposed that the dough would be apt to adhere to the interstices between the sharp cutting edges. This is provided against; and here may be cited as an instance of that forethought displayed by inventors of truly practical and useful machines. A movable frame is placed between each cutting hexagonal periphery; and on the top of this is placed a heavy iron ball weighing several ounces. The operation is simple. The frame descending cuts the fifty-two biscuits; the fifty-two frames give way to the superior pressure; but on the large cutting frame ascending, the fifty-two balls cause their corresponding frames to fall, projecting the dough, which is thus ready to be pulled out to the oven.

Dough-Kneading.—While on the subject of bread, it may not be amiss to notice an ingenious machine for kneading dough, forming a good instance of manipulative imitation. Any one witnessing the mixing and kneading of dough must have noticed the peculiar motion of the hands and arms by which, at every successive effort, a new surface of material is presented to the muscular action. The imitation of such a process, by which the 'dough is inverted from time to time, torn asunder, and reunited in every different form' by machinery, may be justly supposed to be difficult, but is in reality very simple. It is effected by means of a cylindrical receptacle revolving on a hollow axis, and having in its interior revolving knives or cutters. The cylindrical receptacle may be turned independently of the cutter-frame, or both together, or in contrary directions. The flour, yeast, and other ingredients are put into the receptacle, and there subjected to the action of revolving barrels, or rotatory knives, or to their combined movements. The axle of the receptacle being hollow, admits of the shaft of the cutter-frame being brought through it; by screwing bolts in the axles of certain wheels, tight or loose, and by turning one handle, the combined or separate motions are easily obtained.

Brick-Making.—Till very recently, bricks for various purposes were invariably made by hand, the operation being extremely simple. After kneading the clay by a laborious process, the workman shaped the bricks by pressing clay into iron or wooden moulds. Many ingenious machines have recently been introduced for making bricks, from the mixing of the clay to the final formation of the pieces. Bricks are formed mechanically by one of two methods—forcing prepared clay or earth into regular-shaped moulds, or by cylinders stretching masses of clay into long ribbon-like shapes of the breadth and thickness of the brick, and cutting by wires or other contrivances the ribbon into proper lengths. Passing over many ingenious machines, we will notice two, as forming remarkable instances of manipulative imitation. The first is the invention of Mr Jones of Birmingham, and is what we may term a rotatory machine. A large horizontal wheel of cast-iron is placed on a strong bed of masonry; on its upper surface are laid rectangular moulds or boxes, of the size and shape of the brick to be made; the under surface of the wheel is provided with teeth, which work into those of a pinion wrought by the first mover; friction-wheels guide the large wheel in its horizontally-circular movement; and a hopper containing the earth is placed in such a position, that as the mould passes under it, the earth drops therein, and is pressed forcibly, and its surface scraped by a revolving conical roller placed on the under part of the hopper. The mode of removing the bricks is remarkably ingenious. In the inside of each mould a piston works vertically; the piston-rod passes through a hole in the under part of the mould, and is provided at its lower extremity with a small friction-wheel, running in contact with an inclined way placed on the masonry and under the large wheel.

The hopper is placed at the lowest side of the inclined path. The action is as follows:—The friction-wheel of the piston of the mould running invariably in contact with the inclined path, it follows that, when under the hopper, the piston will be at the bottom of the mould; but as the large wheel revolves, carrying away from the hopper the mould, the wheel travelling up the incline will be pressed upwards, and along with it the piston and brick: when it arrives at the top, the distance is so managed that the brick is forced completely out, and is carried away in an endless belt; the empty mould descending the incline on the other

side, the piston falls, and on arriving at the hopper, which is at the bottom, receives its quantum of earth, travels up the incline, and so on as before described. Such is the action of this ingenious machine. We will now describe the machine recently patented by Mr Franklin of Bedford, and which we will term the Archimedean-Screw Brick-making Machine, as being a title sufficiently descriptive of its main feature. A cylinder divided into two parts by a rectangular chamber, and having at its bottom another, is provided with a revolving cylindrical screw, of diameter nearly equal to the cylinder—the thread of the screw is flat on the upper, and curved on the under side, which form causes the clay to be forced from the centre towards the side of the cylinder. The part of the screw revolving in the upper chamber is cut away, thus allowing two screw-frames to be placed in the chamber; above these a conical knife or wiper is used to sweep off twigs, stones, &c. which are removed by two doors placed in the opposite sides of the chamber; the under chamber is provided with brick moulds; endless webs running on rollers are provided to carry off the bricks as they issue from the machine. Frames carrying wires are used to cut off the desired lengths of brick. The action of the whole is as follows:—The earth or clay is introduced by a door at the top of the cylinder; the screw revolving, forces the clay downwards, and in passing through the screw-frames, is cleaned from extraneous matter; arriving at the lower chamber, the screw forces the material through the moulds on to the web, where it is cut into lengths.

Cloth-Folding.—In calendering glazed goods, the workman has to fold up the cloth as it passes from the machine. M. Dollfus has invented a remarkably ingenious mode by which the machine calenders and folds up the cloth. The mechanism for folding is thus described by Dr Ure:—‘The folder is a kind of cage in the shape of an inverted pyramid, shut in the four sides, and open at top and bottom. The front and the back are made of tin-plate or smooth paste-board, and the two sides of strong sheet-iron. Upon the sides iron uprights are fixed, perforated with holes, through which the whole cage is suspended freely by means of studs that enter into them. One of the uprights is longer than the other, and bears a slot with a small knob, which, by means of the iron-piece, joins the guide to the crank of the cylinder, and thereby communicates to the cage a see-saw movement; at the bottom extremity of the great upright there is a piece of iron in the shape of an anchor, which may be raised or lowered, or made fast by screws.

‘At the ends of this anchor are friction-rollers, which may be drawn out or pushed back, and fixed by screws; these rollers lift alternately two levers made of wood, and fixed to a wooden shaft. The paws are also made of wood: they serve to lay down alternately the plies of the cloth which passes upon the cage, and is folded zig-zag upon the floor, or upon a board set below the cage; a motion imparted by the see-saw motion of the cage itself.’

THE CULPRIT ‘COMPETITION.’

After the strictest inquiry, we must confess our inability to discover any reason for supposing that competition is guilty of conducting in the slightest degree to the destitution and misery by all deplored, and by common consent assumed to be more prevalent than they need be, or ought to be. . . . The agents of mischief have hitherto escaped detection. Competition has been taken up on suspicion; has been committed for trial; has been arraigned at the bar of our court of common sense. His conduct has been subjected to a minute and rigid scrutiny, and pronounced faultless. The witnesses against him have been examined and cross-examined, and the court have been shocked with their ignorance and their inconsistent and contradictory testimony. Finally, the accused has not only been most honourably acquitted, but, on cross-examination, the witnesses have unconsciously made known who the hidden agents of mischief really are. The existence of a gang of the most reckless villains in perpetual and active conspiracy against the wellbeing of society was clearly proved. Some of the more noxious among them were named—namely, Idleness, Ignorance, Wastefulness, Dishonesty, Drunkenness, and Parental Improvidence. Well might the presiding judge indignantly express his surprise that such vile malefactors should be suffered to roam at large, and hint his suspicions that there must be some collusion or incapacity

among those appointed servants of the public, whose high function and solemn duty it is to repress and confine these social pests by useful teaching and judicious training.—From Mr Ellis's pamphlet, ‘What is Competition?’

MALGRÉ ÇA.

TRANSLATED FROM BURNS.

[This spirited French version of the renowned Scottish lyric, ‘A Man's a Man for a' that,’ has been sent to us by the translator, the Chevalier de Chatelain.]

Qu'un honnête homme pauvre ait le honteux caprice
De courber le front pour cela,
Foin du poltron!—Pauvreté n'est pas vice,
Soyons pauvres malgré cela.
Qui travaille ici bas doit regarder sans crainte
Le riche pour cela;
D'une guinée en or le rang n'est que l'empreinte
Et l'homme est l'or malgré cela!

Avec habit de bure, avec repas modeste,
Est on moins libre pour cela?
La gloriole aux sot! nargue du reste,
L'homme est l'homme malgré cela.
De pompeux oripeaux font ils les gentilshommes?
Vanité tout cela!
Quelque pauvre qu'il soit, pour moi le Roi des hommes
C'est l'honnête homme, malgré ça!

Regardez-moi ce paon qui pose et fait la roue,
C'est un Lord, et rien moins que ça;
A le flatter, voyez chacun s'enroue—
Ce n'est qu'un sot malgré cela!
A montrer ses crachats son fol argueil aspire,
Clinquant que tout cela!
Ce brillant paltoquet, c'est un fort pauvre sire
Près d'un homme malgré cela!

Un Roi peut fabriquer un Chevalier, un Comte,
Marquis et Duc et cætera,
Mais son pouvoir ne peut faire à bon compte
Un homme de bien, malgré ça!
Grandeurs et dignités, joyaux de sa Puissance,
Hochets que tout cela!
Le bon sens, la Vertu, la noble indépendance,
Sont les vrais Rois malgré cela!

Prions donc tout le ciel que le jour puisse naître,
Où le bon sens, et tout cela,
Sans passeport, en se faisant connaître,
Circuleront malgré cela!
Non, le temps n'est pas loin où sur chaque hémisphère
Malgré ci, malgré ça,
De par l'humanité l'homme sera le frère
De tous les hommes malgré ça!

FEAR OF THE RED COATS.

The ‘Gardeners’ Chronicle’ states, that in a place infested with rats, one of the fraternity was recently caught, clothed in scarlet, and then set free. The little red-coat bolted into the midst of his friends, and inspired them with terror; and ultimately the host took to flight.

GLORY AND GREATNESS.

The ambition of honour and glory is of great use to the world, because it causes men to conceive and to execute generous and admirable things. It is not so with the ambition of greatness, for he who makes it his idol, will have it, right or wrong; and it is the cause of infinite mischiefs.—Guicciardini.

GENTLEMEN.

Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the ground.—De Vere.

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A SOIRÉE IN ROME.

At the present moment, when Italy is in such a disorganized condition, that all the ordinary forms of social life are necessarily abandoned, it may perhaps prove interesting to our readers if we present to them a picture of Italian life, as it was to be found some few years ago among the higher circles at Rome.

The following sketch is from the pen of a clever German lady, whose descriptions are full of vigour and originality; and who, in depicting the form and fashion of life among the Roman nobility, traces, perhaps unwittingly, the source of that mighty upheaving by which the 'eternal city' has since been desolated; for rightly have we been warned by one of the greatest among our living poets, that

'There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
Pent in, a tyrant's solitary thrall:
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their souls.
. Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine;
And earth, with all her pleasant fruits and flowers,
Fade, and partake in man's decline.'

In free countries alone can truly pleasant and instructive society be enjoyed; that is to say, a society by means of which the inner and spiritual life is prompted to worthy and noble deeds. Dancing and compliments; card-playing; dining-out; smoking and drinking; these may be enjoyed anywhere, as easily in Russia as in Germany or Italy. Such amusements, however, are all fleeting in their nature; they form no bond of union between man and man; they offer no sort of real interest to him who seeks somewhat more from his time than that it should pass away as swiftly as possible. The better portion of us have long since passed out of the childhood of humanity into its riper manhood, and desire to find even amid our hours of recreation a certain intellectual earnestness, looking to the lighter embellishments of wit and fancy for an aid, and nothing more.

The Italians inherit from their forefathers the most courteous and graceful forms of intercourse. They are the children of a distinguished family, well educated, and of a right noble bearing. They possess within themselves the most admirable elements of a social disposition, if only there were some intellectual motives by which they might be linked together in the companionship of a rational 'society.' But in Italy, the spirit, and, with it, the life of society, is bound in iron fetters; and society leaves behind it the impression of an uninhabited palace, whose costly paintings and furniture are so thickly

overlaid with dust, that, in spite of their original value, they have a melancholy and worn-out aspect.

In France, people of different parties are brought together by political, religious, or literary interests, and each one has a right to express himself freely on these several subjects; so that although a hasty word of dissent or of misapprehension may often result in long pamphlets full of controversy and discussion, yet these diversities of opinion, when freely stated, only prove a new source of incitement and of progress. In Italy, however, this sort of stirring intellectual society is almost out of the question. There are men enough who, with wakeful eye, and a hopeful heart, watch the free movements and the progress of other countries, longing earnestly that Italy might be a sharer in these blessings; but not only are their deeds, but also their very words, enchained. A strict surveillance is exercised over social meetings, and this watchfulness is extended even to strangers. I have been assured that the entertainments of a noble Italian lady, at whose house foreigners always met with a cordial reception, were given at the cost of pontifical gold, and that she herself was in the pay of the police. A knight of one of the highest orders of the papacy was pointed out to me by a witty abbé as being a spy; and a German, who had been long settled in Italy, warned me against this agreeable abbé, as being himself of a similar class.

Whether each of these accused persons deserved the imputations thus cast upon them I cannot pretend to decide. Meanwhile, the bare suspicion of being encompassed with spies, must suffice to deter any man of independent spirit from entering into society. It may also be readily supposed how easy it is to procure spies in a country where freedom of religious or political thought is deemed a heresy, and where each one who reveals it is supposed to do a work acceptable in the eyes of God.

In general, the Italians of the citizen-class, the *employés*, and the lesser nobles, live only among themselves, and strangers of the same rank rarely come in contact with them. Among the aristocracy of different nations there is a more lively intercourse, although even among them it is limited to invitations to routs and balls, to the opera-box, or to a drive on the Corso. The interior of family-life remains closed against foreigners. An intimate acquaintance is therefore seldom formed; and so much the more seldom that all the deeper interests of life—religious, social, political, and literary questions—are purposely avoided in conversation, as apt to lead into forbidden regions.

I was occasionally admitted into Italian circles, and always found the conversation very superficial. There was a great deal of well-bred politeness, the expression of which was enhanced by its graceful ease, and often by a playful wit; and the news of the day was detailed

very much after the fashion of a Court Gazette. The coming and going of princely personages, alterations in genealogical calendars, the scarcity of water, dearth of corn, conflagrations, theatres, favourite singers, and, above all things, the ballet—these are the axes around which conversation turns. Only here and there one may meet a group who in low whispers venture to touch on weightier matters; and from them may occasionally be gleaned information which cannot be obtained in the books and papers that have passed the ordeal of the censorship. I was told that the cardinals were in possession of all the prohibited works, and that any one else might procure them in a contraband manner. There is, however, a great difference between the free man who peacefully enjoys his piece of dry bread in the sunshine before his own hall-door, and the unhappy wretch who devours stolen fruit alone and fearful, in some gloomy and retired corner.

Roman society, being thus grievously deficient in interesting subjects of conversation, seizes hold of music and poetry with proportionate avidity, so that dilettantism flourishes luxuriantly. Italian usages, moreover, favour the growth of this plant; for in many houses no sort of refreshment is offered to the guests—no ice, no supper, not even a glass of water—so that abundant leisure is allowed to the dilettante for the exercise of his talents.

The society at the Baroness F.'s house had been described to me as forming one of the most charming circles in Rome. There, I was informed, all the ancient and noble forms of intercourse were still preserved. The Baroness F. is the wife of a gentleman high in office—an intellectual woman, a successful *improvisatrice*. On a stated evening in the week she received her friends and acquaintances, and I was invited among the rest.

Between nine and ten o'clock we entered through a very dark portal into the inner court, which was but dimly lighted up by the torches of some cardinals' equipages which were waiting there. We ascended the broad magnificent flight of marble steps. We heard the fountains playing in the court.

Above, in the large antechamber, there burned upon a table the three-branched Roman brass lamp, and around it stood about thirty servants, clad in the liveries of their houses, who were awaiting their masters, and amusing themselves the while with dice and card-playing. A couple of older ones sat warming themselves near a large coal-dish. No one paid us the slightest attention. Our own servant opened the door for us.

This antechamber led into a very spacious apartment, which was also lighted by a single lamp. The vast empty chamber, the gloomy tapestry, the marble pavement, the long row of stuffed benches which were placed around the walls—all looked as though ghosts and hobgoblins might fittingly hold their midnight meetings here. At the upper end of this saloon stood several servants in the livery of the house, waiting at the entrance of the reception-chamber to announce the guests as they arrived.

Just then the music was beginning. Rossi, the best violinist in Italy, together with the first clarionet-player from the Scala in Milan, were sitting near a fair young Englishwoman, and were about to begin a trio. The hostess led me to the sofa, and requested me to take my place between the Cardinals M. and G.

As I sat there and looked around me, the whole scene was full of strangeness and novelty to me, for in Protestant Germany I had not been accustomed to see the rich and varied ecclesiastical dresses which were so remarkable here; and not less striking to me was the singularly unadorned aspect of the apartment. Flowered muslin draperies hung across the windows. At first I mistook them for gray damask, so liberally had the hand of time imparted to them, as to ancient coins, a thick and venerable crust. Some excellent ancestral portraits, together with an admirable one of the baroness as Sappho, all done by good masters, looked down from the walls, amid indifferent lithographic

sketches of living princes and remarkable personages. The cardinals with their scarlet hats, the bishops and abbés in black taffeta mantles, the black, violet, and crimson silk stockings, the three-cornered hats, the indescribably affected manners of the young men, who, with their eye-glasses fixed in one eye, talked to the ladies, together with the conventional behaviour of these latter, formed altogether a picture which reminded me so forcibly of some of Goldoni's plays, that it produced the most comical effect.

After the first piece of music was over, the cardinals, together with two old countesses, went to play cards. The toilet of the old ladies was much richer than is usual among us at such small parties. Most of them wore velvet and diamonds. On the way to the card-room the cardinals were stopped several times by young ladies, who reverently kissed their hands. Then the music began anew. Rossini, Mercadante, and Verdi, were sung; but I cannot say that either on this or on later reception-nights I heard any very good music, although I had been prepared beforehand for remarkable excellence.

The accounts usually given of the wonderful talent of the Italians for singing are on the whole much exaggerated when we come to compare it with what we are accustomed to hear at home. The Italians have a musical ear, and sing well; but among the lower classes a good voice is rare. Those mariners and gondoliers who are described in books of travels as such charming singers, are chosen expressly to perform as ballad-singers before strangers. They can no more be considered as fair specimens of the people, than among us the Bohemian musicians. Nevertheless, in spite of the rough throats and drawling pronunciation of the lower classes, one ever listens with new delight to the plaintive *Ritornelli* of the peasant, and to the lighter airs of the south, as they come thrilling from afar during the stillness of the night.

The music in the baroness's saloon was followed by declamation. Our hostess was intreated to *improvise*, and after a little solicitation she recited a beautiful canto—the 'Christmas-night,' which was received with well-merited applause. In spite of this, the scene had for me, who was unused to Italian manners, something very ungenial; for the more frank and amiable, the more natural Italians appear in their daily life, so much the more conventional are they in the established forms of their poetical performances. The language of everyday intercourse, when compared with this, is like a vaudeville to a tragedy of Racine's—like French wit to the pathos of the French theatre.

The dramatic attitude of the baroness, the mode in which the cardinals hastened back from the card-table to their seats on the sofa, and prepared themselves, like the rest of the company, to be enchanted by the performance, was quite irresistible. The declamation itself, the rising inspiration of the *improvisatrice*, the rhythmical movement of her right arm, from whence swung to and fro a small scent bottle, like a chronometer of feeling, must, to every one who has witnessed it for the first time, seem extremely ludicrous. At a later period in Naples, when I had grown more habituated to Italian manners, the declamation of a very talented lady, whom I had many opportunities of hearing, gave me great pleasure; whereas on this evening at Rome it was with the utmost difficulty I could overcome my desire to enjoy a hearty laugh.

It is impossible to observe the air of perfect confidence with which, in society, each Italian lady advances to the instrument when she is going to play; how, while singing, she holds her sheet of music-paper aloft, as if it were a flag of triumph; it is impossible, I think, to observe these, as well as the attitude and expression of a declaiming person, without coming to the conviction that the *bravura* style of the Italian opera singers, which often seems to us so ridiculously exaggerated, must in Italy appear by no means remarkable. It being the fashion in society here to accompany the per-

performances of amateurs with a low 'bravo,' and at their termination to testify approbation by clapping of hands, each one strives, like a spirited war-horse, to win this sort of mock and empty triumph; and every performance ends with the self-conscious and expecting glance with which a Garcia or a Pasta, after their finale of the *gloria e vittoria*, lingers before the public.

After the improvisation of the baroness, a certain Marchesa M., the last scion of a renowned race of Doges, read a lament of the imprisoned Tasso, long and wearisome as the register of her venerated ancestors. Every one yawned, and yet every one, with a touching adherence to duty, repeated 'ah brava!' and Monsignor L., while he clapped together his elegant hands in token of applause, said in a tone of despair, 'That was really as murderous as the slaying of the children at Bethlehem: we have been nearly bored to death!'

'And yet you are applauding?' I observed.

'It was quite horrible, signora; but what is one to do? How can it be helped? for do you suppose that a lady would cease her declamation until she heard those sounds of applause? It is a courteous act of self-defence; nothing more! Ah, that is a dreadful woman!' repeated monsignor once again, as he rose up to offer his tribute of flattery to the marchesa.

On his return, I inquired of him, 'Pray, monsignor, is the vow of truthfulness among those which you are obliged to take on being admitted to the priesthood?'

'Most assuredly not! That would be quite too much,' replied he smiling; 'for how could a man contrive to exist with truthfulness in a world full of lies? One must speak to people language they can understand. Even missionaries find out that.' Then turning to my next neighbour, who was talking of the approaching carnival, he inquired of us both whether we would not go to the Corso one day on foot.

The lady, an Italian, scolded him for offering such a suggestion; and I mentioned what had been told me by others, that it was not considered decorous for women of the higher classes to do so.

'Bah!' observed an abbé; 'it is not approved of, and yet 'tis done.'

'That is a convenient sort of morality!'

'And therefore the more widely spread,' rejoined monsignor laughing. 'Women think the carnival so paradisaical a time, only because it gives them an opportunity to pluck the forbidden fruit of freedom. Besides, ladies, there is a spice of curiosity in your sex which makes it very agreeable to you to go out once a year incog., and find out in a quiet way what your nearest friends and neighbours may be about.'

It was one o'clock when the party broke up. The servants of the house lighted us with wax torches down the stairs, which we had ascended in darkness; and by their brilliancy I was enabled to observe the beauty of the hall and court of the palace—a noble residence, in which the baroness's family had resided during many hundred years past.

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

I WAS born in a little town not very far from this. My father was a tradesman, with a large family, and I was his youngest and likewise his favourite child, perhaps because my mother died just when I was born, and left me, her last, to his care. Even in the early years of my childhood I was of a proud, obstinate, overbearing temper, and father, brothers, and sisters, rather than see my tiny frame convulsed with passion, yielded at all times to my will. I was considered a pretty child; and when I was about six years old, my beauty and smartness caught the attention of a lady who lived in the opposite house. She was neither young nor married, and in a fit of generosity proposed to adopt me as her own. My father overcame his unwillingness for what he considered my advantage; my sisters were not

sorry to lose their daily torment; and I was nothing loath to go. It might have been an advantage to me had the lady been as judicious as she was good-natured; but she was nervous and irritable, and during the nine years I spent under her roof, petted and teased me by turns in a manner that would have ruined any temper, and certainly did not benefit mine. When I was sixteen, my patroness died; and as her income died with her, I returned to my father's house with the trifle she had left me, a vain, foolish girl, too proud for my own station, and too low and ignorant for any other. I had indeed learned a little of almost everything. A thousand plans had been commenced in my education, and dropped as hastily; but this I must say (though not to justify myself), that no one ever took rational means to curb me in my pride and passion: the former gratified the lady, the other passed unchecked, except by a reproof as passionate. The only thing for which I had imbibed a taste was novel-reading. My adopted mother was a slave to it: nothing was too strange, nothing too horrible or absurd for her; and I think I must have read to her every production of the Minerva press before she died. Night and day I read to her, partly because I really loved her, but principally because I loved the employment much better. I pursued the same course on my return home, and with increased greediness my mind devoured its sickly food. All the books I read were of the meaner sort. I had not taste or learning enough to discriminate; and my mind became a confused mixture of false and distorted ideas, and was indeed 'like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt.' I read of high-spirited heroines, whose pride was the cause of all their happiness; I read of vanity as an amusing propensity, and of passion as a thing to jest about; and I formed my own character accordingly. Thus the time passed till I was eighteen; and as I could be affectionate and good-natured, nay, even generous, when my own particular wishes were not thwarted, I was the acknowledged queen of the little circle in which I moved. It was my misfortune always to get people who would bow down to me: even my father, whom I dearly loved, dared not refuse submission to my will, because he disliked to witness the uncontrolled outbreaks of a temper that was growing more violent as I grew older.

About this time a young man in my own sphere of life came to live in our town. We soon became acquainted, and he was evidently struck by my beauty; for I was very beautiful then. Every one said so, though it may seem unlikely now, with my withered face and my gray hairs. Yet I am not what they call very old, nor is my head covered with the soft silver which becomes the old so well; but with the hard iron-gray, to which remorse has turned it. But at that time it was dark and glossy, and these sunken eyes sparkled with a lustre that flashed back upon me from my looking-glass the conviction that what people told me was true. As I was saying, this beauty caught the fancy of William Sealy, and in all our walks and parties, which he constantly joined, I was the sole object of his attentions. At first my vanity was gratified, for he was a handsome, good-humoured fellow; and then I began to love him with all the violence of my nature, though I treated him according to the admirable system laid down in my books—sometimes with undue familiarity, sometimes with capricious disdain. But another stranger appeared amongst us, a young lady—for she was a lady—who came as governess to a schoolmistress in the neighbourhood. I never shall forget the first night of her appearance in the circle where I carried it with such a high hand. The moment I saw her, I felt I had a rival. My black eyes were always lightening with impetuous feelings of some kind; hers were soft and gray, and full of a holy innocence that I could never throw into mine. Instead of the warm colour

that burned on my cheek, hers wore a delicate flush, that changed with every word she spoke; and she had a mouth like a rose-leaf, and a winning smile, and, singing or speaking, the sweetest voice I ever heard. Her gentle manner and that low soft voice were tacit reproaches against my loud laugh and boisterous speech. My ill-regulated mind was accustomed either to love fervently or hate bitterly; and despite all her attempts at conciliation, I hated her cordially.

This hatred increased to intensity when I saw William Sealy drawn gradually away from me; and it was no wonder he should be won by loveliness as great a contrast to my bold beauty as a quiet moonlight night to a red and stormy sunset. No wonder, indeed! for she was good and clever, and had filled her mind with knowledge, though she shrunk so modestly from notice. Every one loved her, and that was bad enough; but that I should lose *him* for her sake was unbearable. I laid the blame of his estrangement entirely on her, forgetting that he had witnessed one or two of my habitual fits of passion, and that none but a madman would have taken such a firebrand into his household. One night, after he had been unusually attentive to Ellen Mansfield (for that was the young girl's name), I sought him alone, and bitterly reproached him with his unfaithfulness. He stared, as well he might; but my vain reading had divested my mind of all maidenly modesty on the subject. When he found me getting more and more outrageous, he told me plainly that I had never had his love; that I was not the woman to make any man's hearth happy; and that Ellen should be his wife so surely as they both lived. He was as good as his word. In a few weeks Ellen was his happy bride; and I, to show that my spirit was at least unbroken, gave my hand, without my heart, not long after to another.

My husband was a dark, distant man; but he was kind to me, till one unfortunate day, in a rage which some trifle had provoked, I laid bare my heart to him. He saw that he had no place there, and I lost his affections for ever. From that time he treated me with a strange forbearance. He gave way to me on all possible occasions; but I saw that he only did so lest his own quiet should be disturbed, and the conviction deeply mortified me. I had other troubles too. The Seals and I seldom met; but the sight of Ellen's happy face every time she passed the window withered my heart with envy. Besides, she had a large family, and I had none. I prayed that I might call a child my own, or die; and God gave me my heart's desire; but, rebel that I was, I used his good gift to my own destruction. Yet I was humbled and softened down the morning that I first held a living son in my arms, and many a promise and resolution I made of controlling my temper for the future. But that soft mood passed away like the morning cloud or the early dew. My very nature required to be changed first. I had yielded to it too long to govern it then, and I was too proud to ask assistance even from Him who alone could give it. Therefore, when my child's little face was become too familiar to act as a check, the power of the demon returned. My husband became every day more unlovable, and more estranged, as I grew more irritable. He drowned his cares in the wine-cup, and sank into the drunkard's grave before my son had passed his early boyhood.

That sin rests upon my soul with all the others. My father, too, was dead, and none remained to love me but my son. Oh how I loved that only child! My affection for him was in my heart as a green spot of solid land on a tossed and troubled sea. I fastened my very heartstrings round him, thought of no one else all day, and slept only to dream of him. In the loudest storm of anger I would listen to his voice when it was ever so childish, and for twenty-four years no word of mine ever entered his ears that was not steeped in tenderness—for I dreaded the loss of his love as the worst that could befall me. Even while a child, Louis gave tokens of a noble spirit; and mere strangers passing him in the street would stop to praise his beauty; and all said there

was a promise of genius shining in his bright eyes, and written on his fine broad forehead.

I was in very straitened circumstances; but I toiled night and day, rose early, and sat up late, that my child might be fed, and clothed, and taught like that of the best gentleman in the town. I kept him to myself as much as possible, for I feared to lose my influence over him; but, as if Ellen Sealy was always to come between me and my purpose, the very first friendship he formed at school was with her son. I tried to fill his mind with my own prejudices; but he argued, if the mothers were enemies, it was only fair that the sons should be friends. God forgive me! I did all I could to make them rivals; but the boys had generous hearts, and gloried in each other's triumphs. In the playground and the school-room they were always together, and shared in common the applause of the boys and their masters. My child chose to be an architect, and with no small striving did I fit him for it; but I was well repaid by the talent he showed. Surely he was a son that any mother might have been proud of; for he grew up the most good-natured, handsome, clever young man in the town—not alone in my eyes, for all the neighbours said so too. And the gentry of the place noticed him, and praised his sense and intelligence, and promised to open fine prospects before him. Often and often has my heart throbbed proudly when I saw him talking amongst them, looking as grand as the very best of them. Surely all the good of his nature was the work of God's own finger, for it could not have come of my training. His friends saw no fault in him; but I, who knew him best, knew that if once roused, his passion was desperate while it lasted. He had some of his mother's high spirit, though it was nearly smothered in the kindness that gushed up in his heart like a clear spring-well. To me he was all that was loving and dutiful, and he always put his earnings into my lap with a face glowing with affection. The only thing which at all displeased me in his conduct was, that he would not stay away from William Sealy's house. After a while, his visits grew longer and longer, till nearly all his leisure hours were spent there. For a long time I ascribed it all to his affection for the son, forgetting that the daughter was a far more dangerous acquaintance. She was their youngest child, and so very beautiful, so very sweet and winning in her manner, that it took much brooding over what I called my wrongs before I could harden my heart against her. But she was her mother's image: the same light-brown hair, and soft twilight gray eyes, and mild delicate features; she was her namesake too; and that was enough to make her odious in my sight. But somehow I never thought of the matter till some whispering among the neighbours opened my eyes; and then I vowed to myself that she should feel, as her fair mother had made me feel, the anguish of rejected love; that her dainty lip should drink of the same burning cup, if I could possibly put it into her hand.

When my son came home that night I reproached him with more warmth than ever I had done; and to my consternation was answered with assurances that he loved her as his own soul, and would as soon give up his life as her love. I did not know that it had gone so far; I was too selfish to bear any rival in his affections; but the thought that the daughter of my old enemy should be loved more than myself was utterly insupportable. In vain he described her as all that was gentle and beautiful; one whom any mother might covet for her son: in vain he declared, that to afford me a comfortable home would be his and Ellen's most anxious wish. I answered him with impatient scorn; for mortification at my want of influence—pride offended at his low choice, when he might have done so much better—long-cherished prejudice—and a fierce thirst for revenge—were all together strong enough to conquer for the time even the deep love I bore him. He was firm to his purpose; and I, who had been used to carry my point by violence, provoked by his deter-

mination, worked myself up into such a frenzy of passion, that I scarcely knew what I was saying or doing. I cursed his love and its object, with her father and mother before her; I mocked at his horror, and vowed, while my lips trembled with rage, that he should either promise to give up the hated girl that very moment, or leave my house for ever, for that I would not sleep another night under one roof with a disobedient child—and snatching a Bible from a book-shelf, I kissed it with my unholy lips in ratification of the oath. He gave me one look—a look of reproach, and horror, and fixed resolution—and all at once turned away and left the house.

My headstrong violence had carried me farther than I intended; I did not think he would take me at my word so suddenly. I had hoped to see him yield in some measure, and my first impulse was to run to the door and call him back; but my cruel pride restrained me, though the lessening sound of his footsteps fell heavily on my heart. I sat down, and spite of all I could do to keep my anger alive, better feelings would come into my mind. I thought of the time when I had nursed him a little baby, when I had taught him to call me mother; then of the days when I used to watch him on his way to school till he was out of sight, and feel that my sunshine was departed till his return; when I used to hear him his lessons, and look at his drawings, with such proud and joyful hopes. Oh how brightly had they been fulfilled! And as I looked back through his whole life, I could not remember one unkind word against him: the man had been as dutiful as the boy. Even that evening I had not the excuse that he had answered passion with passion; and overwhelmed with these recollections, I began to repent, and to long for his return, that I might ask his forgiveness. Not but that I was as determined as ever not to receive Ellen as a daughter; but for the future I would persuade, implore, do anything but revile him as I had done. It never struck me that he would really mind my wrathful declaration (because, once over, I minded it so little myself), until the striking of the clock reminded me that it was past his usual hour for coming home. Could it be possible that he would not return? It seemed so absurd that my command in such a matter would have any weight. Was not the house his own? Had he not filled it with comforts for my use? Had he not rather the power to bid me leave it if he chose? I could not believe it in his nature to be deeply offended with me for a few angry words—the first, the very first, I had ever used to him! I, who had worked for him in health, and watched by him in sickness—and could an angry breath efface the remembrance of the devoted love of years? Thus I reasoned with myself for another and another hour; but he had not come in; and my alarm increased to such a height, that I wrapped a cloak round me, and went out to seek him.

It was in the middle of November: I have bitter reason to remember the time: it was piercingly cold, and a blinding mist falling through the thick darkness. I knew that he always spent part of his evenings at the Seals: should I go there? Bad as I was, the struggle was short between my pride and my maternal anxiety. Their house was shut up: I knocked with a trembling hand, and William Sealy put his head out of a window. For very many years we had not spoken together; and with a heart almost bursting with a tumult of contending feelings, I faltered out my inquiries for my son. Louis had not been there at all that night. I turned away with a sinking heart: I ran to every place where I thought it possible he could be, but no one had seen him; besides, nearly everybody was in bed.

Returning homewards in a state of distraction, yet with the faint hope that I might find him by this time in the house, I moved my head, I know not why, to look again at William Sealy's windows. The mist was partially dispersed, and a vague formless spot of light indicated the moon's place in the sky. By this faint illumination I saw something in a nook of the street commanded by

the windows. It resembled a human figure. It *was* a human figure, and in a sitting posture! I did not rush towards it. I did not scream with joy when I saw it was my son. I approached it as if my limbs were frozen. My heart quaked for a moment, and then ceased to beat; and it was with a gasp, as if for life, that I looked into his face. He was sitting bolt upright on a stone, his back resting against the wall, and his eyes staring up at the windows. He was dead—dead—dead!

What became of me after that I do not know. I have a confused notion that he came alive again, and that I laughed so loud and long as to terrify even myself. To say the truth—but this is a secret—I think I was mad. After a time they told me he had been drinking deep during the night: but that is not true, for Louis, taught by his father's fate, had a horror of the vice. Or if he did drink, for the first and last time, it was his mother who drove him to the bottle! But the cold was enough: he was not the sole victim of that fearful night—the night I selected for driving forth my only son from his own home.

William Sealy's wife had come to me in my trouble, and generously nursed me through my long illness; and when the first stupefaction of her grief was over, poor Ellen came too, that we might mingle our tears together. She did not know then that my hand had given the blow; but I told her, and every one, that I might relieve his memory from the slightest shadow of reproach. Even then she did not shrink from me, but bore her own grief patiently, that she might minister to the agony of my remorse. What I would have given then to see Louis her living husband! But she, too, had seen him dead, and the shock had sunk into her soul; besides, she never ceased reproaching herself for being the cause of contention between us: and every one noticed that she was growing paler and thinner—gradually wearing away. A delicate girl like her could not pass through such a trial and live. I was beside her when she died; and those soft eyes whose light I had so hated, brightened into a look of forgiveness for me at the last. Surely if ever any learned of Him who paid back hatred with love and mercy, that gentle and beautiful creature had been taught the lesson. Bitter were the tears I shed above her early grave, but not such as I wept for her lover; for God had sent to her the holy Dove with his olive branch, and he folded his wings over her heart till it was purified from all earthly passion, and fit to appear in the light of heaven. She was so long at the point to die, that she became used to think of 'that which cometh after'; but Louis was hurried into the presence of his Maker without one thought of whither he was going. He had not a moment to breathe a prayer; his soul steeped in forgetfulness, with the imperfections of his youth thick upon it.

I am now very poor; and when death comes, it must be either at the roadside or in a workhouse. But even if I could, I would not kindle the fire on my hearth again; its light would only make my loneliness visible, for a desolate, miserable woman I am. I know no one: I have no friend. He who would have carried me decently to the grave, I sent there in haste before me! I cannot find fault with the deep darkness which rests upon me; for the light that was given me I put out myself. And when I am going along the road, and see the pretty, happy-looking houses on either side of me, I think that my life is just so—happiness surrounding me, but mine the dry, hard, lonely road for evermore.

Such was the story poured out (like that of the Wedding Guest) to an unwilling and nervous listener in a provincial town. The conversation was introduced by the old woman, a tattered and neglected-looking creature, soliciting a mouthful of water as she passed a house in the outskirts. Not long after, the strange visitor's remorse ended in settled madness, and she wore on the rest of her days in an asylum, generally in a dull stupor, never speaking but to murmur to herself, 'My son—my son!' except in occasional fits of wild delirium,

which were as short as they were violent. Her reason never returned, and she died miserably, proving the truth of the Wise Man's words—'As a city broken down, and without walls, so is he that hath no rule over his own spirit.'

CURIOSITIES OF ROGUERY.

THE DOG-MAKER—THE DOG-STEALER—THE DRINK-DOCTOR—THE PAWNER.

DOG-MAKING was a craft once practised in London, though with but limited and temporary success. The business had its origin in the great demand for pet dogs of certain breeds (principally Blenheim spaniels and small terriers, both Scotch and English), taken in connection with the great mortality which marks the first year of canine existence. If there were any accurate statistics on such matters, they would show us, there is little doubt, that above one-third of the dogs bred for pets, and designed literally for the lap of fashion, die in their first year. The dog-dealers, not much relishing this great deduction from their profits, were in the habit, not many years ago, of fitting the skins of their deceased favourites to the bodies of a more hardy race. A breed of mongrels was kept on hand, doomed to be promoted in course of time to the cast-off finery of the defunct *élégantes*. This process was so ingeniously accomplished, that the fraud could be detected only by a very minute inspection. We have seen one of these puppy masqueraders, the offspring of a bull-bitch, so cleverly indued with the hide of a King Charles's spaniel, as not merely to preclude all likelihood of suspicion, but to baffle any investigation that could be made without exciting the animal's outcries. The skin was not only cut to measure, and carefully sewed on, but was further attached by a powerful cement—and it is worthy of remark that the experiment would have resulted in the speedy death of any animal which does not, like the dog, perspire through the tongue, as the cement used must necessarily prevent perspiration through the skin. Such living manufactures were generally sold at the corners of streets, and got rid of, if possible, out of hand, for reasons too obvious to mention. Dog-making may, however, now be considered as a branch of industry that has become extinct. That spirit of improvement in the economy of manufactures which of late years has tended so much to cheapen production, has had its effect upon the dog trade as well as others, the professors of which have arrived at a conclusion, the soundness of which we have at least no logical reason to doubt—namely, that it is more remunerative to steal the animals in a genuine state, than to fabricate false ones at the cost of no small labour and ingenuity, which, after all, for want of a speedy sale, may be frequently thrown away.

The Dog-stealer's establishment—and there are a considerable number of them in different parts of the metropolis—is generally situated in the immediate neighbourhood of some mews or livery stables, and is in fact very frequently a dilapidated stable, temporarily fitted up for the reception of the stolen animals. A servant of the proprietor is always in attendance on the premises, both day and night, provided with food, and a whip, to feed the hungry, and castigate the quarrelsome. He receives all animals bearing a marketable value which are brought by the dog-thieves, who continually perambulate the streets at all hours of the twenty-four in search of their prey—giving a check upon his employer for a certain specified sum, according to a scale agreed upon. These kidnappers, we may observe, have no necessary connection with any particular establishment, but generally dispose of their plunder at the receptacle nearest at hand, or at that where the highest price can be obtained; for in this, as well as in all other trades, there exists a strong competition. Many of these ill-doers, it is pitiable to remark, are women, who meet with vastly more success in the capture of the small and expensive

pets which abound in the fashionable quarters of the town than do the men or boys.

We cannot be mistaken in our narration of the details of this nefarious traffic, because we have sat pursuing our vocation within twenty feet of one of these receptacles for a whole twelvemonth, unseen, though observing everything. During this period the whole economy of the trade became as palpable to view as it would have been had we organized it ourselves. At all hours of the day, but chiefly at dusk and early morning, the kidnappers would arrive, bringing dogs for transfer, and receiving a scrap of paper in exchange. Sometimes the animals were brought openly in arms, sometimes they were led by a string—but more frequently were concealed about the person of the thief, and only produced after entering the premises and closing the door. Pampered lap-dogs, poodles, terriers, and spaniels, came in pretty regular rotation to this den of disquiet; and occasionally pointers, setters, beagles, and retrievers of considerable value, would make their appearance. Now and then, too, some huge, unsightly, rough-coated, half-starved cur would arrive, whom the passing of the dog-cart act, then recently enacted, had probably thrown out of occupation, and condemned to a wandering life of perpetual famine: once within the portals of this *inferno*, his miseries were soon terminated, he being introduced for the purpose of furnishing food for his fellow-prisoners.

A considerable per-centage of the stolen dogs find their way back to their owners—and indeed it is a disappointment to the receiver if the loss be not advertised, and a reward offered. When this is not readily done, unless the dog be of a breed for which there is a great demand, the loser will probably hear of his or her favourite, and be informed that the missing pet will be forthcoming on the payment of a certain sum. Unfortunately, however, fancy dogs, especially of what is called King Charles's breed, are in great request at the present time in Holland and Belgium, and considerable numbers are exported periodically to supply the markets in those countries. The stock in this country is not so much diminished as this continual exportation would lead us to infer, because the Dutch and Belgic dog-thieves, who are not a whit less expert than their Anglican brethren, industriously manage to ship a good proportion of them back again—so that many a bewildered poodle passes half his lifetime at sea. What becomes of those which, being unfit for exportation, are not redeemed by their owners, it is not easy to say. Great numbers, without doubt, are sacrificed for the sake of their skins; others, docked, clipped, and shorn (and sometimes dyed) out of all resemblance to their former selves, are sold to sporting gentlemen at country fairs and markets; and others, as we have good reason to know, after enduring the miseries of imprisonment and semi-starvation for weeks, or perhaps months, are emancipated by a disease which attacks the skin, upon the first appearance of which they are sent summarily about their business, lest they should infect the whole stock in trade.

The dog-stealer contrives most adroitly to evade the law. The proprietor of a dozen dog-layers is never seen even in company with a dog when making his rounds. The rewards are claimed and received by agents who well understand the department of the business allotted to them; no cross-questioning will ever induce them to vary from the stereotyped statement they have to make. It is said that they are allowed by their principal a very liberal per-centage, and that to make the transaction safe to him, they have to pay over the amount of the reward before they receive it—that is, upon the reception of the missing dog for restoration to the owner. Speaking commercially, the allowance ought to bear a thumping commission for *del credere*, seeing that the deliverer runs a risk of never getting the reward, or at least of being put to the inconvenience of swearing a false oath to obtain it.

The ostensible profession of the dog-stealer is almost

invariably that of dog-doctor, and indeed in some parts of the town he makes a good income by this branch of his business, frequently getting a golden fee in payment for a prescription for some aristocratic valetudinarian pug or poodle. If his receptacles attract the notice of the police, they are described as infirmaries, and the prisoners as patients; and even if a lost dog be discovered in one of them, he has of course been deposited there for the purpose of medical treatment by a party unknown to the proprietor.

It sometimes happens that the reward offered for the recovery of a stolen dog is not deemed of sufficient amount by the thief in possession, who will coolly negotiate for a more liberal remuneration. A friend of the writer lost a handsome spaniel, and had bills printed, offering a guinea for his recovery. Next day he received a note, informing him that if the reward were doubled he would see his favourite in the course of a few hours. A reply, acceding to the demand, was despatched to the address indicated in the note. The owner was accosted a few hours after, on his way home from office in the evening, by two men, one bearing the dog in his arms; and though he had formed an excellent plan for recovering possession of his own without paying anything, he yet found it necessary to keep to the terms of his contract, or else forego for ever the recovery of the dog—an alternative not to be thought of.

Dog-stealing would appear to be carried on with more impunity than any other species of theft, seeing that the convictions, when viewed in connection with the number of offences daily and almost hourly occurring, are astonishingly few.

The Drink Doctor.—In what dark, dim, and mystical region of the metropolis this potent and indispensable ally of the licensed victualler and the gin-king has fixed his habitat we could never yet succeed in discovering; but we have marked well his doings, and have strictly noted his stealthy but undeviating appearance in the wake of the distiller's cart and the brewer's dray, in whose track he follows as sure as night succeeds to sunset. Come forth thou man of mystery; present thyself for once to the eye of day; and though the sun never yet shone upon the performance of thy secret labours, yet allow his gladsome rays to reveal to us thy lineaments for this once only; show thy grave face to the glare of noon, and attest if thou wilt the truth of our delineation, while we portray thee and thy function for the benefit of that public from whose gaze thou modestly retirest, and whom—thyself withdrawn in diffident obscurity—thou art content to poison in the pursuit of thy quiet and unobtrusive profession!

Mister Quintin Quassia, D.D., as the gin-spinners and beer-druggers who require his services gravely address him, is a being of seedy garb, of saturnine aspect, and taciturn disposition. He is a member of no learned profession, and is in possession of no degree, save a very considerable degree of quiet impudence and self-possession. Though enjoying the designation of Doctor—a title which he doubtless owes to his abundant use of drugs in the practice of his art—he would be perhaps better described as a professor of magic-multiplication, seeing that, without condescending to have recourse to a vulgar arithmetical process, he has the power of doubling, ay, and more than doubling, the quantity of certain potables as delivered per invoice into the cellar of the publican. Under his miraculous management three hogsheads of proof gin from the distillers shall in the course of a single night become transformed into seven substantial hogsheads of 'Cream of the Valley.' He has the assistance of a redoubtable necromancer in the person of Father Thames, whom he secretly invokes from his oozy bed at the dead of night. He has also another liquid spirit at his beck—a spirit whose touch is torture, and whose function it frequently is to burn what fire will not consume—the fiend of sulphuric acid, whose vulgar retail name is vitriol. In his pouch he carries poisons of terrible efficacy, and thirst-exciting drugs to consummate his work.

The presence of Quintin Quassia at the publican's is invariably required, as we have intimated above, after the arrival of a consignment of spirits from the distiller, and is always preceded by the advent of a number of goodly cones of loaf-sugar, without the admixture of which the gin-drinking legions of London would not tolerate a drop of the diabolical mixture concocted for them. Upon such occasions the doctor may be seen dropping in, as though accidentally, at the bar-parlour a few minutes before the hour of closing: taking a seat as a customer, he sits sipping a glass of grog until the last lingering sot has cleared out—when, *presto!* he and the landlord, stripping to their shirt sleeves, are off to the cellar, and plunged at once into the mysteries of that manufacture upon the success of which the prosperity and reputation of the arena of drunkenness and demoralisation mainly depend. The floods of life-destroying liquor sold in London daily under the names of 'Cordial Gin,' 'Cream of the Valley,' 'Old Tom,' and a dozen other popular appellations, are all so many specious mixtures, having pure unsweetened spirits as a basis, made up to suit the sophisticated taste of the London drunkard. Were the spirit retailed to the public in the same condition in which it is consigned by the distiller to the publican, the latter would soon find his customers reduced to less than a tithe of their present number. The mild though potent flavour of unmixed spirits has not sufficient zest for the dregs of the London population, who are the principal supporters of the gin-shop; they look for the fiery sting that vitriol imparts, which they relish for its fatal warmth, and consider as a proof of the genuineness of the poison they imbibe. Moreover, they require it highly sweetened, and in this they are amply indulged by the doctor, who knows that their depraved thirst is rather excited than satisfied by sweetened spirits.

The enormous fortunes realised by the proprietors of gin-shops situated in certain favourable localities are altogether due to the operations of the Drink-Doctor upon the material there so abundantly retailed over the counter, and 'drunk on the premises.' It is a fact that gin is often ostensibly sold at many of these palaces at a cost scarcely a fraction above that at which it can be furnished by the distillers. We once asked the proprietor of one of these thriving temples of vice how it came to pass that he could sell his 'mountain dew,' as he called it, at a price which barely covered the original cost of the neat spirits. 'You know nothing about it,' said he: 'if the cost were double what it is, I should make a spanking profit out of it notwithstanding.' Of course he could. We had not then had the pleasure of the doctor's acquaintance, nor obtained any insight into the nature of his nocturnal orgies.

The extravagant and plundering profit realised by the gin-spinner sufficiently accounts for the eagerness with which licenses are sought after whenever a pretext can be found or formed for opening a public-house or a gin-shop. The growth of these places is gradual, but unfortunately too certain. The plan generally pursued in the metropolis is this: a beer-shop is first started in a carefully-selected locality; every means is used to draw custom to the spot; the liquor sold is good, cheap, and unadulterated; and a reputation is speedily gained for the house among the operative classes, whose great delight, recreation, and luxury is beer. When the trade is nursed up to its highest point, a memorial is got up, addressed to the proper magisterial authorities, and signed by every householder in the neighbourhood whose signature can be by any means obtained. This is forwarded to the magistrates, who at their next district meeting consider the claims of all applicants; and if the petitioner have any influence, or any friend among the magnates of his parish, a license is pretty sure to be granted. In a very short period the humble Tom and Jerry shop is transformed into a gin-palace—the wholesome beer is gradually changed for a loathsome physicky wash, in order that the customers may prefer spirits to beer—the manufacture of vitriol and sugar commences

—and the neighbourhood, changed from 'Beer Street' to 'Gin Lane,' is in due course of being poisoned and demoralised *secundum artem*—the proprietor confidently contemplating a retirement at no distant period upon a comfortable estate. Any time between ten and twenty years ago this prospect was pretty sure to be realised by any one fortunate enough to obtain a license, and (being unencumbered by moral or conscientious scruples) in the possession of moderate industry and perseverance. We knew a young man who, without a single talent, or capacity enough for a tradesman's craft, in seven years realised a clear ten thousand pounds, and retired upon that capital to the enjoyment of a country life while yet in his twenty-ninth year!

The doings of the doctor in the beer department are not of so miraculous a character as those already described, still they are worthy of note. Though the contents of a cask of beer cannot be doubled with any probability of finding a thoroughfare through the popular throat, yet they may, with cautious management, be increased some twenty or thirty per cent. Quassia, liquorice, coculus Indicus, and certain other cheap ingredients, will carry a profitable quantity of water, and yet impart a flavour to the beer which, so far from being repulsive to the palate of the London sot, long trained by the publicans to the tolerance of such poisons, is rather agreeable than otherwise. But the chief aim of the doctor with regard to beer is to render it provocative of thirst, so that the fatigued workman who comes in for a glass to refresh himself, may find, upon drinking it, that a quart more at least is necessary to quench the thirst it has excited. By this means drunkards are manufactured by degrees, and thus men sit the livelong evenings through, drinking eight or ten pints consecutively, and wondering the while at their own capacities for imbibition.

It is by the aid of the doctor that the weakest wash of the brewer is transformed at times into treble X. Under his talismanic charm simple porter becomes double stout, and fetches more than double price. He knows the precise taste of all classes of customers, and readily prepares from the common staple supplied by the brewer either the full-bodied 'lush,' in which the swart and brawny coal-heaver luxuriates, or the thin supper-beer of the sober tradesman or sedentary clerk. He is called into council invariably when a new house is opened, and pronounces learnedly upon the precise character of the beverage which will suit the neighbourhood, and which of course he undertakes to manufacture. His exploits have, however, been much limited of late years, owing to the opening of a vast number of houses belonging to brewers, who, not cherishing any great opinion of the doctor's skill, prefer that the beer-bibbing public should have an opportunity of fairly estimating their own, and who consequently make it a rigid condition with their tenants (who are required to deal exclusively with their landlords) that the malt liquors they are supplied with shall be retailed to the public in an unsophisticated state. Still, the doctor has his laugh against the brewer; for it is a lamentable fact that his artifices have been so long and so successfully practised, that the public palate is almost universally vitiated, and pretty generally revolts against the taste of unadulterated malt liquor. As a consequence, the 'brewers' houses' are comparatively deserted, or else owe what degree of reputation and encouragement they enjoy to the success their owners may attain in acting as their own doctors, and counterfeiting those factitious beverages which the drinking public persist in preferring to the honest infusion of malt and hops.

One would imagine that a man whose entire occupation consisted of adulteration in one form or other would be at least so far awake to the consequence of indulgence in such villanous potions as we have described as to refrain from partaking of them himself. No such thing, however; the doctor is a doomed drunkard, and sooner or later sinks to the lowest abyss of drunken degradation, and dies the drunkard's death. Perhaps it

is but justice that such a knave should perish in the pit which it has been the business of his life to prepare for his fellow-creatures.

The Pawnier.—This is an ingenious and impudent scamp, who prides himself upon being able to get a living out of those who thrive and grow fat upon the distress and ruin of the necessitous classes. He is not unusually a tailor out of work, having no intention of getting in work if he can by any possibility avoid it; because he greatly prefers his liberty in the public thoroughfares, and the companionship of tap-room associates, to squatting eternally cross-legged upon the shop-board, engaged in the, to him, hopeless attempt of what Beau Brummell called achieving a collar. It would appear at first view that to make a profit by pledging were a still more hopeless task; he does not find it so. He knows that, as in all other trades, so among the pawnbrokers, a violent competition prevails. In order to preserve their connection, and, if possible, to increase it, those who lend money upon the security of goods find themselves compelled to advance sums approximating as near as the safety of each several transaction will allow to the actual commercial value of the goods hypothecated. So thoroughly is this principle carried out, that in those densely-populated neighbourhoods where pawnbrokers abound, any domestic utensil or commonly-used article of wearing apparel would be estimated at a dozen different establishments consecutively at a price hardly varying a fraction, and verging closely upon the value it would sell for at an auction. It is clear, then, that if the pawnier can succeed in enhancing the apparent value of his wares, or if he can impose upon the pawnbroker by any kind of deception, he may procure a loan of the full value, or even sometimes above the full value, of the pledged articles. This he knows full well; but he knows something more—namely, that every breathing pawnbroker would rather lend three shillings than five, because the law allows the same interest upon both sums; or six shillings than ten, for the same reason. These facts being premised, behold him walking into a pawnbroker's shop with half-a-dozen pieces of figured waistcoatings on his arm, and a tailor's thimble on his finger. 'Here,' says he, 'I've got six waistcoats to make, and I must spout one to buy the trimmings; let's have three shillings.' Now three shillings has the smack of a bargain to the pawnbroker, who, if he has not been 'done' before, will lend the money to a tailor thus circumstanced without much hesitation, even though the article impounded be scarcely worth more. In this way the plausible rascal manages to get off the raw material of coats, waistcoats, and trousers in considerable abundance; some cut out ready for making, though not intended ever to be made by him; others in the shape of remnants of cloth, speciously prepared to simulate a fine quality. It is not to be supposed that he invariably obtains from the pawnbrokers the entire value of his goods; that, indeed, is of no great consequence, because he knows how to find or to make a market for the duplicates, from which it is that he principally makes his profit.

It is a fact pretty well known to all who have paid any continuous attention to the habits of the operative classes, that by far the major part of the working-men of London muddle away the leisure of their evenings in the tap-rooms, or purlieus of beer-shops and public-houses. As these places are free to all comers, the pawnier finds himself of an evening in the company of some dozen or score of thirsty artificers, who, having drowned what little prudence and caution they had in successive pots of beer, are in the precise condition he would wish them to be. Assuming the character of a broken-down tradesman, who has been compelled by misfortune to part with everything, he humbly requests any kind-hearted gentleman present who would do him a service, and at the same time secure an advantageous bargain for himself, to look at the various duplicates of his stock in trade, and select any article that may suit him. In this manner he contrives to get rid of the

greater part of his tickets, and frequently realises, from the combined transactions with the pawnbroker and the public-house dupe, cent. per cent. upon the original cost of his curiously-managed merchandise.

It may be readily conceived that the pawnner does not confine himself to any particular kind of stock. Besides clothing, and the materials for clothing, he trades in articles of jewellery, silver and gold watches, mathematical and scientific instruments, fiddles, flutes, and trumpets—everything, in short, in a portable form and of indefinite value. These he picks up at auction sales; and as he gives but one price for an article for which he is pretty sure of obtaining two prices, his profit is neither small nor uncertain. He is also sometimes known to turn his trade of tailor to good account, by turning an old coat bought for a few shillings, pledging it, and selling the duplicate to a simpleton credulous enough to pay the price of a new one.

The career of this peddling rascal is of comparatively brief duration. In a few short years at most he wears out his vocation through want of prudence in carrying it on. The pawnbrokers in quick time get his face by heart, and his beer-drinking dupes are very apt to avenge their victimisation by the exercise of a species of Lynch-law, which effectually indisposes him to further experiments upon their pockets. When debarred from the practice of his nefarious occupation, he cannot return to industrious labour, but generally takes to the road in the character of a tramp, and lives as long as he can upon the forced contributions of the industrious members of his craft. This is the lowest, as it is generally the last, stage of degradation; and it is vain to look for him further.

TOPOGRAPHY OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

During the last ten years so many discoveries in our solar system have been announced and questioned, have been put forward by one observer and laid claim to by another, that it may not be uninteresting to state briefly what the admitted planetary brotherhood really consists of. When the indefatigable Olbers discovered the fourth new planet Vesta, in 1807, making then the eleventh in our solar system, Bode exclaimed, 'Another year will make the dozen complete.' This prediction, however, was far from being verified; and a belief seemed springing up among astronomers that the planetary system, like that of Jupiter's moons, was already complete. After a lapse of thirty-eight years, however, the world was suddenly astonished to hear from a remote corner of Germany that a twelfth planet had actually been discovered. But this was not all; within a period of but little more than two years, no less than five others were incorporated in our solar system. Three circumstances seem more immediately to have led to this unlooked-for change: first, the reduction of the older observations made at Greenwich—an undertaking due to the energy and insight of Airy; secondly, the publication, although but at intervals, of the celestial charts of the Berlin Academy, in which no star down to the seventh magnitude was wanting; and lastly, the profound labours of Leverrier on the secular inequalities in the planetary orbits.

The first among the discoveries which have thus rendered the last decennium so remarkable in the annals of astronomy, was that of the planet Astrea, by Hencke, on the 8th of December 1845. This new denizen of our planetary system was found to belong to the planetoids, or family of smaller planets—composed of Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, and revolving between Mars and Jupiter. To this succeeded, on the 23d of September of the next year, the purely theoretical discovery of Leverrier. This profound analyst announced his conviction that the deviations in the orbit of Uranus arose from a planet beyond it, and he delivered to the French Academy the approximate elements of its path, theoretically determined. At Leverrier's request, his friend Galle of Berlin set about its search, and the very

first evening found it at a distance of only four minutes of time from the place Leverrier had assigned to it—the most brilliant triumph ever achieved by the law of gravitation! The name given to this second addition to the solar system—the most distant of all the known planets—was Neptune. It is nearly equal in size to Uranus, but denser. Two satellites belonging to it have already been discovered, and, according to Lassell, a ring. A singular coincidence attended the discovery of Neptune. It had, in fact, two discoverers; and it was only the later publication of Mr Adams's labours that deprived him of an equal share of the fame.

The year following, 1847, was distinguished by the discovery of three other new planets; one by Hencke, and two by Hind; to which the names of Hebe, Iris, and Flora were given. They all belong to the family of the planetoids, and group themselves about Vesta; the periodic time of the two first being rather longer than Vesta's, that of the last shorter. To these was added in 1848 the planet discovered by Graham, which in like manner belongs to the planetoid group, and to which the name of Diana was assigned. The question naturally presents itself to the prying search of man—whether any further discoveries are likely to be added to those just enumerated? That this may be the case—not merely as regards the space occupied by the planetoids, but even in that beyond the limits of Neptune—seems but reasonable to expect. With respect to the probability of the latter part of the conjecture, it must be remembered that the distance from Neptune to those regions in which another fixed star could cause any visible disturbance is enormous; and there seems no reasonable ground for assuming that our solar domain, compared with the adjoining suns, should be more circumscribed than the lunar domains of the planets, compared with their neighbouring planets. Astronomers, however, are by this time no doubt aware that it is neither to the philosophemes of speculation, nor to the mystical laws of symbolism, that they have to look for new discoveries, or for the means of bringing us better acquainted with what is already known.

The topography of our solar system being now so completely different from what it was only half a century ago, the old division of the planets can of course be no longer retained. The division proposed by Mäedler ranges them into the three following groups:—

Inner group.—Four known planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars. Moderate size; considerable density; somewhat oblate; rotating on an axis considerably inclined; moonless, with one exception.

Middle group.—Nine known planets—Flora, Vesta, Iris, Hebe, Astrea, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, Diana. Small, and of inconsiderable mass; moonless; orbits interwoven, changeable; much inclined to one another, and mostly very eccentric.

Outer group.—Four known planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Very large; inconsiderable density; much compressed; rapid rotation; furnished with several moons; equators marked by the planes of the lunar orbits, as also by belts and rings; orbits slightly inclined to each other, and deviating but little from a circle.

With regard to the additions made to our physical knowledge of the planets, although much has been effected within the same period, there is nothing that can be at all compared with the brilliant discoveries before enumerated. One important point gained is, the removal of the uncertainty which had prevailed for a century and a-half as to the exact period of the rotation of Venus. The astronomers of the Roman College, to whom the merit of the settlement of this vexed question belongs, investigated also the divisions of Saturn's rings, and determined the periods of his inner moons. By observations of the moons of Uranus, Lamont established the exact mass of that planet, while Mäedler determined the dimensions and the ratio of his compression. Observations have also been furnished by

Mäedler and Mitchell on the spots of Mars; while the former ascertained by admeasurement the diameter of Vesta; that of Pallas having been already fixed by Lamont.

LETTERS FROM THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

In the first number of this Journal for the present year, a sketch was given of the singular and romantic history of the English settlement on the Pitcairn Islands; and we are now able to lay before our readers, by way of supplement to the article, some fresher details, together with several authentic letters from the islanders themselves.

The correspondence took place with Captain Charles Hope, who commanded the *Thalia* in the Pacific in 1844. His design of calling at Pitcairn's Island on his passage from Tahiti to Valparaiso having been, to his great regret, frustrated by strong contrary winds, he subsequently sent them some useful presents, in order that the islanders might not lose by the circumstance. As vessels, however, rarely touch at Pitcairn's Island, these gifts did not reach their destination until February 1847; and for like reasons an interval of two years elapsed before the acknowledgment of them was received in the following letters addressed to Captain Hope. The first was from the pastor, magistrate, and councillors; the second from the same parties, in the name and behalf of the whole community; and the third was from the pupils in the island school—the whole combined conveying a graphic idea of the unaffected state of manners and wants of these poor people:—

'PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
July 10, 1847.

'HONOURABLE SIR—On the 26th of February last H. B. M. S. *Spy* arrived here, bringing your very acceptable present and most interesting letters. At a meeting held shortly after, at which all the inhabitants over eighteen years of age (male and female) were present, I was requested to write a letter of thanks in the name, and on behalf of, the whole community, and I now take up my pen for that purpose.

'We were very much grieved at the fortuitous circumstances which deprived us of the benefit of your very desirable visit—desirable to us in an especial manner; for we want some persons to visit us whose intelligence and position in society would give weight to their representations, satisfy the inquiries of the many friends who so kindly interest themselves in our welfare, and refute the preposterous incongruities which have gone abroad respecting Pitcairn's Island. Now, had we been so fortunate as to have received the intended visit of your honour and the Rev. Mr Moody, it would have been most opportune; for you would have come in the right spirit, and, by spending a few days amongst us, might have ascertained exactly the position in which we stand both in spiritual and temporal matters; and in the event of inquiry, have given a verdict in accordance with our deserts. And now, sir, I would respectfully beg leave to call your attention to the following items:—

'The number of inhabitants at the present time amounts to one hundred and thirty-eight—seventy-one males, three of whom are English, and sixty-seven females, one of whom is a Tahitian, who came hither in the *Bounty*; the rest are natives. For nineteen years I have held the very responsible situation of pastor and schoolmaster in this place, and honestly believe I have been of some benefit to those under my charge; but I do earnestly wish I could be more formally inducted, or licensed to the office I sustain. Perhaps, honoured sir, considering the necessity of the case, you would be pleased to interest yourself in my behalf, and apply to the proper authority for the sanction and license the peculiar situation of myself and charge do most undoubtedly require. My situation, though an interesting one, is not a sinecure. Fifty-four children

attend the public school five days in the week; on Wednesday afternoon a Bible class for the adults, and on Sunday divine service twice, in conformity with the established Church of England, of which all are members. We are very much in want of church Prayer-books, and Watts' psalms and hymns, for public worship. Elementary books for the younger classes in the school, and Walkinghame's, or other books on arithmetic, for the more advanced classes. There are two other things indispensably necessary to the temporal welfare of the community—namely, a cast-iron hand-mill for grinding Indian corn, and a medicine chest. There is a great amount of sickness on the island, and the want of proper remedies to apply frequently causes me much anxiety: the trifling quantity of medicines obtained from the whale-ships which touch here occasionally is quite inadequate to our necessities; and if your honour would obtain a supply for us, it would confer a lasting favour upon us all.

'You very affectionately observe in your letter that we are British subjects; I believe our island is an anomaly within the precincts of Polynesia. The inhabitants are all British subjects; the English language only is spoken; "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," waves over our heads on Sundays and other proper occasions, and all are members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of England.'

(Signatures of pastor, &c.)

'PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
July 10, 1847.

'HONOURED SIR—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, beg leave to return our grateful acknowledgments for your most acceptable present, contained in three boxes, and brought to us by H. B. M. S. *Spy*. Your very kind and interesting letters we set great store by; and as it is a custom with us at all our public meetings to read over the various letters sent us at different times, we can assure you that yours will be frequently read, and gratefully commented upon for the benefit of the rising generation. Our pastor has, by public request, written you a letter; its contents we are acquainted with; but there is one request contained in it we would in an especial but respectful manner present to your notice. Our number now amounts to one hundred and thirty-eight, and is rapidly increasing. Our teacher, who is a worthy man, and whose services are of great value to us, has never received the sanction or license of the proper authorities in the church to qualify him for the very important and prominent situation he fills. He is most anxious, and we are no less so, that he should be more formally inducted into the office of pastor; and for this purpose our humble request to you is, that you will (if it can be done with propriety) make our case known to the bishop of London, or some other competent dignitary, who would send a pastoral letter to our teacher, sanctioning and confirming him in the sacred office he for nineteen years has held among us.

'We extremely regret the circumstances which prevented your visiting us; it would have been (humanly speaking) one of the happiest occurrences possible. We should have been delighted with your company and that of the Rev. Mr Moody; besides, it would have been a prime opportunity of satisfying our many friends and wellwishers in England as to our actual state and progress since the death of the respected John Adams, and would have effectually silenced some ill-natured and ill-founded reports which have gone abroad. We could have promptly supplied you with wood, water, sweet potatoes, and yams, at that season of the year. In respect of firewood, it is very rare indeed that we cannot succeed in getting it on board a ship-of-war from some part of the island, let the weather be as it may. Ships can obtain water with great facility in moderate weather. But we fear we shall not now have an opportunity of convincing you with what alacrity and goodwill we would swim the firewood off to your boats, or fill your water-casks. Be pleased to write to us more

than once, that since we are denied the happiness of personal acquaintance, we may be enabled, at our public meetings, to speak of your welfare, and repeat your kind instructions and friendly assurances to the rising generation. We beg leave to subscribe ourselves, most respectfully, and gratefully, your very humble servants.
(Signatures of magistrate and councillors.)

'PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
August 11, 1847.

'DEAR AND HONOURED SIR—Our teacher read to us your most affectionate letter; and we his scholars have read it more than once, and will treasure its benevolent advice in our minds as a rule of conduct. We much regret the untoward circumstances which frustrated your intended visit; for it would have been to us both a pleasure and reward if our educational acquirements had merited your approbation, and that of the Rev. Mr Moody. We attend school five days in the week, five hours each day. Our routine of school duties is as follows:—namely, Commence with prayer and praise; conclude with the same: Monday, recital of weekly tasks, reading the Holy Scriptures, writing, arithmetic, and class spelling: Tuesday, the same as on Monday: Wednesday, promiscuous reading (individually) in history, geography, transcribing select portions of Scriptures, &c.: Thursday, similar to Monday and Tuesday: and on Friday, which is the busiest day of the week, transcribe words with their definitions from Walker's Dictionary, read hymns, or other devotional and moral poetry, repeat Watts' and the Church Catechism, arithmetical tables, &c. &c. and emulative spelling concludes the whole: we are generally an hour longer at school this day than any other. On Wednesday afternoon the elder scholars attend the Bible class with their parents. On the Sabbath divine service is performed twice, and all who can possibly attend do so. The present so kindly sent us by the Rev. Mr Thompson received so much injury from wet before it reached us, as to be nearly useless. We regret this much, because we were greatly in need of school requisites generally. If the request is not improper, will you, honoured sir, procure for us some copy-slips, or models for writing, and a few of Walkinghame's arithmetics, with a key to the same? for we often hear our teacher say, if he had these helps his work would be much easier; and we heartily wish he could obtain the means of making it so. We are indeed British subjects, and we think it a great privilege to be considered so; and when we see the flag of Old England waving from the staff in front of the school-house, we often remark to each other with grateful hearts, "That's our safeguard from the ugly French!"

'As grateful scholars, we much regret the possibility of our beloved teacher being superseded, as you, honoured sir, and the Rev. Mr Moody, seem to intimate in your letters. Whatever may be the qualifications of the person sent out, he can never be to us what our present pastor has been, and is. Fathers and mothers on their deathbeds have bequeathed their children to his care; many of our parents have been educated by him; and we, his present pupils, from the time of our birth up to this day, have been cared for and watched over with parental solicitude. Now, dear and honoured sir, if you would obtain from the bishop of London, or some other dignitary, a license for our pastor, confirming him in his present important situation, you would fill our hearts with joy, and we would trouble you with more than one letter expressive of our gratitude. Be pleased to present our humble respects to the Rev. Mr Moody; and if he would condescend in preferring our request, it would greatly enhance the obligations we are already under.'
(Signatures of pupils, &c.)

We have copied the foregoing letters from the 'Colonial Church Chronicle' for March 1850; and from the same authority we learn that still later accounts have been received from the island. Last year, a grant of books was made to the islanders by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Rev. William

Armstrong, the chaplain at Valparaiso, through whom they were sent, has recently addressed to the secretary a letter of thanks. The following is an extract from this letter, which is dated Valparaiso, Oct. 18, 1849:—

'An English man-of-war, the *Pandora*, has lately arrived direct from Pitcairn's Island, and the commander, Lieutenant Wood, and the officers, give the most pleasing and gratifying account of the happy state in which their little community were living (numbering seventy-five males and seventy-five females, exactly a hundred and fifty persons). They are described as a remarkably strong and healthy people; for instance, a young woman, eighteen years of age, being accustomed to carry on her shoulders a hundred pounds' weight of yams, over hills and precipitous places, and for a considerable distance, where one unaccustomed to such exercise would scarcely be able to scramble. And a man of sixty years old with ease carried the surgeon of the *Pandora* up a steep ascent, from the landing-place, that he had himself in vain attempted to mount, the ground being very slippery from recent rains; and the officer being a large man, six feet high, renders it the more surprising. Indeed Lieutenant Wood said he was himself borne aloft in the arms of a damsel, and carried up the hill with the utmost facility. But this is a digression which I did not intend. You will be glad to hear that they are all well educated—the young men being instructed in navigation, and some of the lower branches of mathematics; and that they live together in the greatest harmony, and in the strictest observance of religious duties—public, family, and private—with every appearance of perfect freedom from all crime, and bearing the stamp of extreme innocence and simplicity. A new regulation had been recently made for the distribution of all their books among the families, they having been before kept as public property, as it was believed they would be more read and valued in that way; and for which purpose shelves had been put up in all their houses, which are very neat and comfortable, though more like ship-cabins than dwelling-houses. The reason they give for this arrangement is, that they are in the habit of walking into each other's houses with the same freedom as into their own, and taking up a book, will sit down and read it aloud, or not, as they feel disposed. The Society's books went to them in good time, some of them particularly suited, in there being several copies of the same work, such as the Homilies and others. I requested them to acknowledge the receipt of the Society's very liberal grant, and their letter shall be forwarded immediately on my receiving it.'

We have only to add, that if any of the works or sheets issuing from our press be considered worthy of acceptance by the Pitcairn Islanders, we should be glad to forward them a packet through any suitable and convenient channel that may be pointed out.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

It is astonishing how many people one meets in this world who cannot stir a step in any direction till somebody encourages them. And what wonders they would perform, by their own account, under the said encouragement. In business, in art, and in literature, may these encourageable spirits be met, generally at the foot of the ladder, waiting for patronage, and never disposed to climb without a helping hand; for which, by the way, many of them wait the residue of their natural lives—other people being extremely apt to have enough to do with themselves.

Who that has gained a few rising steps on the rough steep of life, and 'made his footing'—perhaps not very sure, though seemingly so—on 'the bank and shoal' of worldly position, has not become aware of at least a score of hands clutching, as it were, at his skirts from time to time with fervent appeals for encouragement!

On the business part of mankind these pulls for patronage are usually made in a direct form, and in a great measure monopolised by relatives and connections, whose

bonds to them grow tighter with every advance of fortune. Sometimes the claim of schoolfellowship is preferred, and occasionally that of old acquaintance: the hard winner is reminded of some one he knew, perhaps for little good, in less successful days, who now confidently expects him to do something for an old friend. With how many of the applicants it may be at all safe to have anything to do, can be determined only by the judgment and experience of the individual concerned; but one certainty remains, that all the non-encouraged will be his perpetual enemies.

There is one curious fact connected with this subject, that those who achieve any degree of greatness, as the world estimates it, are exposed to far more frequent and pressing applications for encouragement than those who are born to it, or have it thrust upon them. Perhaps it is the common impression that the man who has been in need of assistance will be most ready to impart it—whether it was ever vouchsafed to his striving days or not. Perhaps it is believed that some memory of the times when hope was his only riches will return to strengthen the claim of new aspirants. How often are such reckonings far wide of the mark! The climbing process is in many a case a hardening one. Thousands will look back to their own unfriended beginnings as contrasted with that of the would-be protégé, and say, 'Nobody helped me when things were worse: let him do as I did.' And prudence as well as observation will throw in many a hint to confirm that resolution.

Few that have made to themselves a place or name in the world of letters cannot recall letters setting forth 'warm imaginations' and 'susceptible hearts,' 'ardent aspirations' and generally 'youth,' as pleas for encouragement in the various shapes their writers expect it. The number of these received by any ten professed litterateurs would occupy a large, ay, and a curious volume, which might be appropriately called 'The Book for Beginners.'

It was an amusing, though probably too correct statement, of a noted critic, that of all the encouragement-seeking letters that reached him—and they were not few—the worst spelled were invariably those of the would-be poets; and he added that poets in general were a sore evil, for they would encourage anybody. Causes of whose operation the reviewer might have been unconscious, would probably account for his latter observation. It reminds one of Campbell's reply to the two Eton boys—of whom, by the way, Shelley was one—regarding their joint production submitted to his judgment, 'that there were at least two good lines in it,' but he never particularised them. The liberality of Pope's encouragement surely could not have been the cause of inundating his study with the crowd of aspirants of whose intrusion he complained in such keen but self-glorifying verses. Among the social curiosities of an old burgh in the west of Scotland, there was some years ago reckoned a certain cobbler, who used to assert, whenever occasion offered, that 'he could take the shine out of Shakspeare if he only were encouraged!' The man had not succeeded well in his own humbler craft, nor in the course of forty years had he made himself notably useful in anything excepting the dram-shop; but so persuaded was he of his genius, and its necessity for encouragement, that he undertook a double pilgrimage—first to a celebrated reviewer; and secondly, to Campbell himself, then wearing his new laurels—in search of the latter article. On his return, which took place somewhat sooner than his friends expected, he said, 'They were both dirty bodies' for advising him to 'stick to his last;' but he 'kenn'd he was a born poet, and somebody would encourage him yet!'

As to whether or not his hopes ever reached that consummation, the history of the burgh is silent; but the cobbler seems to have belonged to a large and widely-spread class of aspirants, who, while trusting in patronage to an indefinite extent, generally continue to do wonderfully little for themselves. Indeed it is observable that determined waiters for encouragement, under any circumstances, rarely make much effort on their own behalf; following the fashion of the Irish peasant, who could neither build a

pig-sty, thatch his cottage, nor remove a dunghill from its front, till his landlord would encourage him; and when the sympathising traveller who counselled these reforms inquired why at least he didn't wash his own face, instead of lying idle and dirty in the sun, he replied with a grievous groan, 'Oh, yer honour, bekaise there's no encouragement!'

This dependent habit, so fatally easy of acquisition, is probably the chief cause why people who are much patronised rarely make a distinguished or even tolerable figure in any department. One cannot be always forwarded and directed by the hands or judgment of others. These will be found wanting at times to the most encouraged mortal; and a continued reliance on external aid necessarily undermines that trust in our own abilities which, though often injurious from its excess, must be the soul and support of every undertaking. On the same principle it is worth remarking how little encouragement has fallen to the lot of the most notable climbers. Out of all who, in popular phrase, have made their own fortunes, or elevated themselves to stations of distinction, how few have been at all patronised in their early difficulties, or have seen a single hand stretched out from the crowd above them, till the roughest part of the upward way was passed, and it was no longer a help, but a courtesy.

Patrons in general wait to find people worthy of their countenance, and likely to do their discrimination credit; but there is a class of good or busy souls who delight in patronising, and, according to the reviewer's character of the poets, would encourage anybody. In the trading, in the literary, and in the religious world, may such worthies be found; for the most part occupying some position of petty influence which their own views always magnify. Their protégés are usually a multitude; but they are seldom well chosen—the cunning, the imprudent, or at least the good-for-nothing, usually engross the largest share of their regards. The want of such help need not be much regretted by any earnest aspirant. Such patronage goes but a little way; it is a staff with which one cannot travel far. It is the genius of patrons to multiply the number of their dependants rather than that of their friends or equals. 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther,' is their decree concerning all they assist; and some at one step, some at another, stop short just where their help might have been most serviceable, but where it seems good to them that progress should cease. There is a saying recorded of that Italian painter known as Tempesto, from the nature of his favourite subjects—and, by the way, his temper was somewhat stormy also—which might be remembered with advantage in many a case by both patron and protégé. A youth of a noble Florentine family had made a long journey to ask the painter's advice regarding the management of his own presumed genius, which at least for the time was bent to art.

'What have you done?' inquired Tempesto.

'Oh, nothing,' said the youth: 'I couldn't think what to begin; but if properly encouraged, I am sure it would be something great.'

'Would it?' said the painter. 'Then go home, and just encourage yourself to do something little, for great undertakings neither ask nor obtain encouragement.'

The painter was right: in a public sense the greatest works have been comparatively executed in silence, and the best workers are often least noticed. Yet the subject has its other side. It is not in our social human nature to feel altogether independent or regardless of encouragement. The most zealous and determined strivers have rejoiced in it under the burden and heat of the day, though strangely various were the sources from which it reached them. With some it was a friend, whose good-will and fortune were equal, and the world called him patron—but such have been wondrous rare; with some it was an associate, who sunk early in the struggle, leaving his hopes and memory, like the prophet's mantle, to them; with others it was a voice heard only in some poor by-lane of life through daily labour and petty cares, but never known to the crowd that praised, and questioned, and remarked on their noted days. Some-

times the strengthening of heart and hand has been derived from the merest casualty—a verse remembered, a passage turned up in a book, a trifling occurrence which spoke like the spider's perseverance to the defeated and desperate monarch; the praise of a discerning stranger, or a kind word spoken in season by those who had nothing better to bestow. Surely in this respect one may use the words of Scripture, and say, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper.' After all, it is the noblest policy to be, in some circumstances, and under certain limits, liberal of encouragement.

Some philanthropists have talked largely of encouraging virtue among the people by the distribution of tangible premiums; and institutions of that nature have been long and systematically established on the continent. There is scarce a town or village in France that has not some popular fête, at which candidates parade their claims to the most private virtues, and dispute the prize with all the display and rivalry of a school examination. Medals for modesty and dowries for self-denial are thus awarded, and the newspaper reports of the proceedings read like an overgrown but silly edition of our old nursery tale concerning the good boy who got the plumcake.

Such exhibitions speak little for either the intellect or moral sentiments of the nations among whom they flourish. Genuine virtue is above all visible premium, and that which is encouraged by the prospect of a fête and a prize must belong to the theatrical order—a stage robe, to be laid aside as soon as the show is over. To encourage each other in well-doing for this world or that to come is, however, in the power of most people much oftener than they are inclined to acknowledge or practise it. By advice and assistance, by respect and example, each, according to gifts and opportunity, may patronise his neighbour with advantage; but let every aspirant to things worthy of other men's approbation take that old master's advice, and begin by affording himself a certain measure of encouragement.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

'Off in my fancy's wanderings
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we within its fairy bowers
Were wafted off!—'

THE wish needs no poet's vision for its realisation, but may be attained in any quarter of the globe without overstepping the laws of nature or calling in the aid of magic or sorcery.

Floating islands may be divided into three distinct classes—namely, those which have their foundations composed of the interlaced roots of plants; those formed of accidentally-detached portions of the mainland; and those which, though now fixed, are said to have roamed at one period of their existence. With these may be mentioned the masses which, having been thrown up by submarine volcanoes, or brought to light by the receding of the tide, are usually, though incorrectly, termed 'floating islands;' and likewise such isles as are either created by poetic superstition, or, having been actually discovered by volcanic action, and again swallowed by the deep, have been chronicled but not verified by later research. We may here remark, that wherever a floating isle was found of old, it was regarded with a superstitious reverence, which accepted its seemingly miraculous appearance as a distinctive and sufficient mark of its sanctity.

The first class is one of peculiar beauty and interest, as it literally contains isles which

— 'where the liquid skye
Withouten oare or pilot them to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to file.'

To it may be referred the islets of the sacred Vandimorian Lake, which had sufficient buoyancy to bear away

such cattle as, tempted by their fresh green pastures, ventured upon their unstable sward. Of this class also was the island of the Cutulian waters, which, as Pliny tells us, carried on its surface a dark and gloomy grove, which was never seen in the same place by night or by day. This was the celebrated isle which, having been mentioned by the Dodonean oracle, arrested the wanderings of the exiled Pelasgians. Then, again, there are, says the same naturalist, islands in Lydia called Calaminæ—that is, *things made of reeds*—which are moved not only by the wind, but even with oars, wheresoever men list, and by means of which many of the Roman citizens were saved during the Mithridatic wars.* The most wondrous tale, however, which he relates, is that of some small isles in Nymphæum, which were called Dancing Islands, 'because they would move in time to the strains of music;' at one time roaming in a magic circle, at another threading the mazes of a figure resembling that of a *triquetra*—an instrument formed somewhat in the shape of the three legs which are borne as the arms of the Isle of Man. The islands in the territory of Cœcubo, and those of Meatum, Mutina, and Staton, are given by him as examples of isles 'continually floating, being impelled by the winds.' Such isles, he remarks, are never square; an observation which has been confirmed by more modern authorities.

In our own land, we may reckon the isles which move upon the waters of Loch Lomond,* though many believe that they should be rather referred to our second class. That mentioned by Giraldus as occurring in one of the lakes of the Snowdon range—namely, in Llyn-y-Dywarehen (*Lacus cespitosus*), or the Lake of Grass, and that recorded by Pennant as being one of the natural wonders of Breadalbane, and of which he says, that though it cannot boast of the darksome groves of the island of Cutulia, yet it can show plenty of coarse grass, small willows, and even a little birch-tree; whilst, like Calamina, it may be launched with poles from the side of the lake. This isle is 51 feet long by 29 broad, and is said to be about 25 inches in thickness, though the last measurement is in all probability annually increased by the deposition and decay of vegetable matter. These islands are attributed by Mr Gahn to the twisted roots of the rosy bog-rush (*Scheuchzeria palustris*), the scaly-stalked spike-rush (*Scirpus cespitosus*), or 'deer's hair,' of the Highlanders; and the rigid carex (*Carex cespitosa*), gradually overlaid by a vegetable mould, and fitted for the growth of other plants.

In America we find islands of the lake Tagua-Tagua in Chili, which were described by M. Gay in 1833. The composition of these is very similar to those above-mentioned. Their form is circular, and their thickness from four to six feet, the greater portion of which is immersed in the water. When the wind is high, they are gracefully wafted across the lake, and are used by the neighbouring inhabitants as natural ferry-boats. Whilst in Africa, Boteler tells us that in navigating the river Congo in the years 1822-25, they were frequently passed by small floating isles, which, when covered with birds, had a most remarkable appearance.

Whilst the sea is constantly encroaching on the land in some districts, it is gradually retiring in others—

* For though the sea, with waves continually,
Doe eat the earth, it is no more at all,
Ne is the earth the less.'

and thus the islands of our second class are formed. 'Nature,' says Pliny, 'has torn off Sicily from Italy, Cyprus from Syria, Eubœa from Boœtia, Atalanta and Mecaria from Eubœa, Besbycus from Bithynia, and Lencosia from the promontory of the Syrens.' He also affirms, that after the island of Thera arose from the

* This loch is popularly said to possess three marvels—'waves without winds, fishes without fins, and floating islands.' In explanation of the first, we may mention that at the period of the great earthquake at Lisbon these waters were considerably agitated; the second is, we believe, attributed to the land-snakes, which frequently pass over the waters from one isle to another.

deep, a portion of it, being torn off, became the island of Therasia; and that ere long a third isle appeared between these two, and which obtained the name of Automate. This assertion is corroborated by M. Oliver, who seems convinced that these islands must at some remote period have been severed from each other.

As an exemplification of a different kind, we may mention the island in the mouth of the Humber, which for several years was visible at low water only, but which, gradually increasing, became in the year 1666 of sufficient size and stability to justify its cultivation.

Foremost in our third class stands the once bright and beautiful, though now barren and deserted, isle of Delos, which

—'whylome, as men report,
Amid the Egean sea long time did stray,
Till that Latona, travelling that way,
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her faire twins was there delivered.'

For the earth, to please the queen of gods, had sworn not to receive her rival; therefore this 'land upon the sea' became, by a sort of compromise of terms, her resting-place, and by this act of hospitality was made stationary. Apparently Latona should be the tutelary goddess of floating islands, for the Egyptians fabled that the isle which once floated in the lake near Buto was originally fixed; but that, when dreading the rage of Typhon, or the Ocean, she concealed the infant Apollo within its shores, it first began to float.

The islands of the fourth class are far too numerous to be even alluded to here; and as they are not floating isles, properly so called, we shall merely give a passing glance at one or two of the most remarkable.

There was a tradition—which was long regarded as a legend—that, upwards of two hundred years ago, an island appeared in the vicinity of St Michael's, in the Azores, which, after a brief interval, was again swallowed by the ocean. Unwilling, however, to have its very existence doubted, this isle again appeared, with all the majesty of volcanic terror, in the year 1811—when it was warmly welcomed, in the hope that, by providing an outlet for subterranean fire, it would check the frequent occurrence of earthquakes, to which St Michael's had previously been subject.

The mention of this will recall to the minds of our readers the act by which the British government, some years ago, formally took possession of the island which was so ominously named Sabrina; but scarcely was the official deed concluded, ere the mighty sea once more claimed its offspring.

These numerous and widely-dispersed islands are, in a geological point of view, of extreme interest; but for further information respecting them we must refer to 'Lyell's Geology,' to the works of Raspe, to the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and other volumes of a similar nature.

As exemplifications of the fabled islands, we may name O'Brazil, and the Green Isles of the Ocean. The first of these, which is called in Irish Begara, is said by the inhabitants of the South Arran Isles to appear on the waves every seventh year; but 'whether,' says cautious old Martin, 'it be real and firm land, kept hidden by special ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can sound.' Then he tells us of one Morogh O'Levy, 'yet living,' who was 'personally' in this isle, and whose fate we record for the behoof of splenetic husbands. Being one day, in the year 1668, 'in a melancholy humour, upon some discontent of his wife,' he was seized by two or three strangers, and forcibly carried into O'Brazil, where he was detained for two days; after which he was ferried out, hood-winked, in a boat, as he imagines, until he was left at Galway, where he lay for two days longer, very dangerously ill. Let not the episode, however, of this tale lead any to conclude that his conjugal discontent

was rewarded rather than punished by his visionary visit; for though Martin adds, that in consequence of it, he seven or eight years after began to 'practise physie and chirurgery, though he never studied or practised either all his lifetime before.' Yet we can state, upon the authority of Flaherty, who wrote sixteen years afterwards, that though Master Morogh O'Levy affirmed that he had received a book from the inhabitants of O'Brazil, with instructions not to open it for seven years, and that his obedience had endowed him with the gift of healing, yet it was well known that his ancestors were hereditary physicians in Connaught, and that, availing himself of their written experience, he supported himself, after the confiscation of his property, by quackery. The so-called book of O'Brazil is, we believe, still preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy.

The idea of O'Brazil being kept hidden as a terrestrial paradise, appears to connect it with the Green Isles of the Ocean (*Gwerddonau Iŷion*) which the early British Christians—with a degree of kindly charity which might with advantage be imitated in a less superstitious age—fabled as the paradise of those virtuous Druids who walked according to their knowledge, and whom they dared not condemn, though they scarce might hope their souls would class with those of the Christians.

These isles were only visible, it was believed, from a certain spot in the cathedral-yard of St David's. And the illusive vision tempted many a gallant Briton of old to undertake a voyage for the purpose of discovering them. The most celebrated of these voyages was that of Gaoran, who, accompanied by the flower of his land, sailed in the fifth century, never to return; for in the words of Mrs Hemans—

'The guide to those realms of the blessed is death.'

Tradition tells of one who, to insure his object, carried with him the turf from off the enchanted spot; but this sacrilegious act caused the holy isles to sink and rise no more.

Spenser has largely availed himself of the poetic beauty of the 'isles that wander o'er the blue expanse.' Thus we find him continually recurring to

—'islands,
On every side floating the floods among'—

'Straggling plots, which to and froe doe roame
In the wide waters'—

lands

—'hight
The wandering islands'—

—'an island waste and voyd
That floated in the midst of that greente lake'—

—'Islands which doe flote
In the wide sea'—

and similar expressions.

Unable though we are to decide on the accuracy of the various names assigned by tradition to the man who first peopled our land, we know that, coming as he necessarily must from over the ocean, his name was in process of time used to symbolise that of Noah, under which title divine honours were paid to him. Consequently the most appropriate temples that could be dedicated to him were such as floated; and pre-eminently such as floated without the aid of man. These were, however, of rare occurrence; and hence the holy arks or temples were frequently constructed on movable rafts, in imitation of such isles.

To this custom, says Davies, Taliessin frequently alludes. Thus he speaks of the sanctuary, as 'wandering about from place to place;' as being 'on the surface of the ocean;' again it appears 'on a wide lake, the sea surrounds it;' now it is 'on the ninth wave;' sometimes the billows assail it, and 'with speed it removes before them;' yet awhile, and it 'has arrived within the gulf or bend of the shore, it lifts itself on high, and fixes itself on the margin of the flood,' &c. This symbolical

ark is denominated *Cæa*, which signifies a 'fenced enclosure,' and it is also described as an island; hence the sanctuaries, or enclosed circles of the Druids, are indifferently termed 'cæars' or 'islands.'

The above-mentioned antiquary directs attention to the analogy between these facts and those relating to the sacred islands of the Lake of Vandimon, which acquire farther interest from the discovery of an Etruscan inscription, running thus:—'The great father Vandimon, who is called by the Latins Janus, and by the Syrians Noa, came to this region,' &c. A coincidence which will recall to the minds of our readers the dispute between King Arthur and the Etruscan sage, in which each asserts that his own land was the preceptress of the other.*

So close is the connection between the remnants of Druidical worship and the superstitions relating to 'folk loe,' so intimately are the souls of the Druids interwoven with the fairies, or Fair Family (*Tylwyth Têg*) of the Celts, that it is natural for our floating islands to be converted from sanctuaries into appurtenances of the 'small people.' Thus many a fairy tale is connected with the subject of this article; as an example of which we may mention the history of a small lake in the mountains of Breconshire, where, tradition assures us, there was once a floating island, where all who chose might be hospitably entertained by the Fair Family, though none of its produce might be carried away. But, alas for human cupidity! an undeserving man bore off one of its bright flowers; but scarce had he touched the mainland ere the flower vanished, the isle sank, and the delinquent lost his senses. Since this disaster the Welsh are said always to have been unfortunate—a statement to which no true-hearted Welshman will, we imagine, give his assent, despite the old cry of 'Saxon tyranny,' and similar false and injurious exclamations, which are fast sinking into oblivion, and disappearing even as the enchanted isle disappeared, never, we trust, to rise again.

As some respect is ever to be had to tradition, it is not impossible that some floating isle may once have existed on this lake, in the form of the rafts or artificial isles of the Druidical sanctuaries.

There is an isle which we cannot place in any of the above-named classes; in fact we know not where to place it—simply because its cause and nature have not yet been satisfactorily explained, for which reason many have been inclined to deny its existence altogether. The doubt, however, may be set at rest by an autumnal visit to the lake of Derwentwater. The island in question never appears except when the *water is high*; it is seen opposite the mouth of the Cat-gill stream, and is sometimes visible for several days, and then disappears for as many weeks or months, though it may even during that interval be discovered at a depth of about two fathoms. It is nearly circular, measures about six feet in diameter, and slopes gradually from the centre to the edge of the water. This lake, like Loch Lomond, is sometimes agitated in a remarkable manner when the winds seem all at rest; which is usually attributed to what are termed 'bottom winds'—currents which may have some undiscovered influence on the rising of the island. Ackerman, however, suggests, that as the water from the torrent of Cat-gill *seems* totally lost in the ground, as the bottom of the lake is densely covered with a fine, close grass, with strong and matted roots, and as the slope from the centre of the isle is more precipitate after very heavy rains, the phenomena may be caused by an under-current from the stream, which vainly struggles to force its way between the roots of the grass, and mingle with the waters of the lake; and that, failing in this, it has yet strength enough to force a portion of the turf to the surface.

This theory, though not conclusive, is ingenious, and deserves attention; more especially as it is corroborated by the fact, that when Ackerman pierced the island with

his fishing-rod, the grass roots embraced the slender point so closely that no water could escape; but when he withdrew it, the water spouted up to the height of two feet.

A BRAHMIN'S DAY.

[Scene—A sacred grove, in which is a temple of Sheeva, with a small pillar to the right, upon which a *toolsie* plant* is seen growing out of a conical globe, of the Indo-Gothic construction.]

THE Brahmin is supposed to have been asleep in the interior of the temple, but awaking, he looks through the crevices of the old wooden door, which is the only aperture in the pagoda, and speaks thus:—

'How soft and bright are the beams of *Chandra*!† he seems to be in his best mood, for not a single cloud overcasts his silvery countenance; surely he will this day meet with *Surjoo*, and greet him at early dawn! Ah me, how loudly the jet-black *cow-kulah*‡ reiterates the name of the Creator—*Ram, Ram, Ram*! The sprightly *phingha* is also deceived by the soft rays, and thinks 'tis morn: how soothing are those notes borne to me upon the wings of the west wind! Yon *purrás*-tree also seems already alive with the confused chirruping of the gregarious *mina*; they are happy and secure on their high and thorny perch, for not a snake nor reptile will climb that prickly stem—so God provides for all his creatures! But I must yet repose a while; this tottering frame needs rest, although my spirit loves to pray and meditate. It can scarcely be two, and hark! there crows the village cock,§ as sure as any timepiece: two hours I may yet recline, and then I must be stirring.'

Four o'clock, dawn.—The Brahmin rises, folds up his mat and blanket, and hangs his *malas* or rosaries of *toolsie*-wood and prickly nuts round his neck, and peeps out at the old door. At this noise the crows, who have nests in the old *nean*-tree, set up a loud cawing.

Brahmin. Hush, hush, noisy vermin! ye shall be fed when I partake of my *julpau* (lunch of parched rice or peas). Now, cover your young. Your punishment is already great, for your race is doomed to do everlasting penance upon earth, and feed upon foul carrion, as birds of evil omen excluded from heaven. Who can with impunity offend the gods?

The Brahmin now takes a small grass broom and sweeps the temple and the platform on which it stands, goes to the well with his handsome antique-shaped jar of brass (*budnah*), and cleans his teeth with a sprig of the *seurah*-tree, which makes a capital tooth-brush. After performing all his purifications, he ascends the steps which lead to the pillar on which the *toolsie* grows. He bows down to the sacred plant and the *salligrama* stone, which reposes under it, resting upon a few of the holy leaves. He sprinkles water on the bush, and sweeps the pillar clean. Whilst he is thus employed, a female is seen to approach with hasty steps: she weeps, and seems distressed.

'Well, spouse of Bhima,|| why here at this early

* The *toolsie* is to all appearance a plant of the balm or salvia kind. When well taken care of, it will grow to the height of three or four feet. There are two kinds of *toolsie*—the dark purple and the light green. The first is the sacred plant, and it bears, as well as the green, a small whitish blossom tinged with lilac. The leaves of the *toolsie* are medicinal, and highly aromatic; the seed of the green plant is mucilaginous, and is used occasionally, even by Europeans, when steeped in water and sugar, to form a cooling and agreeable beverage.

† *Chandra*, the moon, is generally masculine in the Hindoo mythology. *Surjoo*, the sun, is also masculine.

‡ The Indian cuckoo. The male is a beautiful black bird, supposed to repeat 'Ram, Ram, Ram.' It is a great songster. The female looks as if it belonged to quite a different species, being speckled like our cuckoo, and having bright red eyes. Like our cuckoo, too, it lays its eggs in strange nests, and leaves its brood to the care of other birds.

§ The first crow of the cock in the East is generally at two o'clock in the morning. The moonlight nights are frequently so bright that the birds sing half the night.

|| A stranger never addresses a woman by her name, but always as the mother, wife, or sister of so-and-so—naming the man.

* See 'King Arthur,' by Sir Bulwer Lytton.

hour? And thou art in tears!' The woman prostrates herself.

'Maharaj, my Rhadah is ill, and insensible with fever: what can I do but weep?—my only child! I come to thee for counsel.'

'Come, my good woman, prostrate thyself before the holy plant of Vishnu. Binda, whose ashes were changed into the toolsie, was the faithful wife of Jalandhara, and for her virtue and chastity this plant is to represent her on earth, and is revered by man. See! there is Salligrama also at its feet: that is the image of Vishnu. Now, take this handful of leaves, and after rubbing them with salt in thy palm, squeeze out the juice, which thou must mix with the juice of the fresh ginger pounded, of each a shellful: * this will relieve Rhadah; and at eve go thou to the kind lady of Wilson Sahib, and beg of her a little *cha* (tea); that thou must boil, and let thy child inhale the steam, and also take a draught of it. She will then perspire, and the fever, I trust, will leave her tender frame. Now, depart in peace, good spouse of Bhima.'

Noon.—The Brahmin has finished his scanty lunch of *chabinah*, and fed his crows. A dapper-turbaned fellow approaches the temple, and calls out, 'Haste, Thagoor, it is court-day, and your presence is needed to administer an oath; the judge Sahib is on his way, and the Vakeels are all assembled; so you have no time to lose. Salam!' It is needless here to add that this is a servant of government, a *Chuprassie*, and a Mohammedan.

The Brahmin mutters, 'Impudent rascal! but he is a Mohammedan, and we are not on an equal footing.' He hastily takes his *argha patra* (a boat-shaped vessel of red copper) from a niche, and plucking off a sprig of toolsie, he deposits it in the *argha*. Ganges water, he thinks (and rightly), will be plentiful at the court-house.

When there, the old man jostles his way through the insolent crowd of Peons, Chuprassies, and Vakeels (advocates), and patiently waits until the witnesses are to be sworn; and then the *Gunga jhul* (Ganges water), *jamba* (copper), and toolsie, are touched by them, whilst the holy man mutters, and the witnesses after him, that they are swearing truly and faithfully, as they love the goddess of great waters.

It is well nigh dark before the holy Brahmin enters again his silent temple. The black and well-polished stone of *maha-den* outrivals the darkness, and stands a stately pillar—three godheads united into one. The Brahmin bows humbly upon the earth before the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer!

'And now, my friendly lamp,' he says, 'come thou and shine at the foot of the toolsie until I express how much I reverence chastity and the god of the unrelenting bow.'

The lamp of baked clay is trimmed and filled with mustard oil out of a bamboo cruise, carried to the pillar, and after due prostrations, left to consume and burn out. The Brahmin then cooks a hasty meal of rice and dahl, flavoured with salt and ghee, called *kedjerie*, which he eats, according to prescriptive form, in the open air, within a holy circle, washed and cleaned with cow-dung. And so ends the day's work of the pious and solitary devotee.

NEWSPAPERS SENT BY POST.

The number of newspapers posted in London throughout the week is something enormous. Several vans full of 'The Times' are despatched by every morning and evening mail; other morning papers contribute their sacks full of broad sheets; and on Saturday evening not a paper of any circulation in the metropolis but contributes more or less largely to swell that enormous avalanche of packets which descends upon the Post-Office. In the long room lately added to the establishment of St Martin's le Grand, which

* Shells are used for spoons in the East; but in general the hands and fingers serve the adult for knife, fork, and spoon together.

swings so ingeniously from its suspending rods, a platform attracts the eye of the visitor—he sees upon it half-a-dozen men struggling amidst a chaos of newspapers, which seem countless as the heaped-up bricks of ruined Babylon. As they are carried to the different tables to be sorted, great baskets with fresh supplies are wound up by the endless chain which passes from top to bottom of the building. The number of papers passing through all the post-offices in the kingdom is not less than 70,000,000 per annum, or only 10,000,000 less than the annual number of stamps issued to newspapers in Great Britain. We continually see letters from subscribers complaining that papers do not reach them, and hinting that clerks keep them purposely to read them. If one of these writers were to catch a glance of the bustle of the office at the time of making up the mails, he would smile indeed at his own absurdity. We should like to see one of the sorting clerks quietly reading in the midst of the general despatch; the sight would be refreshing. The real cause of delays and errors of all kinds in the transmission of newspapers is the flimsy manner in which their envelopes and addresses are frequently placed upon them. Two or three clerks are employed exclusively in endeavouring to restore wrappers that have been broken off. We asked one of these officials once what he did with those papers that had entirely escaped from their addresses. 'We do, sir,' said he very significantly, 'the best that we can;' at the same time packing up the loose papers with speed in the first broken wrappers that came to hand. The result of this chance-medley upon the readers must be funny enough.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

TO A LADY:

ON HER PLANTING IVY ROUND A RUINED CHURCH.

A LADY from a distant land,
Whose shores Atlantic billows lave,
Once more to tread her native strand,
Sailed o'er the western wave.

She reached at length that ancient isle
Of bardic fame in times gone by;
Renowned for many a holy pile,
With Gothic arch, and turret high.

Nigh where a church in ruins stood,
Dismantled in some hapless hour,
The lady paused in pensive mood,
And sighed to view its time-worn tower.

Then bringing from a neighbouring wood
Fresh slips of ivy, gathered there,
She set them round the walls that stood,
And propped their trailing stems with care.

'When loudly roars the wintry storm,'
The lady said in tender tone,
'Thy leaves shall clothe its aged form,
Thy tendrils clasp each old gray stone.'

'Above the ruins wild and hoar,
Thy mantle thou shalt gently spread,
And wave thy verdant banner o'er
The silent mansions of the dead.'

How lovely at the shrine of age
Such tribute from the youthful hand!
How sweet thy pious pilgrimage,
Fair stranger, to thy fatherland!

And whether transatlantic beams
Shall o'er thy future footsteps shine,
Or by thy native woods and streams
Thy days glide on till life's decline,

Still memory, faithful to the past,
Will oft recall that touching scene;
And fancy wreath, while life doth last,
Thy name with ivy—evergreen!

A. L.

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NOT A BAD WORLD AFTER ALL.

WE have heard much in literature and in common conversation of the badness and hardness of the world. I feel inclined to take up an opposite strain, and lay down the proposition that it is not a bad or a hard world at all, but, on the contrary, a very passable, respectable-sort of world, everything considered. Some people have a genius for seeing the bad sides of things, and a remarkable destiny for encountering mischances and experiencing ill treatment at the hands of their fellow-creatures. Some not ill-meaning people are of a naturally sombre and fearful temperament, and rarely see things in a pleasant point of view. Some are oppressed with unduly melancholic notions as to human life and destiny in general, as if the going out of the world were far more than sufficient to annul all the benefits consequent upon having come into it. These are eccentricities and exceptive cases. The general vote of mankind, expressed not in their words, but practically in their actions, is, that the world is an agreeable world to live in. There are few that plainly say so—just as there are few people who tell you they are rich or well off; but just as we know that nevertheless there are many rich and well-off people, so may we be sure that, notwithstanding the general silence on the pleasantness of mortal life, there are multitudes who feel that it is a fact of nature, and one much to be rejoiced in too.

One gentleman was speaking to another one day on the many serious things which daily came under his attention, when the other said, 'You, my friend, seem to see only a dismal solemnity in the external world. It is strange how differently I am constituted. I see an immense fund of merriment and pleasantries in nature. Creation laughs, to my apprehension.' The solemn gentleman only shook his head. Yet though it may be readily admitted that any one who sees *only* merriment in nature, sees very imperfectly, it is at the same time quite true that the comic is one of the aspects of the natural world, as well as the beautiful and the sublime. There are arrangements to bring the smile to the cheek as well as the tear to the eye.

It would be trite to dwell at any length on the vast number of obviously enjoyable things which surround us in our worldly position—the endless delights of the woods, fields, and streams—the ever-varying beauty of the sky, through day and night—the seasons, each in its turn so fitted to yield us pleasure. But it must be admitted by the most zealous of the school of Heraclitus, that these broad and conspicuous features of the world we live in are calculated to gratify the children of men. And is not this much? 'Yes,' it may be replied; 'but see, nevertheless, how full life is of toil and care, all resulting in wretchedness!' But is it really so, or is it irremediably so?

You speak of toil as a hardship. Now it may be reasonably argued that toil is no hardship at all. The working-people are the happy people of this world. The idle are a set of unfortunates, who can only be viewed by a rational mind with pity. Oh God, give us work, lest we die! might be a very general prayer. Labour a hardship! why, it is the very essence of human happiness. Admitted that, when carried to excess, and unchecked by amusement, it makes Jack a dull boy. But there is no absolute need to carry it to excess. Nature, left to herself, would be a faithful Ten-Hours-Bill for all her children. It is not so clear that these children of hers would set to work, or keep steadily at it, merely for the pleasure of working; for, strange to say, most men would rather idle, notwithstanding its certain resulting in their unhappiness. Let us not wonder overmuch at a perversity which makes us insensible to our best advantages. See, however, how Providence has contrived, by the premiums put upon work, to prompt us into what is so greatly beneficial. We must work if we would have the means of life. In yielding to this condition, we secure at once the supply of our necessities and the cheerfulness of our days. Right labour, accordingly, is always a merry thing. Hear Lubin whistling at his team: peep into the blacksmith's shop, and listen to the song whose cadences coincide with those of the hammer. Even a weaver's shop used to be a cheerful scene, as the men made the minstrel's lay keep time with their own, or sustained amid the din of shuttles an animated chat about the news of the day. For my part I know nothing more delightful than to hear the laugh and song which often accompany hard work. Mary's ditties in the kitchen may sometimes be a little annoying up stairs; but yet I should, for one, be loath to forbid them. It is a human heart obeying a glorious and a beautiful law—that cheerfulness comes with duty. Let the poor girl sing on.

As to care, there is much of it doubtless in the world, and it can never be entirely dismissed without an abandonment of reflection itself. Care, however, in a right measure, is only another kind of occupation. It is one of the means of that regulated employment of our faculties which is essential not merely to a happy, but even to a tolerable life. For instance, there is care attending a charge of children—an incessant tissue of it, from their first entrance into this life to your own going out of it. But yet is it not confessed by the voice of nature to be a pleasing burthen? And does not a woman who has the good fortune to be a mother appear, in the generality of instances, better able to secure, by the fulfilment of her duty, the desired happy life for herself, than she to whom this charge has been denied? This I believe to be a question which will not stand a debate. It is God who has laid down the proposition in our hearts: against it we can at the utmost hear the words

of some eccentric thinker, liable to be changed to-morrow. Care increases with wealth of worldly goods, but that is simply a penalty annexed to having where others want. It is voluntarily incurred, and may be at any time dismissed by dismissing the cause. No one chooses to dismiss the cause, a clear sign that this kind of care is not intolerable. The fact is, that such care, like every other, has its utility and a certain bearing on our happiness. There is first the care for a bare subsistence—itsself a part of subsistence, in the healthy stimulus which it gives. When this is set at rest by increase of wealth, the human being would feel a sad want in his condition if the care of his wealth did not supply the place of the former care for subsistence. It is possible, indeed, to carry this care to a vice, and to be miserable under it; but the abuse is no argument against the use.

Still, says the disciple of Heraclitus, there is an immense quantity of misery in the world. True, but the quantity is not necessary or fixed. It is capable of indefinite diminution, in the particular as well as the general. Men make miseries for themselves through ignorance and unregulated impulses. Disease is but the exponent of disobedience to the rules of health. The greater vexations and trials of life for the most part spring directly from culpable error. Let men be enlightened as to the bearings of the external world on their own happiness, and trained to right observances regarding each other, and a vast proportion of the evils from which they suffer would be extinguished. The enjoyment of a sane mind in a sound body is the general offering of Providence to its creatures. The legitimate exercise of every one of the human faculties is a destined source of enjoyment. Suffering is only the penalty appointed to prompt us to keep in that right course which will give us happiness. We have but to take the hint, to be happy. We may well believe that, in such a system, there never can be an entire extinction of misery; but we may be equally convinced that it might be reduced to such a point, that the outcry about the miseries of this life would almost cease to be heard.

Even amidst all the sufferings we do experience, how cheerful common life appears! Memory is kindly faithless, to save us from endless regrets. Time softens the sternest griefs. The fingers of Hope are continually at work, irradiating the future with her roseate dyes. Jocularly, a less dignified, but scarcely less obliging goddess, lends her aid to turn off the hard sides and sharp edges of passing things. The cheering sense of duty well performed—the bustle and excitement of the ever-varying social scene—the very delusions we often are under about the importance of our own little doings—all help to make this, on the whole, a happy world. It is true 'all wait the inevitable hour;' and this is, or ought to be, a serious consideration. Nature, however, does not make it a painfully-serious consideration to minds in a healthy state. The day is kindly hidden. Surprise is sometimes expressed that we do not reflect every hour that we are one nearer the end of our present being; let us rather admire the goodness of Infinite Wisdom, by which it has been arranged that we are not haunted in this manner with a constant needless pain, that one day appears the just equal of another, not the next in one rigidly-definite series from which its deduction is palpable, and that life is thus spared from being poisoned all through by death. But even death itself is not necessarily to be regarded with alarm. Call it 'kind nature's signal of retreat.' To him who has passed through all the phases of a complete natural life, this retreat is felt rather as a blessing than an evil, because the world, then ceasing to have its wonted charm, is felt as no longer an appropriate field. The spirit that has long communed with God at the distance imposed by life, longs for the more intimate communion which can only be obtained far elsewhere, and in totally different conditions. That in such circumstances there is such a thing as welcoming death, is surely not sur-

prising. Let us, then, not hear of it as a condemnation of life to perpetual gloom, that it must cease. It actually is not so, and it cannot be made so. Human nature, in spite of every mistaken fancy that may beset it, asserts its right to cheerfulness as the rule or staple of life, not as Epicureans, but as considerate and dutiful men would seek it.

Well, says the gloomy philosopher, granting all this, it is still a horrible world of selfishness, deceitfulness, uncharitableness, oppression, and every wickedness. Quite a mistake. On the very contrary, it could easily be shown to be a world full of charity and kindness, just and true-hearted in the main, knowing oppression chiefly to express abhorrence of it. Considering the difficulties which attend the getting a position or appointment for independent and honest subsistence in so densely-peopled an earth, it might even be asserted that the amount of crime is more wonderful for its smallness than its greatness. Can we believe that this is all owing to the terror of punishment? Is not much of it rather attributable to the love of rectitude for its own sake, and the horror of turpitude and its self-punishing degradation? There is developed, in the shock of conflicting interests, much harshness and mutual hostility; but see, on the other hand, the humanity which leavens and tempers all, the courtesies exacted of the bitterest political warfare, the readiness after the worst collisions to return to amicable relations, to forget and to forgive. Men are enemies or opponents only with their heads; in their hearts they are all friends. Common social life, in its best forms, is one scene of forbearance and courtesy—it could not be otherwise and exist. Family life is nearly one entire scene of gentle affections. There is scarcely a human being who has not occasion every day to perform some obliging action towards some of his fellow-creatures, and who does not do this cheerfully? It is a baseless cant that the rich are cold towards the poor. The very reverse is true. It is a fact too palpable to require illustration, that there is a vast stream of money and good offices continually pouring down along society—perhaps more than does the poor true good. The very institution of poor-laws is a profession and practice of humanity sufficient to rebut the charge of universal selfishness. Society thereby proclaims that it will, at all hazards, save the worst and weakest from every chance of an absolute want of the necessities of life.

As to the single charge of deceitfulness or unconscientiousness, it seems strange that any such should be preferred in sweeping terms, as is often done, when we reflect upon the vast extent to which we are all trusting each other in our commercial and other worldly relations, without any but the most occasional loss or suffering therefrom. At a time when society was in its infancy, and every man's possessions were bounded by the walls of his wigwam, there might have been some scope for such a charge; but in an age of banks, credits, distant consignments, contra accounts, and cross reckonings, the existence of these very things is its all-sufficient refutation.

It may seem very absurd to pretend to meet any general charge with one contravening case; but having lately met a touching anecdote of pure human goodness, of a modest yet romantic kind, I cannot resist the inclination to bring it forward, as in itself some defence of human nature, suitable to the present occasion. It occurred in a letter of the Paris correspondent of the *Atlas* newspaper towards the end of November 1849:—'The death of Mademoiselle V—, known by the name of Coralie, an actress of one of the smaller theatres of the Boulevards, has been the means of bringing to light one of those domestic dramas which have abounded amid all the other *mystères de Paris*. In consequence of the death of her parents, the poor girl had at an early age been thrown upon the tender care of an aged grandmother, whose blunted faculties, stunned by the Revolution of 1830, had never been able to comprehend the exile of the Bourbons, nor the sudden downfall of her

own fortunes, which had reduced her from a brilliant existence about the person of "Madame" to the seeking a livelihood through her own resources. It would appear that nothing had been saved from the wreck, no provision made against such unexpected misfortune. The old countess scorned to seek for aid, and gradually sold every article of luxury, every token of her former splendour, in order to procure an existence for herself and grandchild, always with the belief that the misery was but for a moment, and that "Madame" was *entourée*, and would soon return. The child, who had, it appears, manifested a great talent for music, had, however, attracted the attention of the porter of the house where the countess resided, and who, aware of the great straits to which the family were reduced, and the delusion under which the grandmother was labouring, good-naturedly succeeded in interesting another lodger in the child's favour. This man was the stage-manager of the Petit Lazare, the lowest theatre in Paris; and here, unknown to the old countess, did she make her *début* as a drummer-boy in one of those military pieces the delight of the lower orders. From that hour has the girl been the whole and sole support of her grandmother and herself—the former never dreaming whence arose the comparative ease and comfort which surrounded her, and readily believing that it came from the *souvenir* and bounty of "Madame." They say it was a sight to melt the most stony heart to witness the pride and joy of the old woman when she beheld her child attired in all her stage trappings—her tinsels and her spangles—in the belief that she had been summoned to the Tuileries, to attend the *pâtinées* of "Mademoiselle;" for to her the daughter of the Duc de Berry had remained still the child she had left her in 1830; and what was more mysterious still, the fancy and the pious invention with which poor Coralie would describe the visit to royalty, on her return to their humble garret after the evening's performance. Such a scene as this gives more hope in human nature than all the lessons which philosophy has ever breathed.

Yes, the reader may depend upon it, it is not so bad a world after all. Further, he may be very sure that those who think the best of it are those who are most likely to make it still better.

THE PIRATE IN THE OFFING.

THE city of Alexandria, usually so dull and listless, was thrown one morning quite into a state of excitement by the news that a pirate brig was tacking off the entrance of the harbour. Of course the sentiment of fear had no share in causing the agitation that went on gradually increasing, for a population of seventy thousand souls, defended by a vast system of fortifications, may smile at the approach even of a Black Beard or a Paul Jones. But unsatisfied curiosity is as great an enemy to tranquillity as terror; and accordingly, about mid-day, half the population was upon the ramparts, or upon the roofs of the houses, watching the movements of a fine vessel which, with all its sails set, was advancing at that time, under a slight north-easterly breeze, from the direction of Rosetta towards the harbour. There was no other sail in sight—all the fishing-boats, alarmed like so many sparrows at the approach of a hawk, having long ago disappeared, and no outward-bound captain daring to venture through the pass.

From the mast of the British consulate I could make out that the brig had all the appearance of a vessel of war, except that she had no guns visible; but what puzzled me was her boldness in venturing, without disguise, so near a port containing several armed steamers. This circumstance, indeed, induced me to think that, after all, public rumour had calumniated

her, especially as she seemed now really intent on entering; and having arrived off the pass, appeared to hesitate a while, as if deliberating whether to ask for a pilot. Soon, however, it was evident that she had no intention of coming in, but changing her course, went leisurely away along the coast in the direction of the Arab's Tower.

There was something in all this quite sufficient to excite curiosity, and I descended to join the gossiping groups on the Great Square. I heard, however, nothing but jokes and extravagant surmises, and reached the Strada Franca without having added one iota of information to the stock which I had collected with my own eyes. I expected to be more fortunate in the shop of a mercer, who, being a Greek, was likely to know something of pirates, and with whom I had lately formed an acquaintance; but to my disappointment I found the doors and shutters closed, and learned from the neighbours that as soon as the report of 'a pirate in the offing' had been spread abroad, Pericles, in a state of great agitation, had hastily dismissed his customers, put a stop to business for that day, and gone away with the key in his pocket.

'It is evident,' said a sly Jew money-changer, 'that your friend has some connection with the rascals in the brig.'

I did not take notice of this insinuation, which had some semblance of probability in it—and which, indeed, had been suggested by the way in which I put my question—but went farther on to the shop of Iskender. Here I learned the origin of the report from the Bashagab's interpreter, who was relating it to a crowd of gaping listeners. It appeared that at dawn of day the crew of a fishing-smack, at anchor nearly on a level with Ramleh, five miles east of Alexandria, suddenly perceived a brig bearing down full upon them. It had approached within gunshot without being perceived. Surprised at this circumstance, they spread their huge lateen sail, and made for the shore, possibly thinking that they were chased by a government vessel in want of hands. The brig did not change her course, but followed under a press of canvas, until the rapidly-increasing shallowness of the water compelled her to desist. As she turned off, however, in a moment of exasperation she fired a shot, said the fishermen; though this was supposed to be an exaggeration, designed to enhance the danger of the adventure, nobody being found to say that they had heard a report except a deaf shoemaker in the New Wakálah.

Such were the facts that came to my knowledge the first day. On the next, the mysterious brig again appeared upon the horizon, and began promenading before the city, which, it will easily be supposed, was once more all gaze. My first care was to go and see what had become of Pericles, but found the shop still closed, and was told that the master had not made his appearance. This was extraordinary, and I determined, in order to clear up the matter, to go and inquire after him at his house; but here I met with a new check, and consequently a new stimulus to my curiosity: no one knew where Pericles dwelt. Ever since his residence in Alexandria he had come to his shop early in the morning, and left it about sunset; but he had never asked any of his neighbours to come and smoke a pipe with him at his own house; and when some prying busybody had attempted to follow him, he had always no doubt been detected, for on such occasions Pericles had continued walking very rapidly at random until the darkness of night had enabled him to evade pursuit.

The incident was thus rapidly assuming quite a romantic character, especially as I could not separate the appearance of the pirate brig from the disappearance of my friend Pericles. There was no certain connection, it was true, between the two circumstances; for the mercer might have been afflicted with an illness coincident with the arrival of the strange vessel. But I had accidentally or instinctively, as the reader pleases, associated the two events; so that I undoubtingly looked

forward to the solution of both mysteries in the solution of one. The mind seems at times to be gifted with a kind of divination, by which it penetrates into the secrets that perpetually surround it, and suddenly, and without any manifest assistance from observation, enlarges the domain of its knowledge. These minor revelations, if I may so express myself, must, however, be greedily seized and appropriated when they first present themselves, for they are as evanescent as bright. If I had disregarded my intuitive perception, that Pericles's movements had been influenced by the manœuvres of the strange brig, and dismissed from my mind the crowd of ingenious and fanciful conjectures that consequently arose, I should have lost all the interest of the adventure, and never taken the trouble to seek for an explanation; but I was not in a reasoning mood, and delivered myself up with ardour to the solicitations of curiosity.

The third day began with the report that the government, roused from its indifference, had determined to send out an armed steamer to come to some kind of explanation with the stranger; and the imagination looked forward with considerable emotion to the spectacle of an engagement, performed for an entertainment in sight of the city. The curious, therefore, were soon accumulated on the house-tops and the ramparts, gazing, as from the boxes and galleries of a theatre, on the blue stage that stretched sparkling to the horizon. All the morning, however, one personage alone occupied the boards, now stealing along in the distance, now stalking forward almost to the footlights, as we may call the foaming line of white breakers that marks the entrance of the two harbours; then gliding majestically away towards the west, or coming up zig-zagging towards the east. I confess to having watched with breathless interest all these manœuvres, and ardently longed for their explanation. The moment seemed at length arrived, for a long volume of smoke arising from the Old Harbour announced, a little after noon, that the *Nile* was getting up its steam. The same observation appears, however, to have been made by the pirate; for just as it was hovering off the Marabut Island, in its usual undetermined and unsatisfactory manner, it suddenly put about, and displaying its full breadth of sail, began to glide swiftly away towards the west.

The moment was an interesting one, and the chase promised to be no easy task; for we had had good opportunities of observing the sailing qualities of the brig, and felt confident that with the good wind that was blowing upon her quarter, she would long keep ahead of the somewhat lazy steamer appointed to come up with her. Besides, she had not only a start of some ten miles, but had the advantage of the open sea; whilst the *Nile*, even when ready to start, was compelled to move at reduced speed until clear of the dangers of the pass. Accordingly, long before this operation was effected, the brig was rapidly fading away beneath the horizon.

Another circumstance contributed to favour the escape of the brig. Just as the *Nile* emerged from the pass, we observed two or three sail in the distance towards the west; and it was evident at once that one of these was mistaken for the object of our keen curiosity, which had in reality disappeared. The idlers, therefore, who, in spite of the ardour of the sun, lingered at their look-outs, felt that the catastrophe was at least averted, and began to disperse. As usual, I went to see if Pericles had made his reappearance; but the shop was still closed, and had manifestly not been opened since the first intelligence of the pirate brig. This was a day of disappointments. In the evening, the *Nile* returned, in company with two fruit-ships from Rhodes; and the worthy captain reported that the audacious stranger had made an ignominious retreat, and would probably not show his face again in those waters.

A rash prophecy! Next morning, at dawn of day, the brig was observed lying off the mouth of the New Harbour, almost within gunshot of the Castle of St

Pharos; but in order to keep up the dramatic interest, a new incident was added—that is to say, a small boat with a square sail shot off from the shore, and before it attracted any particular notice, was passing near the Diamond Rock, and making direct for the brig, which seemed to be waiting for it. The sentinels, and the few pedestrians who were enjoying the morning air on the ramparts, felt that this was the *dénouement* of the adventure, and watched the progress of the boat as interested but passive spectators. In about half an hour it was observed to glide under the side of the brig, which almost immediately afterwards displayed every stitch of canvas, and turning her back discourteously on the good city of Alexandria, went away with a steady determined air, that left no hope of her ever coming again to relieve the monotony of our existence. Accordingly, she never afterwards, to my knowledge, resumed her equivocal manœuvres. I must add, that when our eyes ceased to follow the brig, we perceived the little boat dancing about upon the waves, evidently without a guiding hand. A fisherman went out, and brought it to shore; but no trace was discovered of the purpose to which it had been applied.

All this was very unsatisfactory, and I became more and more anxious to find some trace of my friend Pericles. I returned every day to his shop, and at length had the satisfaction to see it open, with the master quietly engaged in retailing his merchandise. My first impulse was to examine his person more attentively than I had hitherto done, and I thought I perceived that his bold dashing Greek countenance was subdued, perhaps shadowed by a certain meditative-melancholy expression. I soon learned to represent him to my imagination as a kind of Lara on a small scale, in constant apprehension of the appearance of a minor Sir Goscelin. But instead of yielding to a feeling of aversion, I felt more and more the desire to penetrate the mystery of this man's existence. The enterprise at the outset seemed a difficult one. To my inquiries as to the cause of his prolonged absence, he answered in a somewhat peevish tone that he had been ill; and when I turned the conversation to the pirate brig, he listened with apparent indifference. My powers of observation being awakened, however, I became more and more convinced that there was an important secret to be discovered; and I determined to obtain it, if possible, by the usual method—that is, by acquiring the confidence of Pericles.

Success rewarded my efforts. One day that I was sitting alone with him in his shop he sighed several times, was taciturn and uneasy, and had all the air of a man desirous to deliver himself of a secret. I literally felt a thrill of curiosity shoot through my frame; and attentively studied both myself and him—him, in order to interpret his slightest phrase or gesture; myself, lest by an appearance of eagerness I should scare him, and check his confidence. Had my whole fortune depended on the hazard of a die, I could scarcely have felt more deeply interested. At length he spoke:—

'My friend,' said he, 'I have something to tell you; for I think you are a discreet young man, not prying or over-anxious about the secrets of others, and therefore likely to keep things that are confided to you.' This compliment, which, though generally applicable, was in part ill-timed at that moment, when I was absolutely kindling with curiosity, I acknowledged by a slight bow, and Pericles continued. 'I have, moreover, to ask your advice, and perhaps your assistance. The one you will perhaps not hesitate to give me; the other you can withhold if you please.' But we cannot talk freely in the shop, where we may be interrupted every moment. If you will honour me by taking your evening meal with me, pray return after sunset, and accompany me to my house, where my wife will make you eat some delicious cherries just imported from Syria.'

I accepted this invitation with a delight which most probably would have been noticed by the observant Pericles, had not a noisy customer entered the shop,

and drawn off his attention. During the afternoon I had ample leisure to reflect on the amount of prudence I had displayed in promising to accompany a man whom I supposed to be a pirate to his mysterious dwelling. However, curiosity had been my master-passion since the appearance of the brig, and no one was ever more exact to his appointment. The purple flag was still streaming from the minaret of Scheik Moshim's mosque when I joined Pericles, and found him engaged in closing his shutters.

This operation performed, we took a by-street or lane, and proceeded rapidly until we had passed the Moggtebbyn Bazaar, when a few turnings brought us to a dark alley much encumbered with rubbish. Having groped along this, my friend Pericles stopped before the door of a large gloomy house, and knocked three times at regular intervals. The shrill, unmistakable voice of a black female slave was then heard inside, announcing the circumstance as a happy event, and presently the door opened, and we were admitted by a narrow corridor into a small court. There were as yet no lights, but I could just distinguish a person glide rapidly along the gallery above, and almost immediately afterwards a woman met Pericles, and putting one hand on each of his shoulders, looked at him with a gesture of inexpressible affection. A few words of musical Romaic were exchanged, upon which the woman turned to me, and pointing to the stairs, saluted me with the Arab compliment, 'Tafuddal ya khawagahi!' which is equivalent to, 'Do me the honour to enter, oh sir!' A slave now brought a light, and we were soon seated on the divan in the great room above.

The wife of Pericles, I now perceived, was a handsome young woman of above twenty-two, somewhat careworn, but with an expression of great sweetness and gentleness. She was dressed in the marvellously-elegant costume of her nation, and had evidently exhausted all the resources of domestic coquetry, not to please strangers, but her husband. Her hair, more than half as long as herself, fell mingled with strings of gold coins from beneath a fine tarboosh gaudily placed on the side, 'or hyacinthian flow over her shoulders;' her vest of red satin fitted tightly to her shape beneath the richly-embroidered jacket; the shawl worn artistically folded round her loins; the trousers were of flowered muslin; and the little naked feet shuffled about in slippers embroidered with gold. Various rich ornaments attested the wealth or generosity of her husband. In manners she was at once awkward and easy—awkward when compelled to attend directly to me as a stranger, but in all her other movements easy as a lady of high degree.

A fine boy of five years' old, after having kissed his father's hand, and put it to his forehead, had returned to his occupation of carving frogs out of a piece of melon-rind. In order to allow the parents leisure to converse unrestrained, I assiduously smoked the pipe that was at once put into my hand, and began to chat with this urchin. We were soon in an animated dispute on the pronunciation of the word *Batrokos*, which, according to the modern heresy, is *Vatrakos*; and the little man told me plainly that I had no aptitude for learning the Hellenic.

When supper was ready, we all sat down at the same table, and ate an excellent meal, among the ingredients of which I remember a dish of rice and meat, well braised and spiced, and wrapped in some linen, and also some delicious wine from Mount Ida, slightly flavoured with Fenugreek. The Syrian cherries were not forgotten at the dessert; and Zoë, my fair hostess, amused herself by placing a couple, the stems of which were not discovered, spectacle-wise, across the nose of a little babe that was brought in in a cradle, and gnawed its little fists most industriously the whole of supper-time.

Whilst noticing all these traits of domestic life, I was more eagerly than ever looking forward to the expected confidence. Pericles had acquired a new interest in my eyes. When I saw him, indeed, surrounded by his

family, exchanging gentle words with his wife, and rough caresses with his boy, speaking to his slaves in a tone of cheerful commandment, not like one accustomed to struggle with the hoarse voice of the sea, and casting ever and anon most genuine paternal glances towards the cradle, I began to feel a kind of toleration for the trade that permitted the development of so many sterling sentiments, and quite disposed to listen to any apologies that the pirate might be disposed to make for himself. When the cherries, therefore, were finished, fresh pipes furnished, and coffee served up by the fair hands of Zoë herself, previous to her retirement with the children, my visage must have worn an expression of extreme benevolence and sympathy, for the worthy Pericles seized me by the hand, and at once related to me his whole history.

The main incidents, which would form quite a romance if I could preserve all the vivid descriptions and graphic details of the narrator, were as follow:—Pericles, whilst leading a precarious life in Smyrna, received one day a letter from an uncle established in Alexandria, inviting him to come as an assistant, he being from old age no longer able to attend to all the duties of his business. The offer was not to be declined, and my friend immediately took passage on board a vessel bound for Egypt. Contrary winds compelled it to seek for refuge under the lee of a small island in the Archipelago, where it was suddenly boarded by a number of boats, which ransacked it, and took the crew and passengers on shore. The story of Haidee and Juan was repeated in some of its circumstances, and Zoë, in the absence of the pirate Bartolomew, her father, became enamoured of the captive Pericles. Love gave her ingenuity and courage, and she contrived and effected the escape of all the prisoners in their own vessel. They returned to Smyrna; and Zoë, who of course accompanied them, became the wife of Pericles, and shortly afterwards they both succeeded in reaching Alexandria in safety. The uncle received them well, and when he died, left the shop and his stock in trade to his nephew. For several years the couple lived happily together, and increased in wealth and prosperity; but their tranquillity was at length disturbed, about six months before the time of which I write by an unexpected event.

Pericles was one day sitting in his shop when a man in the costume of a sailor entered, and walking up to him, addressed him in a stern voice by his name. My friend replied by asking him what he wanted.

'What I want!' exclaimed the stranger; 'I want my daughter.'

The pirate Bartolomew, after a vigilant search, had at length succeeded—no one ever knew how—in discovering who had deprived him of his Zoë, and thus introduced himself to his alarmed son-in-law. An angry altercation ensued—Bartolomew insisting on seeing his daughter, and Pericles, fearing some sinister design, obstinately refusing. At length they parted; and for some days Pericles heard no more of him. He remained, however, anxious and alarmed, and never returned to his house without taking extraordinary precaution to avoid being watched and followed. He said nothing to his wife, in order not needlessly to disquiet her; but not being able to conceal his uneasiness, attributed it to some disappointments in business.

Nearly a week afterwards Bartolomew returned, and again asked to see his daughter; but the gloomy expression of his countenance strengthened Pericles in his determination not to consent; and he threatened the pirate that, unless he retired, and left him in tranquillity, he would denounce him. Piercing words upon this were exchanged, and they came to blows. But Pericles was a man of powerful frame, and with as little violence as possible he thrust his father-in-law into the street. Blinded by passion, the pirate put a whistle to his lips, and presently five or six men, dressed as sailors, rushed into the shop, made a ferocious attack on Pericles, stretched him senseless on the ground, and began demolishing

everything. An immense crowd collected, but no one offered to interfere until the guard arrived. Even then all the offenders managed to effect their escape in the confusion except Bartolomew, who was knocked down with the butt-end of a musket, and secured. He was condemned to the galleys for two years.

'You will conceive,' continued Pericles, 'that for the sake of my wife I would rather that this had not been the case; but there was no remedy, and I hoped that when the time had expired, Bartolomew would think it prudent to retire from a country where his violence had subjected him to such a punishment. I could not keep the secret from my wife, and was not surprised to find that she regretted bitterly her father's imprisonment, and began to devise at once means of seeing him and of lightening his position. He was quite mollified by this circumstance, gave her his pardon, and promised, when once he obtained his liberty, never more to molest her or me. One day she returned to the house in a state of great excitement, and said that on her way from the Arsenal she had been accosted by a man whom she at once recognised as her father's lieutenant. He told her that he was there in order to attempt Bartolomew's escape; that he had discovered she possessed free access to the prisoners; and that he expected her to give her assistance. She unhesitatingly complied, and begged me not to blame or interfere with her. What could I do? I was certainly risking my ruin, but it was impossible to prevent a daughter from contriving her father's liberty. She began, therefore, by carrying messages, and on the morning of the appearance of the brig—of which you have so often spoken to me—she managed to place a file, unperceived, in her father's hand. With this he delivered himself, in the space of three days, of his irons; and on the morning of the fourth climbed over the walls of the Arsenal, was received by me and his lieutenant, was conducted to the new port, where I had secretly prepared a boat, and was dismissed, as you know, in safety. I should now live tranquil but for two circumstances. At parting, Bartolomew took my hand, and pressing it, said, "You are a brave, intelligent fellow, and I am glad to have you for my son-in-law. This is not the last time I shall require your assistance. I shall shortly have a proposition to make to you." From this I infer that, in spite of a solemn promise made to Zoë before he regained his liberty, he intends to drag me, if possible, into a complicity in some of his piratical undertakings. I expect every day to behold him enter my shop in some disguise; and whatever he may do, I cannot now denounce him, for I assisted in his escape. This is one cause of my anxiety. The other is, that a fisherman met me the other day and cried, "It was this man who bought of me the boat in which the pirate escaped!" So I find it necessary immediately to leave this country. Do you not think it would be prudent? If you do, what I ask of you is this—to become the nominal purchaser of my property, which I will make over to you in secret, and depart before any one is aware of my intentions. I will tell you where I intend to go; and you can send me the amount of what I possess when you have disposed of it to a third party. I turn everything to you with implicit confidence. You know the Arabs say *kilmet inkleey*, "the word of an Englishman"—meaning inviolable probity. What do you say?'

It was with regret that I agreed in the prudence of an immediate departure, and with joy that I accepted this opportunity of being of service to my friend Pericles. Zoë, when she returned into the apartment, thanked me warmly, and gave me a handsome tobacco-pouch, embroidered by herself, as a token of gratitude. The secret sale was effected next day, and the next this delightful family departed for —; but I have promised to conceal the place of their retreat, and must not mention it here, although there is little probability that the pirate Bartolomew will ever peruse these pages. In due time I fulfilled the duties I had undertaken, and it is not long since I received a letter from my friend Pericles, in which he hoped I shall not forget to visit

him if ever in the course of my travels I happen to pass through— The secret will escape, if I do not close this narrative at once.

THE WAYS OF THE SQUIRREL.

BY RUSTICUS.

I NEVER see a squirrel working his wire tread-mill in everlasting but futile efforts to escape, but I feel my choler rise against the poor little captive's heartless and witless owner. Abominating all kinds of restraint myself, I make it an absolute law never to enthrall a living being. True that some animals, as well as men, bear a prison better than others: a dormouse, for instance, will roll himself in a ball, curl his tail over his neck, and doze away his days in stolid resignation, if not absolute comfort; liberty is lost, but the loss is so small he hardly feels it. If at large, enjoying freedom to the utmost, he would dive into some cozy dormitory of his own making, roll himself in a ball, curl his tail over his neck, and doze just after the same fashion. Again, a tortoise is soon stupidly at home in his prison: he is too phlegmatic to care about the matter; give him sunshine and leaves, and keep him out of the rain, and he submits to his fate with a very good grace; but this is nature: he had nothing more than leaves, and sunshine, and shelter from the wet, when he was at large, and he wanted nothing more. How different with the squirrel! There are no bounds to the largeness of his liberty, no limits to its enjoyment. Heartless, I say, heartless and witless is the man who can take pleasure in the possession of such a captive.

I have spent hours in watching the squirrel in his native woods, and that is the way to study nature. How much more knowledge do we gain from the actions of the living than from the measurements of the dead! Your professed naturalist dotes on the skin and the bone; I love the living being. Skin and bone are the husk, life the kernel. Then, again, skin and bone cannot be got at without killing. I have tried both—the killing and the observing. I look back on the killing without a ray of satisfaction, whilst the observing has added some of the most cherished treasures in memory's storehouse. When I want a lesson in natural history, when I want to pry into the private life of beast, bird, fish, or insect, I lie in wait to watch their proceedings. My garments are coloured after nature—green, gray, or brown—and I stand, sit, or lie perfectly still. It is a good plan to sprawl at full length on the ground, raising the head only, and resting the chin on the hands. In this position I have watched birds building their nests and feeding their young within three yards of my face. It is marvellous how soon animals are reconciled to the presence of a motionless object. In this position I have often watched the squirrels at Busbridge, Cobham, and Esher. These very amusing creatures seem to have a good deal of pleasure as well as business on hand. When on the ground—as on the lawn before the house at Busbridge—they will often frisk and play like lambs, and seem to take special pleasure in teasing the birds. It constantly happens that a thrush or blackbird will emerge from beneath some evergreen, and hop into the open space, attracted perhaps by a worm he sees on the closely-shaven turf. As certainly as he does so, a squirrel dashes at him, and compels him to return faster than he came, uttering, if a blackbird, that sharp, half angry, half frightened series of notes so distinctive of his kind, and often ending in a whistle as he gains the shelter of a neighbouring laurel. In fir woods, too, I have noticed the manœuvres of the squirrel on the ground: there the turf, anything but lawn-like, often abounds with long bents, last year's flower-stalks, and also with loose fragments of dead grass which are blown about by the wind. The history of these wandering fragments is on this wise: a moth lays its egg on the upright flower-stalk of the grass; the grub proceeding from this egg crawls down the stalk, and feeds on the root and crown of the plant, just at the surface of the ground. Rooks have a great relish for this grub as soon as he is large enough and fat enough for a mouthful; and these cunning birds know well enough where to find him by the

sickly colour of the plant he is killing; so they pluck up the plant, and send it adrift, and then devour the grubs. Well, to return to the squirrel—I have seen him collecting both the bents and these dried wandering fragments; the bents he nibbles off close to the ground, but the dried fragments want nothing but picking up. When he has collected as much as he can comfortably carry, he mounts one of the pines, and takes it to the nest he is building right up at top. Now the squirrel seldom lays the foundation of its nest, or drey, as we call it, but generally possesses himself of a last year's bird's-nest, giving the preference to that of a magpie, probably on account of the garniture of thorn with which that bird is often pleased to protect her progeny. There is great animosity between the squirrel and the magpie, and this appropriation of the magpie's nest by the squirrel may perhaps have something to do with it. So many of my neighbours talk of squirrels building their dreys, that I presume this appropriation of an old bird's-nest is not invariable; but I can speak positively to this fact in the instances I have examined. The nest is not always a magpie's; a cushat's or a crow's will occasionally answer his purpose. Still, there is generally a good deal of new material; sticks for the out-works, dried grass, dried moss for the interior, and the bottom is lined with fur combed from the belly of the female—a habit common to many rodent animals, and perfectly well known to every schoolboy who rejoices in the possession of tame rabbits. The general figure of the drey is oval, after the fashion of a long-pod's nest, but without the symmetry of that beautiful structure; the domed top and cup-shaped bottom are tolerably compact, but all round the middle the fabric seems loosely put together, and the squirrels pass in and out at various parts, and in rough weather they always close the hole behind them.

Our country people thoroughly believe that squirrels are paired for life; but this is a point very difficult to settle. Such a faith is rather shaken in my own individual instance by the exciting love-chase I have so often witnessed in the spring. I have known this chase continue for hours, and very beautiful it is. The lover will pursue the object of his choice to the very summit of the highest larch: the female ascends the trunk spirally, coyly keeping out of sight of her swain: then she will descend, leaping from bough to bough, till at last she runs along a slender, drooping branch to the end, and boldly throws herself off, spreading out legs and tail to the utmost—the branch, which had yielded slightly beneath her feet, instantly recovering its position as she falls like a floating leaf—and alights unscathed and unscared some twenty feet below amid the leafy spray of a neighbouring tree. Away she scampers, as if for life; gains the trunk, and climbs it as before. Her lover follows with untiring energy, takes the same leaps, and makes the same ascents. Sometimes the fugitive pauses, hidden mayhap by the huge trunk, or amid the tender green leaves of some patriarchal beech. Her lover pauses, too, in an attitude of profound attention, listening and watching to catch the slightest rustle or movement. Again she moves, again his bright eye detects her, again the chase goes on. All this seems a little out of joint with the prosy man-and-wife kind of life these little creatures have the credit of leading; but I leave the matter entirely in the hands of the learned.

Of course it is next to impossible to peep into a drey when the little baby squirrels first come to town; but I once had the extraordinary good fortune to get hold of three young squirrels on the very day they were born. The mother was caught and caged only a week before, and the little ones might be said to have been born on the tread-wheel. They were mere squabs, and their tails so short, that no one could suppose them destined to become such ornamental bushes as they certainly are when the wearer has arrived at years of discretion. I tried to rear these little creatures, but did not succeed. The mother neglected them from the first, and had she been left alone, would soon have killed them by the perpetual rotation of her wiry prison. I took them away from her, made a flannel nest for them, and fed them with warm

milk by means of a quill, the small end of which was covered with wash leather. They lived but one day. I knew an instance in which a squirrel was actually brought up in this way by hand, and became as familiar as a cat, never making any attempt to escape or to avoid the company of persons whom it knew.

The squirrel's dietary consists of fir-cones, nuts, acorns, beechmast, peas, beans, haws, and the bark and young shoots of trees in spring and early summer. Fir-cones are a standing dish, and where squirrels abound you will scarcely find a cone that does not show the marks of their teeth. I believe the seeds alone are eaten, except in cases of extreme hunger. I have seen the little fellows at work on the cones both on the trees and on the ground, and have positively ascertained that the scales are commonly rejected. The squirrel will often cause the cone to fall by nibbling it while still hanging on the bough, but he prefers pulling it quite off, and will sit erect on his haunches, holding the cone in his fore-feet, which he uses as adroitly as hands. Comfortably settled in this posture, he will gnaw away at the base of the cone, allowing the scales to fall from his mouth, and munching a seed, when he can get at one, with much satisfaction. In watching such an operation a spy-glass is of great use. All the other seeds they not only devour in season, but hoard up in vast stores in the hollow trunks of decaying trees. And what is very remarkable, these stores are not the work of an individual or a family, but when a tree is found with a convenient cavity, more than one pair or one family of squirrels will use it as a storehouse.

The bud and bark-feeding, it must be acknowledged, is very mischievous, and the injury done is very great, especially in young plantations where squirrels are abundant; and here I cannot help adverting to my favourite crotchet—that nature, left to herself, provides her own remedy. The forests in which squirrels most abound are inhabited also by martens and sables, both of them pretty animals. The marten is especially like a squirrel—the same colour, and with a bushy tail: like the squirrel, it lives in trees, runs along their boughs, and hides in their hollow stems. Its favourite food is the squirrel, and it follows him in all his wanderings, hunts him even into his drey, and, however skilfully he may hide the entrance, it will find a way in, and worry him and his little ones. But man steps in, and, by every device within his reach, traps and slays both marten and sable—in some countries certainly for their fur, but in England, where the marten only is known, because it is vermin. Hawks also are natural enemies of the squirrel, and would hold him completely in check were they not exterminated whenever it is possible. On some estates in our neighbourhood, the keepers class the squirrels themselves among the vermin; declare they suck eggs, kill young pheasants, and do a world of like misdeeds; and so the poor squirrels share the same fate as stoats and weasels, windhovers and owls, and as their own mortal, but now rare enemies—the martens: all are vermin.

Having recorded the only fault that is justly chargeable to the squirrel, I must, by way of balancing the account, place to his credit an old saying, in which, however, I confess I have but slender faith. The wise saw in question informs us that our oak forests owe their existence to the squirrel. It is supposed by those who advocate this pleasant hypothesis, that at the fall of the leaf Mr Skug finds a great many more acorns than suffice for present eating; so, whenever he has filled his belly to perfect satisfaction, he buries all the acorns that he finds, one at a time, in little holes in the earth, which he digs for this especial purpose: he scampers off, straightway forgetting where he had earthed his treasure, which of course takes root, and in due time becomes a tree. I will just state the objections to this as they occur to me. In the *first* place, we do positively find the hoards of the squirrel placed high and dry in the very best places for such hoards—the hollows of trees; therefore we have no reason for any hypothesis as to the whereabouts of a squirrel's granary. In the *second* place, the same instinct which leads any animal where to hide teaches it where to find. In the *third* place, squirrels are never caught in

the act of scratching the earth, although they are often seen turning up leaves in search of acorns that have dropped from the trees. With these hints I leave the matter, being perfectly willing so pretty an animal should have the credit of doing good.

A few words on the old pastime of squirrel hunting: about the time of the Easter holidays, when there are no leaves on the trees, a party of men and boys will sally forth on a squirrel hunt. They arm themselves with short sticks, loaded with lead at one end; and with no other assistance than these sticks, or bolts, as they call them, a rabble of mongrel curs, a cow's-horn, and their own voices, they will bring home from a dozen to a score of squirrels. When at school in Gloucestershire, I was an eye-witness to one of these hunts, but do not wish ever to witness another. The squirrel was first viewed on the ground; he scampered to a gigantic beech, and sprang up the bole; at the height of three yards he paused a moment, holding on by the smooth bark of the beech with as much ease as if it had been the most rugged maple; his head was turned aside, and his full bright eye took cognisance of his enemies; he held something in his mouth—I think a beechmast. The wind slightly moved his now pendent tail, otherwise he was motionless, terrified doubtless by the wild whoops, shrill whistles, and dismal horn-blasts that announced the discovery of the first victim of a long Easter Monday's sport. A dozen of the squirrel bolts whistled through the air; but he was off and away—up, up he mounted, now lost, now seen. At last he halted again, in a fork of the huge boughs, far, far up. Here he was safe, although more than one eye had detected his whereabouts: the bolts flew in vain, the horn sounded in vain, whistling and whooping produced no effect. A council was held, and one of the hunters agreed to climb the tree—a task of some difficulty as well as danger. This device succeeded. The squirrel was again started; away he went from bough to bough, from tree to tree, the motley herd following in his wake with shouts, and jest, and whoop. At last a bolt, by chance or skill, struck him in full career, and the poor beast, but lately so full of life, fell to the ground. It might fairly be supposed that sport of this kind would move the wrath of the keepers, on account of disturbing the game; but it is quite the reverse. That valuable section of society looks on all killing of vermin as praiseworthy, and therefore assists rather than discourages the assembling of our ragamuffins for this cruel sport. I have called this an 'old pastime'; and correctly so, for this branch of the 'noble art of venery' is of very ancient date. The following extract from 'Gesner's Historie of Four-footed Beasts,' edited by Edward Topsell, and published in London in 1607, is quite to the point, the only difference being that the crossbows are now discontinued:—

'For when they are hunted, men must goe to it with multitude, for many men cannot take one with bowes and bolts, with dogges, and except they start and rouse them in little and smal slender woods, such as a man may shake with his hands, they are seldome taken. Bowes are requisite to remove them when they rest in the twistes of trees, for they will not be much terrified with al the hollowing, except now and then they bee struck by one meanes or other. Wel do they know what harbour a high oake is vnto them, and how secure they can lodge therein from men and dogges; therefore seeing it were too troublesome to climbe euerie tree, they must supply that businesse or labor with bowes and bolts, that when the squirrel resteth, presently shee may feelee the blow of a cunning archer: he neede not feare doing her much harme except he hit her on the head, for by reason of a strong backe-bone and fleshy parts, she will abide as great a stroake as a dogge; yea, I have seene one removed from a bough with a shot to the ground. If they be driven to the ground from the trees to creepe into hedges, it is a token of their wearinesse; for such is the stately mind of this little beast, that while her limbes and strength lasteth, shee tarieth and saueeth herself in the toppes of tal trees, then being dis-cended, shee falleth into the mouth of euerie curie, and this is the vse of dogges in their hunting. They sleep a great part of the winter, like the Alpine mouse, and very

soundely, for I have seene when no noise of hunters could awake them with al their cries, beating their nests on the outside, and shooting bolts and arrowes thorough it, vntil it were pulled assunder, wherein many times they are found killed before they be awaked.'

The concluding paragraph records a faith in the torpidity of the squirrel which, from the time of Aristotle, has never been disturbed. It is therefore both of venerable antiquity and of universal acceptance. Now I am sorely perplexed whether to give you an account of this torpidity on the authority of authors, or to skip it altogether, or to attack it tooth and nail. I will take a middle course, and recite under the fashion of queries a few doubts that have occurred to me. We commonly see squirrels every month in the year—on the shortest day equally with the longest; when, therefore, does torpidity begin, and when does it end? Again, the hoarding of provender; that fact is potent: what is the object?—is it devoured during torpidity? Are not these hoards rather an evidence that during the winter the squirrels are not only awake, but hungry? Again, squirrels migrate in this island; we see it in a small degree, and rather as an exception than a rule; but on the continents of Europe and America it is the rule. Vast multitudes move southwards at the approach of winter, northwards at the approach of summer: this is perfectly notorious: why should not squirrels become torpid in New York and Massachusetts?—why should they enter Florida before assuming torpidity?—why should the squirrels of Russia pass the Balken before they doze? I believe a squirrel may sleep more soundly on a cold frosty night than a house-dog stretched before a comfortable fire, but I have yet to learn the exact point where sleep ends and torpidity begins. If torpidity means a sleep enduring for weeks, or even days, I still doubt whether there is positive evidence of it among our squirrels.

There is another point in the squirrel's history which rests on no lighter authority than that of the grave Olaus Magnus, and with Topsell's version of which you must be satisfied, as I have not the original at hand. Having already been so rash as to question the sleeping powers of the squirrel, I will not commit to paper my scepticism as to his knowledge of navigation, but give the passage in all its beautiful simplicity, as a note conclusory to my little essay on the Ways of the Squirrel:—

'The admirable witte of this beast appeareth in her swimming or passing ouer the waters; for when hunger, or some conuenient prey of meat constraineth her to passe ouer a riuer, shee seeketh out some rinde or smal barke of a tree which she setteth vpon the water, and then goeth into it, and holdeth vpe her taile like a saile, letteth the winde drine her to the other side.'

CIVILISATION IN THE PACIFIC.*

Few phenomena in the history of civilisation are more remarkable than the retrograde movement in power and influence of those societies which our early navigators found established in the Pacific. By the state of things which presented itself, the imagination was thrown back to the infancy of the world. In every island you discovered chiefs of large resources and authority; a vigorous, numerous, and thriving population; and a system of ideas which in its development seemed calculated to lead to extraordinary results. Their intercourse and traffic were very considerable; their canoes and prahus performed long voyages; they were accustomed to the ocean; and though incapable of always struggling with it successfully when vexed by storms, they would appear, upon the whole, to have been fortunate in their enterprises, and to have multiplied steadily their experience and their wealth.

As soon, however, as our civilisation was brought in contact with theirs, the latter began to dwindle away. Left to itself, it might, through innumerable vicissitudes,

* Four Years in the Pacific in H. M. S. Collingwood, from 1844 to 1848. By Lieut. the Hon. Fred. Walpole, Royal Navy. 2 vols. Bentley, 1849.

have become at length flourishing, availed itself of those inexhaustible resources which nature in those fortunate climates supplies, and overcoming one by one the obstacles thrown in its way by barbarism and ignorance, have proved in most respects equal to our own. At least there is nothing unphilosophical in this view of the subject. But when societies in an advanced stage of refinement are precipitated by circumstances upon infant communities, they almost invariably overlay and stifle them. We behold everywhere in those young societies symptoms of premature decay. The chiefs have become powerless; the people indolent and unwarlike, or rather, we should perhaps say, wanting in that devotion to the public welfare which induces men to hazard everything for their country. With our dogmas and some tincture of our manners, they have not acquired our industry or our energy. On the contrary, listlessness has in too many cases taken the place of vigorous application; because a mischievous contentment has superseded that wholesome craving after the possession of novelties, which may be regarded as the greatest of all incentives to civilisation.

Much the same appearances present themselves on the great continent which bounds the Pacific towards the east; for there the social and political systems of the Incas have been utterly extirpated, to make room for others which have not yet been able completely to take root. We consequently everywhere behold new social practices and manners timidly growing, and diffusing their feeble growth slowly amid the ruins of a former civilisation. All that is new is fitful, fluctuating, indicative of a highly-imperfect faith in the destinies of humanity. A practical Epicureanism pervades the entire mass of society. Eager for present enjoyment, intent on economising the passing hour, softened and rendered effeminate by the climate, and betrayed into a fatal security by the absence of any great apprehensions on their immediate frontiers, men live perpetually from hand to mouth, without assiduously cultivating the arts either of peace or war; without devoting their leisure to literature or science; in one word, without experiencing any desire to distinguish themselves by the pursuits of an honourable ambition.

To foretell how and when this state of things is to merge into another, and, we may hope, a better, we confess to be beyond our power. But we may in general terms observe, that whenever the necessity for self-defence shall become urgent, and when the increasing population shall demand a rigid application of the laws of civil society, the states of South America will be compelled to make a forward movement. At present, the native exertion appears to be wanting—

‘To be content’s their natural desire.’

And pride, the invariable accompaniment of ignorance and sloth, induces them to look with something like aversion on the casual representatives of superior races found among them, whose habitual sobriety and industry might otherwise act upon them with the beneficial force of example.

Of the truths we have been just stating, numerous illustrations will be found in the narrative of Lieutenant Walpole’s voyage, which, though deformed by incessant attempts at wit and smartness, contains much useful information. The author devotes much space to a tracing of the progress of decline under the Spanish rule, and the troubles which have since repressed the genius of the country. He gives many curious traits of the republic of Chili. Its arts and industry he describes as almost extinguished, and its trade of the rudest kind. The commerce carried on in the interior of the country is thus described:—‘At the fall of the year the Buenos Ayres merchants flock into the town with immense trains of mules; these are of a smaller breed than the mules of Chili, but provided at Buenos Ayres at a much lower rate than they could be here. The merchants purchase their goods, and return by the

mountain passes, some extending their trade even to Buenos Ayres itself, but generally spreading about among the vast regions between the Andes and the coast of the Atlantic. They pay a small export duty on leaving the Chilian frontier, and give a receipt on entering the Argentine Republic, on which a certain duty may be charged when the exigencies of the government require it. Sometimes they wait, holding back for the market to fall, and are thus so late on their return, that the storms of winter overtake them in the passes of the Andes. When this occurs, they bury their merchandise in the snow; and leaving their beasts to escape how they can (for to wait the tardy operation of driving such numbers of animals, proverbial for obstinacy, would be death), they press on; and returning with the first break-up of the frost, find their goods undamaged, and bear them away to their destination. Some of the merchants whose acquaintance I made in April, not having quite completed their bargains, spoke confidently as expecting such a disaster. They said the gain was worth the risk, and that the expense of keeping the mules through the winter months would be greater than the total loss of them. They travel across the Pampas in large numbers or in small parties—the former to overawe, the latter to escape the notice of, the Pampas Indians, the most cruel and unsparring of savages.’

Of course the ideas of the people are at the same level with their condition. No conception have they of the science of politics, of the art of ruling men so as to promote their happiness, of the engendering and diffusion of wholesome opinions, of the elevation of the masses, or indeed of the enlightening of those by whose efforts and example the masses can alone be elevated. Whatever influence is possessed by the church, is exerted to preserve the slight and doubtful foundations of her dominions. All fervour and enthusiasm are fled. A few pageants, a few gorgeous ceremonies, keep alive the melancholy reminiscences of former days. Trivial superstitions, sometimes amalgamated with those of the Indians, sometimes fabricated with the materials supplied by Catholicism, fill the minds of the rural inhabitants, while the populations of the city verge towards a rude materialism. In the country, among rich and poor, all the truths current are inculcated by legends and traditions. We subjoin a specimen related by a guide, who of course religiously believed every syllable of it:—‘In former times,’ he said, ‘three men were traversing the mountains; and evening coming on, they lighted a fire, and sat round it. It was a nasty, dark night. “Well,” said one of the men, “I don’t care for the leones” (puma)—the Chilians always call them by the name of the nobler beast, though they are infinitely inferior in size, courage, and strength, being only about the size of a large mastiff, and of much the same colour, standing perhaps somewhat lower on the legs—“I don’t care for the leones for I have a sword.” “Nor I,” said the second “for I have a lance.” “Nor I,” said the third “for I have my good faith.” Now a lion was listening all this time. “Ah,” says he to himself as the first spoke, “I don’t fear your sword. If I spring quickly, it will be of no use to you. Nor your lance” (as the second spoke): “I am active, and can avoid it: so, as I am hungry, here goes;” and he crept forward. But when the third spoke, he paused. “The sword and lance I know, and do not fear; but this good faith, what is it? It may kill or wound me. I will wait and see it.” So he trotted off, resolved to discover what this weapon was. Presently he met an old woman. “Good,” said he; “here is my chance: first I will find out from her, and then I’ll eat her. She will be tough perhaps, but my teeth are good, and my appetite very keen.” So he accosted her, saying, “Good mother, last night I sat listening to three men. One said he had a lance to defend himself with, another a sword, but the third said he had his good faith. Tell me, manita, what is this good faith?” She with great presence of mind said, “My poor dear, you ran a great risk indeed.

It is a new weapon just introduced, of so fatal a sort that only to wish ill to one who has it occasions a lingering death. Here, take this, my child"—offering a loaf—"and thank your stars you did not attack him or intend evil to me." The lion, never thinking that a poor old woman would gull him, ate his loaf, and scampered back to his family. From that day to this the lion has never preyed on human beings; he fears the good faith. Such, señor, are the miracles the blessed Virgin performs for us her humble servants who dwell in the wilds.'

Throughout South America, as well as in every other country where a heterogeneous population has been promiscuously huddled together from the four winds, the love of gambling is among the most prominent vices. Wandering creates an appetite for excitement. He who has been long accustomed to see new things every day, soon becomes satiated with novelty itself, and requires something still more exciting than the prospect of new lands and seas to gratify his craving appetite. He naturally, therefore, resorts to gambling, the last resource of minds naturally unintellectual, or exhausted by the indulgence of the passions. Extreme excitement, long continued, dulls the moral sense, and obliterates all the fine distinctions between good and evil. This indeed is the case with all absorbing passions, which hurry us on towards an object much too impetuously to allow us to reflect by the way. Mr Walpole fell in with an individual of this description at Callao. Visiting an ancient and neglected estate of the viceroy, where there was a chapel and a burial-ground, he observed a man enter, and proceed into the cemetery. It was a Frenchman, well known at Callao as a gambler, who led others into play, and consequent ruin, whose transactions were equivocal, whose conduct was loose, and whose conversation was not a little atheistical. Anxious to know the object that could have attracted such a character to this place, sacred to religion and the dead, Lieutenant Walpole followed him at a distance. He passed into the cemetery, proceeded to a little grave evidently much cared for; and kneeling down by the small headstone, first took some flowers from his bosom to scatter over it, and then bent himself in prayer. Our author left him so engaged, and the incident appears to have impressed itself strongly on his mind. This was perhaps the last link between that man and the deeper and truer feelings of our nature. In all other places and situations he was a gambler, and behaved as such, but here he seemed once more to give way to the charities of the heart.

We now transport ourselves at once to California, omitting all notice of the author's intermediate visits to various islands of the Pacific. Too much has already been written of this golden region for us to think of enlarging upon it here; but our readers will not perhaps be displeased to be introduced to a specimen of that rough militia with which the United States undertake to keep in order their outlying territories. While at Monterey, Mr Walpole came in contact with this strange legion:—"During our stay, Captain Fremont and his party arrived, preceded by another troop of American horse. It was a party of seamen mounted, who were used to scour the country to keep off marauders. Their efficiency as sailors, they being nearly all English, we must not question; as cavalry, they would probably have been singularly destructive to each other. Their leader, however, was a fine fellow, and one of the best rifle-shots in the States. Fremont's party naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living on their own resources. They were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence, in long file, emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead—a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt-hat. After him came fierce Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with

him through all his wanderings. They had charge of two baggage-horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers, picked up lately. His original men are principally backwoodsmen from the state of Tennessee and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He has one or two with him who enjoy high reputations in the prairies. Kit Carsons is as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long loose coat of deerskin tied with thongs in front, trousers of the same, of their own manufacture; which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry. The saddles were of various fashions; though these, and a large drove of horses and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up about California. The rest of the gang were a rough set; and perhaps their private, public, and moral characters had better not be too closely examined. They are allowed no liquor—tea and sugar only. This no doubt has much to do with their good conduct; and the discipline is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters in messes of six or seven in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man—a doctor, six feet six high—was an odd-looking fellow. May I never come under his hands!'

Of the various islands of the Pacific visited by the Collingwood, we have little room to speak. But wherever we land, whether in the Society, or Navigators', or the Sandwich Islands, the same proofs of rapid degeneracy meet us on all sides. At Tahiti the French are greatly accelerating the process which the missionaries, with all their kind and benevolent intentions, were not able to arrest. Proofs of native vigour of character are occasionally met with, but, as a rule, the population has become languid, unenterprising, and prone to effeminacy. Even the opinions imported from Europe, which have here been found to amalgamate so readily with industry, courage, vigour, and the spirit of independence, would there appear to have contributed to extinguish the little patriotism that was left. The same causes have produced the same effect among the inhabitants of the Navigators' Islands, once among the boldest and most enterprising of the whole Polynesian race. Again, in the Sandwich Islands, the intrepidity and scorn of death which once led to great actions, now only enable the natives to perform tricks which astonish civilised visitors; while astonishing visitors render themselves more degraded and corrupt. In itself, however, the display of fearlessness, made for the most part by young women, in plunging from the tops of precipices, and committing themselves to the waters of a cataract, cannot fail to excite our admiration:—"It needed not the feats done there to make the River of Destruction worth looking at. The river ran for some hundred yards or so in rapids over rocks and stones—the banks, crags, and precipice 200 feet high, whose rudeness was softened and refined by tendrils and creepers, that hung down to the foaming water, which ill-naturedly jerked them as it rushed by. A huge rock divided the stream, one half of which dashed petulantly on, and met a noisy fate down the fall; while the other, of a milder nature, ran along a channel of sand, and fell in one heavy stream a depth of about twenty-five feet, joining the rough waters below. A little turmoil succeeded the junction; then they flowed quietly on like brothers, arm in arm, till they fell again, and soon were lost in the salt waters of the ocean.

'The great delight of the natives is to go down this fall. They sit in the channel I have described; they utter a shout, a scream of joy, join the hands gracefully on the head, and, one after another, the girls descend, emerging like sea-nymphs from the eddies below. The figure, as it gleams for an instant in the body of the water, appears to those standing below quite

perfect; and the gay shout and laughing taunt to follow has led to the death of many; for there is some secret current that not only drowns, but carries away the body too. The feat was attempted by three of our men, but none, I think, did it twice.

The descent of the lower fall is a lesser feat, and the sensation of going down it headforemost delightful. Even that, however, is often fatal; and during our stay there a man was lost merely through making a false step from the bank. The surprising agility of the women especially baffles description. One will sit by your side on the high bank, and remain so till you throw a stone into the water with all your force, then down she jumps, straight as an arrow, her feet crossed one over the other, and emerges with a laugh, holding up the stone. On first attempting to rise to the surface after going down the fall, the water seems, from the force of the current, to be matted overhead; and it is only by striking out into the eddy that you can rise: this the girls manage to perfection. They kick out their feet both together, and replaiting their hair with their hands, they float about with a grace that is beautiful to see. There the water is clear and blue, but cold, frosty, half-thawed. As lazily one watched the stream, down dropped from the ledges overhead, and cut the bright water, what soon appeared a man or woman. These ledges are fifty or eighty feet high; yet none seemed to regard it as a feat; and a merry laugh told you it was to surprise the European.

It would be rash to conclude, from the indications of decay we have pointed out, that native society must speedily come to an end in the islands of the Pacific. Probably the European element may there at least mingle surely though slowly with the indigenous races, and lead to an intellectual and moral development of which we know of few examples elsewhere. In its present aspect no population in the world is more extraordinary. The Pacific seems to be the great point of confluence at which all the families of mankind amalgamate, for there we find Red Indians from North America, Yankees from the New England States, Spaniards and half-castes from every region south of Mexico, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, New Zealanders, Chinese, natives of Japan, Malays, Papuans, and Arabs. Sometimes you discover hints of singular adventures, notices of which remain on record; as, for example, where an anchor, and a skeleton with shoes on its feet, were met with on the summit of a mountainous isle: who deposited them there no one can tell. Mr Walpole apparently made no inquiries, though he states that the shoes were immediately applied to their proper use by one of the sailors. From the make of these, it might perhaps have been possible to ascertain the country of the deceased, towards which the construction of the anchor might likewise have assisted. But here the author's speculative spirit deserts him, and he does not so much as indulge in a suggestion.

In one of the islands he encountered a North American chief, who described himself as the last of his nation. Having fled, as he related, before the white men, he got on board some vessel bound for the Pacific, where he had wandered for many years, passing from island to island in the character of a minstrel, playing on a strange instrument, and relating tales of his fatherland. When old, he married a native woman, but as he had no children, his race would become extinct with him. Our readers will probably remember the story told by Ledyard of a sailor who escaped from Captain Cook's crew, allured to desertion by the beauty of a native girl; how he retired with her to the woods of the interior; and how he was pursued and captured in his retreat by the old navigator, who, though not without sympathy for the young man, was afraid, if he exhibited leniency in his case, that not a sailor would be left to navigate the ships. From that day to this, however, deserters have been numerous, so that in almost every island their families or descendants may be found. Thus is a force infused into the native character that

will probably enable it at some future day to take rank with civilised nations. Otherwise, as our dominions spread, it is evident, however melancholy may be the prospect, that they must become extinct, and leave their lands to be possessed by others.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

SCENE: A DRAWING-ROOM IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Mrs Lalor. I AM so sorry for you, my dear kind friend. Your pretty boy! The fine, gay, good-natured child that every one in the country takes delight in! Is he really going to leave you?

Mrs Wright. He is indeed, poor little fellow, and very shortly.

Mrs Lalor. Now what in the world makes Mr Wright that he can never be easy till he gets shut of all his children? Why, he never leaves one with you! First one, and then another, till there won't be e'er a son at all about the house to do a hand's turn for you.

Mrs Wright. That is just the loss of having only boys. My five dear sons must each in turn leave their happy home to enter on the battle of life, and I assure you I do feel the having to part with them very acutely.

Mrs Lalor. I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't give in to any such things. It's a cruelty, Mrs Wright. And if Mr Lalor were to propose to me to part any of the children, I'd stand out against it to the last.

Mrs Wright. But what should we do with them all at home?

Mrs Lalor. Do? What do you want to do with them, but to have them about you, and to see them, and to keep them with you, and to be all happy together?

Mrs Wright. We shall not live for ever, and we must prepare our children for a future without us: think of what is for their ultimate good, and not merely indulge our own selfish affection. When we are gone, what would become of a house full of young men, poor and idle as they would then be?

Mrs Lalor. Sure Mr Wright must leave them an independence?

Mrs Wright. He will not. Not what they would call an independence. He will leave them something—a help—but not a fortune.

Mrs Lalor. Now, begging both your pardons, my dear friend, there's the mistake you've made—rearing those boys above themselves, I may say. You'll excuse me, only as we're on the subject, I'll just say out what Mr Lalor and me often say to one another—that you made gentlemen of your sons.

Mrs Wright. I am sure I hope we did.

Mrs Lalor. You did. The best of schools, a private tutor to read them through college, jaunts in the summer-time, foreign travel, trips to Dublin to see sights, a fine library collected, and frequent company. You know, my dear Mrs Wright, when there was not fortunes apiece for them, and the money wasted this way, young men with such notions will have a hard card to play with the world.

Mrs Wright. I hope not: we believed we were preparing them for the world by thus introducing them to it—filling their minds with what will hereafter be useful to them, and raising their ideas as much as possible beyond mere animal gratifications. We thought it wiser to do this than to leave them larger fortunes.

Mrs Lalor. Now, Mr Lalor and me, we gave our children a good school-education certainly; but see how we lived—scarce ever a creature within our doors, no fine servants, no extravagance of any kind, no jaunting here and there, only just laying up for those children; and very comfortably circumstanced their father will leave them.

Mrs Wright. Doing what?

Mrs Lalor. Just all living in happiness together. Ours is a most attached family, Mrs Wright. They delight in one another, and have no desire in the world, any of them, to go a foot's length from their home.

Mrs Wright. That may be very well just now. But by and by how will it do? Sons' wives, and daughters' husbands—are they all to go on living under the one roof?

Mrs Lalor. Indeed we must expect the girls to marry some day; but in the neighbourhood I hope. They'll have enough, thank God, to entitle them to the best of matches. And the boys, after a time of course, must be doing something. We've good friends, and there's little places will be casting up among all those new commissions that the country is provided with, which might be had with Mr Lalor's interest and votes in three counties, and that would keep them near us, and be a comfortable settlement. That's what we're looking to. And wouldn't it, now, be better for you to strive and do something of that sort at home for your boys, better than to send them all off this way, perhaps never to see them again? It is a duty for people to be on the look-out for their families, and not let those strangers get all the good things going. You have friends in high quarters that would push your sons on for you.

Mrs Wright. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. But I don't think my sons would be content to be pushed on by friends.

Mrs Lalor. Oh, that indeed!

Mrs Wright. Nor should we like them to accept these little, half-idle situations. We prefer them to pursue their professions; and if they succeed in the different lines they have made choice of, it is very probable they may find friends of their own making who will then assist them for their own sake.

Mrs Lalor. You're a queer woman, and Mr Wright's a queer man, and I suppose you've reared your boys in your own ways. Other people are too glad to catch at the help of a friend in these dull days. Professions require such an expense to educate for them, and take such a length of time before a guinea can be earned in return; and then there's fees, and one thing or another, and but a bad chance of success after all maybe: it's almost impossible to make out what to do with a young man, if one was ever so desirous to send him out upon the world, every sort of business is so overstocked.

Mrs Wright. Mr Wright and I don't believe in that. A large crowd, indeed, set out together on the various roads through life, but so many faint by the way, that the company thins very fast as they travel. Only the steadily industrious get well up the hill; and they are so few in comparison, that they are pretty sure of earning a comfortable provision if they proceed. When abilities are added to perseverance, an opportunity for their employment is sure to offer itself; and then good fortune, even high fortune, will be attained by the deserving—the good workmen generally finding work, you know. We have brought our children up to depend on their own exertions; and we have thought it better and wiser to devote all we could afford to what you have called a foolishly-expensive education, than to leave money behind us among those ill-fitted to employ it well. We consider that, by acting thus, we give our boys the best kind of fortune—one that they have been rendered capable of improving to any amount, and that will not melt away.

Mrs Lalor. I'll engage that none of our money will melt away either. Our children have been carefully brought up too. There's not one of them but well knows the value of a shilling. No fear but they'll keep a good account of all they get.

Mrs Wright. Will they give a good account of it? That has always been to me the momentous question. We are to answer for what we leave undone as well as for what we do. An idle life can therefore never be innocent. We have it in commission, each of us, to leave this world, as far as we are concerned with it, better than we find it, and so to consider ourselves but as stewards of all we possess in it. Money, time, abilities, temper, are all to be used for the benefit of our kind—the *Talent* intrusted to us for increase.

Mrs Lalor. Well, I never heard such strange notions. What have we to do with other people, meddling and making? Never fear, they'll look well after themselves.

Mrs Wright. When my father was a young man, he had occasion to cross over into England. It was not then, in the days of sailing packets and contrary winds, so easy a matter as it is now. In his travels he came upon an old man busy planting trees near his cottage. Stopping to speak to him, he found that this old man was childless—alone in the world, without even a near relation to inherit his cottage, and watch the growth of the newly-planted trees. 'I am surprised,' said my father, 'that at your age you take pleasure in sowing where you cannot expect to reap, when you have no one belonging to you to see that oak-sapling in its prime.' The old man looked up, and in a slightly-surly tone replied, 'An Englishman will.' The story made an impression on me as a child, but of late it has seldom been out of my mind as the key to the secret of English prosperity. We have no such *Irish* feeling: 'I for myself, and God for us all!' is our miserable motto. How can we thrive as a nation without nationality? Number one is all with us.

Mrs Lalor. Where on earth are you going on to? I know nothing of your politics, and don't wish it. All I have to beg is, that you won't be putting any of these out-o'-the-way fancies of yours into Mr Lalor's head, for he's beginning to give in to curious notions of his own, and thinks a deal of what you and Mr Wright say, and I'm determined upon this point—not to part with one of my children.

THE FRENCH POLICE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

No modern institution presents a more curious subject for observation than the police of Paris. At the same time a political and civil body, it possesses an importance which no similar establishment ever perhaps attained elsewhere. Devoted to public order and salubrity, watching over the thieves and refuse population of a great capital, it is also the pillar supporting every government which has existed in France, military, monarchical, or popular. A king, an emperor, a president, a dictator, a director, is nothing without his police minister. It is therefore really interesting to have an idea of the workings of this complicated and influential machine. We find traces of it in the very earliest pages of French history; and though Louis XI. gets credit for having founded it, we discover hints about police in laws far anterior to those of this monarch. Under Louis IX., Estienne Boileau promulgated a police code which lasted until the famous Tristan—whom Scott has immortalised in 'Quentin Durward'—improved it, and laid the foundation of all the atrocities which soon were to make the institution a terror and a scourge. The post-office was invented by Louis XI. and Tristan, simply as a more sure and rapid mode of spying over the nation. This alone paints the character of their improvements, which were again added to by Catherine de Medicis. From that day until the reign of Louis XIV., the institution, demoralised and broken up by the League, remained without power or respect. Some miserable *archers*, acting solely from interested motives, hunted up or protected robbers, just as they were paid or not. The state of Paris and the country generally became dreadful. 'The citizens were regimented, elected captains, and practised arms. At the corner of every street were heavy chains, which were spread across at the first alarm. Loopholes for defence were made in every house, while the people had banners, pass-words, and places of meeting.' And this was not against a foreign enemy, but against mere malefactors. The Court of Miracles still existed—a kind of 'Alsatia' which Victor Hugo has made well known. No commissary or policeman dared enter it. All its vast population lived by beggary and crime. Marriage was

unknown in this quarter, where no authority was recognised but that of the King of the Beggars.

The first Lieutenant-general of police was selected during the reign of Louis XIV. He was Gabriel Nicolas de la Reynie. His advent was wanted. Despite the greatness of the monarch, his taste for the arts and literature, and the general prosperity of France, Paris was full of barbarism. The Cour des Miracles, the darkness, the dirt, the daily and nightly street murders and robberies, justified the saying of Boileau, 'that the most dangerous and isolated wood was a place of safety compared with Paris.' Three hundred gambling-houses, and the corporation of valets and pages who made the Pont-Neuf and the Place Dauphiné unsafe during the day, were first closed and dispersed by La Reynie. The masters grumbled. La Reynie hanged a page of the Duchess de Chevreuse and a valet of the Duke de Roquelaure for killing a student, and the murmurs ceased. A hundred fencing-shops, where men learned to commit murder at twopence-halfpenny an hour, were walled up; but the great invention of La Reynie was that of lighting the streets. The opposition of the parliament prevented his carrying this fully into effect; but he was allowed, by means of 3000 lamps, to illumine the more dangerous and obscure corners. In ten years Paris was so changed as to be unrecognisable. His mode of purging out the Court of Miracles is too original not to be recorded.

Most of the places called Courts of Miracles had gradually been destroyed; but one still held up its head in the very centre of the city, proud of its rage, of its vast population of vagabonds, of its Gothic privileges, and, above all, of its pestilential *miasma*, which kept the police at a respectful distance. Three times had La Reynie sent commissaries with detachments of horse and foot to clear the court; but each time they had been driven back. At last he went himself, determined to make an end of the intolerable nuisance.* Preceded by a company of sappers of a Swiss regiment, by 150 soldiers of the Watch on foot, by half a squadron of the soldiers of the marshalsea, by a commissary of police and some exempts, the lieutenant of police presented himself at the break of day at the door of the Court of Miracles. At the sight of the soldiers the whole of the population, women, old men, young men, children, began to yell; in an instant sharp spits, iron-shod sticks, old daggers, blunderbusses, and long knives, rose above the heads of this sinister population, in whose countenances debauchery, drink, and fury were alone visible. The soldiers, unused to such enemies, presented their arms. 'Fire not,' cried La Reynie; and then addressing the furious crowd, he said, 'I might punish you for your revolt; I might catch you all, and send you to prison or to the galleys; I prefer forgiveness, believing you to be more miserable than guilty. Listen, and be grateful: I shall make three holes in your wall, through which you may escape; the last dozen shall pay for all the rest; six shall be hung on the spot, and six sent to the galleys for twenty years.'

Terror and alarm were depicted on every face: the sappers went to work, and three holes were soon made in the dirty wall. The sappers then fell back. 'Now go!' cried La Reynie, 'and heaven defend the twelve laggards!' Never was such a rush seen before as that through the three breaches: the blind recovered their sight, the paralytic ran, lame men threw away their crutches, and in twenty minutes the whole population had vanished. An officer approached La Reynie, looking very foolish as he told that they had not caught the twelve. 'So much the better,' said the lieutenant of police; 'and lest they come back, raze the walls, and burn the huts.'

Voyer D'Argenson succeeded La Reynie, and introduced many novelties. He founded, it may be said, the secret police, the spy system, and that violation of private correspondence which has been carried on until

this day. His spy system was tremendous. He had agents everywhere, and was so successful, as to astonish the king, who asked him where he took his servants from. 'Sire,' said D'Argenson, 'from all classes, but principally among dukes and lacqueys.' The king gave an incredulous smile. 'Sire, some people cost me ten louis an hour, some ten sous!' The king laughed; and D'Argenson, piqued, promised to give his majesty a proof. A few days afterwards, the king, while dressing, and surrounded only by five noblemen of the highest rank, ventured a somewhat lively joke about an illustrious court lady. Next morning D'Argenson waited on the king.

'What is the news?' said Louis.

'Scarcely anything, sire—that is to say, at court; for at Versailles you take little interest in Paris. But, sire, I had forgotten; the retirement of Madame the Maréchale de — to a convent excites much remark.'

'Ah, ah! And what is said?'

'Faith, sire, they say, with much reason and justice, that' — and the lieutenant of police repeated word for word the joke of the king at his *letée*.

The king laughed, and promised to place implicit faith in the information of M. d'Argenson for the future. The successor of this talented individual was Michault D'Amonville, whose history is too romantic to be passed over. The Maréchal de Luxembourg was examining the brilliant lines of his army preparatory to a battle with the Prince de Walden, and was receiving with pleasure the impatient wishes of the soldiers for an engagement. Presently he reached the splendid regiment of Picardy, when a young and handsome officer, with downcast eyes, and sword bent on the ground, quitted the ranks, and demanded permission to leave the army for a few days to visit his dying father. 'Go, sir,' said the marshal with a smile—'go, and may Heaven spare your honoured father.' He then added, with a sneer to his followers, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.'

The request and the answer flew along the ranks; and after the review, quodlibets fell in showers upon the young officer. He saw his mistake, and retired to his tent to think over some means of regaining his reputation for courage. A musketeer, his best friend, joined him. 'You are going home,' said he, 'at a good time. Take my power of attorney, and as you are so good a son, present my regards to my mother, that people may not say you are the only observer of the prudent commandments in our province.' A box on the ear, and five minutes afterwards a sword through his breast, was the reply which the musketeer received. 'Nocé,' said Michault, 'heaven knows I would have given my life to have avoided this; but you can now say that Michault D'Amonville is not a coward, but that he loves, before glory, before the king, before what is called honour, his father, his old father, his first and only friend. I now break my sword for ever; but count eternally on my friendship and esteem.'

Some years afterwards, Nocé became captain of the horse grenadiers, aide-de-camp and knight of St Louis. A troublesome adventure nearly stopped his career. Therese, the lovely daughter of a respectable merchant of the Rue St Denis, was the object of universal admiration. Nocé fell in love, and resolved to carry her off. One night, aided by friends, he placed a ladder beneath her window, broke a pane, entered, wrapped the young girl in her bedclothes, and descended to the street. Struggling violently, Therese succeeded in freeing her head, and shrieked. The Horse Watch came up, and Nocé was arrested with the girl in his arms. In an hour after he was at the Bastille. Nocé tried to make good his influence; but the king, guided by Madame de Maintenon, stood firm, and the parents of Therese were allowed to prosecute. Michault, now a leading man at the bar, heard of the affair, and rushed to the Bastille, where he was received with open arms by the young count. Nocé had no hope, but he gave up his case to Michault. The lawyer hastened to the Rue St Denis, and ad-

* This Court of Miracles was near the Porte St Denis, where now stand the Rue St Foie, and numerous other streets.

dressed the parents of Therese thus:—'The Count de Nocé is in the hands of justice; he merits his fate, and I neither come to defend his insolence nor his crime. But what are you about to do? To aggravate a scandalous fact by a scandalous trial. A verdict will be yours; but will this verdict repay the shame of a public examination of your child before the judges. Withdraw your prosecution. Content yourself with receiving the excuses in open court of Count Nocé before ten nobles and ten citizens.' The parents seemed moved. Michault continued, 'I am a lawyer, acting for a friend who wishes to give reparation. M. Perier,' addressing the father, 'you shall be *cohevin* at the first vacancy. Here is the written promise of the provost and the governor of Paris. You have a nephew *curé* of the little parish of St Pierre-aux-Bœufs; here is his nomination as *curé* of St Gervais. Besides, I beg to present to you your brevet as embroiderer to the House of Orleans.' Before Michault withdrew, he had their withdrawal of the prosecution in his pocket; and next year Therese became Countess-Palatine Stanislas-Lubomiska de Bandonier: she lived universally admired in Poland for sixty years afterwards. In 1715 Nocé proved his gratitude—Michault became lieutenant of police. He was, however, very incapable, and was speedily replaced by Pierre-Marc Voyer D'Argenson.

This lieutenant did much for Paris. The depraved manners of the upper classes he was compelled to wink at, encouraged as the bad state of morals was by the regent. But while the aristocratic vagabonds of the Palais-Royal and La Muette were allowed to beat the watch, insult women, and break lamps, Voyer D'Argenson made pitiless war on the thieves and poor rogues. Thousands of sham marquesses and counts went to prison, and all the scum of the capital found themselves under strict regulations. The splendid Boulevards were then dismal muddy ramparts, unsafe after dark: D'Argenson lighted them from the Porte St Honoré to the Porte St Denis, and built guardhouses every 1500 yards. The result was great. More severe than his father, he punished a fault similar to that committed by Nocé with two years' residence in the Bastille. Teschereau, his successor, had a mania for knowing all that was going on in every house in Paris. He hired regular spies, he bribed barbers, coachmen, porters, servants, clerks, and persons of the lowest description; he authorised gambling-houses, fencing-schools, and every other receptacle of vice, and spread corruption while pretending to use the means of repression. His great object was to know the secrets of families, and to have stated haunts for vagabonds, that he might easily find them. Ravot d'Ombreval, an austere, classical student, who followed him, endeavoured to introduce rules copied from the ancient republics of Greece and Rome. Some were failures, and only served as matter for the jokes of the court. But one was admirable. A gentleman was killed in a hired carriage. Ravot at once made a regulation by which no carriage could ply for hire without having a number and a license. This was the commencement of the present excellent cab system of Paris. But the ridicule of the court caused Ravot to resign, after having closed every house in which gambling was carried on. Hérault de Vaucresson, his successor, began well. Until about 1730, Paris was a labyrinth of streets without written names. Vaucresson was the first who placed names at the corners of the streets and numbers on the houses. His plan was to cut out the words in a stone tablet; and many old streets still retain durable evidence of the excellence of the plan in the presence of the very tablets placed on them by this lieutenant. He then removed all the receptacles for the filth collected in the streets to outside the city, and put an end to the stealing of bodies for the surgeons from the cemeteries: he almost cleared Paris of sturdy beggars and vagabonds; and died, after fourteen years of admirable administration, regretted by all classes of citizens save rogues and malefactors.

Feydau de Manille, who followed, began by starting

cheap and amusing theatres for the people, to draw them from the religious disputes of the Sorbonne. He then endeavoured to remove the slaughter-houses from Paris, the population of which objected both to the existence of these nuisances, and the driving of animals through the streets. But the ardent opposition of the butchers retarded this reform, which was carried out by Napoleon in 1805. After clearing many quarters of Paris, he built a splendid hotel and new quarter still called Feydau, and paved for the first time the quarters St Germain, the Faubourg St Martin, St Denis, and St Marceau. He so perfected the regulations relative to public vehicles, that not one robbery or murder was charged to the coachmen during his time of office.

Paris has always been disgraced by a vast number of carts and trucks drawn by men, which adds much to the mortality of the capital. Feydau tried in vain to abolish this system, and none of his successors have cared to try it again. Berryer de Ravenonville was too much of a fine gentleman to imitate his predecessor. The creature of Madame de Pompadour, he cared only to serve her. All the energies of the police were devoted to discover plots against the favourite, and to furnish her, from private letters broken open, stories to tell the king of his courtiers. Robbery increased; murders were committed in the open day; bands of thieves were organised; and yet the police took no care, until, in 1752, the nuisance had become intolerable. Berryer seemed suddenly to awake, and he resolved to clear Paris of its vagabond population. Men, women, and children, were seized and carried off to the Temple, and then sent off every day in bands of two hundreds to Louisiana without any form of trial—a peculiarly French system of justice and colonisation, two things even yet little understood on their side of the water. This summary process caused an *émeute*, beneath which Berryer fell. The disappearance of so many children created an absurd report that they were killed to make a bath for the Dauphin, attacked by paralysis. The people became wild with rage, rose *en masse*, attacked the hotel of the lieutenant of police, and were only prevented from killing him by his timely escape. Bertin de Bellisle was his successor. He made some good regulations, amongst which was that which prohibited milkwomen, mountebanks, and others, from using drums and trumpets in the streets. Sartines was the next, and under his rule vast improvements were made in Paris. He used to describe his duties in three words—safety, cleanliness, light; and he went seriously to work to carry out his motto. He reorganised the watch; he established street sweepers; he replaced the little lights by large lamps; he ordered all doors leading to courts to be shut at nine o'clock; purged the commissaries of all the idle and lazy; reformed the theatres; and made Paris, indeed, safe, clean, and light. Sartines carried his spy system to a vast extent. Not only did he profess to know *all* that was going on in Paris and France generally, but to be aware of all important things in every European capital. One day he received a letter from Vienna informing him that a famous brigand, who had long desolated Carniola and Carinthia, was in Paris, and requesting that he might be arrested. Sartines replied that the brigand was not in Paris, but in Vienna itself, in such a street, such a house, and at such a number. The German police made the proper researches, and found the robber hidden in the place indicated.

A servant of the pope ran away from Rome, after having stolen from the *sacristie* of St Peter a great number of sacred vases and pontifical ornaments, worth a considerable sum. The papal government supposed that the thief had embarked in a French merchant vessel, and passed into Provence. The apostolic prothonotary sent a courier to M. de Sartines, in order that he might stop the malefactor at his entrance into France. The lieutenant of police at once sent back the courier, after writing on the back of his despatches, 'The robber sought for by the Roman police has not entered France. He is hidden at Civita-Vecchia in a Sicilian

bark, whose master is called Bartholomeo Fraudi; his intention is to go to Messina, thence to pass into Turkey. Be quick, and you will catch him at sea.' The pope, on receipt of this laconic missive, armed a brig and a galley, and succeeded in catching in the waters of Messina the Sicilian bark of the master Fraudi, which bore the robber and the rich spoils of St Peter. And all this wonderful information cost Sartines less than a bad management of the police, simply because he was honest.

Sartines employed repentant thieves and reformed convicts for purposes for which no one else would have proved efficient. Many persons reproached him with this, but he replied, 'Tell me of one honest man who will be a police spy?' He had particularly about him four ex-thieves—the cleverest—whom he called his aides-de-camp. One evening during a conversation at Versailles, much was said about the cleverness of robbers, when the Prince de Beauveau contended that no man who was careful could be practised on by a thief. 'If you will dine with me to-morrow,' replied Sartines, 'I will convince you of the contrary.' 'I bet you three hundred louis that you will not succeed.' Sartines accepted, and the prince laughingly observed that perhaps he would take his purse or his snuff-box, but that that would be nothing very new. The lieutenant of police informed him that he intended his cross of the St Esprit should be taken off his breast without his knowing it. The prince, somewhat startled, still expressed his doubts, and then invited all around to witness the winning of his wager. The dinner was splendid. More than a hundred guests were present. Courtiers, distinguished foreigners, authors, poets, crowded round the board. Opposite the Prince de Beauveau sat a Chevalier de Calatrava, attached to the embassy of Spain. The conversation was general—fine arts, literature, philosophy, were treated with tact and good taste by the brilliant assemblage. The prince, enthusiastic about Italian literature, entered into a warm discussion with the Chevalier de Calatrava, who quoted largely from Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, and other Spanish writers. At last both the prince and the chevalier got warm, and their discussion was degenerating into a dispute, when Madame Sartines held out a purse, saying, in a gentle tone, 'For the poor, my lord, if you please.' De Beauveau looked at his breast: the cross of the St Esprit had disappeared. The prince smiled, and glided a bill of five hundred louis into the hands of the fascinating lady of the minister of police, who himself handed back the decoration. Everybody now asked how the thing had been done? 'I should keep my secret for myself,' replied Sartines, 'but I cannot resist so general a demand. The task was difficult, tied, as the cross was, in so tight a knot. While Monsieur the prince was discussing with the amiable and learned De Calatrava, whom you will never again see at my table, another of my aides-de-camp under the table thrice drew his napkin off the prince's knees. Three times M. de Beauveau stooped to pick it up, and three times my rogue was master of the cross. But I wanted it, ribbon and all, uncut. At the fourth fall of the napkin the thing was done.'

This kind of police is so different from anything in English manners, that another anecdote of the same lieutenant can scarcely be passed over in silence. A magistrate of Lyons once said that he was sure he could enter Paris without the knowledge of M. Sartines. 'Don't be too sure,' said the lieutenant. Six months after, the magistrate had occasion to visit the capital. He recollected his conversation. He left Lyons mysteriously, entered Paris at night, and took a lodging in a false name in an obscure quarter. At dawn of day a livery-servant awoke him. In his hand was a letter. It was an invitation to dine that day with M. Sartines! But Sartines had other qualities besides having a hundred eyes. He was bold and humane, firm and charitable. A terrible *émeute* held possession of the Place Maubert. He marched upon it with a powerful force; and after presenting arms, whispered to a young

officer, who advanced to the crowd. 'Gentlemen,' said he, using the words whispered by his chief, 'we come here in the name of the king; but we have orders to fire only on *la canaille*. I beg all honest people to retire before we act.' In five minutes not a rioter remained.

Paris owes to this eminent individual the corn market, and a gratuitous school of design for the poor, fourteen fountains, the paving of half the streets, and many other things which testify to the utility of a good police. Lenoir, his successor, occupied himself with improving the prisons and hospitals, in the latter of which, despite the wealth of the corporations, four slept in a bed. Lenoir ordered that only two should henceforth occupy one couch, which was a great improvement. He regulated the food, which was too rich and abundant, and suppressed in the prisons chains and dungeons. Before Lenoir's time, six prisoners out of twenty-eight died every year; after one year of the new régime, only twelve in one hundred died. Cleanliness and wholesome food produced the change. In Paris nearly every child is sent into the country to be nursed. Before Lenoir's time, women went about from door to door seeking babies, and carried them off to far distant parts. As often as not they brought back a child of their own when the one confided to them died. Lenoir established a regular office, with strict surveillance over the nurses. He created a body of firemen, and stopped the abominable usury imposed by Jews on the poor, by the formation of the Mont-de-Piété, which lent money on pledges at moderate interest.

Andre-Albert did much, and was succeeded by Du Crosne, who was the fifteenth and last. To this man Paris owes one great improvement. From the time of Philippe-le-Bel, the cemetery of the church of Saints-Innocent, Rue St Denis, was a burying-ground. A dark gallery, with on one side shops of fashion, on the other a wall of bones taken from the cemetery, was a dismal feature of the scene. The cemetery was the fertile source of disease to the whole crowded neighbourhood. Du Crosne obtained from the king power to destroy this nuisance, and the remains of 1,600,000 bodies were so carefully removed under the auspices of able chemists, that no evil result followed. The church was pulled down, and the splendid fountain, which still adorns the spot, erected in its place.

The police, before the Revolution, it will be observed, did, on the whole, more good than evil. They were, it is true, the instruments of very bad acts; but had the government always chosen such men as Du Crosne and Sartines, there would have been little to blame in the institution. Like most French organisations, its faults lay in its arbitrary character. There was no legal line of conduct, no bounds to the will of the chief, who was always quite as powerful for bad as for good. In a future paper, an examination of the police since the Revolution will show that the change has not been for the better.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

COLONISATION AIDED BY LIFE-ASSURANCE.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, the first living authority on assurance, has said of it, that 'though its theory has as yet only been applied to the reparation of the evils arising from storm, fire, premature death, disease, and old age, yet there is no placing a limit to the extensions which its applications might receive, if the public were fully aware of its principles, and of the safety with which they might be put in practice.' Two companies have just been formed in London to employ this grand principle, which has made arithmetic the best friend of humanity in advancing colonisation. How can this be done? The company purchases lands in the colonies. A proposing settler, with a small capital, takes out a policy of life-assurance with the company for, we shall say, L.100. He settles on (say) one hundred acres of the company's lands, on the proviso of paying the company a certain annual sum till a certain period of his

life, when it becomes his in fee-simple, or till his death, when it will be the property of his representatives. If (say) thirty years of age, and he wishes that the farm should be his own in fifteen years, if he lives so long, he pays L.11, 8s. 11d. per annum; if he desires that it shall only come to his heirs, he pays L.7, 4s. 1d. per annum as long as he lives, and, though he die in the first year, these heirs will inherit the property without farther charge. The payment, as will be understood by those conversant with life-assurance, includes a rent for the land, to reimburse the company as landlord, and a premium of assurance for the sum assured, by which the purchase of the land is ultimately effected. The benefit of the system is, that a settler gets upon land without the necessity of laying out a large sum at once in purchasing it. He is enabled to reserve the bulk of his little capital to stock his acres, and to support him over the first difficulties—a matter of vast consequence to him. At the same time, as we presume, the company makes a profit upon both the land and the policy of assurance in requital of its outlay and its risk.

There can be no doubt that the scheme of the two companies, whose prospectuses we have seen, is theoretically correct and equitable; and that, with energy and good intention, it may be worked out to the vast benefit of the class of intending emigrants whose capital is limited. Recognising some names of high respectability in the lists of directors, we are inclined to look hopefully for results. One advantage, entirely incidental, will flow from the plan. The companies being presumably careful in the selection of their lands—for this is strictly their own interest—intending settlers will be able to go at once to their allotments, thus saving the large and often ruinous outlay which individuals now incur in choosing lands for themselves. In fact, by the simple expedient of a life-assurance company being brought to bear upon colonisation, it appears that we shall at length obtain, what has hitherto been so desirable, the help of intelligence and wealth to that business, free of any risk that the poor man may be victimised in the choosing of his land.

THE LOVE OF THE MINUTE.

Women certainly are fortunate in a turn for the microscopic or minute, and for those occupations which can be performed while sitting still, or which require movement in a limited circle only. Their Clarissa-like genius for weaving page after page of letter-writing, or, in other words, for that interminable piece of chequer-work, dark and formidable, the crossed-letter—ever extending it unsparingly in whatever corner the white surface of the paper shows itself, down to the crossed line of the last page—is quite an immediate blessing of Heaven; while their talent for forming friendships with birds and gold-fish—their craze for administering slop and flattery to the young of animals, as if they were young children—their incredible patience under an infliction of plants or flowers, over which they will sometimes meditate and regard as if they were endeavouring to pass the bounds of human knowledge, and to enter the mystery of vegetable life—and their great instinct for making themselves endlessly happy with the vast subjects of dress—are endowments which must be referred to the same category. These resources are their salvation in many strange situations, in which it would go hard, we suspect, with male faculties.—*British Quarterly Review*.

CALVIN IN GENEVA.

The most trifling slights and insults, such as most men would have overlooked with contempt, Calvin pursued with bitterness and acrimony. The registers of Geneva abound with instances, which grew more frequent and more severe as his power became more consolidated. In 1551 we find Berthelier excommunicated by the consistory because he would not allow he had done wrong in asserting that he was as good a man as Calvin. Three men who had laughed during a sermon of his were imprisoned for three days, and condemned to ask pardon of the consistory. Such proceedings are very numerous, and in the two years 1558 and 1559 alone, 414 of them are recorded! To impugn Calvin's doctrine, or the proceedings of the consistory, endangered life. For such an offence a Ferrarese

lady, named Copa, was condemned in 1559 to beg pardon of God and the magistrates, and to leave the city in twenty-four hours, on pain of being beheaded.—*Dyer's Life of Calvin*.

LINES WRITTEN AT KESWICK IN JUNE 1849.

NATURE awakes! bleak winter's reign is o'er,
The voice of joy is heard from shore to shore;
A thousand odours on the gale are borne
From blushing fruit-trees and the snowy thorn;
The calm blue lake is whispering to the beach
In tones more eloquent than mortal speech;
And where the sun sheds his most ardent rays,
Bright stars of gold dance in an airy maze;
And where the shadows of the mountain rest,
A tiny sail lies slumbering on its breast.
Woods fringe the lake in every green arrayed,
And I sit musing in their welcome shade.
The earth is decked with flowers of varied hue,
Gay as the dreams of hope, as transient too!
The wood anemone—that nun of flowers!—
Loves shady woods and unfrequented bowers;
Primrose and violet, gay furze and broom,
Scatter from out each chalice rich perfume;
The azure bluebells bend their graceful stems,
The fragrant cowslip every meadow gems,
The starry stitchwort 'neath each hedge abound,
And golden buttercups spring all around:
In sheltered spots or mossy bank is seen
A slender stem, with three bright leaves of green:
The flower a cup for fairies well may be,
When blithe they dance beneath the greenwood tree.
White, pencilled o'er, the sorrel: pale but gay,
Which—leaves, or flowers—are fairest who can say?
While oft we see in many a shady spot
The turquoise of the field—forget-me-not;
And pleased I watch that messenger of spring,
The gorgeous butterfly, on painted wing;
Black spangled o'er with scarlet, blue and white,
It wings from leaf to flower its mazy flight.
Sounds, too, are there—the hum of insect life;
With happy creatures earth itself seems rife.
The gush of streams, the ripple of the lake,
The ringdoves cooing in the woody brake,
Mixed with the dulcet cuckoo's voice, they float,
And every warbler adds a tuneful note—
A clear warm mist tumbles o'er hill and flood,
And scarce a zephyr whispers through the wood—
My mother earth smiles as she smiled before—
But bounds my heart with rapture as of yore?
Where is the thrill with which I used to meet
Young spring's advance, and trace her fairy feet,
When I, like nature bounding from the birth,
Tasted pure pleasure, shared the joy of earth?
Gone the elastic step, the joyous start;
The memory of its echo chills my heart:
The landscape seems unreal, sounds a dream,
And tears burst forth to mourn what I have been.
But still these tears are soft, this sorrow brief;
These are the tears which bring a kind relief.
A thousand soft emotions crowd my soul:
Alone with nature, far from man's control,
Who could be sad who looks on scenes like these?
Light in each sunbeam, hope in every breeze,
I learn to tread the dusty path of life,
Despite its sameness and its heartless strife:
Trees, flowers, and birds rejoice; then why be sad?
They whisper, join us! and I too am glad!

E. M. M.

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IDEAL BEAUTY.

THE numerous hypotheses of beauty that have been submitted from time to time to the world have not yet resulted in any undoubted theory; yet each attempt to penetrate the mystery which hangs over the subject must serve more or less to refine and elevate. Anything that withdraws us, in our reflective moments, from the materialism of circumstances, must aid the advancement of civilisation; for civilisation does not consist in the *perfectionnement* of the mechanical arts of life, but in the cultivation of the higher faculties of which the senses are but the agents and ministers. The splendid inventions and endless applications of the present age would obtain for it merely the praise of ingenuity; but the simultaneous diffusion with these of a taste for poetry, music, and art, stamps the epoch as a period of indubitable progress.

The analysis even of so ethereal a thing as beauty is no more impossible to one class of philosophers than that of light has proved to another; and the former, in all probability, depends upon laws as simple as those of the latter: for the principles of nature are few and universal. The time has gone by when the mystery of beauty was committed wholly to the researches of the metaphysician, and some inquirers seem now inclined to revert even to those earlier dogmas which placed the secret in the keeping of the exact sciences. It has long been known that the Egyptian sculptors reduced proportion within such definite rules, that the parts of a single statue might be executed by different artists; and the school of Pythagoras—who studied in Egypt—taught that the foundation of proportion, both in sculpture and architecture, was geometry. This is a question, however, too weighty and too curious to be entered into parenthetically, and we shall reserve it for a future occasion, when we propose examining at large the contributions of D. R. Hay to the philosophy of art.

Ideal beauty, a higher branch of the same subject, was still farther removed from the grasp of the judgment. Its discussion was supposed to be the province of the poets and transcendentalists; and when actually met with in high art, it was set down as the result of a special inspiration which had nothing to do with the vulgar laws of nature. Ideal beauty, however, is now pretty generally acknowledged to be a real existence, in which the efforts of nature in the creation of the perfect are merely concentrated by the master in a single figure. The same thing, we would remark, occurs in landscape painting, and is there considered no mystery at all. The artist in this case does not copy, but select from nature. He imagines such a combination of circumstances as never occurred in union, though all real in themselves, and thus produces out of actually existing materials a scene of ideal beauty.

Let us only suppose what the result would be of the introduction of a feature that was *not* natural into the ideal of the human form. The piece would be at once condemned as 'out of drawing'; in other words, it would be stigmatised as wanting in the first principle of art. Such views of the question would seem to imply that the great artist must be deeply learned in the arcana of knowledge, and it may be asked how, in this case, it happened that the ancients—of a time when learning, such as it was, was confined to a few—have been the masters of more generally enlightened generations, and that their unapproachable works are still the objects of the 'fond despair' of the modern world? The answer is easy: That inborn genius is the teacher, or rather inspirer of art. Thus Homer had no education in the common sense of the word—and neither had Burns; yet both, in certain departments of the sister art, stand unrivalled and alone. These, however, are the cases of individuals, occurring with an interval of 3000 years; and the collateral inquiry remains—under what circumstances was this divine quality developed among a whole people at one time, and what led to its decay and final extinction? At this point the work which has suggested the train of thought we are indulging comes to our assistance, and—though not without some precautions—we put ourselves under the guidance of a masterly writer, but occasionally an incorrect thinker.*

The climate of Greece is supposed to have had some influence in forming the happy disposition of the people. 'Here,' says Winckelmann, 'where a temperature prevails which is balanced between winter and summer, nature chose her central point; and the nigher she approaches it, the more genial and joyous does she become, and the more general is her influence in producing conformations full of spirit and wit, and features strongly marked and rich in promise.' In such a climate physical man acquires his fullest development, and physical beauty its richest character; and in such a climate the powers of depiction and imagination would be in equal proportion with the glorious materials they had to work with. But too much importance, we think, is attached to this idea. Climate does not in other countries generate genius, although it may develop form; and, as regards the fine arts, our author forgets that the palmy period of sculpture, if we begin with Phidias, did not last for more than fifty years; and that the painting of the early Greeks, exemplified in the works of Apollodorus, Xeuxis, and Apelles, of which not a fragment has been preserved, exists only in the traditionary praises of Lucian, Pliny, and Ausonius.

But the climate of Greece was not too cold to repress

* The History of Ancient Art among the Greeks. Translated from the German of John Winckelmann, by G. Henry Lodge. London: John Chapman. 1850.

the animal spirits, nor too warm to enervate. The people did not, like more western nations, shroud their forms in heavy clothing, nor, like more eastern, commit the manly and graceful exercises to slaves and hirelings. The richest, noblest, and wisest strove in the public games, and the taste for beauty in the human form grew by what it fed on. In their histories, they mention with applause those whom this quality distinguished as favourites of the gods; women contended publicly for the prize of beauty; the Spartan matrons placed in their sleeping-rooms the images of the most graceful deities; and even men were known by a name derived from some perfection of shape or feature. Of these last one received an appellation which has been transferred in meaning, by the different genius of English poetry, to the fairer sex:—

—* A thousand graces sat
Under the shadow of her even brows.*

This love of beauty was conjoined with gentle hearts and joyous dispositions. Kindly in peace, and humane in war, they formed a remarkable contrast to their future masters, the Romans; and when it was first proposed to introduce the gladiatorial exhibitions of the latter at Corinth, some horrified Greek observed that they must first throw down the altars of Mercy and Pity.

The attention of this beauty-loving people was early turned to sculpture as a means of perpetuating the memory of the charms they almost worshipped. Statues became the universal expression not only of admiration, but even of family affection. Mothers set up the images of their children in the temples; and whole towns and provinces joined in honouring in this manner the victors at the public games. The sculptors were the sole bestowers of that enduring fame which mortals call immortality. Philosophy and literature were subordinate to art; and to obtain a prize beyond what these could give, Pythagoras contended at Elis, and Plato appeared among the combatants at the Isthmian and Pythian games. Such statues were always portraits, and so likewise were the representations of the successful horses at the chariot-races. Even the superstition of the Greeks contributed to dignify art. The early images of the deities, whose authors were unknown, were supposed to have fallen from heaven; and even those by known artists were understood to be filled with the godhead they represented. How sensibly must the honour in which art was held have acted upon the artists! The contentions for the prizes of beauty and skill must have been tame in comparison with those of genius.

Let it be understood that the praises bestowed upon a successful artist, universal as they were, were no vulgar and ignorant outcry of fashion. The learning and wisdom of the time were comprised within a small compass, for there were few books to study, and a brief space, therefore, sufficed for all necessary culture. Men did not require to grow gray in thought before they were considered competent to lead the nation; and thus we hear of mere lads gaining battles; of a commander-in-chief of the age of twenty-four; and of the chief of the Achaean League—Aratus—being scarcely twenty. It is curious to remark the recurrence of this phenomenon in our own day in England, though arising from a very different cause. The present is the age of extraction and simplification. The multitude of books that have inundated the world are all robbed, by a process of distillation, of their actual spirit; and the result is presented to the new generation in a cheap, attractive, and intelligible form. It is almost as easy now to be wise and learned as it was in ancient Greece; and thus we see every day young men stepping forward into public life from the most uncongenial positions, and displaying a readiness and familiarity in business which were formerly supposed to be the exclusive attributes of mature years and prolonged study.

We now come to the crowning influence which carried Grecian art to perfection. This was the lofty spirit of independence which secured in most ages the freedom of the country. 'The freedom,' says Winckelmann, 'which gave birth to great events, political changes, and jealousy among the Greeks, planted, as it were, in the very production of these efforts, the germ of noble and elevated sentiments. As the sight of the boundless surface of the sea, and the dashing of its proud waves upon the rocky shore, expand our views and carry the soul away from, and above, inferior objects, so it was impossible to think ignobly in the presence of deeds so great and men so distinguished.' So long as Greece was free, or even underwent brief vicissitudes of tyranny, art continued to advance till it attained to perfection; but when the country fell permanently under the Roman yoke, art gradually expired. It is a plant to which light and air are necessary, and if transferred to a dungeon, it withers and dies.

It must not be supposed that the period of perfection of which we have spoken dawned all at once. The germ of genius was in the national mind, but it required time to develop itself; and manifold were the efforts of sculpture in the interval between the representation of Castor and Pollux by two wooden posts with a cross-beam at the top, and the production in marble of 'the statue which enchants the world.' The statues of the victors in the games, as we have observed, were portraits, and so likewise may have been those of the priests and priestesses of the temples; but the images of the gods were creations of ideal beauty, or that perfection of beauty which surpasses nature, inasmuch as it concentrates her scattered gifts in a single form. But the fine imagination of the Greeks did not stop here. They revelled in beauty with a kind of intoxication; and in the images of certain gods, such as Apollo and Bacchus, as well as in the Hermaphrodite statues, they blended the forms of the two sexes, and thus composed out of nature's own materials an imaginary being peculiarly their own. But let us hear the description of our German enthusiast of one of the ideals of the Greeks: 'I could wish in this place,' says he, 'to describe beauty the like of which can hardly have had human origin. It is a winged genius in the villa Borghese, of the size of a well-made youth. If the imagination, filled with the single beauties everywhere displayed in nature, and occupied in the contemplation of that beauty which flows from God, and leads to God, were to shape during sleep a vision of an angel, whose countenance was brightened by the divine effulgence, and whose form was seemingly an effluence from the source of the highest harmony—in such a form let the reader set before himself this lovely image. It might be said that nature, with God's approval, had fashioned it after the beauty of the angels.'

This high and holy quality of beauty has been long the subject of controversy. Men have sought to embody it in a definition, and numerous theories have been propounded, by which the authors imagined that they had solved the problem. It is natural that we should wish to know *what* it is we unconsciously admire, and *why* it is that we do so; but no explanation has as yet been made public that can satisfy the judgment or engage permanently the attention. One of the latest adventurers in this difficult field is Winckelmann himself; but although his premises are indisputable, and his sketch of the history of the beautiful in art both striking and correct, he has been no more successful than his predecessors. Indeed the question of 'what is beauty?' seems to have been abandoned as hopeless, and both Winckelmann and Haydon, after floundering from obscurity to obscurity, have been satisfied with telling us *where* beauty is. The former supposes it to reside in the youthful form, 'in which everything is, and is yet to come—appears, and yet does not appear,' and where 'the conformation is, as it were, suspended between youth and maturity.' He does not deny its existence in other periods of life; but youth is the grand central

point, and the farther from this the rays of beauty diverge, the fainter they become.

To this dogma it has been objected, that in the works of the ancients themselves—more especially in the Venus, the second daughter of Niobe—the palm is clearly seen to belong to maturity. But we venture to impugn it on wider grounds. Even supposing beauty to be confined to the human form, it belongs to all ages and states—even to declining years—even to death itself. In the latter it perhaps reaches its acmé, and the 'rapture of repose' we see in the coffin before the commencement of decay, is more lovely than the brightest flush of youth. But beauty is not confined to the human form: it is a universal principle, which pervades all nature; and the dogma which assigns it to a particular period of man's life must be tried by its application to every other object and condition which exhibits the phenomena of youth and decay. Winckelmann's idea, therefore, we condemn as unphilosophical; and for the same reason that of Haydon, who declared that beauty resides only in the female form; and that when seen elsewhere, in any individual of the whole animate world, it is in exact proportion to the resemblance of that individual to woman.

The most curious, however, of all theories of beauty is, we believe, the latest—the one propounded by Dr Knox, and now reproduced in an appendix to his translation of Dr Fau's work on anatomy.* 'All those beautiful and perfect external forms,' says he—'this decorated exterior, which nature intended man to see, concealing from him the machinery lying beneath the surface—owes its beauty to many circumstances, which I need not here further refer to, but chiefly as a *sine qua non* to the cellulo-adipose elastic layer interposed between the integument and the aponeurotic sheaths and muscles.' Here are words to conjure with! But lest the reader should turn over the leaf in dismay, we shall explain that our author means simply to say that beauty mainly consists in the concealment of the internal structures of the human frame. This theory, he says, 'is based on transcendental anatomy, and on an analysis of human feelings and instincts. Apply it to the living model, and test its truth; apply it to modern sculpture; above all, to the antique, from a profound study of whose sculptured forms I first drew the materials of this work.'

Such are the notions of a professional anatomist, to whom the play of a muscle in the graceful attitudes of youth, or the course of a blue vein over a virgin bosom, recalls the horrible mysteries of the dissecting table! But to the uninitiated such muscular movements, even when unpleasing from their extravagance, suggest nothing to disgust; and such meandering veins are, and always have been, nothing less than poetical. When a blush rises into the ingenuous face, we do not associate it with a determination of blood; a smile receives no illustration in our fancy from the demonstrations of the knife; and a tear suggests to us no hint of the analysis or organs of the secretion. Dr Knox, however, though wrong in theory, is right as to practice. In youth, the muscles and sinews are far from being obtrusive, either in the living model or the statue, and they are but little obvious in the ideal beauty of the ancients even when it refers to maturity. The reason is, that tranquillity and repose were the grand principles of the old sculptors' art. Even the dancing nymphs do their spiriting gently; Laocoon's sufferings, though agonizing, are mute; and the daughters of Niobe are as still as the death they dread. This was one of the most remarkable characteristics of Grecian art, and it is the one most commonly disregarded by the moderns, with whom all is excitement and extravagance. In Greece it arose out of the national manners, at a

time when hasty walking or hurried speaking was reckoned a vulgarity, and when a calm, self-possessed manner indicated high-breeding.

Dr Knox having told us what beauty is, proceeds, like his predecessors, to show where it resides; and here he agrees so far with Haydon, although giving it a more limited range. 'The absolutely beautiful,' says he, 'I place in the full-grown woman only, in that figure whose fully-developed proportions satisfy the most fastidious taste for form; whose expression no language can describe, yet is understood by all; in whom the emblems of ever-blooming youth—that youth so cherished, so loved, so adored—still remain, thus combining all possible attractions.' If such mean and restricted views could be accepted at all, this one is certainly the most natural and probable.

It will not be supposed that where so many men of genius have failed, we shall hazard an opinion with any confidence, or with anything but hesitation and humility. It strikes us, however, that the cause of the failure may lie in the want of elevated views both of nature and art—views apart from the enthusiasm, real or pretended, of connoisseurship; and we may venture, therefore, to offer a suggestion which has but little reference to learning or study.

The writers we have mentioned, as well as others who preceded them, describe the chief component parts of beauty as consisting of proportion, colour, and expression. But if you detach from a thing any one component part, you leave it imperfect: in the chemistry of nature, for instance, such withdrawal, in the case of the gases that compose air and water, would destroy the whole animated world. How does this apply to art? The masterpieces of the ancients, the exponents to all mankind of the idea of beauty, are generally in discoloured marble, sometimes in bronze—where, then, is colour as a component part? If expression were detached from them, is it not obvious that this would change merely the moral character, without affecting in the smallest degree the physical beauty? What remains is neither marble nor bronze: it is proportion. If so, Proportion is Beauty. If the living model, however finely formed, were, by some caprice of nature, to appear of a green colour, it would still be beautiful to the eye of taste, however abhorrent to the natural instincts. We have a strong suspicion that it is the confounding of taste with instinct which has restricted the views on this subject of so many talented men, and which, more especially, has imprisoned beauty in the youthful and female forms.

That the Greeks possessed mathematical rules of art—a supposition which is sneered at by Dr Knox—we have no doubt; and the fact is rendered probable by a circumstance adverted to by himself as well as others—namely, the absolute identity, in feature and character, of all the statues of the same god. This identity is so remarkable, that if the whole of one of these sculptures were lost with the exception of a portion of the hair, the deity represented could be at once distinguished by a connoisseur! But setting aside this question, which, as we have said, will be the subject of a future paper, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that mathematical rules could enable the artist to give the Vatican Apollo his cloudland step, or the Atalanta her gliding motion. Such rules are, as it were, the body of beauty, but genius breathed into it a living soul. We have seen by what happy combinations and coincidences this genius was able to develop itself in the Greeks; but with nations different from them in climate, constitution, religion, manners, and freedom, the process will not be the same. The feeling of ideal beauty is not an instinct. It must come by study, by meditation, by abstraction from low desires. It must come with the great truth that beauty, so far from being confined to persons and places, is universal and ubiquitous. It must come with the power to separate it from the association of a passion with which it has no necessary connection—the passion of love.

* The Anatomy of the External Forms of Man, intended for the Use of Artists, Painters, and Sculptors. By Dr J. Fau. Edited, with Additions, by Robert Knox, M.D. With an Atlas of Twenty-Eight Plates. 4to. London: Baillière. 1849.

We cannot conceive how any person capable of appreciating high art can contemplate the masterpieces of the ancients with any reference to earthly passion, or look upon the beauty with which they are clothed as any other than a portion of the beauty with which God has clothed the universe—the beauty which marks it as his own, by the consanguinity there naturally exists between the master and his work. The educated and enlightened African may comprehend this beauty, but he will not love the less fondly his dusky wife and the dark imps she has given him. Among ourselves, the lover and his betrothed may gaze enraptured, and together, upon the Medicean Venus, but no thought will arise in the mind of either as to the possibility of a dangerous comparison being suggested between the woman and the goddess. It is possible, in the progress of ages, that as the population of the world becomes more and more intermixed, the style of beauty may approximate more and more to the Greek model; but in each passing age the various races and countries will be governed in their sympathies, as at present, by laws of their own. Thus in England the chiselled face may be an object of delight and admiration, but love will far more readily be inspired by the moulded features of the Anglo-Saxon physiognomy.

To conclude: ideal beauty is simply the highest beauty in nature; and although it may be comprehended intuitively by genius, we must approach it in ordinary circumstances through the cultivation of taste. In making this approach, we rise in general refinement and enlightenment; for nothing mean or base may draw near that divine presence. Governments would do well to understand this. They would do well to familiarise the million with the works in which beauty resides. They would do well, with views analogous to those of the Spartan matrons—who set up in their sleeping-rooms an Apollo, a Bacchus, a Nereus, or a Narcissus—to place as many of the masterpieces of art as they can collect before the people, to the end that they may bring forth great thoughts and noble deeds. L. R.

THE REJECTED HEIRESS.

It is a commonplace saying that truth is frequently more wonderful than fiction; and few persons who have lived long in the world are unprepared to admit this from their own experience or observation. Yet when one of these out-of-the-way episodes actually occurred in the retired village of Sunnyside, the good folks exclaimed, 'Well-a-day! who would have believed it possible?'

Old Mrs Armitage had succeeded to a large fortune; and the Witch of Sunnyside, as some called her, was whisked away from among them in a carriage-and-four, accompanied by a man of law, to take actual possession of a grand house, situated in a distant part of the country. This was one of those extraordinary windfalls which we sometimes read or hear of. Mrs Armitage had been advertised for, and proved to be nearest of kin to a deceased miser, of whom she had scarcely ever heard in her life. She was the widow of a petty government officer, and a trifling pension was all she had had to subsist upon—her only daughter, rather more than twenty years previously, having married a farmer about emigrating to the new world. All the neighbours pitied Farmer Smith for the burthen he had voluntarily imposed on himself—the burthen of such a wife as Ellen Armitage—who inherited from her mother the shrewish propensities and scolding tongue of a handsome Shaksperian Kate, though it seemed highly improbable that her gentle, submissive husband, would ever attempt to 'tame the shrew.' Moreover, Ellen Armitage had married against her mother's consent, and they parted in violent mutual anger, never to meet again in this world; for the first accounts that reached Mrs Armitage were, that the ship in which her daughter had embarked had foundered within sight of its distant destination, and nearly all on board were lost.

Amongst the passengers who perished were Mr and Mrs Smith. The mother's grief at first was extreme; for she remembered only the part she had acted towards her only child, without thinking of the part that child had acted towards her—for so it often is when death cancels wrongs.

Nevertheless, when her grief abated, Mrs Armitage was just the same as ever—notorious for her unkindly disposition and ungovernable temper. She dwelt in a small cottage on the outskirts of the village, where she had only two fine black cats for companions; and in former days it is very certain that this circumstance, coupled with her unsociable habits, might have aided the suspicions entertained against her as a dealer in forbidden arts. The young Mrs Armitage detested; the old she quarrelled with; and she had not a friend in Sunnyside, if we except little Rollo Lilligood, the shoemaker and cobbler. But who on earth could have disliked or quarrelled with Rollo?—the merriest, kindest, best, most single-hearted soul in the universe! He was the sole privileged visitor at Mrs Armitage's solitary cottage; he read to her on a Sabbath; he bore her animadversions and scoldings with unshaken fortitude and philanthropy; and though constantly ejected from the inhospitable roof with ungracious vituperations, he always found his way back again, meek and gentle, as if sure of a loving welcome. And Rollo Lilligood did all this because, he said, Mrs Armitage was to be pitied—that we ought to return good for evil, bear with one another, and visit the widows in their affliction. 'And was not an evil temper an affliction?' said Rollo. The worthy little shoemaker of Sunnyside was a widower; and though only about forty years of age himself, he had a son—his sole treasure—who was now in his nineteenth year. Rollo had married early and improvidently; but when he lost his young wife four years after their union, he looked upon her obscure grave, and felt that life was now a weary pilgrimage indeed. The village shoemaker mourned as sincerely for his lost love as any 'gentleman' of the land might do for his; and placing all his hopes on a future reunion, Rollo devoted himself to his calling, being thereby enabled, by unfailing diligence and perseverance, to give his son a decent education. The village schoolmaster was a man of good ability and judicious management; and young Rollo amply profited by both, inheriting some natural capacity and the blessing of a sweet disposition.

The attachment of this father and son was beyond that usually evinced even by such sacred and near relationship. Young Rollo resembled his lost mother in personal appearance—being tall, fair, and delicately formed, with a winsome countenance and a sunny smile. Many a village maiden looked after the handsome young cobbler with a sigh, for he was perfectly impervious to all their charms and allurements. Serious far beyond his years, thoughtful far beyond his station, caring only for books and rambles amid the beauties of nature when the day's work was ended, he neither frequented the dance, the revel, nor the alehouse, and yet gave offence to none: for Rollo was the most generous, brave, yet resolute and mild youth ever bent on having his own way. Young Rollo was a frequent visitor also at Mrs Armitage's; but his reception was even more equivocal than his father's. Mrs Armitage seemed to have a peculiar spite against the comely, as well as against the youthful, and taunted him about his 'love-locks' and 'book learning;' but Rollo patched the crabbled old lady's shoes gratuitously in return, fondled the cats, and oft-times trimmed up the neglected garden before the cottage.

There seemed little outward alteration in Mrs Armitage on hearing the astounding tidings which created such a sensation throughout the village; her black eyes twinkled more brightly, and she planted her stick more firmly when hobbling about; but when the neighbours dropped in—gathering courage from curiosity—she vouchsafed no information, and snappishly cut short all inquiries. Mr Temple, the lawyer, whose client Mrs

Armitage had now become, was, fortunately for the ignorant and foolish old woman, a man of the highest worth and probity; the affairs of the miser deceased were entirely in his hands; and the vast wealth passing over to Mrs Armitage was under his superintendence and jurisdiction. Mr Temple soon found that he had no easy matter to manage, for the old woman was self-willed and dictatorial in the extreme, and baffled all the lawyer's tact and prudence, in his endeavours to gain her confidence and good-will, by sharp and vulgar suspicions and retorts. But ere her departure for her new residence, Walmsley Hall, Mrs Armitage was made aware that she had it in her own power entirely to will away her wealth to whom she pleased. On hearing this from Mr Temple, she struck her staff violently on the ground, and compressed her lips, as if forming an unalterable resolution, at the same time requesting Mr Temple to keep the knowledge 'to himself.' When the chaise containing the lawyer and his client disappeared on the winding road above Sunnyside (which basked in a pleasant watered valley), there was not one left behind to lament the old woman's departure, or to rejoice in her singular good fortune, except the little shoemaker, Rollo Lilligood; and perhaps he felt somewhat as a doctor may do on the loss of a fractious patient. Mrs Armitage had spoken kinder words when saying 'adieu' to Rollo Lilligood than might have been expected from her general demeanour: 'I'll send you a good round order, neighbour, when I get to Walmsley; and you shan't patch and cobble for *nothing* now,' she screamed after the little man as he left the cottage, where for so many years he had ministered with patient Christian love.

Many months passed away, and the inhabitants of Sunnyside had almost forgotten Mrs Armitage and her singular history; the cottage she had inhabited was tenanted by tidy, cheerful-working folks, and no trace remained either in the aspect of the habitation or in the hearts of the villagers to recall the cross and disagreeable old woman to their memories. Rollo Lilligood had not received the promised order, and he *was* disappointed; for, truth to tell, the humble, disinterested creature had built some castles in the air—not for himself, but for his dear boy—the extent of his hopes being limited to perhaps receiving a present of books, or something of that sort, through Mr Temple's instrumentality, that gentleman having taken great notice of young Rollo when sojourning at the Sunnyside Arms.

But Rollo was a contented man, nevertheless, and he diligently attended to his business; settling in his own mind that prosperity had had the not unusual effect of making his former neighbour forget the associates of her poverty. But he was mistaken in his surmises, for Mrs Armitage, with all her unamiable qualities, yet retained a recollection of his kindness, and had speedily evinced that she did so by notifying to Mr Temple her desire of making Rollo *senior* her sole heir! The will was drawn out in due form, Mr Temple being handsomely remembered in it for his valuable services, and Rollo Lilligood, shoemaker of Sunnyside, appointed sole residuary legatee. Mrs Armitage determined that he should not be made acquainted with his good fortune during her lifetime—he must work, and his delicate son must work; but Rollo had been her only real friend, and she had no one else in the wide world to care 'one brass farthing for,' as she expressed it. Whatever were Mr Temple's feelings on the subject, he did not disclose them—his honour was chivalrous; and had the obstinate old dame selected *him* for her heir, he would probably, in the circumstances he stood in towards her, have scrupled to avail himself of the advantage.

Mr Temple had an ample private fortune besides his professional gains; he was a widower, with an only child (a fair and amiable daughter), and when he undertook the management of Mrs Armitage's affairs, no idea of self-aggrandisement entered his honest head. His client had a vast deal of low cunning—that kind of cunning which is often apt to look upon lawyers as over-

reaching and unscrupulous, simply because they *are* lawyers; and Mrs Armitage watched all Mr Temple's movements most narrowly, little thinking that her scrutiny was observed by him, and that he was greatly amused by this development of character, making much allowance for her ignorance and consequent prejudices. He felt glad that she had sufficient gratitude in her nature to propose rewarding the tried friend of former times; and when the worthy shoemaker's son came before his mind's eye, Mr Temple determined to interfere thus far—to leave no stone unturned in trying to persuade Mrs Armitage to enable this promising young man to prosecute his studies under competent tuition, so as eventually to fit him for adorning that station to which the wealth she proposed bequeathing his father must raise him. Mr Temple had a hard battle to fight. Mrs Armitage contended that Rollo *junior* was 'learned enough already'; she wanted no 'would-be gentleman' to succeed to the inheritance; and it was to *his father*, not to *him*, that she left it.

Still, Mr Temple persevered; and beneath the magical sway of his urbanity and good management, something almost resembling equanimity began to exhibit itself in his client's sour demeanour, while order and propriety reigned at Walmsley. Suddenly, however, all Mr Temple's plans were frustrated by the unexpected arrival of a stranger on the scene of action, whose credentials admitted of no dispute, and whose influence became all-predominant. In the meantime Rollo Lilligood, fortunately perhaps for his peace of mind, was wholly in the dark as to all these proceedings and arrangements in his favour, consequently disappointment reached him not; and when he received a letter desiring his immediate presence at Walmsley *alone*, he had no doubt that Mrs Armitage was on the point of death, and wished him to read those pleasant words of comfort from the Holy Book which he used to do on the quiet evenings and Sabbaths at Sunnyside.

Very much hurried and abashed was Rollo Lilligood, on arriving at the Hall, to find himself received as a guest in so grand a mansion, and to be ushered into a sitting-room instead of a kitchen. But far more hurried and flurried he was when he found himself in the presence of two females—one of them his old friend Mrs Armitage, looking healthy, and full of spirit and vigour. She was not dying, that was clear; but why he was sent for in such haste was *not* so. During the whole course of the evening no allusion was made to the motive for so sudden a summons; as far as regarded eating and drinking, Rollo was made most comfortable; but he was ill at ease notwithstanding, and the presence of the second unknown female added unaccountably to his tremors. Mrs Armitage had named her as her daughter Mrs Smith, supposed for many years to have perished by shipwreck, but providentially rescued, and turning up 'just in the nick of time,' added the dame laughing; but it was a hollow laugh, and made Rollo shudder.

Mrs Smith was apparently a woman of middle age, much sunburnt and weather-beaten, but, excepting a pair of large black eyes, by no means gentle in their expression, it was difficult to guess what her appearance might *once* have been, owing to the disfigurement of a deep scar or wound on her face, reaching across one cheek—full of wrinkles and seams in consequence. Her voice was harsh, her manner repulsive, yet she evidently tried her utmost to be pleasant, and to appear to the best advantage; but it was when she said 'mother' that Rollo started, for the word grated on his nerves; and when the old woman was irritable and peevish, 'Ellen' looked daggers, but *spoke* honied words. Mrs Smith's eyes followed all Rollo's movements with inquisitorial curiosity; she seemed to be reading his character, or endeavouring to do so; and he, worthy little soul, grew quite abashed beneath the unwonted scrutiny, and had not the courage to respond except by monosyllables. Next morning he was closeted with Mrs Armitage at her desire, and listened to an explanation

and strange recital; ending with her expressing a wish and making an avowal which caused Rollo Lilligood to recoil in amazement and dismay. The substance of the conversation on Mrs Armitage's part was this:—It was not Ellen and her husband who had perished in the wreck, but another Mr and Mrs Smith; Ellen had been left a widow in the new world, but managed her farm alone, as well or better than with her husband's help; and on seeing in the newspapers from England the wonderful account of her mother's inheritance of a large fortune, she had come home at once. Her long silence, her long neglect of her mother, she explained by assurances that she had really written, although the letters miscarried; but then receiving no answer, she had concluded her parent's anger unabated.

'I do assure you, Rollo Lilligood,' continued Mrs Armitage, 'that if Ellen had not brought the certificates of her marriage and birth which she took away with her, I should have hardly been able to identify my own child, for even twenty years could scarcely have altered her so much. The mole on her cheek, too, is destroyed, for that deep gash is right across it: it came from an accident, she says, in felling a tree. Mr Temple behaved very oddly I thought, and was not satisfied for a long time that Ellen was my daughter; till I told him that I *knew* she was so, from proofs indisputable, because she knew things that none save Ellen herself could know. After making a good deal of fuss, looking at the certificates, and what not, *he* was satisfied as well as myself; and Ellen soon told him that his absence would be better than his presence.' Here Mrs Armitage lowered her voice, and looked round with a timid air, which Rollo had never seen her display before: she continued almost in a whisper, 'I don't know how it is, Rollo Lilligood—perhaps I am going to die—but I don't feel like a mother to Ellen. When I thought my child was dead, I mourned and fretted desperately; but now she is restored to me, I don't feel the old love—for I did love her, though she offended me, Rollo.'

Mrs Armitage then, with much circumlocution, proceeded to prepare Rollo for the tidings she had to communicate, which were to the effect that she desired his marriage with her daughter, thereby securing to him the wealth she had already bequeathed. Rollo was not wanting in sense, and he immediately said with a smile, 'You mean kindly, Mrs Armitage, ma'am, I am sure; but do you think it likely that your daughter Mrs Smith, who *must* have your money anyhow of course, would take such a little ugly fellow as the Sunnyside shoemaker for her husband, when, with such a fortune, she might pick and choose?'

'She will take you, Rollo Lilligood,' answered Mrs Armitage: 'I told her my will was already made in your favour, and that I wished her to marry you. She is a good obedient child I must say for her in this respect; for before ever she saw you, she promised to do just as I liked. I wish you to be her husband, Rollo; you are a good, honest man; I wish you to have my wealth; I wish her to have it too; and though I must say I am astonished at Ellen agreeing to my proposal so easily, yet, as she has done so, all that remains for you is to ask her to marry you at once, when you are the master of Walmsley, and I shall die happy.'

'Mrs Armitage, ma'am,' answered Rollo decisively, 'if your daughter inherited all England, and all the palaces in it, I would not be her husband.'

It were needless to repeat the violent discussions on the part of Mrs Armitage—on the determined refusal on Rollo's: one thought, and one only, he gave to his beloved son; but the father felt sure that that dear son would never wish to purchase wealth at such a sacrifice on his part. To become *that* woman's husband! Impossible! thought Rollo. Other thoughts, which he buried in his inmost heart, also crept forward. His rejection was final and decisive. Mrs Armitage discarded him for ever—he should not have a stiver unless he married Ellen Smith! And Ellen herself, what said she on hearing that she was rejected by the shoemaker

of Sunnyside? She said nothing; but her look so thoroughly alarmed and petrified the nervous little man, that he took French-leave of Walmsley instantaneously, nor felt himself secure till he stood beneath his thatched roof once more with young Rollo beside him. The latter, on hearing the Arabian-Night like details, was at first serious and attentive; but when his father came to the proposal of marriage, and his terror of the lady, and rejection of the fortune and honour together, Rollo junior indulged in the loudest and longest laugh that he had ever known since his birth. His father's flight seemed to tickle his fancy immensely; but when they talked over the matter soberly, both father and son came to the same conclusion. What that conclusion was, they religiously kept to themselves, nor did either of them indulge a regret for the wealth thus lost when almost in their grasp.

'Rollo,' said the elder, 'that woman Ellen Smith is'— Here he paused.

'What, father?' said his son, looking on the pale speaker.

'A fiend in woman's form, or I am much mistaken. But we'll "bide our time;" and be thankful I have escaped, my son!' ejaculated poor Lilligood, heaving a deep sigh—a sigh of relief. 'And we will keep all these matters to ourselves, my dear boy; for it is women only who love gossiping, and you and I are wise men, though we be but poor cobblers.'

It was nearly twelve months subsequent to Rollo Lilligood's visit to Walmsley when, on a tranquil summer evening, an aged man, with venerable silvery locks flowing on his shoulders, arrived at the quiet village of Sunnyside. He was a missionary from distant lands, and the best years of his life had been devoted to the conversion of the heathen in the new world. Now worn out, he came home to die, and to rest his bones in the churchyard of Sunnyside beside his kindred. Rollo's deceased wife had been the aged man's grandniece, and Rollo was the only one of his family left with whom the pious labourer could claim affinity. In his society—shared by the whole village—the newspapers at the Sunnyside Arms were now neglected; and it is probable that the parties most interested might not have heard the tidings they conveyed, had not the landlord happened to glance his eye over them, and being aware of Rollo's visit to Walmsley, he bustled with the intelligence to his friend the worthy little shoemaker. The country-side rang with the horrible story—a daughter had been arrested on suspicion of attempting to poison her own mother, whom she had already almost killed by a course of ill usage. Fortunately the attempt had failed, but 'Ellen Smith' was in custody, and Mrs Armitage of Walmsley Hall was her intended victim. The article entered into further particulars concerning Mrs Armitage's succession to the fortune, her daughter's unexpected reappearance, &c. concluding with an explanation of the means through which the atrocity was discovered—two of the servants appearing as witnesses against Mrs Smith, who, it was known, was to inherit all her mother's wealth, the latter having made a will to that effect.

Much was said on all sides concerning the wickedness of the world in general; and the reverend missionary, who had caught part of the conversation, descanted amply on that subject. But when Rollo told him of his own deep interest in the particular 'wickedness' in question, Mr Peckham, with ready sympathy, requested to hear the full details. Accordingly, when they were alone, Mr Lilligood commenced his narrative, leaving nothing out from first to last except his former kindness to Mrs Armitage. Mr Peckham listened attentively; but when Rollo described Mrs Smith, he inquired with evident agitation from what part of the new world she had come. On Rollo informing him, the missionary solemnly said, 'Wonderful are the ways of the Lord, and how he maketh darkness light! My son, although my memory is failing me, yet I have at this moment a perfect recollection of being

sent for to pray by the sick-bed of a fellow-countryman; and in that distant land the ties of country are almost as strong as those of affinity. He was a farmer, of the name of Smith, a man of weak intellect, and his horror of approaching death almost forced upon me the conclusion that he had led a particularly sinful life. But this was not so, I found, for he had been more sinned against than sinning; and I endeavoured to lead him to the knowledge of our only refuge for the just as well as the unjust. He was closely attended upon by his wife. Now, mark me, Rollo; he told me she was his *second* wife; that she had been a servant to his first wife and himself for some years, but a convict before then. He called her "Eliza;" I am sure of that. I remember her brutal manner to the dying man, the gash on her cheek, and her dislike to my being left alone with her husband. It was only at intervals that Smith snatched a moment here and there to speak to me of his past life; for when she was by, he appeared cowed and terrified. The last time I ever saw him in life—his wife (who appeared unusually harsh even for her) being called away for a few minutes—he began lamenting his "ill-luck," as he termed it, in having been the husband of two such viragos; for, said he, "My dead wife, Ellen, threw a pruning-knife at *this* one, and gashed her cheek as you see. Ellen was a shrew, but not so bad as 'Liza neither. Ah, sir! if you ever go back to our dear native land, I wish you would find out poor Nelly's mother, and tell the old soul that her daughter named her kindly when she was dying, for they had quarrelled." I promised willingly to do so, if spared, and requested to know the name of Ellen's mother and her place of abode. "Her name is Armitage, and she lives at"—But here Mrs Smith's return stopped our conversation; and when I returned next evening to the farm, the husband was dead.

"Oh, my dear sir," exclaimed Rollo, "my prophetic instincts were not in vain; this is wonderful indeed! I will off to London at once, and find out Mr Temple."

"But Smith is a common name, my son," said the placid missionary, "and there is a possibility that there may be a mistake in our suppositions, though I confess the coincidence is startling."

"We will leave all to Mr Temple, uncle," exclaimed Rollo. And in two days' time he was in Mr Temple's office, and telling his wonderful story.

Mr Temple speedily confronted the accused, quietly saying, "So, Mrs Smith, you have duped us all, it seems; and as Eliza Smith, formerly the deceased Ellen Armitage's servant, you stand convicted of an attempt to poison the said Ellen's mother."

Quite as quietly, and with imperturbable boldness, Mrs Smith replied, "Well, I thought I should be found out some day, and that is the reason why I consented to marry that fool the shoemaker; for if he was lord of Walmsley, I should have been lady."

"Now, madam," said the lawyer, "I think it possible you may have to prepare for a second trip beyond seas. Your unhappy victim—poor old Mrs Armitage!—has, I believe, received her death, or at least its acceleration, at your hands?"

"If I had managed better," cried the violent woman, "she would have met with it ere this. Do you think I ever forget that her daughter Ellen *did this*?" pointing to her cheek, livid with rage. "Once I was handsome as herself—people said we were like twin sisters; but I saw her die: I took her place: but oh that I could be revenged in full!"

Mr Temple stayed to listen to no more ravings, but making his best speed to Walmsley, laid before the miserable Mrs Armitage the facts of the case, and through whose instrumentality they were brought to light.

Miserable no longer, but lightened of a heavy load, the poor creature cried, "Thank God for this, that she is not my child: the *old love* never came back to my heart: I told Rollo Lilligood so. Ellen, with all her faults, never would have used her old mother as this

woman has done. Poor Nelly!—poor Nelly! So she thought of her own mother when she was a-dying?"

But Mrs Armitage's days were numbered: her spirit was utterly crushed. And once more Rollo Lilligood came to visit her, and to read the words of consolation, which she would listen to from none but him. The second Mrs Smith was transported for life, after having made confession of her fraud and imputed crime. She said that an old English newspaper, containing the account of Mrs Armitage's singular good fortune, had accidentally fallen into her hands; the scheme occurred to her, and seemed so feasible and easy, that she entertained no doubt of being able to carry it out successfully.

In process of time Walmsley Hall was well filled with Rollo's grandchildren. These fair little darlings called Mr Temple also 'grandpapa;' for Rollo the second, now a rising barrister, had espoused Miss Temple: he made himself quite sure of not being rejected by his heiress ere he ventured to offer his hand.

A picture of the good missionary, Mr Peckham, hangs in the dining-room; opposite to which is a full-length of Mr Lilligood the elder, engaged in the business of his calling. 'For I am as proud of my father,' said Rollo, 'as I hope my sons will be of me; and may my descendants never suffer those pictures to be removed!'

They were to be seen at Walmsley Hall a few years ago—the owner, a great-grandson of Rollo, bearing a wonderful resemblance to the portraiture on the canvas, while in uprightness and kindness of heart the likeness is still more perfect.

CURIOSITIES OF ROGUERY.

AUCTION GANGS—'ESTABLISHED BUSINESS' SWINDLE.

Auction Gangs.—It would appear to an uninitiated observer that property of any description, which has been consigned to an auctioneer for disposal by public sale, which is submitted to public competition, and which can be sold only with the auctioneer's consent and complicity, is pretty sure of producing, if not something like its actual value in the commercial market, at least its value to the parties present at the sale, minus that fair retailer's profit which it ought to be the effect of general competition to reduce to its minimum amount. However reasonable such an expectation, nothing is more uncertain than its realisation in the numerous auction marts in the metropolis. There exists a system of wholesale theft and robbery so widely diffused, and so universally carried into execution, that it is impossible to form any estimate of the plunder, which must be enormous in its aggregate amount, and which forms the daily and hourly booty of a set of heartless and unprincipled harpies, who grow rich and fatten upon the domestic misfortunes of their fellow-men. By the operation of this nefarious system, the apparently fair and honest procedure of sale by public roup is utterly vitiated; and the auctioneer—who in a case of unreserved sale, such as that in which the property is adjudged to the hammer under a distress warrant, has no power either to protect the rights of the unfortunate owners, or to save himself from the degraded position he is forced to occupy—is made the unwilling tool of a set of scoundrels, to whom he is compelled to assign, one after another, articles frequently of high finish and sterling value, for sums paltry in the extreme, if not merely nominal.

Those who have noticed the rapid, almost sudden, growth and expansion of certain brokering chapmen and dealers in articles of furniture, pictures, musical instruments, curiosities, bronzes, vases, and objects of *verré*, must have been often struck with surprise at their miraculously speedy prosperity. The small front shop soon bursts into the back parlour; it then *creeps up* the

then the proprietor buys out his neighbours, and overflows first on one side, then on the other, with his fast-increasing stock, till at length half the street, or the whole of it, is one huge repository of everything domestic which necessity, luxury, or vanity can demand and industry supply. The course of knavery we are about to describe may serve to moderate the surprise of the observer.

Be it understood, then, that there exists a species of federal union, never talked about, yet open to all whose trade it is to buy by auction for purposes of retailing. The primary object of this union is, to suppress and prevent that competition which it is the purpose of public sale to elicit. As a general rule it may be affirmed that of this union every broker, dealer or buyer by trade, whose principle of integrity is not sufficiently strong to resist the temptation, is, tacitly at least, a member. And indeed, however honest a dealer may be, he is often compelled in self-defence to wink at the proceedings of the gang, even though he refrain from participating in their vile gains. We must not be supposed to infer that this iniquitous confederation is organised upon any regular system—that it boasts of any rules or written documents of any kind. Such a tangible embodiment of its principles would of course be fraught with peril to the parties concerned, and is therefore avoided. The phrase ‘honour among thieves’ expresses the sole law by which the proceedings of its numerous members are regulated; and though they often quarrel bitterly over the division of the spoil, and have been seen to fight furiously for their imagined rights, they are never known to have recourse to the law for protection. From all we can gather concerning the origin of this foul conspiracy—and we have taken some pains in the investigation—it would appear that it has been of slow and gradual growth, and that it was, in the first place, the spontaneous offspring of the cupidity and dishonesty of a very limited group of confederated rascals. It is affirmed—with what truth we know not—that it was first detected in operation among the Jews of a certain locality, and that it was immediately imitated on all sides, instead of being suppressed, as it might have been by the strong arm of the law and the force of public rebuke, had the infernal machinations of its members been made known. However this may be, it is pretty certain that since its first rise, which might be dated at less than a score of years back, it has spread like a pestilence to every part of the metropolis; and that, at the present moment, it cannot be predicated with absolute certainty of any auction-room situated between Knightsbridge west and Mile-end east, or Highgate north and Peckham south, that on any given day in the year there shall be a fair sale of any specified kind of portable property. If the *gang* be present—and they are always present if the property to be disposed of offers them any considerable advantage—they will be sure to accomplish two things: in the first place, they will get most of the lots they desiderate knocked down to them at a low bidding; and in the second place, they will prevent any stranger who is not a professional buyer from obtaining any article for a sum much less than double its value.

On a certain day in the year 1847—we do not choose, for certain reasons, to be more particular as to date—we attended a sale, where, among other valuable species of property, a pretty large collection of pictures was to be sold. Our object was to purchase a clever production of Fuseli's, should it fall within the limited range of our pocket. Being pressed for time, we had not leisure to change an old office coat in which we had sat all the morning, and consequently made our appearance at the saleroom in somewhat seedy trim—to which accidental circumstance may be doubtless attributed the revelation we have to make. It should be mentioned that the property was that of a defunct dealer, and that his widow was then in the house awaiting with anxious heart the result of the sale, upon the proceeds of which her prospect of future comfort depended. We found the rostrum of the auctioneer surrounded by the *auction gang*, among whom, all unconscious of their honourable fraternisation, we with considerable difficulty shouldered our way, and obtained a standing position in front of the

revolving easel upon which the paintings were then exhibiting to the crowd of bidders.

‘Are you in?’ said a greasy, grizzly-bearded face, reeking over our shoulder.

‘Yes, thank Heaven, we are in,’ said we, mistaking the purport of the question.

‘Oh, it’s all right,’ said the questioner, turning to those behind him: ‘he’s in.’

We need not detail the whole of the conversation we overheard—enough to say that we soon discovered something of the nature of the conspiracy, and saw its profitable but villanous operation in full swing. Most of the pictures of greatest value were knocked down at wretched prices to three or four members of the gang; and once when a stranger endeavoured to secure a piece of some merit, the biddings were run up against him to an amount far beyond its utmost value, until he ceased to bid, when the lot was knocked down to one of the gang, who immediately repudiated his bidding, and swore that he did not intend to bid more than a certain sum. After some squabbling, the lot was put up again, and bought by the gang against the stranger for far more than its worth. Once when we hazarded a bidding for the lot we came to purchase, we were stopped with, ‘Shut up, you fool; that’s —’s bidding: hold your mouth—you’ll get it for nothing if you want it at the knock-out.’

‘At the knock-out!’ we mentally ejaculated; ‘what upon earth is that?’ We had heard the expression before, though casually, and it had escaped our memory; but we resolved this time, if possible, to penetrate the mystery, and learn whether it really was what we already began to suspect it to be.

‘And where,’ said we in as careless a tone as we could assume, ‘does the knock-out come off this time?’

‘Oh, at the old place; at —’s back-room up stairs.’

‘What! C— Court?’ (This was a leading question, as we knew no one at C— Court.)

‘No; at W— Street.’

‘To-night of course?’

‘To be sure—half-past eight or nine.’

We did not fail, shortly before nine o’clock, to ascend the stairs to the back-room of the house indicated in W— Street. Before the hour had struck, the whole of the gang was present, and comprehended a much larger number than we had expected to meet. Among them we recognised several owners of first-rate shops, men of property and capital—one especially, who had recently portioned his daughter with thousands, along with others of *undoubted* respectability. Seating ourselves near the door, and calling for grog on the principle of doing at Rome as Romans do, we awaited with interest the result of the proceedings. A number of the smaller and more valuable paintings—gems of the Italian and Flemish schools—a few English specimens, and several finely-wrought vases and bronzes, had been already ‘cleared,’ and deposited in the old-fashioned window-recesses, and upon tables in the room. As it was now past the hour, and all were supposed to be present, the door was closed upon the ejected waiter, and the ‘knock-out,’ which, as we had suspected, was nothing more or less than the *real sale* of the property, commenced. An individual, whom we shall designate Smash, whose vampyre-looking physiognomy is too well known to the frequenters of certain salerooms, was the unlicensed auctioneer of the evening. Catalogues being produced, all the lots bought by the gang were gone over seriatim, and now for the first time put up to serious competition. One by one they were knocked down to eager purchasers at prices varying from double to ten times the sums for which they had been obtained but a few hours before. Cash was paid down for each lot as it was sold, and deposited in a small tray in front of the seller, the lots, or an order upon the auctioneer for such lots as had not been cleared, being delivered to the respective purchasers. When the whole of them had been disposed of, the mass of gold and silver in the tray had accumulated to a considerable size. Smash then resigning the hammer, reimbursed from the heap before him the parties who had cleared the lots present—those who had purchased lots yet in the custody

of the auctioneer having of course paid to the heap the difference only between the final biddings at the sham sale and the real one. These payments concluded, a considerable sum, the produce of that day's diabolical robbery of a forlorn and widowed woman, remained to be divided among the wretches who had thus successfully combined to plunder the helpless. When the sale was over, we could not help remarking that the whole of the property rested finally in the hands of three or four persons—Smash being one of them, as he had bid pretty freely, and consigned several good lots to himself. A few of the articles which had been run up to a high price, in opposition to parties who, not being in the gang, had presumed to bid against it, hardly realised half the sums they had cost; but the loss upon these was compensated tenfold by the gain upon the remainder. And now came the division of the spoil, which was eventually managed upon a principle too complex to be fathomed by a casual observer. We noticed, however, when Smash read over the schedule, which occupied some time in preparing, that the individuals who had paid most money were to receive the largest share; and that those who bought nothing, and most probably never intended to buy, were to be paid at a lower rate. We did not witness the final distribution of the cash. Having no desire to pollute our fingers by the touch of such ill-gotten gain, we feigned a sudden excuse for quitting the room; and requesting our grizzled friend to take charge 'for two minutes' of our untasted grog, we quitted in sovereign disgust this den of ill-doers, who wanted only the virtues of personal courage and outspoken sincerity to elevate them to the level of the burglar and the highwayman.

It is some years since we became thus aware of the existence of this atrocious system of plunder, and we have since frequently detected it in operation where we little expected to meet it. At book-sales it is a perfect nuisance. There are several scores of petty scoundrels who pass their lives at book-auctions, rarely bidding, and never buying if they can avoid it, and whose sole means of subsistence is this meanest of all possible modes of plunder. From inquiries we have cautiously made—for it is not an easy matter to obtain reliable information from the parties implicated—we are induced to believe that the majority of the real buyers would be glad to abate the practice, or put it down altogether, if possible. They find that where, as is generally the case with regard to books, the separate purchases are rarely of any great value, the trouble and inconvenience the practice entails are not compensated by the profit it affords: but the miserable wretches to whom such stolen scraps are daily bread, stick too hard upon their skirts to be readily got rid of.

It is a melancholy thing, and one that speaks volumes upon the demoralising effect of bargain-hunting upon the character, that among these plunderers of the weak, the friendless, and the prostrate in circumstances, should be numbered names of respectable standing in commerce—names well known and trusted among connoisseurs and collectors of works of art, relics of antiquity, or objects of vertu. But there is unhappily no margin left for doubt upon the subject. It would be in our power, on any given day, in the course of a few hours' visit to some of the finest collections of the first-class dealers in such matters in the metropolis, to pitch upon a score or two of valuable specimens which have come into the possession of the present owners through the scandalous medium of the 'knock-out.*' These men, be it remembered, have not the plea of necessity to advance in mitigation of their acts: they are surrounded with the materials and appliances of luxury, and have wealth at command, and might reason-

* We have this day seen a very valuable painting, bought by one of these gangs at a late sale of the property of a deceased proprietor, for a sum hardly covering the cost of the frame and the materials used in painting. What it realised at the 'knock-out,' and what was consequently the amount of plunder shared among the gang, we were not able to ascertain. One thing we can state with certainty, and that is, that the present custodian of the picture (it would be an abuse of language to call him the proprietor) demands above a thousand guineas for it; and, considering its rare quality and transcendent merit, seems not unlikely to obtain the sum he demands.

ably be expected to set an example of honesty in the pursuit of a profession which is sadly in want of it.

The 'Established Business' Swindle.—Just on the same principle as the American backwoodsman locates upon a plot of savage territory, fells the forest timber, burns the lumber, ploughs and sows the reclaimed land—then sells the whole clearing, stock, lot, and coming crop, to some wandering emigrant in search of a settlement—so in London there is a class of men (and, we may add, of women too) whose favourite occupation it is to open new shops, and dig out, as it were, new channels for the currents of commerce, in the yet untried neighbourhoods of the ever-increasing metropolis; selling their newly-formed establishments so soon as they are set a-going, and in a fair way of success, either to new-married couples, country immigrants, or other parties whom they may suit. Against such a mode of gaining a livelihood, however singular it may appear to some, nothing can be justly said. These parties are often of essential service to the community, to whom they frequently introduce the conveniences of retail trade in localities which, without their speculative enterprise, would long remain strangers to them. They are the pioneers of traffic, whose mission it is to clear the way for the commercial host which has in due time to follow in their footsteps. They owe their success (and most of them are successful) to the possession of a rare tact and discrimination in reference to business matters, as well as to a considerable amount of that constitutional energy and restlessness which so remarkably characterise their prototype of the 'far west.' But as everything successful in London is sure to give birth to its counterfeit, so in this peculiar walk of life there are hundreds of unprincipled knaves who make a prey of the stranger and the inexperienced by the sale, under lying pretences, of mock establishments, whose pretended returns have no existence save in the records of a set of plausible account-books, artfully made up for the purpose of defrauding the unwary.

We shall more effectually expose the *modus operandi* of this sort of swindlers by a brief recital of what actually occurred to a friend of our own who unhappily fell into their clutches, than by any formal description that could be given.

In the year 184-, Walter S— found himself, at the demise of his last surviving parent, under the necessity of seeking a livelihood. With youth, health, and a tolerably good education, and with £600 in his pocket, he left his native place, and came to London to prosecute his fortune. After pushing his inquiries in town for near three months, without finding anything to suit him, he began to turn his attention to the morning papers, and to con the advertisements with a degree of interest which can only be appreciated by those who have been in similar circumstances. At length, lured by the prospect of a good income in return for very moderate exertions, he applied personally at the office of a house-agent in Oxford Street, who had advertised his business for sale. The office was a sort of semi-shop on the ground-floor, at the west end of the street; and though bearing a remarkably neat and genteel appearance, had withal a somewhat worn and business aspect. This he thought looked well. Having made his purpose known to the single clerk, that functionary touched a bell, which brought out the principal from an inner chamber—a sober, rather sad-visaged, well-dressed individual, of about five-and-thirty, in deep mourning. Upon making known the object of his visit, and referring to the advertisement in the 'Times' of that morning, the advertiser demanded whether it was the intention of his visitor to purchase the business for himself, or was he merely making inquiries on behalf of another person? S— replied that he was acting solely on his own account, and that, if the business bore out the terms of the advertisement, it was his intention to make him an offer.

'I could easily satisfy you,' said the other, 'that this business would have justified me in employing much stronger terms of recommendation; but the fact is, that although I have doubled the returns since I bought it myself, I have no wish to recover more than the money I paid for it—the death of a relative having released me

from the further necessity of any business occupation at all. But I fear you are too late; I parted with a gentleman not an hour ago who has all but decided upon taking it. It is a pity you did not apply before: I cannot say anything decisive on it at present. Good-morning, sir.'

'Good-morning,' and S— had already reached the door, disappointment in his face, when the other cried, 'Stop; you may give me your address. It is possible the first applicant may not conclude the affair. It strikes me, from some remarks he let drop, that he may not have the cash at hand, in which case I will let you know the day after to-morrow. By the way, we may as well understand each other—you will allow me to ask you if you are prepared to pay cash down, or at what date, supposing we should do business together?'

'Why,' said S—, 'I had not resolved to offer you the exact amount you demand; but I will say this, that if, after full investigation of the business and returns, we should deal, it will be for cash.'

'In that case,' said the agent, 'you shall have the preference if the party who has just left does not conclude the purchase. Perhaps you will look in at eleven the day after to-morrow, and thus save time.'

S— promised he would do so punctually, and departed, not without hopes of becoming yet the proprietor of so snug a concern.

At eleven precisely on the day appointed S— opened the office door. The principal was standing at the desk in earnest, almost angry discussion with an elderly man of gentlemanly garb and manners. He nodded to the new-comer, and motioned to his clerk to show him into the private room, which was so situated that S— could not avoid hearing every syllable that was uttered in the office. He soon became aware that the stranger was the first applicant whose rivalry he had so much dreaded; and he heard with secret satisfaction, that though eagerly desirous of securing the business, he was not in a condition to pay down the required sum upon taking possession. He pleaded hard to be allowed to make a deposit of part of the purchase-money, by way of binding the bargain, offering three hundred pounds in cash, and the rest in bills of short date. This the agent would by no means allow, and upbraided him with having deceived him in that particular at their former interviews. The stranger retorted, and the discussion grew almost into a quarrel, both parties becoming less ceremonious as the dispute waxed warm. It ended at last in the agent bowing out his would-be successor, who departed muttering his dissatisfaction in no measured terms.

The coast was now clear for S—, with whom, after apologising for the warmth of his language to the stranger, and remarking that it was a singular coincidence that S— should have arrived just in time to witness their disagreement, an arrangement was entered into for examining the books and testing the present state of the business. References having been exchanged on both sides, that same afternoon the books of the last two years were gone over cursorily, but carefully, and checked with the annual audits, in a manner, and with a result, perfectly satisfactory to the incoming proprietor. During the examination two parties called and paid L.5 as per-centage on houses let by the agent. Before leaving the premises, at sunset, S— had agreed to spend the ensuing fortnight in the office, as well to test the average returns, as to learn the simple routine of management. The fortnight passed pleasantly enough. The books were left in the hands of S—, who conned them carefully, and never conceived the slightest suspicion of their genuineness. The clerk proved a rollicking out-spoken fellow, fond of cigars and bottled ale, and made no scruple of abusing his employer for not having raised his salary beyond a paltry hundred—affirmed that to his exertions and attention the success of the office was mainly due—and hoped that S—, on assuming the government, would have the liberality to do him justice. There was no lack of business during the period of probation. Parties dropped in with notices of houses and premises to let, for the registry and exhibition of which on the office show-boards they paid willingly, according to a liberal scale of charges. The

principal was absent for hours together every day, and once for two whole days, during which S— had the luck to let a mansion in a neighbouring square for L.180 a year—accompanied the incoming tenant in the examination of the premises, and received from the landlord 5 per cent. upon the first year's rent. In addition to this, business was transacted of a less important character, but which yet yielded a comfortable profit to the agent. As the fortnight drew to a close, it appeared plainly enough that the profits averaged altogether, after paying expenses, nearly L.10 a week; and S— began to think it was a pity that he had not struck the bargain before, and pocketed them himself. When the time was up, and the agent asked him if he was satisfied with what they were doing, and was disposed to conclude the affair, he was but too ready to do so; and the next day a lawyer was called in, an agreement drawn up in due form, and signed by both parties; L.450 was paid down by S—, and bills at short dates were given for L.150 more. The 'agreement for a lease' of the offices, and the landlord's receipts for rents, together with all books and documents connected with the business, were made over to the new purchaser; and before starting for the north to 'take possession of his newly-bequeathed property,' the agent secretly advised S— to get rid of the clerk. 'You will find that you can easily manage the whole affair yourself,' said he; 'and you may as well save the expense of such a fellow, who is likely to prove an annoyance to any one who does not know how to manage him as I do.' This recommendation proved in the result quite unnecessary. S— took up what he now considered his permanent quarters on the ensuing day, and hired a sleeping-room close by for the better convenience of business. But no clerk made his appearance. This did not at first trouble the new proprietor, who attributed his absence to some convivial irregularity, and felt pretty sure of his speedy return. Two, three, four days—a whole week passed, and no clerk—and what, alas, was a thousand times worse, not a single customer! S—, now a prey to awful suspicions of foul play, lived upon tenter-hooks. Another and another week elapsed; and though the stream of population rushed incessantly past the office door, there were hardly more signs of business in the deserted rooms within than in the silent mummy chamber of an Egyptian pyramid. At length, when nearly two months had passed away without the realisation of a single shilling, and S— had become gradually awake to the completeness of his victimisation, a stranger called with a demand for two quarters' rent, and threatened to seize it if it were not paid immediately. S— produced his receipts up to the last quarter, which proved to be mere fabrications, signed with a name the same in sound, but differing in spelling from that of the real landlord. From explanations that ensued, and from reference to neighbours, and to the inmates of the upper part of the house, the whole machinery of the abominable fraud, which had been brought to so successful an issue, was made fully apparent. The agent himself, the clerk, the 'prior applicant,' the customers, the gentleman who had taken the house in the square (which house, by the way, belonged to the landlord of that of which the office was a part, and was still unlet), the pretended landlord, who had paid the per-centage on letting—the very lawyer, or supposed lawyer, who had drawn up the agreement—all were partners or creatures of one swindling gang. The books were a set of documents cooked up for the purpose of delusion. Among the scores of notices exhibited on the show-boards, only one was genuine, and that one was in reference to the house in the square, which had been made to play so important a part in the swindle. The others, it is true, indicated houses, shops, and chambers which were actually to let; but they had been copied from similar announcements displayed in other parts of the city, without the sanction of the owners of the premises, and for the purpose of carrying out the fraud. As a termination to this villanous affair, poor S— was fain to evacuate the theatre of his delusion, resigning the furniture and fixtures in consideration of a discharge in full of the landlord's claims for rent, and

to recommence his researches in London for some career upon which he might enter with empty pockets and a little dear-bought experience.

The above is an 'ower true tale,' and is but one of a thousand which might be supplied from the private histories of multitudes who have fallen victims to conspiracies of the same class more or less extensive. Every recurring week brings to the metropolis adventurers from the country in search of a location in town, and desirous of investing their hardly-earned savings, or long-expected inheritance, in some established business, or fair speculation, which may offer to honest industry the prospect of competence and respectability. Such will do well to remember that the land-sharks are here on the look-out for their prey, which they will be prevented from gorging only by the exercise of the utmost vigilance and precaution on the part of their intended victims.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BUN-EATING.

AN Englishman is considered, in foreign countries, as a sort of philosopher of every-day life. He is supposed to be cold, calm, self-possessed; to pass along the stage of the world with the imperturbable gravity of a Red Indian; to be able to stand up to be shot at, or even married, with the most solemn decorum; and to carry off even his blunders and simplicities with a lofty air of good faith which sets ridicule at defiance. Such is the Englishman as he is commonly represented, for instance, on the French stage; but, although we are by no means disposed to challenge the general resemblance, we conceive it to be a point of honour to admit that in one particular it is defective: it does not truly characterise the Englishman in the act of eating a bun in a pastry-cook's shop.

Every one who is accustomed to resort to such places for something to stay the appetite, which otherwise would rage or languish by dinner-time, must have observed the singular embarrassment betrayed by the customers. It is painful to detect the expedients they are obliged to have recourse to in order to carry off some portion of this awkwardness. One gentleman, fortunate in being near the door, scans curiously the crowd passing along the street, as if he were looking for some one whom he wished to see. Another, farther in, feels a profound interest in a lemonade advertisement hung over the counter, which he has read fifty times before in similar circumstances. A third finds something demanding careful attention in a row of sauce-bottles or preserve-jars on the opposite side of the shop, till, having at length finished his regale, he all at once revives to a sense of the utter worthlessness of his object, pays his bill hastily, and rushes out into the street, delighted to have escaped from so humiliating a position. Dashing young dogs who come in for a shrimp sandwich and a glass of sherry and lemonade, may carry off matters by a gay conversation with the nymph of the counter, whom they rally about the sparkle and effervescence of the beverage, which they wittily conceive to bear some resemblance to the female character. Young ladies, too—usually taking care to enter in pairs or groups—have it in their power, while they absorb their respective jellies, to keep up a colloquy among themselves, rushing into a critical discussion of the merits of the last new novel, or the last miracle of the Opera, or something else intensely abstract and irrelevant to the matter in hand. It is all very well with such fortunately-situated persons; but for the stranger, the unit—the Englishman—who comes in alone to allay a craving appetite, the situation is a trying one.

The pastry-cooks, for their own sakes, should look to it. If they wish to cultivate the stand-up line of consumption, they should get their shops furnished with

something better than lemonade advertisements and rows of pickle jars for the study of their customers. A continual stream of new pictures hung up in proper situations within gazing distance of the lunching public, would, we are convinced, prove an immense attraction. They should not be pictures of single figures or small groups which tell their story at once and away; they ought generally to contain a multitude of figures, and to carry out a somewhat elaborate narrative, as is the case with the works of Hogarth, Callot, and similar geniuses. Not one should be capable of complete perusal in less time than is necessary for the demolition of a common-sized bun. The necessity of a considerable number of such pictures, and of their frequent renewal, must be evident, for a gentleman would soon feel the awkwardness of appearing before the public as taking an ever-fresh interest in one or two particular works of art, however excellent, every day of his life. There must be at least a dozen, and these ought to be changed at least every two months. Many artists would be glad of the opportunity of exhibiting their pictures in this manner, and therefore there could be no great difficulty in effecting the desired alliance between the rival powers of pastry and art. We can even imagine picture-dealers glad to pay a rent to a fashionable bunnist for the privilege of hanging up their wares with prices affixed in such a situation. On this point, however, we do not profess to speak oracularly. All we aim at is, to impress the necessity of something being done for the relief of distressed bun-eaters.

ADDED BY ANOTHER CONTRIBUTOR.

The plan here suggested may be very good as a temporary expedient, but I believe that the only right and thorough remedy for the evil complained of is to be found, where the remedies of so many other things are looked for—in education and the progress of the national mind. We entertain a firm conviction that, with good management, the awkwardness itself will disappear by and by, and the Englishman will be able to eat his bun with all the nonchalance which distinguishes him in the other predicaments of life. Why should this not be so? What is there in a bun, philosophically speaking, which should not be as surmountable to an Englishman as to a Frenchman? In the meantime, however, the Frenchman has the advantage. Look at him, as he enters the shop, sweeping the counter with the severe and lofty glance of a connoisseur! Having made his selection, he goes deliberately to work. He divides his attention between his bun and the company, scrutinising each in turn. He does not stare, however, but look; he does not bolt, but munch; and it is easy to see, by the approving air with which, ever and anon, he turns his eyes upon the diminishing bun, that he is satisfied with the mental analysis he has formed of its composition. He finishes with a gentle sigh of content; smoothes his moustache with the gravity which this act demands, and invariably receives; pays his *trois sous* politely; draws on his gloves with deliberation; touches his hat to the lady of the counter with an *empressement* proportioned to the charms of her face or dress; poises his cane majestically; and walks slowly out into the street.

The cause of this national distinction is, that in England eating is a vulgar necessity, while in France it is a fine art. In the latter country it is associated even with ideas of the soft passion; for when a lover treats his mistress, it is always to something to eat. In the class lower than the gentry (if there are any lower classes in the French Republic), when the gallant walks out with his lady-love, he inveigles her tenderly into the restaur-

rant. If they have anything to drink, it is merely a little *vin ordinaire* and water, as an accompaniment to the fricassée. If the day be Sunday, which is the most probable day in the week, it is à *rigueur* that the promenade ends with a quadrille; and this likewise takes place in a restaurant, and a restaurant, too, à *cent couverts*, where the master, even when asked only for a little hot water, to sophisticate the English stranger's *petit verre*, summons his head cook by shouting in a voice of proud command—'Chef!'

With us, on the other hand, eating has no grace, elegance, or dignity—drinking taking its place as the first of social exercises. When promenaders of the same rank as those just mentioned go forth to enjoy themselves, *solus cum sola*, they may walk for miles and hours without any other refreshment than beer or spirits and water. If they break bread at all, it is merely a stale biscuit as an accompaniment to the drink. As for a sister signalling the visit of her brother, who resides in a neighbouring town, by preparing some miraculous piece of cookery for him, to be eaten in an arbour in the garden, with the children round the table—that is a scene we smile at as so like the mounseers! Last holiday we met a couple of Modern Athenians, male and female, going forth into the country for a day's pleasuring. They were genteelly dressed: the lady, more especially, was very lady-like—

* They both were young, and one was beautiful!

The gentleman, we saw, had prudently provided against the casualties of travel, for a quart bottle protruded undisguisedly from the breast of his handsome coat like a black nose-gay!

But look at honest Mr Bull as he goes into a tavern to refresh the inner man, and tell us whether you detect any of the awkwardness you have just witnessed at the pastry-cook's? He surveys the room with the air of a monarch. He establishes himself with quiet majesty in his seat; he sips deliberately, critically, and perseveringly; and looks the world in the face the while like a man conscious of the performance of a meritorious action. Does not this show that Mr Bull has the pluck in him, if it were only properly directed? Are we too sanguine in thinking that the day will come in the progress of this onward-moving age, when he will be able to dispense with pictures at the pastry-cook's? Is there anything wild or visionary in supposing—as we do—that by and by, when called upon to perform publicly the munching of a bun, he will acquit himself with the philosophic calmness he exhibits in the other exigencies of social life?

AN EASTERN INTERIOR.

THE late Mr Charles Heath persisted for about a dozen years in sending an author and an artist to rummage continental Europe for materials, literary and scenic, for one of his splendid annual volumes. One great difficulty was, that the author and artist, having other matters to attend to at home, could not make it convenient to travel together; but even if it had happened otherwise, it is hardly probable that two men of different characters and professions could have seen the same objects with the same feelings, so as to give the requisite harmony to the descriptions of the pen and the pencil. Here is a volume, however, equal in interest as well as appearance to any of the bygone annuals, and written and illustrated by a single individual, skilful to the same degree and in the same way, both as an author and an artist.* Mr Bartlett would have been a

treasure to Mr Heath, and his saving of treasure even in travelling expenses might have prolonged for many years the prosperity of the 'Picturesque Annual.'

The 'Nile-Boat' is one of the most agreeable of all literary picture-books. Its information, though not new, is well selected, and conveyed in a way that gives it the value of novelty; while a brief historical introduction enables the reader to understand the subject without the trouble of study. In short, whether as regards the literature, or the numerous pictorial illustrations, this is emphatically a drawing-room book, and presents an excellent specimen of those intellectual luxuries of the age which are now brought within the reach of families of very moderate means.

We have said that the information conveyed by the book is not new; but this must not be rigidly understood. The author himself, indeed, disavows all claim to originality; but in point of fact the work is a volume of travels, and written by one too intelligent and experienced to follow blindly in the steps of his predecessors. There is, more especially, an 'interior,' as the artists say, which forms a very novel as well as agreeable picture. We have been told much of the difficulty, and, till very recent times, of the danger of a European gentleman visiting the harem of a Mohammedan; but a revolution would now appear to have taken place in Oriental manners, of which Mr Bartlett has been among the first to experience the advantage.

'My visit,' says he, 'had fallen on good, and not on evil times—upon an era of change indeed remarkable and momentous, not only for its immediate, but for its far-stretching consequences, and distinguished for the first insertion into the old Mussulman fabric of the wedge of European civilisation. The Turkish power was broken; the Egyptian flag waved upon the walls of Damascus; planted there, too, far less by the brute valour of the troops of Mehemet Ali, than by the tactics of those French generals (an ominous circumstance, and well deserving the closest attention of our statesmen) who had originally formed, and who in reality commanded them.

'When the rapid victories of Ibrahim Pasha had made him master of Syria, and given him the sudden possession of Damascus, and when he came to establish there his impartial system of administration, by which the Christians could no more (as by immemorial usage had been their lot) be trampled upon by the haughty Mussulmen, it was deemed a fit season to establish, if possible, an English consulate in so important a station. After much opposition, Mr Farren at length entered upon this post with every mark of honour from the local authorities, and by his conciliatory manners, soon contrived to render himself extremely popular among the higher classes. Still, the state of Syria was uncertain and convulsed; a reverse of the pasha's success would bring back into fierce reaction all the Mussulman intolerance; and sudden reprisals on the Christians were apprehended, in whose fate Europeans would naturally be involved. They were thus in a constant state of jeopardy; and although the consul had a town-house, he lived in the suburb of Salaheyih, whence, in case of a popular outbreak, he might easily make good his escape to the mountains. The day after my arrival we visited the city. As our horses clattered through the narrow streets, the crowd sullenly made way for us, and curses, not loud, but deep, were no doubt muttered in the choicest Arabic. Many a filthy dervish, pale with suppressed hate, looked daggers as we passed him by.'

* The Nile Boat; or Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. Bartlett, author of 'Forty Days in the Desert.' London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1849.

There was not much to hope for, it might appear, from this state of affairs; but our author found that while the prejudices of the lower ranks seemed to have increased, those of the upper had sustained a change in an opposite direction. 'While such was the sullen fanaticism of the populace, only restrained by the arms of Ibrahim, another spirit was gaining ground among certain of the higher classes. The notorious indifference of the pasha himself to the Moslem institutes, and the liberalism of his European officers, which had infected also the native ones, began to influence certain of the Mussulman aristocracy; and, as extremes commonly meet, while the populace were ready to tear to pieces the Giaours who dared to insult their streets in the odious hat and European dress, some of the higher illuminati took a secret pleasure in showing their emancipation from the prejudices of their forefathers. Of this class principally were the visitors to the consul's house. I was on one occasion engaged in drawing the costume of a native female servant, when a man of some distinction entered—a Moollah of high descent, claiming as his ancestor no less a personage than the father of Ayesha, the favourite wife of the prophet himself. His demeanour was exceedingly grave and dignified, and, as I afterwards remarked, he was saluted in the streets with singular respect. His amusement was extremely great as he saw the girl's figure rapidly transferred to paper; he smiled from time to time, as if occupied with some pleasant idea, of which at length he delivered himself, expressing his wish, to our infinite surprise, that I should come to his house in company with the consul, and take a drawing of his favourite wife.'

This extraordinary invitation occasioned of course great expectation and excitement, and the tryst was anxiously kept. 'At the appointed hour we repaired to the old Moollah's abode. Externally, unlike the houses of Cairo, it presented nothing but a long dark wall upon the side of a narrow dusty lane; within, however, everything bore testimony to the wealth and luxury of its owner. The saloon into which we were ushered was spacious and splendid, marble-paved, with a bubbling fountain in the midst, and a roof supported on wooden beams, highly enriched, and gilt in the arabesque fashion. A large door, across which was slung a heavy leathern curtain, which could be unclosed and shut at pleasure, similar to those adopted in Catholic churches in Italy, opened on the court, from which another communicated with the mysterious apartments of the harem. We seated ourselves on the divan: our host shortly entered, smiling at his own thoughts as before; he doffed his turban and pelisse, retaining only his red cap and silk jacket; he rubbed his hands continually, his eyes twinkled, and he seemed to abandon himself entirely to the merry humour of the moment. A few words had hardly passed before the curtain was gently pushed aside; the lady, like a timid fawn, peeped in, then closing the curtain, advanced a few steps into the room, watching the eye of her husband, who, without rising, half laughing, yet half commanding, beckoned her to a seat on the divan, while we, our hands on our bosoms in the Oriental fashion, bent respectfully as she came forward and placed herself between the old Moollah and Mr Farren. Speaking Arabic well, the latter was enabled to commence a conversation, in which, after some slight hesitation at this first introduction to mixed society, the lady appeared to bear her part with much ease and vivacity. This delighted her husband, who could hardly help expressing his satisfaction by laughing outright, so proud was he of the talents of his wife, and so tickled with the novelty of the whole affair.'

In an Eastern harem, however, there are usually more than one lady of the house; and the reader is doubtless impatient to know what has become of the other members of the family. 'While this was going forward, I observed that the curtain of the door was drawn aside by a white hand, but so gently, as not at first to attract the attention of the Moollah (who sat with his back towards it), and a very lovely face,

with all the excitement of trembling curiosity in its laughing black eyes, peered into the apartment; then another, and another, till some half-dozen were looking over one another's shoulders, furtively glancing at the Giaours in the most earnest silence, and peeping edgewise at the old fellow to see if they were noticed; but he either was, or affected to be, unconscious of their presence, while the consul and myself maintained the severest gravity of aspect. Emboldened by this impunity, and provoked by the ludicrous seriousness of our visages, they began to criticise the Giaours freely, tittering, whispering, and comparing notes so loudly, that the noise attracted the attention of the old man, who turned round his head, when the curtain instantly popped to, and all again was silent. But ere long, these lively children of a larger growth, impelled by irresistible curiosity, returned again to their station: their remarks were now hardly restrained within a whisper, and they chattered and laughed with a total defiance of decorum. The favourite bit her lips, and looked every inch a sultana at this intolerable presumption; whereupon the old man gravely arose, and drove them back into the harem, as some old pedagogue would a bevy of noisy romps. Delivered from this interruption, the lady, at a sign from her liege lord, proceeded to assume the pose required for the drawing. She had assumed for this occasion her richest adornments: her oval head-dress was of mingled flowers and pearls; her long, closely-fitting robe, open at the sleeves and half way down the figure, was of striped silk; a splendid shawl was wreathed gracefully around the loins, and a rich short jacket was thrown over the rest of her attire; her feet were thrust into embroidered slippers, but the elegance of her gait was impaired by her walking on a sort of large ornamented pattens some inches from the ground. It may be supposed I did not keep the lady standing longer than was absolutely necessary. When I had finished, our host, with a smile of peculiar significance, directed her attention to a small carved cupboard, or cabinet, ornamented with pearl, from which she proceeded to draw forth—*mirabile dictu!*—a glass vessel containing that particular liquor forbidden to the faithful; and pouring it out in glasses, handed it to us all; then, at her husband's suggestion, helped herself; and as we pledged one another, the exhilaration of our pious Mussulman entertainer seemed to know no bounds. At the loud clapping of hands, a female slave had entered with a large tray covered with the choicest delicacies of Arab cookery—chopped meat rolled up in the leaves of vegetables, and other and more *recherché* dishes of exquisite piquancy of flavour; this was placed before us on a small stool, together with spoons for our especial use. To complete our entertainment, we were favoured with a specimen of the talents of an Almech, or singing-woman, confounded by so many travellers with the Ghawazee, or dancing-girls. In long low strains she began to chant a lugubrious romance, probably some tale of hapless love and wo. Her monotonous cadences would have driven Hotspur mad; worse than

"To hear a brazen can'tick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;"

but as the story proceeded, the lady appeared rapt, the tears filled her eyes, and she exhibited every sign of the deepest emotion; so different are the modes by which the same universal feelings may be affected.'

Such was Mr Bartlett's peep into an Eastern interior, and it will be admitted that it represents the whole *ménage* in rather an interesting light. What seemed specially odd to him was, that the favourite wife was by no means equal to the others in those personal charms which are supposed to be all-important with an Oriental. It proved, however, from the information received from the Moollah, that among the Mussulmans, as elsewhere, talent takes the precedence of mere beauty. The hostess *par excellence* was the only individual among them on whom her husband could rely for the invention of amusements to fill up the otherwise dreary monotony

of hours that must be passed without intellectual companionship. She alone could converse with him; and she, therefore, was the *wife* in the only rational meaning of the word.

LONDON GOSSIP.

'HOMAGE to the mercantile genius of Great Britain!' thus exclaims a French writer in a recently-published article on the export provision trade from the channel ports of France. 'Cargoes of apples were ready to be shipped for London, when orders came to pack them all in chests of uniform dimensions. So, with seven boards, a stroke of the saw, a few nails, and sundry hammer blows, chest after chest was made; and the stowage on board became as rapid as regular. In all this there is nothing that strikes you as beyond the comprehension of continental apple merchants. But John Bull has ordered his fruit-boxes of such dimensions as are required for a corpse of average stature. No sooner are they emptied, than he hands them over to the undertaker; the latter shapes them, makes the old nails serve again; and 300 per cent. is gained in the matter of cheap funerals. Provisions from all parts of the coast are now forwarded under this ingenious envelop, and each season of the year bears to the consumers of London its tribute of eatables and of dead-boxes.'

One would almost fancy this a compliment paid to some of Sam Slick's clever compatriots, rather than to the plodding and unimaginative race who respire under the shadow of the British lion. But it is true, nevertheless, as I have seen with my own eyes; and as the relaxed tariff brings us thousands of rabbits and heaps of cherries from Ostend, tons of butter and cheese from Rotterdam, millions of eggs and bushels of apples from Dunkirk, so there is no lack of coffin-wood to be put underground, and dug up again a few months afterwards by enterprising sextons for firewood. And in this way, as you see, the business connects itself with the question of burial in towns; and this must not be dismissed without a word or two on the Report just issued by the Board of Health 'On a General Scheme for Extramural Sepulture.' This document contains 172 pages, with a map, the latter showing the relative positions of the several metropolitan cemeteries, and indicating some of the remedial projects. The evidence on which the Report is based is similar to what has been before given; no one dreams now of disputing it, except here and there a sprinkling of obtuse entities. The pith lies in a small compass. 'There are,' say the Board, 'in London, situated at various distances from each other, and each differing in extent, 200 centres of more or less pollution, each pouring off unceasingly, day and night, its respective contribution of decaying matter; but the whole together, reckoning only the gases from decomposing human remains, amounting, as we have seen, in one year, to upwards of two millions and a-half of cubic feet.' So much of this deleterious gas remains to be inhaled, that the Board 'submit, therefore, that a case is made out for the total prohibition of interment in the metropolis, on account of the injury resulting from the practice to the public health.' This brings us to the conclusion, that 'if interment in the metropolis is to be wholly discontinued, provision must be made for the removal of 52,000 corpses a year, or of 1000 a week and upwards, to considerable distances from the places at which the deaths occur. Provision must also be made for the decent, orderly, and impressive interment of this number of the dead.'

The Board are entirely of opinion that the present system of funerals, where the undertakers' cry is, 'first come, first served,' should also be suppressed, and the whole management intrusted to one responsible commission of five members, of whom one to be paid. Then it is recommended that it shall be declared 'unlawful to inter in any other place than the public burial-grounds within the prescribed precincts;' 'that the chief metro-

politan cemetery should be in some eligible situation, accessible by water-carriage;' 'that it be unlawful to inter in any burial-ground more than one corpse in one grave;' 'that the price of funerals be regulated according to a series of scales or classes; and that the whole expense of each funeral be included in the charge fixed for its class, and be paid for in one sum.' A most eligible spot (said to be at Erith) is pointed out for the chief cemetery. It is on a dry sandy soil, and can be readily approached by railway or steamboat. Then, to insure speedy removal of corpses from dwelling-houses, it is proposed that 'reception-houses' should be built on both sides of the river, so as to include the parishes from Wandsworth down to Deptford and Blackwall. In these houses the bodies would lie under proper care until the time fixed on for burial. Of course there are details about hearses, coaches, funeral-steamboats, &c. and compensation to the clergy and others who may be exposed to loss by the change. One result of it would be to prevent infanticide, which prevails to some extent under the present system; as infants said to be 'still-born' are buried under cover of night, 'and no questions asked.' The new project presupposes a stringent registration of all births, whether dead or alive; and devoutly is it to be wished that parliament will give the measure the authority of law.

I don't like taking up your time with these sanitary matters, of which you must be well-nigh weary; but so much depends on them, that it is not easy to forbear; and there is a part of the subject which has generally escaped without due attention. It is that of the cow-yards, or 'dairies,' as they are called, so numerous in London. Each one of these is a Smithfield in miniature, a focus of noxious exhalations in quarters where you would least expect it, from courtly St James's to Bethnal Green. Mr Rugg, a surgeon, has lately published 'Observations on London Milk,' and traces many of the evils which afflict poor metropolitan humanity to the adulteration of that essential aliment. What would you think of keeping cows in underground vaults constantly lighted with gas? Yet such is the case. No wonder that London milk is said to give people consumption. Cowhouses generally are dark and ill-ventilated; the insufferable odour of a London dairy is but too well known—a compound of animal and vegetable effluvia of the most noisome kind, with the sour smell of distillers' wash. The adulterating substances are whiting, flour, starch, treacle, annatto, sugar of lead, and brains. Mr Rugg says—'When they (the dairy-keepers) cannot procure sheep's brains, they get those of the ox or cow, and others even from those hotbeds of disease—the knackers' yards. The way they use them for this detestable purpose is by rubbing them up with their hands (which are not the cleanest one would wish to see) with some warm water, and a white, milky-looking emulsion is the result. This is stirred up with the quantity of water which they intend to add to the milk.' This account is enough to make one forswear milk for ever. It appears that the process was imported from Paris, where, as well as in London, rich and luscious cream is prepared in the way here described. The bringing of milk by railway, which now prevails so largely, ought to have the effect of checking this evil. The price paid to country graziers by the town dealers is twopence or twopence-farthing per quart; they retail it at fourpence; so that, when the adulterating diluent is considered, their profit is enormous. I met a farmer in Berkshire lately who sends milk to London daily by the South-Western Railway; he told me that the charge for carriage was ninepence a hundredweight, and that he had opened a retail dairy in Leicester Square. On my asking him whether he put water into his milk, his reply was, 'I am obliged to do it, because if I didn't, it wouldn't be fair to the other dealers;' so that *unfairness* to the consumer appears to be no part of the question. Mr Rugg proposes to 'register' every milk supplier 'in town or country;' whereby, 'taking London to contain 2,000,000 inhabitants, and supposing

each individual to consume, on an average, half a pint of milk per day, it would require 50,000 cows, producing ten quarts per day each, to maintain the supply of 500,000 quarts per day, or 182,500,000 quarts per year; the rate on the 50,000 cows, at 2s. 6d. per head, would amount, independent of the registrations of the sheds and retail dealers, to L.6250 per annum.' Interference with trade is always objectionable, but it is a question whether some attempt might not be made to put an end to this system of fraud by appointing government inspectors of milk as they have in Holland.

Craving your indulgence for enlarging on this grievance, I pass now to the Astronomer-Royal's lecture at the Royal Institution on the 15th. The subject was terrestrial magnetism, and most luminously was it discussed. It would indeed be hard to find a lecturer to match Mr Airy in this respect; he makes the matter so clear, that it is your own fault if you do not understand it. He showed the present state and prospects of magnetism as a science, defining science to mean, not a knowledge of facts, but a knowledge of the causes—especially the mechanical causes—of observed phenomena; and commented on the simultaneous movements of magnets at observatories widely separated—at the foot of the Ural Mountains, at Greenwich, in Van Diemen's Land; and on the various theories of Hansteen, Gauss, and others, by which the different phenomena are to some extent accounted for. Mr Airy considers that no more expeditions for magnetic observation are necessary; that we have a sufficient collection of facts; and that the most likely means to arrive at a knowledge of causes would be to take any one of the sudden disturbances which occur in the movements of the magnets, and endeavour to trace it to its source, to find out its starting-point, and thus by a tentative process discover what is now so great a mystery. Here terrestrial magnetism rests for the present: the attempts hitherto made to reduce its extraordinary effects to distinctness of form and order, reflect the highest credit on all concerned, and the ascertaining of its causes will be one of the most startling and pregnant discoveries that could well be made.

Among miscellaneous matters is the invention of an 'Air Screamer,' to be fitted in ships, for use as signals in foggy weather, and thereby avoid those fatal catastrophes of running down at sea, one or two appalling cases of which, as you will remember, occurred last year. This instrument can be heard at a distance of four miles. Besides this, it is said that red glass is eminently serviceable in enabling a gazer to make out distant objects in a fog, and may thus become available in the prevention of accidents. The statements on this point require further testing; the explanation offered is, that the bright or white light of fog which wearies the eye, is relieved and neutralised by the coloured glass, so that the full power of sight remains for the examination of what is remote. The North Kent Railway Company are building carriages which will contain ninety-six passengers; according to theory, large vehicles can be moved with less expenditure of power than small ones. It is to be hoped that the comfort of passengers will not be lost sight of; for on some of our lines the space allowed between the seats is so cramping and confining, that it is a misery to travel on them. Your north of Tweed carriages are more conveniently constructed in this respect—in those on French lines you can sit with some degree of comfort. Besides these domestic items, there are two or three from the United States: a railway suspension-bridge over the Niagara river close to the Falls; it is to be hung on 16 cables, of 6000 wires each, laid straight, and 'served,' as sailors say, with thinner wire. The supports will be stone piers, and the structure, when completed, is to carry 6000 tons without flinching. Jonathan will then have something to boast of, as well as we of our Britannia Bridge. Next: the great national hero Washington is to be commemorated in a granite and marble monument, to be erected at Richmond in Virginia, for which

the state legislature has voted 100,000 dollars. Besides this, there is the elaborate and costly monument to the same personage now being erected at the central seat of government—Washington. Good opportunities for transatlantic sculptors: meantime chisellers here talk about them, and wonder what they will look like. And last; rumour is again busy with a discovery said to have been made in New York—that of producing light and heat by the decomposition of water at so trifling an expense, that the cost of warming a house would amount to less per week than to supply its mistress with gloves. I would not advise the English public to give credence to this rumour just yet.

Further accounts have come from Africa of the lake which I have already mentioned as discovered by Mr Moffat junior and some hunters. It is situated in longitude 24 degrees east, and latitude 19 degrees south, and its limits appear to have been undiscernible. According to the natives, however, it takes twenty-five days to travel round it. The vegetation on its banks is tropical, and palms are abundant, but it contains no crocodiles, alligators, or hippopotami. It is approached by a river, which for some distance is of small size, and which, as it nears the lake, becomes as large as the Clyde. There are no islands, except at the mouth of the river, and these are thickly inhabited by a race differing from those on the mainland. Fish is said to be abundant, pelicans also, and a breed of small elephants. Will it be safe to predict that steamboats will be running on this lake before ten years are over, and emigrants busily cultivating its shores?

Among other scientific gossip is the report presented to the Académie by three French chemists on the existence of lead, copper, and silver in sea-water, though in very minute quantities. They find the latter metal also in vegetable tissues; and being desirous to know whether vegetables of the ancient world contained a similar proportion, they experimented on coal, and came to the conclusion that its presence is most clearly demonstrated in modern vegetables. From plants they went to animals, and detected silver in the blood of oxen. Professor Unger, of the university of Vienna, has published 'Physionomic Pictures of the Vegetation of Different Periods of the Primitive World.' This is 'not a series of systematic tableaux, but real landscapes of great beauty, in which regard is had to all the known and presumed circumstances in relation with the subject; due attention is paid to the species of vegetables, to the atmospheric and climatologic conditions, and to the character of the lands and seas of ancient periods, as well as to the terrestrial and marine animals of each epoch.' Such a work as this, passing from the chiaroscuro of the carboniferous period through all the changes up to the tertiary, will be acceptable to general as well as scientific readers; especially to those who are best instructed by the eye.

But I must hasten to a conclusion, or I shall exceed my limit. Another poet has spoken, and we have new poems by Robert Browning, a writer less popularly known than he deserves to be. Tourists, who will begin to be on the alert with the advent of spring, will be gratified to know that the repairs at Caernarvon Castle are complete, and that several others of our favourite Welsh ruins are to be similarly restored at the royal charge. Visitors to London, too, will learn with pleasure that a talk is again brewing about the obnoxious high prices for viewing St Paul's. And apropos of visitors—working-men's clubs are being formed in some of the provincial towns, to raise subscriptions for a trip to town in 1851 to see the much-talked-of National Exhibition—a very praiseworthy project. Not less noticeable are the 'Penny-Banks.' In the one at Hull, 5541 depositors lodged pence in the bank to the amount of above L.1200 in 182 days; at Greenock, too, there has been equal success. Artisans and operatives could not lay out a portion of their savings better than in travelling a little, and so enlarge their knowledge and experience. And here a passage

so much to the point occurs to me, that I quote for the winding up: it is taken from the recently-published reports of Mr Airy's lectures on astronomy at the Ipswich Museum. The lecturer had arranged that 'persons concerned in the mechanical operations of the town' should be present; and he especially invited the attention of working-men to his remarks, stating that 'the subjects of the lectures would not be beyond any working-man's comprehension. Everybody who has examined the history of persons concerned in the various branches of science has been enabled to learn, that whereas, on the one hand, those who are commonly called philosophers may be as narrow-minded as any other class, and as little informed; so, on the other hand, those who have to gain their daily livelihood by handicraft, may associate their trades or businesses, whatever they may be, with accomplishments of the most perfect and the most elevated kind.'

THE SENSES AND THE IMAGINATION.

It was about this time that coffee began to be generally introduced. Instead of adopting the new beverage, Mr Chalmers invented one of his own—an infusion of burnt rye—which he not only used constantly himself, but urged upon all his guests, strenuously affirming its equality with the best Mocha coffee. Upon one occasion, at Kilmany, Mr Duncan, who had no great relish for his friend's beverage, so stoutly denied this position, that Mr Chalmers declared that the next time he came to Dundee he would subject the matter, in Mr Duncan's own presence, to an *experimentum crucis*, and triumphantly vindicate his own invention. The time for the experiment soon arrived. Mr Chalmers appeared in Dundee, bringing with him a quantity of rye coffee, as he called it, of his best manufacture. The trial between it and its rival was made at Dr Ramsay's, to whose sister the performance of the important experiment had been committed. It was agreed that a select company of connoisseurs should assemble; that Miss Ramsay should furnish each, first with a cup of her best Mocha coffee, and then with a cup of 'the genuine Kilmany;' that each guest should announce his opinion, and that by the verdict of the majority the question of their respective merits should be decided. In the meantime, however, before the trial commenced, Miss Ramsay received certain private instructions, upon which she acted. In due time the company assembled. The coffee being handed round, met with general approbation. The second cup was next presented; by one after another an adverse verdict was pronounced, till it came at last to Mr Duncan, who emphatically exclaimed, 'Much inferior, *very much inferior!*' Mr Chalmers burst into laughter as he replied, 'It's your own Mocha coffee; the second cup is just the same article as the first.'—*Memoirs of Dr Chalmers.*

STRANGE TASTE IN ANIMALS.

It is singular to find, that while in animals each peculiar species has its distinguishing characteristic—as speed in the greyhound, courage in the bulldog, intelligence in the shepherd's colley, and acuteness in the Highland terrier—that there are now and again strange aberrations met with in their tastes, and such as are totally opposed also to natural habits and dispositions. I had a French poodle which would drink grog until he got drunk; but in his latter days he became reformed, for a stupid scoundrel gave Philip a glass of undiluted whisky, scalded his mouth, and from that moment he turned a teetotaler. In 1799, at the Angel Inn at Felton, the landlord had domesticated a hedgehog so completely, that he came when he was called 'Tom,' and made an excellent turnspit. Forty years ago, when Mr Allgood hunted the Tindale country, a guinea-hen, which had lost her partner, took to fox-hunting to kill grief. She regularly went to a field with the pack, kept a respectable place throughout the day, and always was in at the finish. It was believed that a conjugal bereavement, such as generally drive widows to the altar again, influenced the sporting bird.—*Marcell's Hill-side and Border Sketches.*

GOODNESS OF NATURE.

Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin.—*Bacon.*

EYE-MEMORY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN the present all around me
Forms a picture of fair things,
That awake bright thoughts within me—
Fairy shapes and seraph wings—
Then I quench my thirst at fountains,
Fountains of eternal springs.

Fancy sheds o'er all the sunshine
That is bred of pleasant thoughts;
And with pulse that beats unfevered,
Fancy every object notes,
Till each individual aspect
In a sea of beauty floats.

Then the present is before me,
Standing in its field of power,
Till at last the past steals o'er me
As from clouds the falling shower,
While its memories restore me
To another scene and hour.

One brief glimpse at things familiar
To the visions of our youth—
One quaint view of objects common
To our early sense of truth—
One glance at the alien corn-fields
Bringeth back our boyhood's ruth!

Oh it is a mystic wonder
This same memory of the eye,
That with no loud sound of thunder
Pierceth our humanity,
But with force that keeps time under
Rouseth up old sympathy!

One small flower, whose shape and colour
Noteless to all others is,
Brings a vivid recollection
Of some bygone vale or bliss:
Here a bier, and there a bridal—
There a tear, and here a kiss!

Even upon yon wall the shadow,
As it falleth, calls to mind
Shades of woods where I, a truant,
On the thick green boughs could find
Joys that had no taste of sorrow
With their fruitage intertwined.

Often, as we linger idly
O'er new paths, we come upon
Something—field, or hill, or streamlet,
Windmill, glittering in the sun—
That we knew by frequent visits
Long ago, ere youth was gone.
Yet these scenes are strangers to us,
Though their forms are old and dear;
And Eye-Memory, through and through us,
Runneth like some liquid clear
That is poured from jewelled chalice
By a spirit hovering near.

It were well if recollections
Of the past were always drawn
From the eyes, whose retrospections
Have no tempest in their dawn:
Happy he whose calm reflections
Pass not the paternal lawn!
Happier still if our Eye-Memory,
After travelling far, bring home
Sweet experiences—telling
Of the sadness and the gloom
We have aided in dispelling
From some fainting neighbour's room!

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SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

A COUNTRY TOWN—A BATHING-PLACE.

MADAME LA COMTESSE DE SOLMANIE, one of the many who lost all by the first Revolution, came to live with us when I was four years old, under the pretence of being governess to me; the only mode my parents could devise, without hurting her feelings of sensitive delicacy, to induce the kind-hearted being, from whom, in happier days, they had received much attention, to take up her abode in their house. She spoke her own language with purity and elegance, and every motion was grace; but more than this she could teach nothing, except perhaps embroidery, inasmuch as, beyond reading and writing moderately, and spelling very incorrectly, she had been taught nothing herself. She and her daughter Caroline, however, remained as part of the family until the Restoration, six years afterwards, enabled her to return to France, and die where she first drew breath. We two children, much about the same age, loved each other like sisters, and parted in despair; and Caroline's first action, after her marriage to a young employé of noble family who had obtained a very good place in a town I shall call Tourloville, was to beg and implore of me to come and stay with her. This at the time I could not do; but a few years afterwards, Colonel and Mrs Mellerton, who were travelling by a circuitous road to Paris, dropped me *en route*, and we had the happiness of meeting once more.

Madame de Vorinfort was a thorough Frenchwoman, while upon me, ignorant of everything French but the language, the impression made by customs and manners so unusual was so great, that I think I can call to mind even the slightest circumstances distinctly. The house in which the De Vorinforts lived was at the lower and more fashionable end of the principal street, which was narrow, paved with painted pebbles, and *sans trottoir* of course—Paris itself in those days (though not very distant) being equally ill off in this respect. Lamps 'few and far between' were swung across on ropes; and the gutter was in the middle, where the inhabitants every night deposited in heaps all things that the want of proper drainage prevented from being carried off in a manner less conspicuous and more agreeable to the senses. After eleven in the day, however, nothing of this last nuisance was very perceptible; and the picturesque forms of the irregular old houses much delighted me, as did also the quaint, old-fashioned appearance of everything around. M. de Vorinfort's house, *entre cour et jardin*, made rather an imposing appearance from the street, owing to the length of the front; in depth, however, it was so deficient, that a corridor and a room, neither of them very wide, were all it could contain. The numerous windows, with their espagnolettes of clumsy woodwork, the ill-seasoned, shrinking,

skirting-boards, and the ill-fitting doors, made it very cold in winter; for the elegant folds and festoons of the side draperies were more thought of than the comfort of ample curtains of more homely stuff; and as for carpets, there were none. In my progress down the *grande rue*, followed by two porters with my luggage, I met a diligence; and while I was staring at the enormous wagon-like vehicle, covered with the dirt that had adhered to it from the day it was first used, drawn by strong, shaggy, ill-groomed horses, three and two abreast, piled up to the clouds, and thatched (a sight never to be seen now), a gentleman's carriage, with an earl's coronet and a common rope harness, passed. The loud smacking of the whips, the shouts of the respective postilions, in jack-boots and queues, so confounded my weak mind, that I did not observe a donkey with huge panniers on either side, upon which sat a lady with her feet in one of them, who, bowing politely, apologised for pinning me up tight against the wall, while some rude children called out 'Ah ha, Madame G—— D——n! c'est une Anglaise, bien sur—regardez son chapeau!'

This chapeau, of the shape called a French cottage, had originally come from France, in consequence of which I had had it cleaned, turned, and trimmed to travel in, by this ingenious proceeding hoping and expecting to escape observation. I did not then know that fashions four-years old were with our volatile neighbours as little worn or remembered as those before the great revolution; and as the humbler classes do not wear bonnets at all, they are as much surprised at an unusual shape as their betters. At the present day, however, fashions change less rapidly, and the difference between the costumes of the two nations is also much less observable than it was then. I gazed with interest at the shops, many of which had no windows at all; the goods being displayed on a sort of stall, over which was a wooden or canvas awning, to the former of which shutters were attached at night. The shopkeepers seldom wrote their names above their doors, as ours are obliged to do; but painted upon the walls of the house the articles they principally dealt in, as was, I believe, formerly the custom in Scotland—of which country, indeed, I was continually reminded. The tones, some of the words, and many of the habits, were completely Scotch; and I have also, in some of the out-of-the-way villages, seen old women whose caps closely resembled 'mitches,' carrying 'stoups,' and screaming to one another as like my own dear countrywomen as possible. The appearance even of the interiors of many country cottages was quite what I had often seen at home, and *soupe à la graisse* and 'kail' are surely cousins-german—both equally bad. I have been a long time travelling down the *grande rue* with two tall porters at my heels, so I must not keep my readers long at the door. It was promptly opened by a *valognaise* in the high peacock-

tailed cap, which is so becoming individually, as well as collectively (not the case with all Norman caps). She wore also the long dangling gold earrings, and heart and cross, called now-a-days a 'Jeannette;' and instead of the gay-coloured handkerchiefs which I had observed in the streets adorning the necks of the women, a lace tucker of frill reached to her collar-bone.

'Montez,' said she uncereemoniously; 'madame y est.'

'Pay the porters,' answered I, putting my purse into her hand, and commencing my voyage of discovery. The first door I opened led into a long lofty room with yellow damask chairs ranged close to the wall on one side, and the same number of crimson ones upon the opposite. It contained, moreover, a *canapé*; two handsome mirrors; a chandelier, which hung from the centre of the ceiling; and on a sort of sideboard, as also upon the chimney-piece, were bunches of artificial flowers in China vases, covered with glass shades, and a pendule representing Cupid sharpening his arrows. The light-brown painted and waxed floor shone like a looking-glass, adding to the cold, uncomfortable appearance of the whole; but as this was evidently *not* the apartment where madame was, I opened the next. The floor here was of brick, like the stairs and passages. A common deal table stood in the middle, and under it circular straw-mats for the feet. White cotton window-curtains, with red cotton borders, an *armoire*, a *secrétaire*, a buffet, more flowers under glass shades, another mirror, and another pendule. What could this be? Not a gentleman's dining-room certainly, yet scarcely a servants' hall. My third attempt was the right one. There sat Caroline—I remembered her perfectly, as she did me, although I had arrived two days before I was expected; for in an instant we were in each other's arms; and after we had cried heartily, and begun a great many unfinished sentences, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, our national language coming naturally uppermost, we drew our chairs close to the fire, and commenced some more coherent inquiries.

In a short time Mariette called her mistress out of the room, and I had then leisure to glance around at its furniture. The fireplace was lined with white Dutch tiles; an enormous *bûche* reclined against a high bank of ashes; and one or two bits of wood, like stakes cut in three, rested on dog-irons, giving more heat than one would have imagined, but constantly requiring replenishing, and consequently as troublesome as dull, for I soon found it not good economy to be perpetually keeping up a blaze, and wood is not now to be had for a trifle. Two very high, very broad, very uncommon-looking sofas next attracted my attention, having never before seen anything that resembled them. A drapery of yellow silk, appended to a huge gilt ring fixed to the ceiling, hung over both; two round, hard, bolster-shaped cushions of the same material were at each end, over what appeared to me something very much like a yellow silk counterpane, trimmed, like the curtains, with handsome brown and yellow fringe, and hanging nearly down to the floor, only *just* showing a carved mahogany board, that all but touched it. At the further end of the room was a large gilt angel, holding a circular looking-glass, to which the expanded wings formed a sort of outward drapery, if I may so express myself, whilst folds of the richest lace were festooned immediately below; a *secrétaire* and *commode en marqueterie* with yellow marble tops, and two elegantly-formed tables, supporting alabaster and China ornaments, were against the walls; while the everlasting pendules and

flower-globes ornamented the chimney, and completed the furniture of the room, the floor of which was waxed, and presented nothing nearer a carpet than a wolf-skin-rug. An ivory workbox stood upon the *commode*, a knitting-table by Caroline's chair, and I was busily examining the progress she had made in a shawl when she returned. I expressed my admiration at the several things I had been looking at, particularly these 'curious sofas.'

'Sofas, ma chère amie! They are beds. You will occupy one of them to-night, for I am not satisfied that the couch destined for you is yet sufficiently aired, and monsieur's room is undergoing repair, so he will sleep at the Cheval Tricolor. I don't allow the embroidered pillow to be placed on them, being too much of a Parisienne to admire anything so provincial; but now I recollect that in England the beds are all *lits à quenouilles*, I don't so much wonder at your mistake.'

'We have,' answered I, 'what are called French beds in our dressing-rooms, and in all small rooms in newly-furnished houses; but *they* are not exactly like these. How do you manage at night?'

'Look here,' said she, lifting up one of the before-mentioned silk coverings, and displaying underneath a well-made bed all ready turned down. 'And now, come this way,' opening, as she spoke, a dark closet, where square plain pillows, common tufted quilts, wash-stand, towel, &c. were seen. 'When I have done dressing, and gone to breakfast (we breakfast at twelve, and coffee will be brought to you at eight), these things are all removed, beds made, windows opened, floors sponged or waxed, and all is ready to see company. I receive twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—although *my* day is properly Tuesday; for Madame Charenton has taken Friday, and as she almost always has dancing, no one comes to me but in the morning.'

'But, Caroline, do you always sit in your bedroom?'

'Always, except sometimes upon Tuesdays, and when we give our two annual dinners and *bal prié*. People of our fortune all do so—it is much more comfortable and economical. Mariette would grumble sadly if we used more rooms.'

'Is Mariette your own maid or the housemaid?'

'We have just two servants, ma belle: Louis, who is cook, footman, valet, and chambermaid; and Mariette, who dresses and sews for me, dusts my valuables, makes my bed, and opens the door.'

'How different from England!' exclaimed I.

'And from English fortunes,' answered Caroline. 'We have just 15,000 francs a year (L.600), and one house. Little Philippe, who is already ten years old, is at college (I wish it had been Philippine, but one child is enough with our income), and we are pinched enough, I assure you, to make a proper appearance. But I hope Auguste will be promoted soon, for he has the promise of at least a good sous-prefecture. Ah, here he comes!—how pleased he will be to know my dear Dora! Dinner will appear in five minutes.'

'But,' cried I, 'we are not dressed!'

'Dressed, ma bichette!—no one is coming to-night!' answered Madame de Vorinfort with a look of surprise.

From the low bows and elaborate compliments and speeches with which M. de Vorinfort greeted me, I should never have guessed him to be the affectionate, warm-hearted creature I afterwards found him; and I half wondered to see Caroline upon such familiar terms with so fine-spoken a gentleman, of whose face I could only distinguish a pair of black eyes and the end of a

high nose, so completely was the remainder of his countenance buried in a profusion of dark hair.

'Diner est servi,' announced Louis, opening the door, attired like a very respectable butler. Half an hour ago I had caught sight of him in a white suit, with a tufted nightcap on his head, busily pounding in a mortar.

'We have had no time to make any addition to our family fare, Dora, so you must pardon a very bad dinner. Your journey will have provided you, I hope, with that best of sauce—a good appetite.'

We sat down in the brick-floored apartment before described at a round table, upon which was laid, on the cloth, a very long loaf. A tureen stood in the middle, with the cover inverted, containing a cabbage. The soup was clear, light-coloured, well-tasted enough, but poor; and I declined my portion of cabbage, which looked, however, hard and round, about the size of a large apple, and of a pinkish colour: not at all like the vulgar English vegetable bearing the same name. Then came the *bouilli*, which I was told always to call bœuf, as the word *bouilli* was provincial, and vulgar in the extreme. A *civet de lièvre* followed, and then a beefsteak from the fillet, lightly done, touched with Lucca oil, and surrounded by bits of fried potatoes the size of hazel-nuts. Afterwards appeared whittings, with a very nice sauce; and four bits of feathery paste and a Savoy cake formed the dessert, and finished the repast. Each dish was served separately, in order to be hot; but cold plates were set down for us to eat from, which seems a strange contradiction. I may mention here that, generally in unpretending houses like the De Vorinforts, the same knife, fork, and plate served for two or three things, bread being used to wipe the two first upon, and to gather up every vestige of gravy or grease left upon the latter; but upon my second visit, some years later, I rarely perceived such habits practised by any respectable people. The universally-prevailing one also of pocketing sugar, legs of fowls, rolls, &c. which happened to be left after the travelling-breakfast or dinner at inns, is now quite on the decline, although not yet entirely abandoned; for I have even observed it practised at Paris, so late as 1847, by people whose exterior would not have led one to expect such a thing. Caroline drank *eau rouge*, but the sour, astringent vin ordinaire I thought quite weak enough to be swallowed undiluted; and in hot weather it is neither unpleasant nor unwholesome, although I consider it to be both when the glass is below 60 degrees Fahrenheit. After partaking of a small cup of coffee, very strong, without milk or cream, additions which are never given but at breakfast, we returned to Caroline's room, where we sat chatting until bed-time sent M. de Vorinfort to the hotel, and brought Mariette to prepare matters for our couches, by conveying the ornamental pieces of furniture to the dark closet, and substituting the more useful ones I had observed there in the morning.

Madame de Vorinfort, although young, and possessing a very tolerable complexion, thought it necessary to rub well into her face, neck, and arms, for the purpose of softening the skin, a pomade composed of *beurre de cacao*—white wax and almond oil—which was washed off next morning with *lait virginal* to strengthen it. For the benefit of economically-disposed female readers, I will describe how this pomade is made. Gum benzoin, storax, nutmeg, and cloves, all reduced to powder; put two ounces of this to a pint of the strongest spirits of wine; keep it exposed to a gentle heat for a fortnight, shaking it every day; then let it clear, and bottle it. A pint of good white-wine vinegar added to this turns it into *vinaigre de toilette*, which is said to be still more efficacious, as it prevents or cures sunburn. This cosmetic ceremony almost every Frenchwoman goes through night and morning, especially when she nears that time of life when saucy young men begin to count our ages as they do at piquet—eight-and-twenty, nine-and-twenty—sixty; and many, as time further advances, add an issue on the left arm for the benefit of

their *teint*, which fact I record for the benefit of such of my fair countrywomen as are fond of following French fashions. No other washing did I ever see, a bath once a week being thought sufficient. I myself heard an exquisite, greatly admired in second-rate circles, say to a friend as he left the bath establishment at Cherbourg, 'Me voila degreissé pour la semaine!' The nightcap Madame de Vorinfort slept in was exchanged for another clean one, of the same form and material; a piece of 'unnecessary and unusual extravagance,' Mariette said—'Quand on ne voit que son mari et son amie'—['When there was nobody to see but one's husband and one's friend']; no stays; the feet were thrust into slippers; and a dressing-gown was worn, until, as it was receiving-day, Caroline attired herself with simple elegance, and led the way to the dining-room, where the breakfast was served, while Mariette prepared her room. *Café au lait* and rasped rolls, but no butter, were upon the table; a bottle of wine, sweet-bread *en fri-cassée*, pears, apples, omelette, and a very nice dish made from the entrails of a pig, the name of which is illegible in my journal, were what was served up; and every day it was much the same sort of thing. I declined being presented to Caroline's friends that morning, in order to unpack my things and make my room comfortable; and as, I found, we were to go to Madame Charenton's in the evening, where there was to be dancing, I had my dress to arrange.

The carriage being announced, I hastened down stairs, and was astonished to find Caroline in the same violet silk dress she had worn in the morning, nothing in her beautifully-dressed hair, and gold bracelets and brooch her only ornaments. She looked for an instant at me, I thought, with a vexed expression of countenance, but said nothing. Judge, ye ladies, of my feelings of shame and annoyance when I found myself the only person *en toilette de bal* in the room, the only one having bare arms, low dress, white shoes, and flowers in my hair—for even the youngest girl wore long sleeves, pelerines, black shoes, and hair without ornament, although evidently arranged by an experienced coiffeur. But although I must have appeared very absurd and over-dressed, such was the politeness of all present, that no one seemed to see I was different in any way from themselves. They complimented my dancing; the materials of which my unfortunate dress was composed—it being thought not rude, but the contrary, to remark what your friends wear; and all present seemed to try how they best could show their kindness to the foreigner: no smiling, no staring, no whispering, even from the youngest. The girls, after dancing, returned to their places beside their chaperone, and every one appeared to keep the place she had at first taken or been handed to. No flirting, walking about, or sitting apart, did I perceive; no introductions took place; every person admitted was supposed to be upon an equality for the time being. Any gentleman asked any lady, although no one spoke if not previously acquainted, at least to an unmarried girl. This acquaintance, however, did not sanction a bow in the streets—in France, by the by, it is invariably the man who bows first; and indeed, unless a gentleman is very old, or infirm, or ill, it is not even thought quite proper for a demoiselle to make inquiries after him. Every two dances or so, *eau sucrée* was handed round; and this, by the way, is not the rapid, insipid stuff people find it when they merely put three or four lumps of sugar into a glass of water. You must fill your tumbler nearly half-full of sugar, with a dessert-spoonful of treble-distilled *eau de fleur d'orange*; fill it up with fresh water, and let it stand *quiet* until nearly melted; then stir it briskly round, and drink it off, and I think you will vote it a spirited, agreeable draught. During soirées of course it is made previously, and is carried round with almond milk, and negus made from vin ordinaire, little light cakes, *marrons glacés*, or some such slight confectionary; and near the end of the evening, hot, sweet, strong punch, which the exhausted dancers

(and we really *do* dance in France) find very invigorating.

The music at Madame Charenton's was contributed by ladies on the pianoforte, and gentlemen who accompanied them on the flageolet, flute, or violin. We broke up about twelve—many having disappeared quietly before. No form, no ceremony, no trouble: everything seemed an every-day affair; for it is in their manners and address that the French—the provincial French particularly—are so ceremonious: in their *habits* they are easy—very different from our stiff English mode of labouring through our amusements, even in the best society. Madame la Comtesse de la Buntalrie was there, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Rochecourt, La Marquise de la Tarellerie, the Comtesse de Quincampoix, and several others really noble—an important distinction, for mere titles were in France constantly assumed on not only loose grounds, but frequently on no grounds at all. But I should never have discovered, from their behaviour to others, or that of others to them, that there was any difference of position between them and the townspeople, many of whom would not have been permitted to enter a drawing-room *chez nous*.

Almost every lady here had her *day* for receiving, and saw company morning or evening, but upon no other day. Then house, hostess, and *bonne*, were all dressed out in their best, and it was marvellous how well people contrived to look, for that one day at least, on their poor five thousand francs a year (L.200). However slight the material of which their dress was composed, it was fresh, and fashionably made; however ceremonious the *abond*, the matter and the manner of the phrases were all *selon les règles*, for which there are manuals published and *studied*; and there was among them, in spite of this appearance of being got up for the occasion and the day, an absence of pretension to be greater than their station, which formed a pleasing contrast to the manners of little people in our own land. At few of these Tourloville soirées was there any dancing. We took our work, and sat in a circle, while *ces messieurs* played at *écarté* apart. Sometimes there might be a little music, vocal or instrumental. Every person did what he *could* when asked, and all were thanked and complimented, as well as listened to. Society was made a pleasure to those who composed it, and a few candles, cakes, and glasses of *eau sucrée* formed all the expense. No one dressed, according to our acceptance of the word, except for *bals priés*; and then the new toilettes made the often-worn, smart dresses of *les Anglaises* who were invited look very ill-fashioned. Freshness and simplicity are the chief aims of the French, richness of material and expense that of the British; and where both cannot be had united, surely the former is preferable.

At last 'rosy May cam' in wi' flowers,' and most of the higher classes visited Paris for a month or so before betaking themselves to their country-houses or farms, some of which were situated not much above a mile from Tourloville. Others, especially during the heats of July and August, repaired to a small bathing-place about seventeen miles distant. Among the latter were the De Vorinforts, who engaged the upper flat of a cottage, containing three tiny rooms, for two months. We dined at the table-d'hôte, where the cookery was exquisite; danced at the Ranelagh, where the music was good; sat knitting or netting under the lime-trees, or in some of the arbours erected on the promenade, *always* in public. This love of society foreigners carry to an extent that is inconceivable to us home-keeping islanders; but the following manner in which it was manifested at the time I am attempting to describe is now, I am happy to say, upon the decline everywhere. Being ordered by my medical adviser to bathe, I went to order a gown and cap.

'Madame has forgotten the trousers.'

'No, it was not a forget, for in England we do not wear them; but pray make me a pair.'

'French ladies,' said the *conturiere* with a look of stern morality, 'would be shocked at the very idea of bathing without them.'

At Penne de Piedford there were no machines; but little wooden buildings on the shingles served to undress in. The first time I went I was early, and the beach was without visitors on my arrival; but when I opened the door of my *baraque*, I saw, to my horror and dismay, two gentlemen in the costume of New Zealanders (to speak modestly), and three ladies muffled to the throat, their heads covered with square black oil-skin caps, edged with blue binding, all dipping and diving, whilst others were proceeding to join them. I stood irresolute; but Madame Charenton, taking my hand, drew me into the water, whilst M. Charenton, an enormous aldermanic figure, followed in the costume described with his young daughter in his hand, laughing, and both in the highest spirits.

'Ah, you are sadly timid!' cried Madame Charenton. 'Monsieur Agamemnon will take care of you.'

'Avec plaisir!' exclaimed M. Agamemnon. 'I will make a courageous bather of mademoiselle, and teach her to swim!'

There was nothing for it now but to dip once or twice, and affect a terror I did not feel; and this Caroline helped to make public, promising to keep my secret, and not expose me to the derision of her country-people, who could not be made to comprehend my feelings of disgust at the primitive appearance they made. To my dying day I shall never forget M. Charenton as he ran down the declivity; indeed during the whole exhibition I was speechless: but no one ever found out that my conduct did not proceed from fear or illness. A young lady, and the gentleman to whom her parents had arranged she was to be married in six weeks, formed part of the above company; and yet it would have been considered quite *inconvenant* had they been left in a room together for five minutes. She knew no more of his habits, disposition, way of thinking, or character, than she did of those of her new footman, who had been recommended as honest, sober, and civil; and until the marriage was over, he never approached her without low bows, addressing her as 'mademoiselle,' and treating her altogether with more ceremony than is practised in England to a properly-introduced new acquaintance. I was present afterwards at her marriage, which was delayed a little time, in consequence of M. le Curé not finding Monsieur May in a fit state to receive absolution, which is necessary before taking the sacrament, an indispensable part of the marriage ceremony. To every one of the acquaintances of either family printed letters are sent, announcing that Mademoiselle Mélanie Alphonsine Charenton is about to contract an alliance with M. Hercule Emile May; and also from M. and Madame May, and their nearest of kin, *all named*, informing you that their son, Monsieur H. E. May, is going to espouse Mademoiselle Mélanie A. Charenton. Similar letters are written to announce death, invite to funerals, and to anniversary masses; and sometimes the list of relatives is very long. We went to see the *trousseau* and *corbeille*; and many were the compliments and expressions of admiration they gave rise to, the intended bride and her mother sitting in state to receive visitors. The wardrobe displayed appeared to me rather extravagant for the position of the parties—a sugar-manufacturer's daughter and a timber-merchant; but such, it seems, was the custom.

'Well, Mademoiselle Mélanie,' said I, 'allow me to congratulate you; you are full of hope and happiness, very much in love, and'—

'In love!' interrupted the young lady, greatly shocked. 'No, not at all; and were I so, I hope I have been too well brought up to show it. But indeed I should have preferred Monsieur Duval; and I certainly liked Monsieur Auguste Favrier quite as well, and he is much better-looking; but neither of these gentlemen could have allowed me to live *près de maman*; whereas, by

marrying Monsieur May, I am just next door. It will be so nice, won't it, maman? particularly when we have a *poupon* to play with!

The bride was a pretty, innocent-looking creature, barely seventeen, and on her wedding-day looked truly beautiful. Her dress of white satin and muslin, richly embroidered, and trimmed with expensive lace, set off her fair skin and unchanged bloom to advantage; and her veil, falling behind, was fixed in her exquisitely-arranged hair by a coronet of orange blossom. This, when taken off in the evening, is always placed under a glass-case, and never resumed until fifty years have passed, when the old couple (in the lower grades of middle life) go to church in their wedding paraphernalia, and a family feast is held. They very much ridicule our fashion of wearing orange flowers for a month—a custom, too, of recent origin; and no English bride who goes to spend her honeymoon *abroad* should ever practise it, unless she is indifferent to being made the subject of coarse jests. Mais revenons à nos moutons. The wedding finery, boots, shawl, fur even, should it be winter, ornaments, prayer-book—everything the bride wears is white, although the other ladies of the *noce* dress in colours and morning costume, wearing bonnets, &c. Mademoiselle Charenton, with the exception of her cherry lips and cheeks, like the inside of a shell, or the outside of a new-blown rose, was as white as what she wore—too beautiful for real flesh and blood. I felt so irresistibly inclined to touch her—to make sure of its being a living woman, not a wax-doll!—that I feared I should do so *malgré moi*; and in order to resist the temptation, fell behind. She put me in mind of a swan; while little Hercule, by her side in black, looked as if he had already put on mourning for the fate that awaited him.

Their names and ages had previously been put up at the *mairie*, and papers attesting their birth, the marriage of their parents, and fifty unnecessary pieces of information besides, were to be seen there, for three weeks before the ceremony, by every boor who could read. The civil marriage, in *this* instance, took place five days before the religious ceremony; but in good society you are not considered as properly married until the church has blessed the rite, so that the lady usually continues under the roof of her parents till then. At the religious celebration there is a great assemblage of friends and neighbours, and much to be done: happy are the beggars who watch at the church-door, for they invariably get liberal alms; happy are the children, especially the two who support the *poêle* over the heads of the devoted victims who kneel under it, for they come in for bonbons enough to disorder their stomachs for a year; happy the brothers and sisters, and the *gens d'église*—they all get presents; but unhappy 'the husband, who has to pay all.' It requires some courage to be married in England; but in France I really wonder any one is intrepid enough to go through the business from first to last. After the Mays returned from church, there was the dinner, the ball, the supper to be endured; and then the receiving and returning the bridal visits. It was strange to see one who, as Mademoiselle Charenton only a week before, never ventured even across the street unaccompanied by her mother or her *bonne*, never spoke, was seldom spoken to, and passed as a person of no consequence—three days afterwards, as Madame May, going where she pleased, seeing whom she fancied alone, spending money, giving her opinion unreservedly, and scarcely noticing her former companions, who were indeed sedulously kept from her by their parents.

When the *poupon* did make its appearance, Caroline's husband was the godfather; and the presents to the mother, godmother, child, nurse, *gordé*, the *curé*, *beadle*, *suisse*, and the beggars even, exceed belief; he had even to provide the carriage, neither the Mays nor himself possessing one; and all the time he was supposed to consider himself a highly-favoured person in being selected to answer for the little urchin. Surely this must be altered; and indeed already several people of

distinction have made their servants present their child at the font, to save their friends from so much unnecessary expense.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FROG AND TOAD FAMILIES.

THE Batrachians, notwithstanding some unreasonable prejudices against them, form a most interesting order of the Reptile class. In them we have an animal which at one period of its life is a fish—an animal whose organs of respiration are formed solely for breathing water, whose circulation precisely resembles that of a fish, whose digestive organs are exclusively adapted for the assimilation of vegetable substances; and anon, by a gradual and almost imperceptible change, it has become a true air-breathing creature, endowed with limbs fitted for crawling or leaping on the land, and with a most voracious appetite for flesh.

In the spring-time these changes are daily going on in every ditch or shallow pool beneath our eyes; and yet in how small a degree can we explain or comprehend a metamorphosis which so intensely excites our admiration. We see, indeed, the little tadpole, urging his way through the water with a wriggling and fish-like motion; and we watch him as he slowly loses his long tail by absorption, while his limbs as gradually protrude from his sides. We know that all this while a far more wonderful alteration is taking place in his internal structure; and we see him leave what *was* his native element, and become a denizen of ours. In some instances, as in the newts, we find that the fishy tail is only absorbed in a very slight degree, and the development of the limbs is proportionally feeble; hence we know that these creatures are intended to spend a greater portion of their time in the water, and to visit the land but seldom. Here, however, our knowledge stops, and we must in all humility acknowledge the inability of the human intellect to follow the inscrutable ways of Him 'who doeth great things and unsearchable—marvellous things without number.'

The frog is the prettiest and pleasantest of his order. Notwithstanding his cold blood, he is very capable of attachment; and will, when he has once lost his fear of man, become one of his quaintest and most familiar companions, and hop and frolic in his presence with as much glee and as much awkwardness as if his human companion were merely one of his fellow-frogs. Dr W. Roots had one which domesticated itself in his kitchen. Every evening, when the servants went to supper, froggy would peep out of his hole, as if to reconnoitre, and presently he would hop out, and bask on the warm, bright hearthstone, until the hour at which the family retired to bed. What makes this circumstance still more singular, is the fact, that a mutual friendship sprang up between the frog and an old cat, who shared the fire-side with him, and appeared most solicitous to avoid disturbing her little friend.

The frog has a curious way of showing his emotions, whether of fear, pleasure, or pain; namely, by means of his chameleon-like power of changing—not, indeed, his hue, but its intensity: becoming pale with terror, or displaying his spots and markings in all their brightness and distinctness when he is well and happy. He never appears so handsome as when, in a cool and dewy autumn evening, he hops forth for his evening walk. Then he may be seen in the damp grass, occasionally darting forth his long and folded tongue, and seizing some hapless insect, which he instantaneously devours, though in an off-hand way, and as if he did it accidentally while thinking of something else. Then perhaps he will sit for some moments, apparently in a most philosophic state of thought, which is interrupted by his suddenly executing three or four frantic and ecstatic leaps, ending probably in a headlong plunge

into some neighbouring ditch, where he exhibits swimming powers which might excite the envy of a Leander.

Nor, if we seek him in the early spring, shall we be disappointed of our anticipated interest and amusement. We know that he lurks in the marshy pool; but ere it has dawned on our sight, we hear a dull, though not unpleasant, croaking sound. At first the noise seems so ubiquitous, that we scarcely know on which side to seek the croaker; presently, however, a louder, more defiant croak becomes our guide, and cautiously advancing, we descry about two hundred staring eyes, and half that number of tuneful mouths, in our immediate vicinity. But we, too, are discovered by these watchful eyes; and by a simultaneous movement the marsh seems deserted, and we are almost tempted to believe that our eyes and ears have been 'fancy led;' yet we pause until we can assure ourselves of the fact, and presently discover first one pair of the staring orbs, and then another, just peeping and dipping down again; then one tremulous and inquiring croak is heard, but still we remain immovable; this gives confidence, and the croak is answered. In a short time all the heads once more emerge, and all the throats are once more strained for croaking. And thus the chorus continues, until by moving—nay, almost by breathing aloud—we again reduce it to silence.

Professor Bell well describes this croaking as being, 'when heard in the calm of a still, mild evening, far more pleasant and soothing than many a more fashionable and dearly-bought musical entertainment'—words written in a spirit very different from that which made the feudal lords of the ancient régime of France employ their vassals in beating the waters of their castle moats, when the evening drew nigh, in order to terrify the frogs, so that they might not disturb their evening repose. This custom continued in some districts, it is said, up to the period of the first Revolution.

The frog has been much distinguished in literature; as examples of which we may adduce the celebrated Frogs of Aristophanes, and the various fables of Æsop and others, in which he sustains the part of the principal character. Then Homer himself, having sung the wars of Achilles and Agamemnon, thought it not beneath his dignity to record in verse those of the Frogs and Mice. And last, though not least, we may point to the pleasant and well-known history which tells us how 'Froggy would a-wooing go.' We should like to ask the giants of natural history, and the great physiologists of the day, if they would *gravely and honestly* say that they had ever written a more characteristic and descriptive portrait of the animal than that contained in the line—'a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog?'

Nor is the frog without its superstitious associations. Among the ancient Egyptians it was a sacred animal, probably for the same reason that it is still considered by the Virginians as a kind of genius, to whom their fountains are sacred—namely, on account of its purifying the waters. One of the ingredients in the witches' caldron in 'Macbeth' was, as our readers will recollect, 'toe of frog;' while Soane, in his 'New Curiosities of Literature,' gives us a charm which consists in tearing out the tongue of a living frog, taking care that no other part adheres to it, and then throwing the poor wounded creature into water. This tongue you are then to lay on the heart of a sleeping woman, who will thus be compelled to return a true answer to whatever you ask her. We would recommend the charmer in this instance to inquire of the sleeper what she thinks of the kindness of his disposition.

The old stories—scarcely yet extinct—of showers of diminutive frogs originated, as is well known, in the myriads of young ones sometimes seen, whose metamorphosis has just been suddenly completed by the genial moisture.

A correspondent of the 'Zoologist' gives a very interesting account of some frogs which gathered round his window, crawling up the sun-blind, and peeping into

the room, each in his turn. Fancying, however, that they were merely attracted by the light, he took no notice of their movements; but on the following morning he discovered that all their anxiety was caused by the accidental imprisonment of one of their companions between the window and the blind. Many instances are given of the occurrence of the frog in trees, blocks of stone, &c. but the evidence is not so conclusive in these cases as in those relating to toads; yet it is well ascertained that, in addition to the power of respiring through the lungs, the frog—like the toad—obtains air, or aerated water, through the pores of its skin, so that atmospheric moisture will keep it alive for a considerable time, even when all access of air to the lungs is prevented.

Professor Bell, in the year 1839, described two species of the frogs as natives of Britain—namely, the common frog (*Rana temporaria*), and the larger Scottish frog (*R. Scotica*), which is recorded as occurring in Forfarshire, and in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as well as near Loch Ransa in the Isle of Arran. This frog was for some time regarded as the edible frog (*R. esculenta*), though that animal is scarcely so large as the common frog, while it presents a striking difference of appearance from either of the above. In September 1843 Mr Bond discovered the true edible frog in the fens of Foulmire in Cambridgeshire. This announcement caused a warm discussion; which, however, we must regard as decided, when we find that in the following year Professor Bell, the highest authority, stated that he was 'enabled to designate it positively as the true *Rana esculenta*.' And the only question now remaining seems to be, whether or not these frogs were originally introduced into the country by some fricassée-loving monks of old. That they have been long known to the peasantry of Cambridgeshire, is proved by the names—descriptive of their shriller croaks—bestowed upon them, of 'Cambridge nightingales' and 'Whaddon organs.'

We do not mean to describe the *Hyla*, or tree-frogs, none of which are British; but we cannot resist a passing glance at the exquisite construction of their webbed feet, which are furnished with cushions, forming suckers, by means of which they firmly adhere to the under side of the smoothest leaf—just as the fly walks, head downwards, on our ceilings.

The common frog, notwithstanding an existing opinion to the contrary, is as much eaten in France and Germany as is the true edible frog. The taste for frogs does not appear to have been general until a late period, as the author of 'Devis sur la Vigne,' writing in the year 1550, describes his amusement at seeing them brought to table; and Palissy, thirty years after, says that in his time few were found who were 'willing to eat tortoises or frogs.' The ancients, however, ate them, and, moreover, valued them in an extraordinary manner, as specifics in a list of diseases much too long to be inserted here.

The toad is a hapless animal, which has been most ungenerously treated by man; for, not contented with deriding its ugliness, he has associated it with all vile things, and condemned it, for its want of beauty and grace, to become the emblem of evil; and he has, furthermore, endowed it with a poison so intense, that Aelian declares that it can—basilisk-like—slay by the very power of its eyes. 'It is a serious misfortune,' says Buffon, 'to resemble detestable objects;' and carrying out the spirit of his own observation, he has loaded the poor toad with every epithet which disgust and misapprehension could dictate.

We have handled many toads, and we know that they are not poisonous; ugly we will grant them to be, but beautifully adapted to their office in creation; and, moreover, personally useful to man in keeping in check the insect legions which, even in this mild climate, would, if unmolested, speedily become a positive evil. If gardeners knew their own interest, they would by every means in their power encourage a reptile which devours their

slugs, worms, and wood-lice, and saves many a tender plant from destruction. We have seen them kept in greenhouses or frames with the greatest advantage.

This reptile is, as is well known, very easily tamed; and Pennant's history of Mr Arscott's affectionate toad must be too familiar to our readers to be here repeated. We once knew a toad which came every evening after sunset, throughout a summer, to saunter leisurely up and down our veranda, though he not unfrequently found it already occupied by the children, whose presence, however, did not appear to annoy him in the least. He was somewhat of a sentimentalist; and when the silver light of the moon fell, like an angel's path, on the sea, he seemed more intent on the picture before him than on procuring his evening's meal; however, when lights were brought into the drawing-room, the moon and the sea were alike forgotten, and he turned to gaze on the brighter and nearer light. Before rain he was unusually active and gay, and bustled about in a remarkable manner.

Mr Bell had a toad which would sit in one of his hands while it ate out of the other. Like all its congeners, this animal refuses food which is not living; and, moreover, requires the ocular demonstration of seeing it move before it seizes it. Like them, too, the common toad (*Bufo vulgaris*) sheds its skin at stated periods; but its hybernaculum is different. Instead of nestling in the mud, it retires alone to some sheltered hole or hollow tree, and there sleeps until the spring sun once more renews its activity.

We cannot quit our subject without alluding to the accounts of living toads which have been discovered in stones, trees, or coal-beds, though the possibility and probability of the case have been so amply discussed, that it must be familiar to all. Jesse mentions one which he found in a mulberry-tree, which by its annual layers of wood was fast enclosing the poor animal. And we could cite instances innumerable—and apparently well authenticated—of toads which must, if they were enclosed at all, have been enclosed for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. From these instances we cannot altogether withhold our belief; yet we must receive them with caution; for though a toad will live *for months* in a box enclosed in plaster of Paris, it will do no more: yet even in this caution we must bear in mind what has been already said of the cutaneous respiration of the frog, and which perhaps applies in even greater degree to the toad.*

The toad was fabled to bear in its head a precious jewel; yet it was deemed so malicious, that even when dying, it would, if possible, swallow the gem, in order to prevent any one from profiting by it. This jewel afterwards degenerated into a simple stone, which, however, was still valuable on account of its medicinal properties; but even these have faded away, and the much-sought stone has turned out to be merely the fossil tooth of some species of shark or dog-fish. Yet we can forgive the superstition, and also the ugliness of the animal, for the one beautiful moral—

'Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.'

The limbs, the juice, and indeed every part of the toad, have at different periods been employed medicinally. And 'though few,' says Griffiths, 'would knowingly eat a toad,' great numbers of their hind-legs are annually sold in France to eke out the supply of those of the frog.

Our only other British species of toad is the natterjack (*B. calamita*), which, curiously enough, is placed by Buffon amongst the frogs. It varies in very many particulars from the last kind; but perhaps the most conspicuous difference may be found in the bright

yellow line along its back, and in its movement, which consists of a quick run; the eyes are also much more prominent. It is not a common species, but abounds in some districts.

A PLOUGHMAN'S FORTUNES.

'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,' says Malvolio. The hero of the following sketch, by a union of energy and good fortune, fulfilled literally the two last clauses of this sentence. In the church at Bunbury, the tourist is attracted by an exceedingly beautiful monument and effigy, both of the purest white marble; remarkable also for the exquisite neatness and care with which they have been preserved—'Owing,' the sexton will tell you, 'to the generosity of Dame Mary Calvely of Lea, who, in 1705, left the interest of a hundred pounds to be distributed annually among the old women of the parish, on condition that they attended divine service while they were able, swept the chancel, and *cleaned the monument*.' He who sleeps beneath this magnificent tomb was born of free, but poor parents, in the neighbouring hamlet of Calvely. I say *free*, because his birth occurred at the period when England was still a feudal country—that is, in the reign of our third Edward (the precise date is unknown)—and he might have chanced to be a serf: as it was, he was not bound by other ties than those of habit and poverty to his native place; and the spirit of adventure soon caused him to break these in order to 'seek his fortune,' like the heroes of those romances and legends which the wandering minstrels had made popular throughout the land. It would take some effort of the imagination in these days of locomotion to conceive the difficulty with which the boy Hugh effected a journey from Calvely to London. He walked, and worked, doing every now and then a day's labour for the refilling of his wallet; occasionally receiving hospitality from the female peasantry, who were touched by his youth and good looks, and amazed at the marvellous daring which was leading him to distant London; or accepting thankfully, and without shame—because the church gave it—the dole of food daily distributed at the gates of the monastic buildings he passed. At last the bells that proved of such good augury to Whittington greeted his ear. He had arrived at the great city of which such marvellous accounts had reached him in his distant birthplace.

The ploughboy's imagination had perhaps conjured up a vision of greater splendour and beauty than London in the olden time presented; still, there was much in the scene around him to awake his rustic wonder. The booths, far exceeding those of Bunbury Fair; the number of people moving about; the stately procession of monks bearing the host, that glided past, followed shortly afterwards by a knight and his attendant lances, excited to the full his boyish admiration. He wandered for three days about the capital—getting a meal daily at the gates of the monasteries—with still unsatisfied curiosity, but with hourly-decreasing hopes of making his fortune in a place where he was totally unknown, and where his rural skill could be of no avail to procure him employment. On the fourth morning he found himself in Southwark, before an inn bearing the sign of the Tabard. A band of pilgrims, bound for the shrine of Thomas à-Becket, was in the act of issuing from its courtyard—we may fancy it the very same of which Chaucer has left us such an animated picture; but if so, one personage was omitted by the poet—we mean a tall, stalwart man in armour, well mounted and armed, who rides last in the procession: not a reflection of the 'courteous knight' in advance, but a grim soldier with a scarred brow, and the look of one accustomed rather to the camp than the court. This worthy is struck, as he passes him, by the powerful figure but juvenile countenance of the young spectator of their departure; he pauses, asks him in a brief, quick tone of command some few questions, and on learning from the simple lad that he had come to London to 'seek his fortune,' laughs aloud and heartily. Hugh looks not only confused, but angry; and the soldier, becoming

* In an article in No. 369 of the Journal, old series, it is suggested that the frogs may have been enclosed in the forming rock when in a torpid state, and retained in that condition during many ages, there being no circumstance to revive them, no waste in their bodies, and consequently no need of nutrition.

suddenly grave, assures him that it is in another land men of mettle win their way to wealth and power. In short, he offers the ploughboy a place in his own bold company of 'Tard Venus or Milendring,' a species of banditti then existing on the continent, formed of the disbanded soldiers of different nations. He was, he said, on his way to fulfil a vow at the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury, from thence he should proceed to Dover, and then to France; if Hugh liked, he might accompany him. The proposal chimed in with every wish and fancy of the wanderer, and was eagerly and gratefully accepted. Thus our hero became a Free Companion, and speedily added to the skill he already possessed in wrestling, quarterstaff, and archery—horsemanship, and the perfect use of the weapons of the age. Old Fuller speaking of him, says, 'It was as impossible for such a spirit not to be, as not to be active,' and accordingly we find that he was soon distinguished above his companions. The Free Companies of English, though living by plunder, preserved in a remarkable manner their love of their native land and their allegiance to their sovereign: they were always ready to espouse the national cause against France, and at Poitiers served under the banner of England, and did good service; amounting in number then to 40,000 veteran troops.

The extraordinary military skill and prowess exhibited by Hugh of Calvely in this battle procured him his knightly spurs, and the command of a large company of the Free Lances. We next find him at Auray under the Lord Chandos, turning, by his individual valour, the fortune of the day, in which the great Du Guesclin was taken prisoner. The captivity of the French leader led to an intimacy between him and Sir Hugh; and after Du Guesclin's liberation, his influence induced the English knight to join him in his expedition into Spain, to dethrone the tyrant Peter the Cruel, and place his brother Henry in his stead. The enterprise was successful, and the favour of the new monarch promised to assure the fortunes of the adventurer; but our hero's high sense of loyal obedience appears to have always outweighed that of his own interests, and on receiving through Lord Chandos a positive command from Edward III. to forbear hostilities against Peter of Castile, he deserted the quarrel he had espoused, and joined the Black Prince as soon as he appeared in Spain. The battle of Najasa followed, and the valour of Sir Hugh de Calvely is said to have greatly contributed to the victory obtained by the English, which replaced Peter on the throne of Castile. On the recall of the Black Prince by his father in 1367, Sir Hugh was consequently left in command of all the Free Companies. Thus far he had 'achieved greatness;' now he was 'to have greatness thrust upon him,' and in the very manner of which Malvolio dreamt.

There dwelt not far from the head-quarters of the Free Companies in Spain a royal widow, Donna Leonora of Arragon. This lady had heard much of the courtesy and valour of the English commander, and honouring the qualities then held in the highest esteem, invited Sir Hugh to her castle. He went, and probably for the first time in his adventurous life mixed in the society of ladies. It was no marvel that Leonora of Arragon, though many years his senior, engaged the fancy of Sir Hugh de Calvely, especially as her avowed partiality for himself flattered his vanity. Her exalted rank placed but a slight barrier between them, for it was the period when

— 'A squire of low degree
Marrying the king's daughter of Hungary.'

was no impossible occurrence. So Sir Hugh de Calvely took heart of grace, and wooed and won the Queen-Dowager of Arragon, obtaining thus a royal bride of mature years, and an immense fortune. From this period he ceased to lead the Free Companions, but dwelt in all honour with Donna Leonora at her Spanish castle, till her death, which took place some few years afterwards. In the last year of Edward III. he returned, a wealthy and honoured knight, to his native land, and was appointed governor of Calais. Two years afterwards, he plundered and burnt Le Bas Bretagne, and destroyed

several vessels that lay in its harbour: he also retook the Castle of St Mark, which had been lost by neglect.

In 1379 he resigned the government of Calais to the Earl of Salisbury, and was appointed by Richard II. *admiral of the fleet*! Surely the wildest fiction never invented a tissue of more wonderful changes of fortune than those which marked the real existence of Hugh of Calvely.

During this period of active service to his country he found time again to woo and win a bride. This lady was young, fair, and wealthy, the daughter and heiress of Lord Mottram of Mottram. 'By her his line was continued.' In 1382 we find him governor of Guernsey and the adjacent isles, from whence, at the end of his appointed period of lordship, our adventurer returned to dwell in the neighbourhood of his former home, towards which, doubtless, during all the vicissitudes of his wonderful life, his heart had often yearned. How years must have changed that quiet hamlet since he had left it! There was the same armourer's forge, the same village green and maypole, the same mill, and trees, and fields, and stiles, as of yore, but the old people were all gone—the middle-aged grown hoary—the children become men and women, as busy and as self-important as the generation gone by. We cannot, however, suppose that the leader of the Free Companions was a man given to sentimental regrets. He doubtless thought with gratitude of the good Providence which had actually granted him the fortune he idly sought, and with some pride of the exertions and energy which had (humanly speaking) secured it. We *know* he built a lordly home near his humbler one, and proved a kind lord to his dependants, and a good father to his children, to whose filial piety he owed after his death the beautiful monument in Bunbury church. He lived to extreme old age, even into the reign of Henry IV., for Rymer mentions his name in a suit at law then to be determined, but observes that he was 'weak of body;' after which history and tradition are silent respecting this favourite of fortune. The marble tomb tells us the rest.

CHLOROFORM,

ITS TESTS AND MODE OF PURIFICATION.

[This paper, which has been obligingly furnished by a very high authority—Professor Gregory of Edinburgh—we take leave to recommend to general attention, as it may assist in removing those objections to the use of a drug truly dear to humanity, which have arisen solely from the failure of the southern pharmacopologists to produce a pure article.—Ed.]

CHLOROFORM may be obtained either from alcohol or from pyroxylic spirit, by distilling them with chloride of lime (bleaching powder) and water. As the pyroxylic spirit of commerce is a variable mixture of several liquids, one only of which yields chloroform, there is necessarily obtained from it a variable amount of chloroform, mixed with several of the original impurities of the spirit, and with some new oils containing chlorine, which are generated in the process. With alcohol the chloroform is obtained in nearly uniform quantity, and contains no impurities except oils, analogous to, but probably not identical with, those formed from pyroxylic spirit. When derived from either source, chloroform *must be purified*; and although that from pyroxylic spirit is at first much more impure, yet when both are fully purified they are absolutely identical in all respects.

Chloroform is commonly purified by rectification, by washing with water, or by the action of sulphuric acid. These methods are employed by different makers, but the purification is rarely if ever complete, and has often been most imperfect. This is extremely dangerous, because the oils above-mentioned are very deleterious when inspired, causing migraine, sickness, and vomiting. These effects may be produced by chloroform containing but a small proportion of the oils—the vapour of

which comes in contact with the internal surface of the lungs—and even when the chloroform is of a quality much better than has often been used, especially in London and other parts of the country. A larger proportion of oils, such as is sometimes found, may produce very serious results; hence the absolute necessity of perfect purification, which, as we shall see, is easily effected.

It is essential that every medical man should be enabled to ascertain readily whether any given specimen of commercial chloroform be pure. The specific gravity was formerly recommended as the best test, and that of 1.480 was considered a guarantee for its purity. But this is too low a standard, our best Edinburgh makers having for some time sold it of density 1.494 to 1.497—the highest then known. We have lately ascertained, however, that pure chloroform has the density 1.500, and it is now sold of that density by the Edinburgh makers. For common use the specific gravity character is rather too troublesome, from the necessity of attending strictly to temperature (since *one degree* makes a marked difference), and of having delicate instruments. We therefore recommend two tests, which are easily applied, very delicate, and give, when combined, positive certainty, although even one alone will in most cases suffice:—

The chloroform should be well shaken in a closely-stoppered (not corked) dry phial, with from one-fourth to one-half of its bulk of oil of vitriol, colourless or nearly so, and of density not under 1.835, better 1.840. One-fourth is usually quite enough. If any trace of oils be present, the acid becomes immediately more or less yellow; and when allowed to stand, a darker line often appears at the junction of the liquids. When, after shaking, this no longer appears (and by this time the acid is more or less brown), the chloroform is poured off into another phial, where it is again shaken with a new but smaller portion of acid. If this, after a time, remain colourless, the oils are destroyed, and it only remains to remove from the chloroform the sulphurous acid formed by the action of the oils on the sulphuric acid. This is easily done by pouring the chloroform into a third dry phial, and there shaking it or allowing it to stand with a little peroxide of manganese, till its smell is quite free from that of sulphurous acid, which is very soon the case. It is then of specific gravity 1.500, and absolutely pure.

It will be seen that, for the sake of brevity, we have here combined with the account of the first test that of the application of it to the perfect purification of chloroform. In fact these are joined in practice, for until the chloroform no longer discolours the acid, it is not pure; and out of twelve recent specimens of commercial chloroform recently examined by us, only one stood this test.

The other test is perhaps still more delicate. If a little chloroform be allowed to evaporate from the hand, it leaves, when pure, *no smell*. But if a trace of oils be present, they, being less volatile, remain, and present their disagreeable aromatic odour. This odour is generally in proportion to the effect in colouring the acid; but the test is more delicate, inasmuch as, besides all the others, even that specimen which did not colour the acid left a barely perceptible odour, showing that even it was not *absolutely* pure, although for use it is to be regarded as pure. We have obtained chloroform which left no smell whatever on the hand; but the test is so delicate that it is difficult to procure the drug of this quality. When of a quality at all below first rate, chloroform leaves a strong and distinct smell of the noxious oils, and of course colours the acid.

These tests are so easy, that we expect every purchaser to try one or both, and we advise him to reject all chloroform which decidedly colours the acid or leaves a strong smell. This is no hardship to the maker, for we have given him as easy a mode of puri-

fication. But no consideration of this kind should be allowed to interfere.

Here we may state that rectification, after the first distillation in which the chloroform is produced, is, at least as far as our experience goes, unnecessary. The first product is simply washed by shaking with water till it no longer diminishes in volume. It is then treated with oil of vitriol as above, and no rectification is required.*

Pure chloroform produces none of the distressing and persistent sensations that may be caused by that which is impure (even although only slightly impure); at least, in numerous trials on ourselves and others, we have never seen those symptoms which often occurred in similar trials with unpurified chloroform of different qualities. We find from the information supplied by Dr Simpson, that even pure chloroform occasionally causes vomiting, but we believe this to depend on the fact, that it is administered on a full stomach; and we understand that, as in our experiments, its use is not followed by persistent migraine and sickness, or febrile acceleration of the pulse, all of which effects we attribute, when they occur, to the oils present in the chloroform of commerce.

But the effects of decidedly impure chloroform are very disagreeable. As no absolutely pure chloroform has yet been sold, so far as we can ascertain, by any maker out of Edinburgh, while a large majority of the makers have sold a very inferior article, it is not surprising that its use should have proved less satisfactory, for example, in London than here. To give an idea of the fact, we may state that we have examined recent specimens which contained only 3-4th, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1-4th, 1-5th, and even so low as 1-20th of their volume of chloroform. They were charged with the poisonous oils, and generally also with the original impurities of pyroxylic spirit. Nay, one specimen, labelled 'Pure Chloroform,' hardly contained a trace of that liquid, and did not even possess its smell! It was so full of free hydrochloric acid as to corrode the cork. What evil effects might not be anticipated from the use of any of these kinds of chloroform! We do not publish the names of the makers, because we believe they acted ignorantly, knowing neither the danger, the presence of impurity, nor how to get rid of it. But we cannot acquit them of want of due care and inquiry as to the properties of the drug. The specific gravity varied from 1.365 to 1.475 in the better sorts of those just mentioned, while in the worse it was far lower. It is not creditable to our country that persons so destitute of chemical and pharmaceutical knowledge, as some of these makers must have been, should be permitted, without let or hindrance, to set up as makers of such potent drugs.

Fortunately for Edinburgh and for chloroform—we may add, fortunately for suffering humanity—the Edinburgh makers have always taken the best means and the greatest pains to produce good chloroform; and have always kept pace, as they do still, with the progress of our knowledge of this remedy. This is one, perhaps the chief cause, why fatal cases from the use of chloroform are here unknown.

To illustrate the bad effects of a small amount of impurity, we may mention that on one occasion Dr Simpson received a bottle of apparently good chloroform from a maker—not in Edinburgh—who, to our knowledge, did his utmost, according to his information, to purify it. As long as Dr Simpson used this chloroform all his patients suffered from persistent acceleration of pulse and other febrile symptoms, so as to keep him and his assistant for a week or more in a state of continual anxiety. At last he suspected the cause; and returning to the best Edinburgh-made chloroform, was no more annoyed by these troublesome symptoms. Now

* Distillation or rectification with sulphuric acid is not effectual, because the chloroform distils from its surface, as it would from mercury, and is not purified, from want of contact. If well agitated with the acid, the purification is complete, without rectification, after the removal of the sulphurous acid.

we are also told, that during the whole time of using that chloroform, the handkerchiefs employed were quite offensive from the smell left upon them, which even washing did not remove! We know that that chloroform was not purified by sulphuric acid, and these facts prove the importance of what we have stated above. Yet that specimen was considerably above the average in quality.

But there is another cause why chloroform in Edinburgh has not been attended, in so many thousand cases, with fatal effects: it is the care and judgment with which it is used, and the great experience which the Edinburgh practitioners, with Dr Simpson at their head, have acquired in this matter. It would be invidious here to specify cases, but we know that elsewhere chloroform has not always been judiciously or cautiously employed. When this is attended to by an experienced practitioner, it may be used, and is used, with great freedom and boldness; but a trifling neglect, or ignorance on the part of those who assist, of the signs which indicate that enough has been given, may easily lead to very distressing results.

As medical men, however, will generally use so powerful an agent with due caution, we are inclined to believe that, had only pure chloroform been used in London, there would by this time have been no prejudice against its employment there; and that, as we have now put it in the power of all to procure it absolutely pure, chloroform will soon be as extensively used as it deserves to be.

WHAT I SAW ONE NIGHT IN INDIA.

THE annual inspections and reviews being over, I had obtained a month's leave of absence from my regiment, at that time occupying the lonely fort of Chanda, the capital of a district of the same name subject to the Marhattas, and some eighty-seven miles distant from Nagpore, which was indeed the nearest station to us where the sight of a British face or the sound of a British voice could delight our eyes or ears. Chanda, situated amongst jungles, and overlooked by the remote Goand hills, continued but a short time to be garrisoned by the Honourable Company's troops; prevailing fever made it unhealthy, and frequent visitations from cholera of a singularly fatal character led to its evacuation. But in 1820, when we were sent there to protect the surrounding country from the aggressions of migratory bands of marauders—the remnants of the broken-up Pindaree and Goand armies—prosperous was that officer deemed who, by any circumstance apart from death or dishonour, was prevented from joining his corps within the seven miles of walls that enclosed the old straggling city and fort of Chanda. The produce of the district consists principally of rice, millet, pulse, and some sugar-cane; but the agricultural classes possess also large flocks of goats and sheep; and from the milk of cow and buffalo great quantities of *ghee*, or clarified butter, are prepared for the market. This *ghee*, which, in its best condition, and when fresh, is white and firm as curd, and perfectly inodorous, is far superior to the rancid butter and lard of European kitchens, and is carefully packed into huge *dubbers*, or kegs of hardened leather, and thus conveyed for sale to the towns and villages in the neighbourhood. Scarcely knowing whither to direct my course, in the total want of any objects of interest within a convenient distance, I resolved on making a shooting excursion towards Nagpore; and if wearied of myself and my gun, I decided on remaining at that gay station for the full period of my leave. About twelve miles from Chanda there was a small village called Bassim; thither, then, I forwarded my tent and regimentals over-night, intending to ride out there the next morning with two comrades, who, like myself, were anxious to verify the reports that had reached us of the prolific nature of the adjacent jungle in the provision of game. We accordingly reached Bassim to breakfast, and found it very prettily imbedded in a

series of woodland tracts rather than jungle; nor were our sporting expectations baffled, for we found so many birds—from the pea-fowl that supplied the *fond* of our soup at a late dinner, to delicate floriken and stately bustard—that when, on the following morning, they bade me 'God speed,' I made up my mind to remain where I was for another day or two.

The beauty of those woodland tracts, as, in the diminished glare of a July sun I wandered amongst them that afternoon, could not be surpassed in the whole range of sylvan scenery. On leaving my tent, pitched in a little grove of mangoes near the village, I told my domestics not to expect me before dusk; and having ascertained that no tigers lurked amongst the fastnesses of the *near forest*—in which, here and there, large patches of cultivated land, redeemed from the jungle, proclaimed the gradual progress of agriculture—I fearlessly plunged into a tract of *bush*, which, having neither the density of large trees nor the intricacy of close-creeping underwood, was in nowise sombre or menacing. It was, in fact, more like the long-neglected park of a gentleman's residence in some woodland county; and frequent open glades of grass, whose verdant hues were becoming renovated from the first showers after the hot months, were beautifully, if irregularly intersected by tiny brooks; rocks of small size, but of quaint shape, fantastically covered by parasite plants; and snug little dells, whence now an antelope, and next a hare, and again a scowling, cowardly hyena, darted out. I carried a fowlingpiece, as in duty bound, but truly I made little use of it at any time, and on this occasion rather considered it an encumbrance, for I felt a greater inclination to scramble about in search of wild plants and their fruits and flowers, than to attack the peaceful inhabitants of the wild wood.

At length, fairly wearied, I flung myself down beneath a glorious tree of the wild fig, or *Ficus glomerata*, in the axilla of whose dependent branch grew clusters of crimson fruit. Alas! like the apples of the Dead Sea, they but feasted the eye; for though they turned not 'to ashes on the lip,' I found them pregnant with 'insect life;' they were, in fact, nests swarming with little black-winged flies, to whom *Acheta Domestica*, in his charming 'Episodes,' could have assigned a category and a name. However, contenting myself with a few ripe jujubes that grew near me, I drew out my pocket-book, and, in the act of pressing into it a little unknown flower of exquisite beauty, fell fast asleep.

My awakening was not of the most agreeable nature, for I was roused by a painful blow of something on the bone of my leg. At the instant I neither remembered where I was nor what had led to my situation there; but gaining a sitting position, beheld with a start of terror a harpy-faced creature stooping towards me, and fixing a pair of red menacing eyes upon me. Again it struck me with its beak, and then I uttered a loud cry, which had the good effect of infecting my assailant with my own fears; for it receded, and I saw what it was. A few paces backward had fluttered a huge bird; one of those ghastly, bald-headed vultures of Hindoostan which are found congregating wherever garbage and carrion spread out their fetid banquets on the face of the land. Peering at me, its fishy eyes imbedded in red sockets of what seemed raw flesh, its dingy-white wings extended and flapping, as if preparatory to attack, it gave a harsh scream, and, as I imagined, was about to pounce upon me. Whether such was its intention, who can say? However, I seized my Manton, which lay beside me, and levelling it at the gluttonous-looking creature, shot it through the head. It was at anyrate the only bird I had shot that day, and immense was the excitement my success seemed to create around me. A flock of noisy green parrots, and chattering, dark-feathered minas from the tree above me, spoke discordant plaudits as they burst from its green recesses; while two squirrels darted frantically past me with sharp chirrupings, and from a neighbouring bush sneaked out a sly crouching creature, which I took for a civet cat.

At all events I had now leisure to observe that a change had crept over the face of the heavens; the sun was at its setting: I must have slept more than an hour. I had no watch, but the lengthened shadows and the purple and golden haze which clad the woodlands apprised me of a fact that was at least probable: I might chance to be benighted in those woods, which, if safe and pleasant for day-pastime, were not enviable for night repose. In some hurry and confusion I started up and away, and had walked a considerable distance straight forward ere I was aware that the sun, or rather its declining radiance, was still in my face, as it had been when I set out, and that consequently, if I wished to return to Bassim, I should now turn my back upon it. I did so, but got quickly puzzled; and soon remarked, from the increasing size of the timber, that I was getting more deeply into the forest. I could distinguish no path, though hitherto there had been perceivable several of those tiny, well-worn tracks that pierce through and intercross each other in most of the jungles near a town or *steading*, and which are so aptly named, in the dialect of the natives, *chow-rusta*—that is, thief-tracks. Again I turned back, striving as much as possible to keep the sun behind me; but the sudden gloaming of Hindoostan fell upon me as I hurried on through brake and brier, and there was scarcely a gleam of daylight left to direct me, when all at once I saw in front of me a little tank, or lake, I knew not which, on the borders of which arose the dark walls of an edifice.

Hurrying up to it, my disappointment was at the full to find it to be the ruins of an old pagoda, evidently long neglected, and almost entirely covered in by long trailing lianas. A solitary idol crumbled in front of it—the mouldering janitor to the dismantled temple! No floral offerings of moogra or chrysanthemum evinced recent devotional visitor; no benzoin, no scented gum, announced sacerdotal presence. As I stood, plunged in reflections that were not very exhilarating, a loud growl from the jungle was heard; and at some distance from where I watched their advent, two creatures—a she-bear and her cub—trotted towards the water. I was now fairly 'in for it!' Should I wait their approach, or take flight in the darkness? My ammunition was not of a description to protect me from such assailants if attacked. Meanwhile they seemed perfectly unconscious of my proximity, and drank very peaceably of the water, playing a hundred clumsy antics, which the increasing obscurity made dimly visible to me. At length, however, they retreated as they had come; and as to my left the jungle appeared more thin and low, I began to look about for a path. None could I find; and at last I really deemed that the best thing I could do would be to remain where I was until the first dense darkness of night receded before the coming stars, and the moon, which I knew must ere long make its appearance.

The front of the pagoda facing the tank was a heap of ruins; but as I carefully reconnoitred it, I found that to the rear, where it looked upon the jungle, an archway and a few pillars remained in tolerable repair. Here, then, I seated myself on a fragment of stone, and waited with what patience I could muster for Cynthia and her train. As I sat there, all the various and strange sounds of night grew and grew, until I could have guessed the season by my ear alone, even if I had been blind. There was no wind, but the whirring of myriad insect beings, aroused from day-sleep, caused a sort of under sound akin to air. Mosquitos from the woods and the water fastened on my face, and kept my handkerchief in constant play to drive them off. Night birds—the owl, that ever and anon hooted by, and then pounced down upon some shrew, mouse, or rat; the rice bird, snapping its bill as it caught at the fetid green bugs which careered around; and presently, deep in the brush, the bark, short and sharp at first, of a jackal, speedily taken up by another, and then another, till a whole pack gave forth the fearful howl, prolonged

as it proceeds, that so often startles the silent watcher of the night in India. Hisses, too, were in my ears; and more than once I fancied that a whole legion of snakes was approaching me; and then from the tank ascended a concert—the harsh and many-toned voices of a million frogs, those enormous bull-frogs whose discordant utterance makes itself heard for more than a mile in the silence of the night. Most welcome sound of all came at last the piercing tones of a Kulera horn, and then the beat of tom-toms—for I knew they must proceed from Bassim. They were right behind me, so that, in fact, my path lay beyond the tank; but more light was absolutely necessary to search for it with any chance of success.

And light, too, I soon had in front of me; but a light so fairy-like, so fleeting, so spiritual, that I gazed on it with an admiration the same spectacle had never failed to excite. At the foot of a range of bushes I first beheld what seemed to be a spark of fire, the glitter of a gem; presently there broke out another, which rose in the air, and thereupon a whole host of gleaming mote-sized cressets leaped up and down, and whirled over the tree-tops, and twisted in mazy dance through the boughs, and gemmed every leaf with all the most dazzling tints of red, and topaz, and amethyst. Oh those beautiful fire-flies! Yet almost as suddenly as they had come they vanished; or, by some mute confederacy, did they but put out their body-lamps to reserve their lustre for some future occasion? Scarcely had they disappeared, ere a real star shot out into the heavens; a faint, but no longer dubious light, like the first errand of dawn, stole over the sky; and by and by I could see that the moon was about to show herself.

At that instant voices from the jungle struck upon my ear, so near at hand, that I was on the point of hailing the owners, when a presentiment—men use that word so vaguely!—a sense of caution came over me, and I remained silent, retiring behind the pillared archway just in time to conceal myself from the comers. They were two men, in the ordinary costume of respectable Mahratta travellers, wearing white garments and turbans, with swords stuck in their belts, and each his shield. But their hands were engaged in dragging what to me appeared to be a dead animal. Within a few yards of me, but round a corner of the pagoda, to view which I found it necessary to leave my recess, and lean across a dismantled fragment of the building, they halted; and then—for now the moon was actually up—I saw that their burthen was no animal, but a dead man. It was a large and heavy corpse, dressed in rich raiment, for I could plainly distinguish the brocaded trousers, the gold-hemmed robes, the silver-mounted creese in the burnished belt. And then one of them spoke in the common *rehkta*, or mixed dialect of Hindoostan—at which I rejoiced, for I understood neither Persian, nor Mahratta, nor Telogos, nor Tamul.

'Take off the *roomal* (handkerchief), Kahoo; it has done its duty once more: it is the seventh time, and must therefore be now discarded. Burn it we must, and place it before the idol of Kalee. This fat unwieldy hog's son must be disposed of. Now for his girdle and turban.'

I saw them untwist a long noose-like piece of linen from the corpse's neck, on which the bald head fell loosely back. He had been strangled by Thugs, and the Thugs were close to me! They divested him of his girdle, which made a clinking noise as it struck the ground.

'Do not rip it open, Kahoo; said he not that he had a hundred ashrafies of gold, and four dozens of earrings and nose-rings about his person? Look to his turban; they are safer where they are.'

They undid the windings of the turban, from which I saw them take many jewels; which, with the girdle, they stowed away amongst their garments. I raised my Manton: a strange desire came over me to kill those wretches; but I remembered that what might kill a vulture, might but scratch a man. Had I slain those

murderers of the murdered, would it still have been murder? Be sure that it is God's to punish! And when, many years thereafter, I saw at Guntvor, in the Northern Division, no fewer than 160 convicted Thugs working in chains, I thought that it was very possible those two men were amongst them.

Presently one of the men withdrew into some nook of the ruins, the other dragged the body nearer to the tank, and I heard him tell his comrade to fetch the *hodali*, or pickaxe. I could now no longer see them, but I heard the stroke of the pickaxe, and knew that they were digging a grave; and by and by I also knew, by the sound of trampling, that they were pressing the earth compactly over their victim. A crackling noise succeeded, and from the bright reflection that shone all around, I guessed that they had lit a fire over the grave—their common practice.

A complete silence, that lasted for more than an hour, convinced me that they had either departed, or had fallen asleep; and I was on the point of stealing from my hidingplace, when loud voices in the distance beyond the tank reached me. I heard the shouting of men; and amongst the advancing voices there was one that was familiar and most welcome to me.

'Sahib azeez! Sahib, kehan hue toom?'—'Master, dear master! where art thou?' Yes, sure enough it was the voice of my faithful Sooliman! And then gliding cautiously from my retreat, I looked for the Thugs. They were not visible; but a large fire lay smouldering near the lake, and some burnt rags were strewed before the hideous idol. Were the Thugs sleeping in the temple? I knew not, neither did I care; for now flashing across the water I perceived the glare of many torches, and with a loud voice I hailed my servant. In a few moments thereafter he was at my side, kissing my hands, and thanking Allah and the Prophet that I was found.

It may be as well to say that although information was given to the head man of Bassim, as well as to the proper authorities in high places, as to what I had witnessed, no discovery of the murderers was made; nor were any traces of them found in the ruined temple. There was a buried body, and that was all.

Tales for Young People.

HILDA'S SECRET.

HILDA was very busy indeed. She sat on her stool at the window with her French book in her hand, and a dictionary on her lap, studying hard. She allowed nothing to distract her attention. The kitten could not understand what was the matter. It put up its little paw and patted her, and mewed, and then scampered off, and came back again, rubbing its dark face against her knee; but it was of no use, and Puss had to roll herself up, and sing her sleepy song at her young mistress' feet. At last Hilda jumped up, and clapping her hands, ran to a lady who was sitting at the other end of the room writing. 'I can say it now, mamma,' she cried. 'I have found out every word, and can't think how it was so difficult yesterday.'

The lady, whose name was Mrs Mowbray, smiled and took the book, whilst Hilda first repeated a short French fable, and then translated it into English. 'You are a dear good child,' said her mamma when she had finished. 'You do not know how much I love you when I see you so industrious and anxious to please me: I, too, am anxious to please my little, dutiful child. I will take you with me in the carriage to-day wherever you choose. Tell me where shall it be?'

Hilda thought for a little, and then said, 'Well, mamma, if a fairy were to come and say, "Hilda, you are a good girl, and I will give you what you most wish for," I should answer, "Thank you, Mrs Fairy; take me, if you please, to the Pantheon Bazaar, and give me whatever I choose to ask."'

'Whatever you choose to ask!' said her mamma laugh-

ing: 'why, then, Miss Hilda, I suppose you would wish every pretty thing you saw?'

'No, no, mamma,' answered Hilda gravely. 'I am not greedy or covetous; I only meant *one* thing—any *one* thing, you know.'

'Oh, that is very different: I think I may manage to afford that. Ring the bell, dear, and then make haste to get dressed, as you generally take so long.'

Hilda joyfully hurried away, and with the assistance of her maid was very soon ready. The day was beautiful, the carriage was comfortable, mamma was pleased, and Hilda was happy, so that everything went on well. They first drove round the park, and as it was in the height of the season, Hilda was very much amused by seeing so many different carriages and such a number of beautiful ladies. Then they left the park, and driving down Oxford Street, soon reached the bazaar. Although there were many beautiful things to choose from, Hilda had no difficulty in fixing. Her mind had been made up long ago, and she had been only waiting for an opportunity of darting upon poor papa some day when he appeared capable of being melted. She led her mamma to a stall near the door which generally attracts the notice of little girls. It was covered with the most beautiful wax dolls of all sizes and descriptions. The one which Hilda's heart especially warmed to was the Princess-Royal in a glass-case.

'Is it not lovely, mamma?' she whispered. 'See, it is just like a baby: it has real hair on its head, and real eyelashes and eyebrows; and just look at the dimples in its beautiful arms!'

'It's a real model, miss,' said the person who kept the stall: 'it's the most perfect thing of its kind that has ever been made.'

'What is the price?' said mamma, who began to be afraid.

'One guinea, ma'am, without its clothes; twenty-six shillings if dressed.'

One guinea was a great deal of money, mamma thought; but Hilda had really been a very good child lately, and mamma had been long thinking of giving her a present, so she decided that Hilda should have it. 'I will have this doll,' she said to the stall-keeper, who had been watching her face as anxiously as Hilda. 'Put it up carefully, and take it to my carriage if you please.' Hilda was inexpressibly delighted, and pressed her mamma's hand gratefully. 'I am now going to call upon Lady Harewood in Cavendish Square,' Mrs Mowbray said. 'You will find a young friend there, for Selina is home from school at present.'

'Oh that will be delightful, mamma; it is so long since I have seen Selina, and she is such a clever, funny girl.' To Cavendish Square they drove. Lady Harewood and Mrs Mowbray had not seen each other for some time, so that they had a great deal to talk about. Selina accordingly drew Hilda away to her own little boudoir, and they were soon occupied in talking too.

'What book were you reading, Selina, when we came in?' asked Hilda.

'Oh it is such a delightful book,' Selina answered. 'I have finished it now, and was only reading one of the stories over again. It is called "German Mysteries," and is full of all kinds of horrors—ghost stories particularly.'

'Ghost stories! How I should like to read it!' cried Hilda.

'I will lend it to you, dear, if you like.'

'But I am not sure, Selina, if mamma would like me to read it: she never would let my maid tell me any ghost stories, although I have always wished to hear them more than I can tell you.'

'But you need not tell your mamma, you know, Hilda. If you don't show it, nobody will ever suspect.'

'But, Selina, I never have any secrets from mamma,' said Hilda hesitatingly.

'Is it possible you are such a baby?' cried Selina laughing. 'Why, you are nearly eleven years old; but any one would think you were about three and a-half. Oh, my dear girl, you have no idea of the secrets I have had in my life. At school the scrapes I got into when things were found out—Oh, you never knew anything like them! In my room, where the best girls slept, we used to have suppers every night—fires, too, in the winter, and everything comfortable. We often had books, too, from the library, and—'

'But were you never found out, Selina?'

'Oh yes—once; but we promised never to do so again; and no more we did, till Helen Ames persuaded us to

begin again. But one night, as ill-luck would have it, Helen let a dish fall, and it made such a noise, that Miss Swift came flying up stairs to see what was the matter. Helen was very impertinent, and said she didn't care a bit, and so she was expelled. Oh she *was* a girl indeed! Since she left us, we have had no fun at all.

Of course Hilda was very anxious to hear more about school-life; and Selina, who was delighted to have so interested an auditor, told her everything she could think of, mixing plenty of fancy with fact. At last Mrs Mowbray rose to go away, and Selina stuffed the book hastily into Hilda's pocket. 'We shall be sure to call next week,' she said, 'and then I can get it, you know. In the meantime, be sure you don't let your mamma see it, as she would tell my mamma, and then there would be such a business!' Hilda was rather frightened, but she gave the required promise, and I am sorry to say she rather liked the business on the whole. The fact was, she had long been desiring to have a secret to keep, and one of her own if possible. She had two cousins, a good deal older than herself, who generally spent a few weeks every Christmas with her. Now when Amy and Agnes came, they were continually talking together confidentially; and if their little cousin happened to be in the room, they retired to another part of it, and whispered. Of course Hilda did not like this exclusiveness; but when she used to ask them what they were speaking about, they used always to answer, 'We are talking secrets, Hilda. We can't tell little girls like you what we are saying. You could not keep a secret, you know.' Therefore Hilda had always longed to have a secret of her own. She felt it would make her a person of importance.

When Hilda reached home, she immediately flew to her own little room, and taking the book from her pocket, began eagerly to read it. It was a very improper one, indeed, for her or any other young person, being full of stories which would have terrified a much wiser person than Hilda. Hilda had never in her whole life had an idea of such fearful things. She was quite paralysed with horror, and was now of course more afraid than ever of her mamma seeing the book, knowing how very much she would disapprove of it. Then a new fear occurred to her—where should she conceal it? She had neither lock nor key to any of her boxes or drawers, and she knew that her mamma frequently came to see if all her things were tidily put away. The only thing to do was always to keep it about her person; but as it was not a very small book, that would be, to say the least of it, inconvenient. Hilda began to find out that to have a secret was not so agreeable after all. For the first time in her life she was afraid to sleep alone. The moon, which was shining full upon her bed, was for the first time unpleasant. It cast such fearful shadows upon everything, that Hilda became afraid to move. When she at last fell asleep, her dreams were disturbed, and one time she awoke with a scream, which brought Mrs Mowbray in to see what was the matter. Instead of being soothed, as usual, by a caress from her dear mamma, Hilda was in an agony in case she should, by accident, discover the book, which she had placed under the pillow. She was even thankful when her mamma kissed her and left the room.

In the morning it was all she could do to keep the book hidden from the prying eyes of her maid. She seized an opportunity, when her back was turned, of pulling it from its concealment, and pushing it into her pocket. When she went down stairs, she was afraid to take her usual place at the breakfast-table, close to papa's side, for she thought, 'What if he should feel it in my pocket, and should ask me what it was?—I could not tell him.' However, she artfully contrived to get upon his other side, and then she felt safe. During her hours of study she tried all she could to attend to her lessons; but it was impossible. Strange figures seemed continually flitting before her, and she became afraid of having the book about her, feeling as if a whole world of spirits were confined in her pocket. Mrs Mowbray was not pleased with her. She did not know a word of her French verb, although she had frequently repeated it before without a mistake. Geography was still worse; and she quite forgot whether Queen Elizabeth was the mother or daughter of Henry VIII.

'I see you are thinking of the doll, Hilda, and not of what I am saying to you,' said Mrs Mowbray; 'therefore I will put it away, and you must not see it until you pay more attention to your lessons, and are perfect mistress of them.' Hilda was very sorry to see her mamma so dis-

pleased, and she had almost a mind to confess the whole; but then she felt that would implicate Selina, and get her into a scrape, and, besides, she had promised not to tell.

Hilda was to go out to a party of young people that evening, and she was in the greatest perplexity as to where she should hide the now detested book. Take it with her she could not, for of course her thin white muslin dress had no pocket. To leave it was dangerous; but that she must do. Accordingly, when the time came, she wrapped it carefully up in a handkerchief, and laid it at the very back of her linen drawer.

The party was a very gay one indeed. It was the birthday of the little son of the house, and everything was in grand array. The garden, which was very large, and exquisitely laid out, was decorated with coloured lamps, hung on the trees and shrubs; and as it was in the middle of June, and a very lovely evening, the children were able to enjoy themselves as much out of doors as in. There were fireworks too, for which the little son had especially pleaded; and, in short, everything was charming, and every child but one was perfectly happy. This one I need not say was Hilda. Although she had looked forward to this party for a month at least, she could not enjoy herself at all. Every now and then she said to herself, 'Suppose mamma should have gone to see if my drawers were tidy, and discovered the book: what *should* I do?' This made Hilda very unhappy. She was continually wishing to be at home, to see if all was right. The lady of the house was quite distressed to see her so dull, and came up to her, saying kindly, 'My dear Hilda, are you quite well to-night? Won't you join this quadrille? Alfred is very anxious to dance it with you.' Alfred in the meantime standing a little behind, and looking uneasily, as if he didn't know anything about it. But Hilda's heart was too heavy to allow her to feel any pleasure in dancing even with the fascinating little Alfred; and she was unspeakably thankful when the carriage was announced, and she found herself seated next her maid driving rapidly home. She was quite in terror, however, as she got near Bayswater, where her papa and mamma lived, and begun to sound the maid, in order to get an inkling as to the state of affairs at home.

'Is mamma quite well, Susan?' she began. Susan looked surprised.

'Quite well, miss?' she said. 'Why, miss, she's just the same as when you left.'

'I mean does she seem happy and pleased, Susan?'

'Happy and pleased, miss? Yes, I think so. But what have you taken into your head now, Miss Hilda?'

'Oh, nothing, Susan; I only thought mamma would be dull without me.' This was not true: Hilda's secret had led her into falsehood.

A glance at her mamma's face convinced her all was right.

'Have you enjoyed yourself, my darling?'

'Yes, mamma.'

Another falsehood—Poor Hilda! Again the book was the companion of her pillow, and again her sleep was disturbed. The most frightful figures seemed to be constantly moving about her, and she suffered very much. Cordially did she detest that burthensome secret now; and no one knows how ardently she longed for Selina's coming to take the book away.

Next morning Mrs Mowbray said to Hilda, 'I wish you to be very nicely dressed to-day, my dear child, as I expect your godmamma; and as she is very particular, you must be neat. I think you had better wear the pink dress she sent you lately. It will please her to see you have kept it well.'

Hilda said, 'Yes, mamma;' but wished she had fixed upon any dress rather than that. The fact was, it had no pocket; and as Hilda could not leave the book for a minute, as she knew Susan was of a prying disposition, she was quite puzzled to know where to put it. At last she bethought herself of tying it in a handkerchief, and fixing this handkerchief to her side under her frock. This she did, and then went and sat on her stool at Mrs Mowbray's feet, waiting for her godmamma's arrival. In due time godmamma came, and was very much surprised indeed that Hilda did not, as usual, run to the gate to meet her. She did not know that Hilda was obliged to move as little as possible, as, whenever she walked, the book kept bumping in a most tell-tale manner against her knee.

'Well, how has my little Hilda been since I saw her?' began godmamma kindly. 'A good child, I hope, eh?'

Hilda blushed deeply, which godmamma perceived; and

thinking it was a 'sweet bashfulness,' she drew her close, and was going to take her upon her knee, when Hilda hastily drew back.

'Oh, you think you are too old now, Miss Hilda? Well, perhaps you are.' But Hilda saw, to her sorrow, that the old lady was evidently vexed. 'Perhaps you are not too old, however, to take a present from your old friend? Mamma wrote and told me how good and industrious you have been lately, and I have got a book of beautiful tales here, written expressly for good amiable children.'

Hilda blushed deeper than ever, and feeling how unworthy she was of such kindness, she could not hold out her hand to receive it. This time godmamma was really angry, and looked so: mamma was amazed; and Hilda, looking from one to another, got bewildered, and at last burst into tears.

'My dear Hilda, I am afraid you are not well?' said her mamma. 'She has not looked well for a day or two,' she continued to the old lady, who was really distressed; 'but she will not confess it.'

'Confess what, mamma?' said Hilda, drying her tears, and looking frightened.

'That you are ill, my child.'

'But I am quite well, mamma; only I couldn't help crying just now: godmamma is so kind.'

Godmamma looked convinced, but Mrs Mowbray was far from being so. She saw there was something upon Hilda's mind, but she felt it would be better to wait for her confidence rather than ask for it.

A walk in the garden was proposed; but this, which was generally Hilda's especial delight, was now no pleasure at all. She did not care in the least to show off her own little garden, of which she was in general so proud. The weight on her mind prevented her finding enjoyment in anything. She wondered where her peace of mind had fled. 'I was happy before I had that horrid secret,' she thought. 'Oh I never, never, so long as I live, will conceal anything from my dear mamma again. How miserable I am!' Godmamma at last went away, wondering what blight had come over the usually gay spirit of the little Hilda.

Next week came, but did not bring Selina. Hilda was gradually working herself into a fever: she was now quite afraid to go to bed, and lay trembling in the dark every night. She knew she durst not tell any one, for never before had she felt the least afraid in the dark; and she felt certain that her mamma would think there was something very wrong indeed if she heard Hilda had become so silly all at once. Her lessons were no longer well done, and accordingly the Princess-Royal was kept locked up. She had also a habit of forgetting what was said to her; and Susan could not understand how 'Miss Hilda was always tearing of her frocks just at the pocket.'

'Well, Hilda, what do you think?' said Mrs Mowbray when Hilda came into the breakfast-parlour pale and spiritless one morning: 'a letter from godmamma—such a kind letter, with an invitation in it. I will read the part about you, dear:—"I hope you will allow my little goddaughter to come and spend the whole of next week with me? I thought she looked pale when I was last in London, and I am sure a week of good country air will bring back the healthy colour to her cheeks. I do not mean that she should pine alone in my ancient castle with an old woman like me, as that would do her no good; so I have invited a party of young friends to meet her, and I have no doubt they will all be very happy together, if they will not quarrel. All I require of Hilda when she comes is, that she will wear a pinafore, be kind to my dogs, and not break my old china. I shall expect her on Monday."'

Hilda's eyes brightened. 'Oh, mamma, how kind—how delightful! May I go?'

'Certainly, Hilda; I see no objection: only I hope you will be more industrious than you have been lately in return for so much indulgence.'

Hilda's eyes fell again: she recollected that, till she got rid of the book, she could not give her undivided attention to her studies. She felt she would have given everything she possessed to have seen Selina at that moment.

It was arranged that on Monday morning Mrs Mowbray should take Hilda in their own carriage to Walthamstow in Essex, where godmamma lived; and Hilda had arranged in her own mind that she would ask her mamma to call upon Lady Harewood on their way, and then she could give Selina the book which had so much disturbed her peace of mind. So when Monday came, Hilda asked her mamma

if she might call upon Selina on their way, as she wished to see her very much. Mrs Mowbray consented, and with a lightened heart Hilda took her place in the carriage by mamma's side, and they drove to Cavendish Square. Hilda's heart beat as the footman opened the door. Suppose Selina should be out!—what could she do then?

'Lady Harewood is not at home, ma'am,' said the servant, returning; 'and Miss Selina went back to school last Saturday.'

'That is a pity,' said Mrs Mowbray. 'Now to Forest Castle, Walthamstow, John; but stop for a moment at Houbigant's in Regent Street. You must have some gloves you know, dear,' she continued, turning to Hilda.

'Mamma,' cried Hilda passionately, 'I don't want gloves, and I won't go to godmamma's! If you knew how naughty I have been, you would not take me there I know. I wish to go home.'

'Hilda, what do you mean?—what is the matter with you?'

'Here, mamma; this is what I mean,' and Hilda took the book from under her *visite*, and put it into Mrs Mowbray's hands. 'Selina lent me this book, and told me not to show it to you. I promised. I read the book, mamma, although I knew well you would not have allowed me if you had known of it, and now I was going to return it without telling you at all. Say what you like, mamma, I do not care. You cannot make me more miserable than I have been.'

'You do not care? Hilda, you are rude,' said Mrs Mowbray coldly. 'I beg you will not forget yourself in that manner again.'

Hilda burst into tears; her passionate tone fled, and she said imploringly, 'Mamma, I am shocked at having spoken to you so rudely. Do say a kind word to me. I am so unhappy.'

'Tell me all about this, my child?' said her mamma gently. Just then the carriage stopped at Houbigant's; and after Mrs Mowbray had purchased what she wanted, she ordered the coachman to drive home again, and then sat down to listen to Hilda's story.

'Oh, mamma,' said Hilda after she had finished, 'I thought it would be so delightful to have a secret all to myself, but I do not think so now. No: I never, never will keep anything from you so long as I live. How very unhappy Amy and Agnes must be, for they are always having secrets, and how silly I was ever to wish to hear them! But, dear mamma, you have not said you forgive me?' continued Hilda tearfully.

'I do forgive you,' said Mrs Mowbray sadly; 'but I shall not be able to place any confidence in you for a very long time. What will godmamma say too? You must write whenever we reach home, and tell her exactly why it is you cannot join her happy party.'

Hilda did write to her godmamma, and a very miserable letter it was; but what made her more unhappy than anything, was the having lost her mamma's confidence. She determined to set to work to regain that, and accordingly applied herself vigorously to her studies. It was surprising how much better she could work now when her mind was relieved from 'the secret'; and she felt astonished at the progress she made. Moreover, she obeyed with cheerful alacrity her mamma's every wish, and even tried to find out what was wanted before the wish had been expressed. She listened attentively to what was said to her, and was so obedient and anxious to please, that she became a favourite with everybody. Every morning she came to her mamma and said, 'Have I your confidence now, mamma?' And one day Mrs Mowbray, instead of replying, 'I cannot tell yet,' said, 'You have, my darling Hilda!' Then Hilda was happy indeed, and kissed her mamma over and over again. 'I will never lose it again,' she said joyfully. 'I will take such care of it.'

About the beginning of the pleasant month of August godmamma had another party of young people; and this time there was nothing to prevent Hilda from going and enjoying herself as much as the other children. Little Alfred was there too, and Hilda danced and played with him on the lawn as much as he wished, to make up for the quadrille she had disappointed him in on the night of his birthday. The Princess-Royal too, who had long been released from her confinement in mamma's drawer, accompanied Hilda to Forest Castle for change of air. Hilda valued her beautiful doll more than anything she possessed. It was a painful as well as pleasing reminiscence it brought back to her mind; for she could not see

it without recollecting that on the day it had been given to her, she had burthened herself with her first and last SECRET.

J. G. C.

WORKING-MEN'S ADDRESSES.

At a recent soirée of the Mechanics' Institute, Annan, two working-men present, in addressing the meeting, gave the following account of an effort made by themselves and others to establish a reading-room in John Street, Carlisle, which had proved eminently successful. The particulars will be read not without interest, and may furnish a valuable example:—

'Less than two years ago,' said Mr O'Neil, 'many of the working-men earning small wages felt their inability to pay a subscription to the Mechanics' Institute, and yet were anxious to learn the stirring news of the day, and improve their minds on general subjects. Some of them clubbed together, got a newspaper, without being under the necessity of going to a public-house for one, and at length obtained a daily paper. By and by several gentlemen took notice of them, and aided their efforts. They got a room to themselves in which to read the papers, procured books, and though their reading-room had not been two years in existence, their library now numbered 500 volumes. They then commenced classes for the instruction in reading, writing, and accounts of the young, and the old too, who required it, and in this their success had been great. They had had a soirée lately, attended by the leading men of Carlisle, including the members for the city; and thus encouraged and aided, they had obtained increased means of doing good, and were progressing satisfactorily.'

Another speaker (Mr Burrow), a fellow-labourer in the same cause, added, that 'he would tell them something more about their reading-room and school. They considered they had done not so far amiss in starting the former, but it was soon seen there was something wanting in regard to primary instruction. In the immediate vicinity of the room there were two large factories, and the children, relieved sooner from their work by the operation of the Ten Hours' Bill, had more leisure than before; and when children or adults have leisure on their hands, it is generally employed for evil, unless preoccupied for good. They made a great noise running about the streets, and the supporters of the reading-room thought that if this was allowed to continue, a few bad companions might soon infect the whole children, till they were all bad alike. So one began to say to another, "Could we not start a school?" "Ay, but how is it to be done?" was the response. Well, the thing, once suggested, was talked over and deliberated upon. Their means were slender. They had only one room, and that could not be used for reading in and teaching at the same time, and a second room they must have before ever they could move a step. With some difficulty a room near the other one was obtained, and then a school was set agoing for the old as well as the young. The rules adopted were, that each member of the reading-room should have access to the school for a penny per week, each of their children being admissible for a like sum. In about a month's time it was crowded; and so much eagerness did the children display, that many of them would sometimes be found lying on the stairs long before the hour, because, as they said, they had been unable to obtain admission on the night before, and they were determined this time to be sure of getting in. It had been said by some that the working-classes and their children would not appreciate education when offered to them; but here was a refutation of the statement—children who had been all day occupied in factory labour pressing eagerly forward to obtain the blessings of education. What was to be done under these circumstances? A meeting was called to consider how additional premises could be obtained, and with no small ado they got another room, and opened it also; and thus the working-men of John Street Reading-room had established two schools, one for reading, writing, and spelling, the other for arithmetic; and both were in a high degree prosperous. There is nothing used in the school but a New Testament, a slate, and a ruler. The master dictates the lesson from the Testament, and the scholars imitate on their slates, as well as they can, the printed characters of the lesson, which, in addition to having it from the lips of the master, is placed before

them. They see, by a reference to their book, what is read; and after copying it, the teacher asks them questions regarding each separate word, and its meaning, and thus they obtain reading, writing, spelling, and signification all at once. The teacher had informed him that some of the pupils who had entered the school lately, unable to read or write, were, in the course of a month, able to write the words, and read their own writing. This class is open four nights in the week; and the other class, for arithmetic, taught by two brothers of the name of Latimer, is open the other two nights. In the latter, the higher as well as the simpler branches of accounts were taught, and many of the children who had been there a few months were in the rule of three, while there were two of them in mensuration, and one in algebra. Such was a brief statement of the origin and progress of their schools. Then as to the library: it now numbered, as had been said, 500 volumes, most of them donations. Libraries were springing up almost everywhere; and why? because the age required them. And whatever the spirit of the age asked for, that it would have. He had a few words to say to the working-men, and they were to this effect:—They would not be able to reach a higher position unless they were first prepared for it, and unless they were trying to raise themselves. When a child stumbles and falls, a person would perhaps say to it, "Come here, and I'll lift you!" and the little fellow, cheered by the words, would lift himself whilst running to get the promised aid. Now, however laughable this might be in a child, it was most lamentable in a man. He would say to the working-men, try to raise yourselves, and those in a higher sphere of life would reach forth the hand of fellowship, and you will be sure to be lifted up. Do not trust to others, but to your own efforts; and if you do so, the aid of others will be superadded to your own. Had not the working-men of the John Street Reading-room acted thus, their institution would have assuredly not existed two years. He would advise the Annan mechanics, then, to meet often. Let each contribute a penny a week, and by a fund thus raised they would be able to work wonders. In Carlisle they had two Discussion Classes, where what they had heard delivered to them was taken to pieces and criticised. They had no right to swallow anything addressed to them without first doing this. They had a right to think for themselves. They had been endowed by the great Creator with intellectual faculties, and this was a proof that He designed them to be no idle gift, but meant them to be freely exercised.' Mr Burrow concluded his excellent address with the following lines, composed, he said, by Henry Armstrong, a member of the Botchergate Reading-room:—

'Educate us, and Britain then
Will find her treasure in her working-men;
Vice will diminish; virtue will increase,
And spread her glory through a land of peace.'

QUIN.

The witty sayings and repartees of Quin would fill volumes, and some of them are excellent. Dining one day at Bath, a nobleman said to him—'What a pity it is, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!' 'What would your lordship have me to be?—a lord?' was his reply. A young gentleman, who had lately become acquainted with him, volunteered one day a specimen of his talents for the stage; intending, as he said, to turn actor if Quin approved of his performance. He had, however, scarcely concluded the line, 'To be, or not to be—that is the question,' before Quin started up, exclaiming, 'No question at all, sir; not to be, upon my honour!' Lamenting one day that he grew old, Quin was asked by an impertinent young fellow, 'What he would give to be as young as he was?' 'I would even submit,' said Quin, 'to be almost as foolish.' Being ironically complimented by a nobleman upon his happy retreat at Bath, he replied, 'Look ye, my lord, perhaps 'tis a sincere your lordship would not accept of; but I can assure you I gave up L.1400 a year for it.' An officer, not remarkable for courage, came one day to Quin to ask him how he should act after having had his nose pulled. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'soap your nose for the future, and then they'll slip their hold.' The first time he was invited to dine upon turtle, the host, a West Indian, burst into a loud laugh because he did not understand the *callipash* and other niceties of such an elegant dish. 'It may be an elegant dish,' said

Quin, 'but if it had been fit for Christians, we should have been acquainted with it as soon as the wild Indians.' To an author, whose play he had lost, he apologised, saying, 'Here is a drawerful of both comedies and tragedies; take any two you please in the room of it.'—*Dublin University Magazine*.

OLD YEW-TREES.

Decandolle finds as the result of his inquiries, that of all the European species of trees, the yew is that which attains the greatest age. He assigns to the yew (*Taxus baccata*) of Brabourne, in the county of Kent, thirty centuries; to the Scotch yew of Fortingal, from twenty-five to twenty-six; and to those of Crowhurst in Surrey, and Ripon in Yorkshire respectively fourteen and a-half and twelve centuries.—(*Decandolle, de la Longévité des Arbres*, p. 65). Endlicher remarks that the age of another yew-tree in the churchyard of Gresford, in North Wales, which measures fifty-two English feet in circumference below the branches, is estimated at 1400 years, and that of a yew in Derbyshire at 2036. In Lithuania, lime-trees have been cut down which were eighty-seven English feet in circumference, and in which 815 annual rings have been counted.—*Humboldt's Aspects of Nature*.

THE QUALITY OF GREATNESS.

The first universal attribute of truth is its greatness; this quality it is which has mainly fascinated the hearts of those who have most devotedly pursued it. It is the more worthy of our observation, since it is through this quality, amongst others, that we see the moral and intellectual worlds, which are so generally distinguished, and have been so often contrasted, mingle their nature, and pass into each other. For if greatness be an attribute of something which is sensibly or intellectually impressed, still it discloses itself as such by the mode in which our moral, as distinct from our intellectual, nature is affected by it. All greatness expands, elevates, commands, and tranquillises. We know the feelings with which we look upon the starry heavens, the silent outspread mountains, and the ocean. We are conscious how the eye fails to span them, and how the overflowing and incapable sense fixes itself to receive what it cannot contain; scanning, and again scanning, the object which at once invites and baffles, satisfies and eludes it. Such, we all know from experience, is the manifestation of greatness when approaching to the sublime, and disclosed to our bodily senses. But whether it address itself directly to our senses, or whether it be revealed at once and simply to our imagination, as in poetry, or to the imagination as ministering to the intellect which compares, combines, and generalises, as in the higher departments of knowledge, the effect is in kind and character the same. We confess its presence by the same mode of feeling, the same attitude of attention, absorption, submission, and repose. Whether our eye be fixed upon the sublimer scenery of nature, or our fancy be filled with the first and second books of the 'Paradise Lost,' or our intellect contemplate the highest and vastest subjects of human thought, we are in all these instances affected by the same quality disclosing itself in a different way through different objects.—*Vaughan's Inaugural Lectures on Modern History*.

COAL TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

There are upwards of 3000 coal-mines in Great Britain, which employ nearly 250,000 men, women, and boys, under ground and above, termed hewers, putters, trappers, overlookers, bankmen, &c. &c. The capital invested in working-stock, tramways, staiths, and harbours, altogether exceeds £30,000,000 in value! and the 'get of coal,' as it is technically termed, amounts to 34,000,000 tons annually; the estimated value of which, at the 'pit's mouth,' is £10,000,000. Of this enormous quantity of coal, one-third is raised in the Northumberland and Durham districts, from whence the chief exports of the kingdom are made by the rivers Tyne, Wear, and Tees, both foreign and coastways. The chief points of home consumption are in the iron works of Staffordshire, South Wales, and the West of Scotland; which, together with the lesser works of North Wales, Shropshire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, consume nearly one-third of the whole. The residue is consumed in smaller manufactures generally, such as those of cotton and woollen, the salt works, &c. and by the populations of large towns for domestic purposes.—*Report on Coal Traffic, by Brailheuite Poole, Esq., F.S.S.*

THE PEDLAR.

BY MRS NEWTON CROSLAND.

'Men of genius can more easily starve, than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them.'—*Forster's Life of Goldsmith*.

A PEDLAR hawked his wares for sale,
Through crowded streets, o'er hill and dale,
And modestly, with gentle voice,
Arrayed them for the people's choice;
And said, 'A loaf is all I ask.
And, by the winter's fire to bask,
A roof above, and garments plain,
Express my greediest thirst for gain.'

The People turned his wares about,
And shook their heads in solemn doubt;
With tinsel goods made his compete,
Yet called his Gold a 'copper cheat.'
Then with a smile, and yet a sigh,
He said, 'Though you refuse to buy,
My wares away I will not take,
I give them—for the children's sake!'

The little children grew in time
To life's most eager, early prime;
And seeking here, and seeking there,
For wealth deserving of their care,
The youths and maidens, fair and brave,
Have found the wares the Pedlar gave.
And loud their voices now are heard,
By generous indignation stirred:—

'Oh shameful sires—to thus despise
The Poet's priceless melodies!
To tread beneath a scornful heel
The source of our exalted weal—
Celestial truths which seem to rush
O'er heart and soul, like morning's flush
In southern climes, that quick up springs,
And charms aside night's clouding wings!'

And then among themselves they spoke,
And soon one grateful feeling broke;
They cried, 'Oh, let us journey forth
From east to west, from south to north,
And take no rest until we find
This uncrowned Monarch of our Mind;
He must be old, and may be poor
Who left these treasures at our door!'

'A palace home we'll build for him,
And gold shall all his coffers brim;
Ambrosial food shall deck his board,
And nectar drinks be freely poured,
Such as like melted jewels flash;
A thousand looms shall creak and crash
To weave him raiments, fine and meet,
For winter's cold or summer's heat!'

From north to south, from east to west
They journey long, and take no rest;
Foot-sore with stony roads they've passed,
They come upon a grave at last!
A humble grave, but yet they know
The Poet's dust is laid below.
Too late—too late the wreath they've wove
To crown the monarch of their love!

Yet as they bend with reverent mien,
And pluck for relics grasses green,
A haunting voice floats through the air,
And softly cries, 'Beware—beware!
The Poet takes, to common eyes,
In every age a different guise;
Beware lest ye such Pedlar meet,
And call his Gold a "copper cheat!"'

COAL-PIT MACHINERY.

In a late article, 'Visit to Sunderland,' it was stated that the cage apparatus for descending coal-pits was not usually applied in Scotland. We now learn that the apparatus has been introduced in the west of Scotland, and are also glad to find that the ingenious application of Mr Fourdrinier, for saving lives in the event of accidental breakages of the apparatus, is coming into use amongst us.

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SPORTING FISHES.

FROM the north-west point of the island of Sumatra, which forms one of the sides of the Malacca Straits, a line of islands and islets stretch several hundred miles into the Bay of Bengal. This line is broken into two series, the one being the Nicobar group, and the other the Andaman group; the islands varying in character from low flat cocoa-nut groves to lofty mountains, rising in one case—that of the Great Andaman—to the height of 2400 feet, and clothed with the majestic trees of the tropical forest. The whole of the Indian Archipelago is usually considered as the summits and plateaux of submarine mountains, continuing one of the great chains of Asia; and in like manner these islands appear to have once formed portions, now insulated by the sea, of the vast island of Sumatra, which is even now not less than a thousand miles long. The Nicobars, when viewed on the map, are comparatively small patches of land; while the Andamans, expanding in large areas, form a majestic termination of the island-continent.

These two groups, however, though so nearly related in physical geography, present the most extraordinary moral contradictions. The inhabitants of the Andamans are Oriental negroes, of dwarfish stature, with woolly hair, hideous physiognomies, and untameable dispositions; while those of the Nicobars are of the Malay race, with brown complexions, tall, well-formed figures, and minds susceptible to the influences of civilisation. It need hardly be added that these races are deadly enemies, and that the area of sea between them is the theatre of a continual war. Both live chiefly by fishing; but the Andamanians tumble in their rude canoes among the surges without ingenuity enough in their hunger to extort from nature more than a niggard meal; while the Nicobarians familiarise themselves with the secrets of the deep on which they depend, become acquainted with its inhabitants, and seduce into treachery against their kind, and bring over to their own service as agents and ministers, the very fishes themselves.

The cause of this ingenious people being driven to depend so much upon the sea, is not the scantiness of the land that has fallen to their share, for in reality their islands are in some instances of considerable size and great altitude; but the tyranny of tropical vegetation has driven them to the very margin of the water. A narrow strip of land is cleared round the sea—all else is impenetrable forest. The sun itself cannot enter these abodes of silence and gloom; and even the wild beasts, so common in these latitudes, find no harbour where there is neither light nor air. The stillness of this jungle is not merely solemn, but terrible; and it is not surprising that the imaginations of the inhabitants

of the coast should have peopled it with demons, and that their religious services should consist of sacrifices and incantations. In the year 1756 the Danes attempted a settlement on these islands, but in vain. They perished to a man before the pestiferous breath of the jungle growth; and subsequent settlers, some apostles of Mammon, and some of Christ, had not better fortune. Their domestic cattle, however, still live in a wild state on the edges of the forest; and the descendants of their swine, fed on the pulp of the cocoa-nut, are a valuable article of barter with European ships.

The natives, thus confined to the shores by nature herself, are true men of the sea. The women cultivate the strip of land between the water and the jungle, which produces cocoa-nuts, and areca-nuts, pine-apples, plantains, lemons, and other fruits; while the men give themselves up to fishing. They live not only by the sea, but in the sea. Their huts, resembling a circular rick of corn, are perched upon long stakes, and at high-water the tide flows beneath them. They are thus secure from reptiles and insects; and when they draw up their ladder at night, the solitary family sleep in safety, lulled by the murmur of the waves. Ten or a dozen such huts are congregated near each other, and form a village, presided over by a sort of chief, who has no other privilege than that of caring for the public good, and no other reward than the pride of high station. The dress of this primitive tribe is a sort of petticoat for the women, and for the men a piece of narrow cloth wound round their loins, and hanging to their heels. This last particular gave rise to the report of the Swedish navigator Kiöping touching men with tails, which Lord Monbodo confirmed by anatomical and philosophic reasonings.

But in these islands man in his amphibious habits is only an imitator of the lower class of their inhabitants—alligators, turtle, crabs. The woods are too dense to harbour tigers and other wild beasts; but the shores teem with all kinds of creatures that belong jointly to the land and the sea. The crustacea are peculiarly abundant and splendid; but the turtle is the most important to the islanders, serving as an article of barter with European mariners, whether living, or represented by its valuable shell—for all species are found here. Turtle-hunting is at once the business and pleasure of the Nicobarians; and in this department of the chase their ingenuity is exercised in a strange and interesting manner. Your turtle is a difficult customer to deal with. During the day he betakes himself to the sea, where his pasture is among the tender algæ at the bottom; and although not fish enough to remain below for any very considerable time, he requires only a short visit to the surface to recover his wind. The sea-hunter may dodge him long enough, with his spear poised, before finding him sufficiently near to present a reasonable mark; and it is only when the huge creature, tired

with flight, or sport, or the labour of diving, lays himself flat upon the surface to take a nap in the sunshine, that his pursuer has any chance. The sea at this time appears to be clear for the animal's repose. The air is silent; for the deep jungle on the land is as still as death. His soft pillow undulates with a dreamy motion; and there he lies, never thinking that the watchful man of the sea, cowering in his tiny canoe at a distance, is preparing to steal upon his slumbers.

These slumbers have been known to be so deep, that a fisherman has fastened his boat's line to the paddles of the prize, and caught—a Tartar; for the turtle, starting in wonder and alarm from his sleep, has fled like a race-horse over the surface—unable to sink—carrying with him line, boat, fisherman, and all. But even when the hunter comes prepared for his capture, and is able to strike him with his spear, the instrument may glance from the hard shell, or it may wound too slightly to do more than awaken the sleeper. The object of the spear is not to kill, but to fasten—its handle being connected with the boat by a cord; and unless it sinks deeply into the creature's back, the blow has failed. Our Nicobarian, therefore, would in most cases take nothing by his motion but the amusement of the sport, were it not for a strange ally he has contrived to press or coax into his service. This ally is a fish which he has become acquainted with in the course of his submarine adventures. It belongs to the Remora family, the same distinguished race which, according to the notion of our mariners, has given a pilot to the shark. The pilot-fish, however, so far from being the accomplice of the shark, is said by some naturalists to hunt that sea-murderer on his own account; and fastening to him by his sucker, which acts on the principle of a cupping-glass, to subsist on the juices of his body. The author of 'Memoirs of India,' notwithstanding, mentions, as a fact that had come within his own observation, that the shark, who refuses no other kind of food, will not attempt to harm this remora. Mr Wallace, indeed, saw the comparatively little creature swimming fearlessly through the monster's mouth when he opened it to swallow a bait.

However this may be, the remora of our turtle-hunter is the enemy of his friends' enemies, and is as useful in the chase as a dog, and, moreover, resembles pretty closely in figure our common *dog-fish*. He is about two feet in length, and is furnished with a large oblong sucker on the upper part of the head. To prepare him for the attack on his unwieldy prey, a long cord is attached to his tail by means of a ring passing round the root of that organ, while the other end is fastened to the canoe. The cord is plaited from the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, which, being light, strong, and elastic, answer the purpose admirably well. The hunter, accompanied by the sporting fish, paddles slowly and silently towards his quarry, and when near enough, he directs his friend caressingly to the intended object, and sets him off at full speed, paying out the cord as he flies. The trained animal makes straight for the turtle's back, and once there, his sucker is affixed in an instant, and the affray begins. The sleeper awakened plunges in headlong terror, unable to conceive what fiend it is he is carrying on his back. But the remora no more moves than the Old Man of the Mountain, and presently a haul upon the cord informs the turtle that he is wanted up stairs. Having as little peace under water as security above, the victim soon gets exhausted, and must needs rise to draw breath, when an opportunity is afforded to the fisherman to use his dart. Turtles, it may here be observed, are by no means long-winded, as is well-known to such seamen as have been engaged in their capture among coral lagoons; for,

by keeping them in constant motion with a long boat-hook, they soon get so exhausted as to become powerless, when they may be hooked up like a stone. Although the Nicobarian is pretty secure of the game in the long-run, there is much excitement and plenty of tumult in the chase. The smooth sea is broken with the headlong paddles and the convulsive splashing of the victim's flappers; and the moral beauty and repose of the picture, like the mirrored face of the waters, are likewise shivered into fragments. The tenacity with which the remora adheres to the object on which it fixes is so great, that some knowledge is required to detach its hold otherwise than by its own special consent. The sucker must be moved in a particular direction, or the disunion can only be effected by the destruction of the fish. This tenacity of hold was strangely confounded by the ancients with general muscular strength. Thus they say that at the battle of Actium, Antony's ship was kept motionless by a remora pulling against the efforts of the whole crew; and that 400 sailors tried in vain to move the vessel of Caligula till a remora was detached from the helm.

The same sporting use of the animal was formerly made by the islanders of America, more especially those of Jamaica and Cuba; but certain periodical visitors of the Nicobars, improving perhaps on the hints obtained there, exhibit still greater ingenuity in training to their service the inhabitants of the deep. These are the Chinese, who come hither once a year for ambergris and birds'-nests. The latter, our readers know, are the production of a species of swallow, which builds in rocky caves far from the habitations of man. They consist of a gelatinous substance resembling isinglass, and only differ from the nests of some other sea-birds in being composed of this substance alone, and free from hairs, straw, feathers, &c. Their most valuable quality is said to be their innoxiousness; and yet they cost the Chinese traders with the Archipelago an annual sum of about £300,000.

The only reason we have, however, for thinking that the Chinese islanders at the northern end of the Archipelago may have taken the hint of taming fishes from the bird-nesters at the southern end, is, that nature always works upwards. The turtle-hunting of the Nicobars exhibits the rudiments of fish education, while the decoy-fishes of the Ladrone Islands are graduates in the most refined arts of civilisation. The Ladrone Islands are a line of islands which run out from the southern extremity of China, a distance of 450 miles into the North Pacific. Magellan calls them the *Islas de Ladrones*—Islands of Thieves—because the natives stole everything they could lay their hands on; but Anson describes them as being an earthly paradise. The latter navigator visited them soon after the industrious inhabitants had been expelled by the tyranny of the Spanish colonists, and before the traces of human labour had been obliterated by the impetuous vegetation of the further east. Sick of their long voyage, the weary mariners would have found any land delightful; but here, where the tropical temperature was allayed by the trade-winds, where the bread-fruit was first seen to grow, and where the fresh soil and genial climate produced all things pleasant to sight, taste, and smell, they could have imagined themselves in the Islands of the Blest. Byron next came, and all was changed. Fields, gardens, meadows, all were swallowed up in a rank vegetation that almost excluded the daylight, and this Eden of the Pacific was pronounced to be an uninhabitable wilderness. And nearly such it remains to-day, although with occasional tokens that recall its earlier beauty: lands rescued from the waste, yet bounded by overhanging woods, and here and there patches of verdure in the midst of still and lonely waters.

The islanders, like the others we have described, depend upon fishing; but their prey is far down in the quiet depths, and not of a kind to be mastered by the fierce, headlong, straightforward remora. Their capture demands stratagem rather than force; and an intelli-

gent fish, accordingly, is trained in the arts of decoy, and sent down by his master to entrap his unwary fellows of the deep. The singularity of this fact is owing to the wide line of separation there is between human beings and the denizens of an element in which man cannot breathe; but in reality there are other fishes as open to the influence of humanity as the remora and the parrot-fish. Carp come up to be fed as readily as poultry, and hold their aldermanic shoulders to be scratched and tickled, and we have no doubt would give vent to a regular guffaw if fishes were not proverbially mute. This, however, is all fun and frolic, with some self-interest at the bottom; but it is curious to notice the pride with which many of the inferior animals lend themselves to the purposes of man, more especially when these are wicked and bloodthirsty. The hawk, the dog, and the stalking-horse, are familiar instances; but none of them surpasses in sagacity, duplicity, and patience, the parrot-fish of the Ladrone Islands.

This is a great, stout, lumpy fish, with red scales—like a sharper passing himself off for a bumpkin in a scarlet waistcoat—and his mouth is shaped like a parrot's beak, which gives rise to his popular name. He is lodged by his master in a pond within the reefs, and is carefully tended and fed, and trained for the duty he is expected to perform. A hole is made in the cartilage near his mouth, and when there is work for him to do, a cord is passed through this, and he is led to the field of action. This must be on a soft still day, when Anson's paradise may be supposed to be slumbering within its circle of hoary woods. The station is on the outer edge of one of the coral reefs which almost surround the islands. The sea below is as clear as the sunny air above, and the fisherman peers from his light canoe several fathoms down into the secrets of the deep. He is provided with a large landing net, kept open at the mouth with a hoop, and to this he attaches the cord of his tame fish, and sinks all into the sea.

The intelligent animal knows what he is about; he knows that it is his business to inveigle his own kind into the net, and he acts accordingly. When he sees a brother fish worth entrapping, he rises above the mouth of the net, and makes believe that he is eating something dainty. If this will not do, he begins to bounce and play in so innocent and inviting a manner, that the stranger feels his shyness wearing off. There are pirates, however, in these latitudes, and he must mind what he is about; and perhaps Red-waistcoat overdoes his part a little, and is too vehement in his gambols. He is curious to know, however, what kind of an odd fish this is, and sails round and round him till he is fairly within the influence of the innocent-looking decoy. They determine on a game at romps, or perhaps a sham fight; but Parrot-beak pretends in his turn to have his doubts, or on some other pretext sinks down into the net. The stranger follows; they soon become friends and playfellows; and the unhappy dupe is too much absorbed in the game to observe that by some curious contrivance of nature he and his companion are rising gradually to the upper world. How can he doubt with a friend in his company so fearless and confident? Should a suspicion, however, at length cross his brain, it is too late. The net is already close to the surface; and by a jerk of the fisherman's stalwart arm, the betrayer and betrayed find themselves floundering together in the canoe.

Perhaps the moralist may find fault with the parrot-fish for his treachery; but we would suggest, in mitigation of blame, that he may himself have originally lost his liberty by the same means, and that the seductions and evil training of his human master may thus have received added force from a vague feeling of revenge against his own kind. But hold!—we are now plunging into a sea of metaphysics, not so clear as the sunny waters of the Ladrone. All we shall say further is, that the decoy-fish is stimulated by success to fresh exertions, and that he multiplies his trips to the

bottom, till the rising wind or falling shadows send the solitary fisherman home to his hut, and his faithful and intelligent ally to his tranquil pond and luxurious supper.
L. R.

THE ROSEMARY BRANCH.

It was on a fine hot day—84 degrees in the shade—that we started from the bustling Valetta (Malta) to visit that city of empty houses called Citta Vecchia. We were glad enough to escape into the open country—if I dare employ that word to designate a series of undulating fields of stones, intersected by a perfect network of white dusty roads and lanes, bordered by glaring walls. Our joy was not, as will be imagined, caused by what we found, but by what we escaped from. Valetta is a dull, handsome town, peopled, it would appear, by beggars from the Bastion Promenade to Nix Mangiare Stairs, where the sympathies of the tender-hearted are kept ever alive by awful tales of stout-looking fellows who have eaten nothing for forty days! Next in number to the mendicant herd are soldiers and guides, through a cohort of which latter we had to run the gauntlet from our hotel door to the fortifications. If Valetta contains any other classes of inhabitants, I did not see them. They remain unobtrusively at home, or glide unnoticed along the shady sides of the streets; whilst the beggars and guides surround one with almost menacing vociferation at every step. Nearly all I noticed of the city was caught in glimpses between the brandished arms and inflamed faces of these solicitors. I regretted their importunities less than I should otherwise have done, because, when the crowd opened for a moment, I saw nothing but red-coated Englishmen and kilted Highlanders.

We breathed freely when we had passed those vast moats, which I have recently seen somewhere very aptly compared to valleys; and in spite of the tremendous heat, trod it gaily down the road. Those who have never felt the influence of a dry hot climate like that of Malta, can scarcely understand the exhilarating effect of such a walk. We seemed to imbibe sunshine by every pore. Our eyes brightened, our cheeks glowed, our chests dilated, our step grew lighter and freer. The conversation was naturally without sequence; but it reflected the gladness of our hearts. Joyous sallies and pleasant anecdotes conducted us in unobtrusive forgetfulness of time, of the aim of our expedition, and even of surrounding objects, to the door of a little roadside public-house, recommended to passers-by under the attractive name of 'The Rosemary Branch.'

An open door leading into a clean-sanded parlour, that looked cool and refreshing, suggested to us the idea that we were thirsty; and we mechanically entered. There was nobody at first to serve us, and we thumped in vain upon the table. At length a soft feminine voice, with the true island accent, cried, 'Coming, sirs;' and presently a young girl ran quite breathless into the room.

'Beg your pardon, gentlemen,' said she, with a Maltese curtsy; 'but mother is putting on father's leg, which is why you were kept waiting. What is there for your service, gentlemen?'

We asked for some ale, and a bottle was soon put before us; but we had almost forgotten our thirst in admiration of the charming face of that young girl. She was dressed in a black gown, and wore the hooded mantle which makes all Maltese women look like hired mourners. But her motions were easy, graceful, and gay, and her delicious features sparkled with youth and happiness. She did not notice the attention with which we regarded her, for whilst going rapidly through all the forms of politeness which the rural hospitality of an inn requires, her thoughts were evidently far away.

'Probably,' said my companion smiling, 'the marriage-day is fixed.'

I looked at him with envy, for he felt, I thought, not

one particle of the melancholy regret, which may be a form of jealousy, experienced by some sentimental natures at beholding the bright, the pure, and the lovely, leaping with careless merriment into the turbid stream of life that is to hurry them they know not whither.

A respectable-looking old man with a wooden leg came stumping into the room to see if we were served. 'Cica,' said he, perceiving that all was right, 'go to your mother. She has something more to say to you before you set out.' Her joy, then, was caused by the prospect of a walk or a journey.

'Parbleu!' said my companion in French, a language little understood in Malta, 'the girl is glad because she is going to the great town which we are so delighted to escape from.'

'No, sir,' observed the old man, mingling with simplicity in the conversation; 'my daughter passes the week at Valetta, and she has come out to see us, as she does nearly every Sunday. Her joy, if you wish to know, is caused by the news we have given her that her brother is going to preach to-day for the first time at Citta Vecchia. She is on the point of starting to be present.'

'We are bound thither likewise,' replied I.

'Then she will act as your guide. Cica—Cica—make haste! Here are two gentlemen going to Vecchia, and they will be glad of your company. Good-by, sirs, good-by. Don't forget the Rosemary Branch.'

'Never!' said I, following Cica and my companion out into the glaring road.

The remainder of the journey was more delightful than the beginning. Cica walked with a light and graceful step between us, looking up now to one, and now to the other, and keeping alive our attention by a stream of innocent prattle. I scarcely knew what age to give her: sometimes she seemed quite a woman; at others a mere child. Her form was tolerably well developed; but she had the unimpassioned eyes of an infant—deep, blue, and limpid like the heavens they reflected.

The road, after many undulations, began to ascend the steep hill upon which the half-deserted old city stands, and we obtained wide views of the stony slopes of the island—splashed with spots of green vegetation—and of patches of the indigo sea. The majestic Valetta rose in almost magical grandeur, with its forts, and bastions, and terraces, towards the blue skies, and seemed to sparkle and tremble in the sunshine as if about to dissolve 'like the baseless fabric of a vision.' To the left, as we looked back over the garden of San Antonio, was the wide sweep of St Paul's Bay, where the apostle and his guards were shipwrecked on their way to Rome; to the right, our view extended sometimes as far as the populous Casals of Tarxien and Zeitun.

The scene, as I have said, possesses few of the charms which vegetation gives to a landscape. The imported soil of Malta is scanty and hungry, the trees are stunted, and the herbage is gray and parched; but here and there, in some more favoured spot, down at the bottom of some zig-zagging valley, or on the well-irrigated northern slope of some hill, were bright emerald streaks or patches, showing in gay contrast to the stony expanses around. Besides, the sun and the sky seemed to throw down vivid colours on every object, and to bathe the whole island in a kind of dancing glow of light, that collected in particular intensity round the numerous Casals, each with an imposing church, that stud this extraordinary island.

We did not stop often, for Cica pouted at every moment of delay, and threatened to run away and leave us. There was no resisting her; she led us as if by a string. Even my matter-of-fact companion, who professed to be proof against the magical influence of beauty, puffed bravely up the steep road in his endeavours to serve the impatience of little Cica, who on her part did not seem disposed to quit us.

'You must hear him preach,' said she. 'He is so pretty: it will be very amusing.'

These words, which filled us with surprise, were scarcely out of her mouth when a buzz of small voices attracted our attention, and a crowd of rosy little beggars, showing a vast number of pearly teeth, came dancing round a corner, singing out the eternal 'Nix mangiare!' (Nothing to eat). It was a flood of fluttering curls, chubby faces, and tiny hands, that rose not much higher than our knees. Cica, who seemed well known to all these urchins, tried to look tall and grand; but a sturdy little ruffian, about two years old, toddled up to her, and familiarly caught hold of the skirts of her gown; a girl, just escaped from the cradle, hung on by the tail of her mantle; another leaped up to seize her hand—all vociferating the comical falsehood, 'Nix mangiare—nix mangiare!' Cica could not resist the appeal, and after distributing two or three smart boxes on the ear to the most uproarious, began to search her pockets for some small coins. We came to her aid, and soon succeeded in satisfying the merry group of infantine mendicants.

We were assailed by older applicants a little higher up. 'Ought we to give?' said I to Cica.

'To be sure,' she replied, looking surprised; 'if you can afford it.' We were indiscriminately generous, and were rewarded by an approving glance.

'It strikes me that we cut a sad figure for two political economists,' whispered my companion, wiping his streaming forehead. 'I am afraid that one of us is in love with Miss Cica!'

We did not determine which, but followed our charming little guide through the gates of the city, and were soon moving along a labyrinth of cool, shady, and deserted streets. I now asked Cica why she expected the sermon to be amusing, and why she told us that the priest was pretty? The only answer was a silvery laugh, and an injunction to make haste.

'She is poking fun at us,' said my companion.

I scouted the heretical idea, for I had already invested my Cica—the word is written; let it stand—with well-nigh every virtue under heaven, frankness especially. It would have cost me too much to believe that this child-woman was keen enough already to divine the impression she had produced, and heartless enough to make it a subject of sport. The good and the true never receive respectful admiration but with gratitude.

We walked behind her, sadly resigned; for she seemed no longer to have any thoughts to spare for us. Her whole soul was projected forward to taste by anticipation her brother's triumph; for it was evidently in a worldly point of view that she regarded the matter. The performer was to be 'pretty'; the performance 'amusing!'

On arriving before the gate of the Jesuit's College, Cica made a gesture of farewell, and glided hastily beneath the sombre archway. I confess that I was not prepared to part in this manner, though what other parting could I have expected? She had waved her hand, had thrown a too impartial smile towards us, had rested her golden glances upon us for a moment, and had disappeared. Words could not have expressed her sentiments better. But still, I know not why, when I saw her dark, little form melt like a shadow in the distance, a feeling of solitude came over me—something akin to that of a child abandoned in a gloomy wood by its mother. As my companion drew a long breath, which might be called a sigh, I supposed that he shared my impression.

We learned from the porter that Padre Esmonde, the superior, was engaged for the time; but Father Connell, a pale, ascetic-looking personage, who happened to pass, gave orders to conduct us to the chapel, where service was going to commence. They led us through a garden filled with ladies from Valetta, among whom our eyes in vain sought for Cica, and through a series of vast echoing halls and corridors and staircases to the chapel, fitted up with the luxury of ornament common to Ca-

tholic places of worship. It is unnecessary to describe the ordinary ceremonies; but judge of our surprise when we saw a boy, a child of not more than eleven years old, dressed out as a priest, and preparing to address the congregation! We now understood that in this college, probably in order to give them a taste for a holy vocation, the pupils, either in turns, or as a reward of merit, actually perform the part of priests in a consecrated building. On this occasion Cica's brother, after having blessed the assembled people, delivered in Italian an impassioned oration, consisting principally of fervid addresses to the Virgin Mary. Nothing was wanting to render the exhibition complete. He now clasped his hands—now pointed to the cross, and the images, and the paintings around—now appealed to the altar, illumined in broad daylight with a row of pale tapers. He was a remarkably clever boy; but the whole scene was a disagreeable one. The parody of a solemn ceremony is never pardonable.

I thought sometimes of the innocent joy which Cica must experience at beholding her brother dressed out so finely, addressing so imposing an assembly from so commanding a position. How 'pretty' he must have appeared to her; how 'amusing' must have been the scene! If her mind reverted at all to us, it was doubtless to represent us in ecstasies at this wonderful performance, probably the most interesting she had herself ever witnessed.

We rapidly examined the general arrangements of the college—which, in a sanitary point of view, are admirable—and then took a quiet stroll in the garden. Our principal talk was of Cica, whose charming face we sought beneath every black hood that passed; but though we saw many bright eyes, we saw none so bright as hers. There was no face like her face, no form like her form, no step like her step!

'We must take care,' said my companion, 'not to repeat her name too often, lest we be overheard. The evil-minded are always ready to misinterpret. Let us call her by the name of her father's house—the Rosemary Branch.'

I looked at him, and envied him the delicacy of this idea. He had been slower to move, but was perhaps more deeply moved than I. Already his unacknowledged passion suggested to him to spare an unspotted reputation: he would not allow the breath of rumour to visit her cheek too roughly; the tendency which we all have to isolate the objects of love was developing itself. Any other expressed admiration than mine would probably have seemed a profanation.

So we called her the Rosemary Branch, and she bears that name in our memories even to this day.

We dined at a small inn whither we retired for an hour or so, more to unburthen our hearts in quiet than incited by hunger, and towards sunset went to pay our respectful adieus to Padre Esmonde. That urbane old gentleman shook us cordially by the hand, and showed us to a carriage he had purposely engaged for us. The politeness, considering that we were perfect strangers, was too great to be rewarded with thanks: we showed our sense of it in our manner.

The sun was setting in a purple mist as we rolled gently out of the gates of the hushed city; the sky was immaculate from horizon to horizon; all sorts of fugitive hues were spread over the weary landscape; nature, relieved from the torturing glare of day, seemed to be sinking precipitately into repose; the shadows hastily thickened under the thin branches of the trees; the gulleys began to look dim and gray before the purple and the gold had ceased to tremble on the crests of the hills. I remember being struck by the silence as we descended the hill. One or two lingering beggars, however, who kept in mind our bounty of the morning, saluted us with a cheerful 'Addio!' as we passed; a cow that toiled with steaming back up the steep lazily tinkled its bell; the waters of a half-dried fountain fell in large minute drops into a broken basin; and a man who wandered upon a distant slope drew long melancholy sounds from a reed

pipe. We reclined listlessly back in our seats, inhaling the perfumed breath of evening, and cherishing the prolonged vibrations of the sentiments we had both experienced that day. Suddenly a small voice that startled us, like a summons from the other world, was heard. The Rosemary Branch waved upon a mound by the roadside.

'I was told,' she cried merrily, 'that there was a carriage prepared to take you back; so I ran forward here to ask you for a help to Valetta. It is getting late, and it may not be good for me to be on these lonely roads at night. I am sure my good friends of this morning will excuse me.'

We answered by desiring her to leap in. Each held out a hand to help her, and in a moment there was she, to whom we had already bidden an eternal adieu in our hearts, sitting before us in the expiring light of evening; her long robes rustling amongst our feet; her hood thrown back, so as to allow the fresh breeze to play with the ringlets that clustered round her neck. I never shall forget that form as it appeared looming through the cold twilight; its ineffable loveliness softened down; its reality, as it were, almost effaced by the sober influence of the hour; dim as an old picture, as a friend seen in a dream, as the recollection of the dead that have been replaced. I could have travelled with it round the world!

But the journey was short, though Cica found time to relate to us a good deal of her little history: as how her father was a retired sailor with a pension, and how he still laboured only for his children's sake, and how he called his wife Admiral, his daughter Limpet, and his wooden leg Tom Tough.

'And what does he call his son?' inquired I.

'He calls him Antonio,' she replied gravely; thereby implying that the precocious learning and talent of the boy protected him in that rude but genuine circle from the familiarity of a nickname.

It was quite dark when we pulled up at the Rosemary Branch; but the worthy old host was smoking his pipe at the door by the light of a flickering candle, whilst the Admiral was looking anxiously down the road for the expected one. We were invited, with disinterested hospitality, to enter; but Cica, after giving a brief but vivid account of Antonio's success, insisted on proceeding at once to Valetta.

'Her heart yearns for some one,' thought we simultaneously—for each pressed the other's hand. The remainder of the drive elapsed in almost awkward silence. We on our part felt the anticipated anguish of a separation, in the form prescribed for the breaking-up of a day's acquaintance, whilst we could each have taken her in our arms, and bathed her chaste brow in our tears. She, with the magical intuition of sentiment, seemed to have at length discerned that something more was passing in our minds than what was trusted to our lips. All three made attempts to stir up the flagging conversation, but in vain; and not a word had for a long time been uttered, when we rolled beneath the dreary echoing tunnel that leads through the fortifications.

'It is like going into a tomb, my friends,' said Cica in a solemn voice as she drew shuddering closer to us. We have commented on the expression a thousand times, and interpreted it in a thousand different manners. The sombre comparison was most likely in unison with the other thoughts that occupied her mind. If so, we have the satisfaction of thinking that whilst Cica understood us, she was not offended by our involuntary admiration, and felt an instinctive regret as the hour of parting drew nigh.

The carriage stopped before a large tranquil-looking house in the upper part of Strada Stretta. Scarcely had the wheels ceased to roll, when the door opened, and a bright light streamed forth. The first object I saw was a fairy little head, with scattered curly hair high up towards the lintel. It was a laughing child astride the shoulders of a tall, handsome-looking young man: a

buxom serving-girl held a candle. All three looked eagerly forth.

'Whose is that delightful child?' exclaimed I, anxious to say something at parting.

'It is mine—mine!' she answered with a burst of maternal pride and a glance of gratitude; 'and this—laying her hand with triumph on the young man's head—this is my husband, the Sculptor Minotti.'

The double glories of wife and mother descended upon her as she spoke, and years seemed to thicken round her youthful brow—the girl ripened into the woman before our eyes. Yet we cannot forget the original impressions of that day. Until now, at least, the Rosemary Branch blooms fresh and lovely in our memories, and our sweetest thoughts cluster beneath its shadow. May it never wither; for there is no better legacy to old age than the pure traditions of youth!

THE SCIENCE OF ART.

THE hypotheses which refer Beauty to association of ideas and to expression have been confuted by abler pens than ours; and those which compose it of proportion, expression, colour, and other elements—even when they make proportion the chief constituent part—are, in our opinion, equally erroneous. The cause of such mistakes, as we have elsewhere surmised,* is a certain restrictedness of view, which has not yielded even to the inspiration of the subject, but which confines the beautiful within the circle of our common wants and instincts, and sees in it only the source of sensuous gratification. The same thing, however, is observable even in inquiries of a strictly experimental nature; and thus the superstitions of the Philosophers' Stone and the Fountain of Youth governed the pulses of philosophy throughout the entire world till comparatively recent times.

The conceptions of the elder Greeks regarding beauty were nobler than ours, and for that reason their art was of a loftier character. Their beauty was divine, not human; intellectual, not sensuous; and, like the Jews and Persians, they sought in the loveliness of the human form a type of the perfections of the Deity. A satyr peeping under the drapery of a sleeping goddess—this is a parable of ignorance and misapprehension on one side, and truth on the other. In the one figure there is an uninformed nature misapplying the divine to the objects of its own vulgar instincts, and in the other reclines the divine itself, untroubled and unconscious, in pure, silent, and passionless repose.

Expression, colour, fitness, association of ideas—all these, singly or united, may excite human love; but all these may and do exist without beauty. They are the talisman concealed in the hair of a hideous slave, which made her an object of passion to an accomplished prince. When the talisman was removed, he turned away in disgust from the woman he had worshipped; and even so does love fly with the qualities that inspired it. But if, instead of deformity, beauty should remain—would love, think you, linger after expression had changed, after bloom had fled, after fitness was lost, after associations were destroyed? Assuredly not. But in this case love would be replaced by admiration; the taste would worship instead of the heart; while the affections would fly away in search of a new object whereon to lavish their devotion. Beauty, then, is not a thing of the passions, but of the intellect; it does not belong to sex, or age, or race, or country; it is universal and divine; it is incapable of tarnish or desecration: the 'beauty of holiness' and 'beauty of God' of the Hebrew

prophets are better imaged in the heathen deities of Greece than in the pictured saints of the Roman church.

Winckelmann has ably described the singular concurrence of circumstances which aided the Greeks in their search after beauty; but he has omitted to give due weight to the lessons they learned in Egypt. It was thither their students went, before the golden age of Pericles, to be initiated in sculpture; and sculpture, it must be remarked, depended with the Egyptians entirely upon *proportion*, for their genius did not lead them to attach any importance to grace and embellishment. This fundamental part of art was known likewise to the Hebrews; and the following passage in Isaiah, who lived between 700 and 800 years before the Christian era, describes the process in his time of making a wooden statue:—'The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house.' The materials, it is added, were cedar, cypress, oak, and ash. This passage, which we have never seen quoted in reference to the subject before us, would seem to imply very distinctly that there was a science of proportion which enabled the sculptor to produce the likeness of a man, independently of the art which taught the refined and accomplished Greeks to endow it with poetical life. The purpose of the prophet is to ridicule the folly of the idolators who made a fire to warm themselves, and a god to worship, from the same material.*

That the science of proportion was known to, and observed by, the Greeks, and that it played an important part in their achievement of ideal beauty, receives corroboration from various circumstances. One of these was mentioned in our former article—the precise similarity of the various statues of each deity; a similarity which could hardly have occurred in the case of works executed by different hands, and at different times, unless through the agency of known geometrical rules. Another is the magical repose of their sculptures, which led Dr Knox to suppose that beauty consisted in the concealment of the inner integuments of the body. We accounted for this repose by the manners and habits of the people;† but as regards high art it had a deeper cause—namely, the necessity for preserving intact the symmetry of beauty. This necessity was lost sight of in modern Europe, even by the best Italian artists. In the illustrations, for instance, to Leonardo da Vinci's treatise on painting, now lying before us, the starting out of the muscles, in the constrained attitudes of the figures, is a momentary violation of the law of proportion, and the taste unconsciously resents the interruption. The statue of St Bartholomew, which we have seen in the duomo of Milan, representing the saint after he was flayed, with his skin hanging over his shoulder like a quantity of old clothes, is not so repugnant to the feelings; and the reason is, that the attitude of the figure is tranquil, and the denuded muscles therefore in their normal state. We now come to another and much more remarkable corroboration, which calls upon us to introduce to our readers one of the most valuable and original contributions that have ever been made to the philosophy of art.‡

There is a remarkable difference in the general form

* 'He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth meat, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.'—*Isaiah*, chap. xlv.

† The analogy between Greek poetry and Greek sculpture is perfect. See the article 'Landon's Poetry,' in the last No. of the *Edinburgh Review*.

‡ On the Science of those Proportions by which the Human Head and Countenance, as represented in Works of Ancient Greek Art, are distinguished from those of Ordinary Nature. By D. H. Hey, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1849.

* 'Ideal Beauty,' in No. 330.

of the head, and in what is more especially obvious, the facial angle, between the human race and the inferior animals. The same difference exists, though in a less degree, between the various tribes of mankind, and between individuals of the same tribe; and it is observed as a general rule, both in animals and men, that the ratio of intellect is in proportion to the approximation of the plane of the face to a vertical line. Nature seems to proceed with effort, either to reach some standard of perfection prescribed by the Great Architect, or to recover some status lost at the introduction into the world of sin and wo. But *where* are these efforts to stop? *What* is the standard to be attained? In the living model the angle is seen at eighty degrees, and in high art at a *hundred*!—in other words, the nose in the latter is merely a projection of the line of the forehead, and both are parallel with the spine. Why should this difference exist between nature and art? And why should it exist among a whole nation, and to precisely the same degree? The inference is, that the Greek artists took their features from life, but composed them according to geometrical rule; and that this rule gives the line determined by nature, is shown in the fact, that the sculptures so produced some thousands of years ago remain to this day unapproachable in beauty. Mr Hay, in reference to the strangely unsettled state of so interesting a question, quotes the opinion of Hazlitt, that the Greeks found among themselves the beauty of their statues; and that of Haydon, that they were mere men like ourselves, and neither larger nor handsomer. But we would remark, that if beauty had really been common among the ancients, it would not have been exalted, as it was, almost to an object of worship; just as in like manner, if knowledge had been generally diffused among the fair sex, the few accomplished women whose names have come down to us would not stand out, as they do, like personages of history. Nature, however, we always repeat, works upwards, unless disturbed in her course by repelling influences. There are finer women in England to-day than those who graced the court of Charles II.; and Byron's Maid of Athens, described with so much unction in the travels of Mr Hugh Williams of Edinburgh, would have had altars erected to her in the days of Pericles.

Dr Knox, the latest writer on the subject, asserts that art preceded all theory; that the beautiful was discovered and chiselled by those who were ignorant of geometry, of the doctrine of harmonic proportions, and of anatomy; and that the artist, from the observation of living forms, was led on by inspiration to the scheme of nature. When he, however, and the other opponents of the geometrical theory, assume that the facial angle, which is not known to have been as yet attained by nature, was hit upon by the Greeks by the mere inspiration of genius, they forget that the question does not regard a single artist, but several successive generations of a whole people, politically divided into separate and exclusive states. Genius, we may venture to say, without running any risk of being condemned for the dogmatism, does not dispense her inspirations in this wholesale manner. A discovery in geometry may be communicated at once to a whole nation of geometrists; but an example set to the unlearned by one or more men of genius will be followed only partially and gradually. 'That the inspiration of genius, combined with a careful study of nature,' says Mr Hay, with the diffident yet earnest spirit which characterises his labours, 'were essential elements in the production of the great works which have been handed down to us, no one will deny; but these elements have existed in all ages, whilst the ideal head belongs exclusively to the Greeks of the periods of Pythagoras and Plato. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to suppose that, besides genius and the study of nature, another element was employed in the production of this excellence, and that this element arose from the precise arithmetical doctrines taught in the schools of these philosophers?' Mr Hay might have added that the artists, the great men of their age,

the dispensers of fame, the familiars of the gods, and the pride and boast of their country, could not possibly have been ignorant of the little learning of the age. The science they were taught they must have applied in aid of the art they studied; and it is the object of Mr Hay's dissertation to determine the principles of proportion thus deduced.

Before coming to his theory, however, which seeks the laws of proportion in what would seem a very different matter—the laws of musical sounds—we would remind the reader of the wonderful simplicity of nature, and the extreme paucity of the elements she works with. It was formerly supposed, for instance, that the nerves of sensation were acted upon by different agents in the transmission of what belongs to each to the seat of consciousness; but we are now aware that the same electric stimulus produces in the eye the sensation of light, in the ear that of sound, in the nerves of feeling that of a shock, &c.* In the same way a distinction was drawn between light and sound; the former being supposed to result from infinitely minute particles of matter impinging on the optical organ, and the latter from its quality of producing vibratory motion. All this, however, has been overturned by modern science; and light as well as sound is known to arise 'from the infinitely rapid vibrations of bodies in their molecular structure, propagated through an extremely elastic medium.' Pythagoras had possibly no precise notions of this law; but he established a mystical connection between music and what are called the exact sciences (as if any were inexact), teaching by the former a knowledge of spiritual things, and imagining a harmony which regulated the course of the stars; and applying geometry to the explanation of things cognisable by the senses. The laws of melody (or musical proportion) were studied then and afterwards simultaneously with the laws of mathematical proportion. The age of Pericles was not remarkable for its sculpture alone: it was likewise the golden age of music. It was Pericles himself who built the Odeon, and instituted the musical contests at the Panathenian festival. The music of this time, derived originally from the lofty and religious strains of Egypt, retained a severe and heroic character, till the introduction of the softer Phrygian and Lydian styles—vainly banished by the impassable Plato from his ideal commonwealth.

We cannot do more, in a popular work like this, than give a very general notion of the manner in which Mr Hay traces the laws of proportion to the fundamental laws of harmonic ratio; and indeed it would be impossible for us to proceed further without the aid of such diagrams as enrich his own work. The vibrations of the monochord, however, are the basis of his theory; and by the aid of this simple instrument he appears to have solved a problem which has long been the despair of the learned world. Even Sir Isaac Newton, as Mr Hay mentioned in a paper he read recently to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, expressed his belief in the operation of the laws of numerical harmonic ratio in the composition of beautiful forms, although he did not attempt to explain the principle. 'I am inclined,' says the great astronomer in a correspondence on this subject with Sir John Harrington, 'to believe some general laws of the Creator prevailed with respect to the agreeable or unpleasant affections of all our senses; at least the supposition does not derogate from the power or wisdom of God, and seems highly consonant to the simplicity of the microcosm in general.' Mr Hay's plan is simply to form a scale composed of the well-known vibrations of the monochord, which are the alphabet of music, and then to draw upon the quadrant of a circle angles *answering to these vibrations*. With the series of triangles thus obtained he combines a circle and an ellipse, the proportions of which are derived from the triangles themselves; and thus he obtains an infallible rule for the composition of the head of ideal beauty.

* See Journal, No. 323, article 'Sensation.'

The divisions of the monochord which produce the common chord (the 1st, 3d, and 5th of the musical scale), when applied to the quadrant, give the three angles which alone are necessary to impart proportion to the head. The work before us goes no farther than the head; but the author is employed upon another, giving the proportions of the whole figure by the same rule; the division of the quadrant being continued as far as ten angles, and these arranged upon any given straight line representing the full length of the figure.

It might seem at first sight, to persons unacquainted with geometry, that this rule would apply only to a single figure, but in reality it is susceptible of infinite variety. Müller, in his 'Ancient Art and its Remains,' approaches the problem pretty nearly; but he stumbles at the difficulty of the application of any general rule to particular forms. 'The principles,' says he, 'which the ancients followed in regard to proportions (*symmetria numeris*)—and we know that this was a main object of artistic study—are naturally difficult to discern and determine, on account of the manifold modifications introduced by the application of them to different ages, sexes, and characters.' Now, the effect of Mr Hay's discovery is precisely to obviate this difficulty. The governing angle which produces a perfectly-formed woman is more acute than that which produces a perfectly-formed man; the governing angle of a Hercules is more obtuse than that of an Apollo: but in both figures the proportion deduced from these angles is fixed and inviolable. In removing this difficulty, however, Mr Hay does not pretend that his mechanical rules can take the place of genius. He merely presents a vantage-ground to genius for its flight; and where his science ends, high art begins. 'I beg the reader,' says he, 'to keep in mind that I confine myself to such variety as belongs to the permanent form of the anatomical structure, knowing that to impart the variety which results from the action of the muscles, and gives sentiment and expression to the countenance in obedience to mental impulses, requires the highest efforts of genius, and consequently belongs to a branch of art beyond the scope of a treatise the sole object of which is to point out the primary laws of geometrical harmony from which the countenance derives the beauty of its proportions.' It is manifest that the former modes of measuring by so many lengths of the foot, face, &c. can give, compared with this, but a very rude and unsteady approximation; and that the application of the laws of numerical harmonic ratio to the practice of the artist, would impart to his works a more scientific character than they at present possess, and so far from confining the efforts of genius, would tend to facilitate and assist them. 'Our schools,' says Mr Hay, 'instituted for instruction in the arts of design are conducted without reference to any first principles, or definite laws of beauty; and from the drawing of a simple architectural moulding to the intricate combinations of form in the human figure, the pupils have to depend upon their hands and eyes alone, servilely and mechanically copying the works of the ancients, instead of being instructed in the principles upon which the beauty of those works depends. The instruction given in these schools is addressed almost exclusively to the senses, without reference to the judgment or understanding of the pupils; and they are thus made to study and imitate effects without investigating causes. Doubtless men of great genius sometimes arrive at excellence in the arts of design without a knowledge of the principles upon which beauty of form is based; but it should be kept in mind that true genius generally includes an intuitive perception of those principles along with its creative power. It is, therefore, to the generality of mankind that instruction in the definable laws of beauty will be of most service, not only in improving the practice of those who follow the arts professionally, but in enabling all to distinguish the true from the false, and to exercise a sound and discriminating taste in judging of artistical productions.'

If Mr Hay is allowed to have solved the great pro-

blem of art, he must also be allowed to have set at rest the question respecting the facial angle of the Greek sculptors, which Dr Oken and others declare to be *unnatural*. This ideal beauty must be the point to which the efforts of nature are directed; otherwise the identity of its proportions with the science of acoustics must be a delusion. This ideal beauty must be the true natural beauty, to which mankind will advance with advancing knowledge and civilisation. 'In regard,' says Mr Hay, 'to this *original* perfection in the form and proportions of the human head and countenance—for such I conceive it to be—innumerable causes have operated, and do still continue to operate, on the one hand, in degrading it, and, on the other, in counteracting this degradation; and to these operations may be attributed that endless variety of countenance by which nations, classes, and individuals are distinguished. Amongst such causes, the effect of climate, and, still more, the degree of civilisation under which a people is trained, seem to be the most effective. There can be no doubt that all the features are affected, to a great extent, by continual exposure to excesses of heat or cold; but their character is more permanently formed by the degrees of moral restraint, as well as by the privations and toil induced by the state of society. In savage life, on the one hand, the want of mental cultivation, and the consequent dormancy of the reasoning powers, must ultimately rob the countenance of its inherent capacity for intellectual expression. The modes also by which the means of existence are procured, along with continual exposure to the inclemency of the seasons, must produce a permanent expression of mere animal desire, and even in some cases of brutal ferocity. In civilised life, on the other hand, the employment of the higher faculties of the mind, agreeable occupations and amusements, refined modes of supplying the wants of nature, and the protection afforded from the inclemency of the weather, must all conduce towards regularity of the features, and impart to the countenance a permanent composure and serenity. As the passions by which the mind is thus moved, and the modes in which the wants of nature are supplied, act upon the muscles of the face, in giving them an enduring character, so must these muscles, in course of time, act upon the bones to which they are attached, producing a permanent effect upon the structure of the skull, which ultimately becomes hereditary in nations and classes. Hence the protruding jaws and high cheekbones of savage tribes, as compared with those of the more civilised races of mankind.' In illustration of this theory, he shows in a series of plates the process by which the anatomical structure geometrically changes from the most perfect development of the science of proportion, as exemplified in works of ancient Greek art, down to the most imperfect of ordinary nature.

In former works, Mr Hay has applied the harmonic theory to colour and form.* As the three fundamental notes of music, the 1st, 3d, and 5th of the scale, when sounded consecutively, produce the common chord, the foundation of all harmony in musical composition, so in chromatics, the three original colours, blue, red, and yellow, form the triad from which arises all harmony in painting. The same analogy is visible in form, where the circle, triangle, and square, being the three simple, primitive parts, give rise, in mathematical proportion, to all the varieties of beauty that delight the taste. In the works referred to, these ideas are illustrated by ingenious diagrams, without which, the system to unscientific readers would appear intricate and mystical.

It will be observed that a suspicion, and in certain instances a belief, in the existence of some hidden analogies of the kind existed long before the present day. Mr Hay's discovery, therefore, consists in the geometrical expression of these analogies—in the numerical

* *Laws of Harmonious Colouring*, 6th edition. 1847. *The Natural Principles and Analogy of Form*. 1842.

value, so to speak, of the relations that exist between the harmonic scale and form, colour, and proportion. He assumes to have brought to light the hidden truth, to have stripped it of its vagueness and mystery, and to have presented it with a scientific exactness and simplicity which, if it is once fairly recognised and established, must exercise a prodigious influence in every department of art, and bring the hitherto unattainable idealism of Greek beauty within the reach of modern genius. On this consummation Mr Hay will be admitted to the chief rank in the procession of æsthetical inquirers.

BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETIES.

MANY start at the word socialism in our day, without knowing, or at least without remembering, that there is an equitable kind of it in vigorous existence and progression amongst us, with the entire approbation of all rational persons. Whatever is to be the fate of this principle in its pretension as a mode for the distribution of the products of industry, it is certainly found highly efficient in the meantime for protecting individuals against many of the direr casualties of life. The most remarkable example of this is afforded by the insurance companies, which guarantee their members, to a modified extent, against the casualty of fire, and their families against the physical evils that follow in the train of death. The dwelling of a man who lives up to the last farthing of a confined income is burned to the ground, and its furniture utterly destroyed; but instead of being irretrievably ruined by the misfortune, he merely takes another house, and furnishes it anew with ready money. The father of a family dies without a shilling in his possession, and his income perishes with him; but his widow and children, instead of sinking to the workhouse, have a capital wherewith to continue alone the battle of life. And how do these things come about? Neither by magic nor by charity, but by the simple means of social co-operation. The timely fund is raised for our neighbours upon no principle of generosity or humanity, but by the mere fact of our taking steps to secure for *ourselves* the same benefit when wanted. In like manner ships are insured, as it is called, against the dangers of the sea; and even limbs and lives against the casualties of a railway journey; and the insurers exercise these kinds of benevolence as a business speculation, and usually find that their virtue, even in a pecuniary sense, is its own reward.

Such applications of the principle are not new in point of time, yet they are only slowly making their way among the people. Life insurance, in fact, has not yet come down to the poor; for to them it would be too complicated an affair, since the amassing of the premium even on L.100 (a magnificent sum to them) would require a separate and distinct prudential process. The numerous other schemes, however, at present in full operation, proportioned to the slenderness of their means, and adapted to the almost universal system of weekly wages, proclaim that the principle of co-operation is understood. Not to mention savings' banks, which are on a different footing—friendly societies, burial societies, clubs for assistance in time of sickness, or want of work, benefit companies of all kinds, attest that the people are awake to the practicability of the great plan of helping themselves by helping one another. Some of these associations, however, are insecure; some waste more in time than they pay in profit; and most of them, leaning upon the base public-house system, turn the very prudence and foresight of the poor into allies of their vices.

Benefit Building Societies are distinct from those we have named. Their object is highly important; their sphere embraces almost all classes of society; and they have taken so strong a hold upon the imaginations of the people, that, rapid as their progress is, it is difficult to say where it will stop. The idea, we are told by a work* which may be considered as the grammar of the system,

was first developed among the people of our own section of the island.

The first Building Society which can be traced was founded in 1815, under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk. It was a village club at Kirkcudbright in Scotland. Other institutions of a similar kind were afterwards [previously] established in the same kingdom under the title of "Menages," and the system was soon adopted in England by societies formed in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Liverpool, and other parts of the north. After the year 1830 they increased so rapidly, that on the 14th of July 1836 a special act (6 and 7 William IV. cap. 32) was passed for their encouragement and protection, in the provisions of which were embodied certain clauses applicable to their conduct, which were included in the statutes relating to friendly societies passed in the reigns of George III. and George IV. As a proof of their numbers, it may be stated that, up to the 31st December 1848, there had been registered in the United Kingdom upwards of 2000 societies, of which in England alone 160 were added during the past year—a similar increase having taken place in Scotland and Ireland. Of these societies there is evidence to show that from 800 to 900 are yet in existence, the total income of which is calculated at not less than L.2,300,000 a year. In fact there are two or three of them whose annual incomes are between L.50,000 and L.60,000 each.

The theory on which a Building Society proceeds is very obvious—after it is pointed out. Say that A pays B L.20 a year for a house of the value of L.300. At the end of fifteen years A has laid out L.300, with a certain additional sum by way of compound interest, and he is no more the proprietor of his house than at first. Suppose, however, that B was willing to have sold A the house at first at L.300, and to have taken the price in annual instalments extending over fifteen years, a mortgage on the property meanwhile being his security. In this case A pays L.20 yearly as a part of the price, and interest at (say) 4 per cent. on the sums remaining unpaid, till the whole is cleared off. We here set aside the annual L.20 as being a price for the house, and we then find that, at the end of the fifteen years, A has been his own tenant at a rent represented by the interest on the sum unpaid, together with the value of the aggregate money laid out at compound interest. Thereafter he continues to be his own tenant at the amount of the interest on L.300, which of course is considerably less than L.20. He is a gainer on the whole transaction, by the difference between the return for money laid out on house-property which is generally from 6 to 7 per cent., and that for money laid out at interest, which is seldom above 4, except in circumstances inferring risk.

To become proprietor of one's own house, by paying annual instalments of the price, is obviously a convenience to many persons in limited circumstances. So is it likewise to have a house built for them, that they may commence occupying it. Now it is of no consequence whether the house be provided by a proprietor or builder called B, or by a combination of many A's, who, clubbing their various sums of L.20 yearly, cause a certain number of houses to be produced yearly, until all have been provided. It is only doing that by social means which is usually done by individual efforts. Hence arises the Building Society. The economy of being a house-proprietor is approximately like that of being the proprietor of one's furniture. On entering upon housekeeping, no prudent man, if he can possibly help it, thinks of hiring furniture, well knowing that the hire amounts very soon to the whole value; and yet, says a writer in the 'Building Societies' Record,' how many thousands of persons there are in the metropolis only who deem it an unwise extravagance not to purchase their articles of household furniture, and yet are quite content to hire their houses! What numbers occupy hired houses or apartments to deposit their unhired furniture in!'

A Building Society is described by Mr Scratchley as a kind of joint-stock company, into which the members pay a trifling sum periodically, according to the number of their shares. It is usually composed of two classes of

* A Treatise on Benefit Building Societies, &c. By Arthur Scratchley, M.A. London: J.W. Parker. 1849.

persons—those requiring houses, and having that object in view solely; and those who merely wish to lend their spare money to the concern, with the view of its being ultimately returned to them with interest. The payments of the first class—called Borrowers—are so calculated as to enable them to repay by equal monthly or weekly instalments, within a specified period, the principal of the sum advanced to purchase their house, with whatever interest may be due upon it, throughout the duration of the loan. The Investors, as the other class are called, receive at the end of a given number of years a sum equivalent to the amount of their payments with compound interest accumulated upon them. The money thus accumulated is lent out to members desiring advances, and the interest raised making fresh capital, is employed in the same way, again and again, so as to be constantly reproductive. Most of these societies are terminable at the end of a fixed number of years; but the general feeling among persons acquainted with the subject seems now to be, that this is an improper arrangement. Various reasons are given for the opinion, but a single conclusive one is as good as a thousand. This is, that in such a society—say one terminating at the usual period either of ten and fourteen years—the opportunity for investment soon ceases. At the beginning of the term a man might be willing to engage to pay L.30 a year for fourteen years on a corresponding loan; but if only six years of the duration of the society were unexpired before he joined it, he might find L.59, 18s. a year highly inconvenient; and if only four years, L.85, 12s. 6d. a year quite out of the question. In the latter years of the society the business would be at a stand; or if any transactions were made at all, it would be with that wealthier class who are in little need of such resources. In the case of societies terminating in ten years, the evil would of course be greater; and we need scarcely remark that a cessation of business is equivalent to a loss, the calculations being based upon the supposition that all the monies received from subscribers are continuously invested until the winding-up of the concern.

We shall not follow Mr Scratchley closely in his section relating to 'societies on erroneous principles'—which unfortunately form a very great proportion of the existing societies. Several *hundreds*, for instance, proceed upon the plan of L.120 shares, and 10s. monthly payments, for 10 years. That is to say, an investor who pays 10s. per month—L.6 a year, equal to L.60 for the whole term—is entitled, at the end of the 10 years, to L.120. To realise this profit to the society, the borrower is required to pay for his advance only 7 per cent.—being just about one-half of what would render such a result possible! Another numerous class of societies profess to return L.70 at the end of 10 years for L.30 contributed during that term in monthly payments of 5s.; and it professes to advance to its members at the outset the whole L.30 for the same rate of payment. In these societies, loans on such easy terms are of course in greater demand than can be met, and in the event of competition occurring, they are put up to auction. In the most favourable case for the society, however, it is shown that there would be an annual deficiency of 10 per cent. rate of interest. Other prospectuses promise their investing members 20 per cent. interest for the use of their subscriptions, while borrowing members 'will scarcely pay at the rate of 2 per cent. interest for their loans!' Again, 'It is calculated that those members who allow their subscriptions to accumulate at compound interest till the close of this society, will receive about 25 per cent. annual interest for the same, &c. &c.; and from 80 to 100 per cent. profit will be obtained by those members who purchase property with the money advanced to them by the society.' One grand cause of all this absurdity is the competition of new societies, whose primary object is to fill up their subscription lists—

Get members, members still—
And then, let profit follow—if it will!

In the older societies at Liverpool and Manchester the shares were fixed at L.150, and the monthly payments at

20s. per share, and many terminated successfully; but their successors, improving upon their plan, deduct one-half from the monthly payments, but only one-fifth from the amount of the shares, and so contrive, by some extraordinary hocus pocus, that the one class of its members shall receive what the other class does not pay!

A Permanent Society is thus described by Mr Scratchley:—'The investors pay a certain monthly subscription during a *fixed* number of years, calculated as sufficient for the realisation of their shares, at the end of which time the amount due is paid to them, and they secede from the association, as far as such shares are concerned. The investors represent the proprietors of the society. New members can enter at any time, and commence their subscriptions without paying up any arrears or any increase on the original entrance fee, whereas in terminating societies, the fee on entering is increased without sufficient reason year by year, until, from being originally only 2s. 6d., it is in some cases raised to L.6 per share. The duration of a membership is counted from the month of a member's first entrance. This causes every month a fresh series of members to be added to the society, or new shares to be issued, so that, taking an example, if the term of membership were 10 years, or 120 months, and 50 new shares on the average were taken up every month, there would, at the end of the first 10 years, be 6000 shares subscribed, supposing always that if any were withdrawn, the average were yet kept up by an increase in the new-comers. At the end of the first 120 months, or 10 years, 50 would be paid out; but as new members would come in, the number of subscribers would be undiminished, and month by month afterwards, as successive periods of 120 months were completed, old members would go out, and new ones come in.'

In this society a member ceases to be an investor when he becomes a borrower, receiving whatever amount is due to him on his investing shares, with interest up to the time of borrowing. The loan, secured by mortgage on the property purchased, is for an optional fixed number of years, and is repaid, with interest, by a corresponding monthly subscription. The interest is greater than the rate promised to the investors, perhaps by 2 per cent., and the difference forms a management and contingent fund to meet expenses and losses. With regard to the investors, instead of reducing their subscriptions to an amount consistent with the theoretical *hopes* of the projectors, they are kept sufficiently high to meet any probable disappointment; and the bonus system is adopted, or periodical division of profits, which has been found so successful by the life-assurance societies. Investors desiring at any time to withdraw, receive the amount they have actually paid, with compound interest.

'As an example of the working of this society:—Suppose a member purchases a house for L.300, which would return a *net rental* of L.30 per annum,* and he borrows that sum, for which his repayments during ten years, covering principal and interest, would amount, at per annum (by monthly instalments of L.3, 11s. 3d.) to

	L.42 15 0
Multiplied by 10 years,	10

Making the total repayments,	L.427 10 0
Deduct 10 years' rent (paid or received),	300 0 0

Leaving the cost, as far as the building society is concerned, -	L.127 10 0
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For which sum the member has thus secured to his family a house free of rent for the remainder of its lease. The above example is for 10 years; a party can, however, purchase a house by smaller annual payments, by taking the loan out for 12 or 14 years.*

Thus we see building societies, constructed on safe and respectable principles, do not give us our houses or loans altogether for nothing. We do not purchase a house,

* As we are not acquainted with any district where a house renting at L.30 could be purchased for L.300, we have, in our own ideal example, given a less flattering view of results. The above case, however, serves equally well to illustrate the theory.—Ed.

unless under remarkably advantageous circumstances, by merely paying the usual rent to a building society for ten years; but by a reasonable effort—by the sacrifice, perhaps, of an unimportant luxury—we may attain this desirable object, and become our own landlord. In the case given above, the purchase would cost the borrower only £12, 15s. a year for a very reasonable space.

We cannot follow our author into the working details of such a society, but we are rather surprised to observe that in so judicious a work there is omitted all reference to the very basis upon which the security of the members rests. Building societies are mainly intended for the benefit of persons of very moderate means, and their cash transactions are not upon the footing of public respectability, which gives security, for instance, in a bank. This is the first point to be considered; for even the wild miscalculations we have pointed out in some terminating societies will merely involve partial loss, or carry on their duration beyond the period specified. There must be security for the intrusions of those who are in anyway concerned in handling the money of the company, or the wisdom with which the scheme may be concocted will be no guarantee against ruinous loss.

PETER MACKENZIE THE NATURALIST.

To readers of the various horticultural periodicals of the present day the name of this naturalist will be familiar. Week after week, and month after month, communications appear in such publications from the industrious pen of Peter Mackenzie on subjects relating to almost every department of natural history and gardening: at one time philosophising upon the obscure birth of storms from the observations made upon a dewdrop, and at another discussing some scheme for increasing the productive riches of our country; now communicating some observations calculated to extend our knowledge of the laws that regulate the local and geographical distribution of organic beings, and again relating in familiar style some of those simple facts in natural history that find so much interest with the lover of nature who has not viewed her objects by the light of science. Long, however, as the gardening world have familiarly known Peter Mackenzie the naturalist, such as he has been mirrored in the *monthlies* and *weeklies*, very few, indeed, know aught of Peter Mackenzie the man. At present it is our pleasing task to disclose something of his private life; and although his is not a history chequered by the exciting incidents of fortune and misfortune, it is nevertheless one likely to prove interesting, as showing, in a thoroughly practical manner, that the purest intellectual enjoyments are attainable in the humblest rank of society; that the labourer, after his hard day's work is done, may calmly sit down by the fireside, and spend his evenings in the prosecution of scientific study, without any sacrifice of domestic enjoyment.

Peter Mackenzie was born in the parish of St Ninians, near Stirling, on 17th July 1802. His parents were in a very humble station, his father being a country weaver; but a scanty income is not necessarily accompanied by poverty and lack of domestic comfort, and through industry and carefulness they spent their days in a comfortable manner, leaving at their death a small portion to their family. Peter was the second of six sons, who all became gardeners. His scholastic education consisted of reading, writing, and a little arithmetic—acquirements that seemed ample, indeed somewhat rare, for one in his humble station of life in the rural districts of Scotland forty years ago. In his early days he used, like all other country boys, to stroll among the woods, gathering the wild berries and the wild flowers that came in his way; and on one occasion, inspired by his father's enthusiastic description of the woods, the streams, and the waterfalls of his native place, he left the paternal roof unknown to his parents, and wandered away to gratify his youthful curiosity by a ramble among these scenes of beauty and sublimity. But this

was more a boyish frolic than a testimony of his love of natural-history investigations. His eyes had not then learned to love and linger upon such interesting beauties of the woodland as *Serratula tinctoria* and the white-flowered *Campanula latifolia*, which he in after-years detected in the Moonzie woods.

In the spring of 1820 he went to reside for a time with his brother, then gardener to the late Sir George Murray, governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where his taste for gardening and natural history were first evinced. Here he entered, as it were, upon a new world; and the lovely gardens under his brother's care, bursting into life and beauty, lured him often to watch and admire the lovely flowers that adorned them. This soon induced him to begin the study of botany, in such a manner as his circumstances would allow. Many a weary wandering had he in the adjoining woods—lonely, yet not less delightful for that—seeking the many native gems which the district produced; and he preferred culling the heather-bells that crowned the hills of Bagshot Heath, to gazing on the military heroes of the age—from the Duke of Wellington downwards—who were frequent visitors at Sandhurst, and much more likely, one would think, to interest a boyish fancy than the modest flowers of the hedgerows. On his brother's bookshelf he found several standard works on gardening, such as those of Abercromby, Nicoll, Speechly, and Forsyth, through which he gained a pretty intimate acquaintance with the principles as well as the practical details of horticulture; but the books that chiefly engaged his attention were Lee's 'Introduction to Botany,' Don's 'Catalogue of Plants,' and Thornton's 'Grammar of Botany'—the last of which he committed almost entirely to memory, by learning a few of the terms at a time—a most laborious mode of acquiring the elements of a science, and one which he assuredly would never have pursued had he had the benefit of an instructor to guide him in his studies. By the aid of these works he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Linnæan system of botany, which forms a most convenient key to all future researches in the science, and soon became familiar with the scientific titles of most of the plants cultivated in the garden at Sandhurst; but he still felt the want of a proper acquaintance with the generic and specific characters of vegetables—a deficiency which was not supplied for some years afterwards. While residing at Sandhurst, his enthusiastic attachment to botanical pursuits gained him admission to many of the celebrated horticultural establishments in the surrounding neighbourhood, which were of great benefit to him in extending his knowledge of the floral riches of other lands. The royal garden in the vicinity of Windsor, as well as the gardens of the Marquis of Devonshire, and many others of note, were frequently visited by Peter; and during these visits he was often brought into contact with such eminent horticulturists as Mr Ingram, gardener to her Majesty, and Mr Towers, now overseer to his Royal Highness Prince Albert at Osborne.

After a stay of about two years at Sandhurst, the subject of our memoir proceeded to London; and having previously decided upon gardening as the means of gaining his daily bread, he obtained work in a metropolitan nursery. Although one of the youngest hands employed in the grounds, he very soon distinguished himself, and the plant-houses were committed to his charge, including an extensive collection of Alpine plants, which he experienced great pleasure in nursing with the tenderest care; for those lowly gems that form the scanty Flora of the frigid regions are esteemed above all others by the genuine botanist.

Anxious to improve himself as much as possible in his profession, by gaining an acquaintance with every department of horticultural science, and with the systems of cultivation adopted at different places, Peter left London to take charge of the forcing department in the gardens of the Earl of Limerick, South-hill Park, where he had opportunities of obtaining a practical

acquaintance with the culture of the pine-apple, and forcing in general. His studies of native botany were not, however, entirely laid aside; and when the labours of the day were over, he enjoyed many a pleasant summer evening's ramble over miles of muir and heather, which formerly were part of Windsor Forest.

After living in several other situations nearer London, he left England about the end of the year 1824; and retracing his steps northwards, in the spring of 1825, he obtained a situation in the garden of Tulliallan, near Kincardine. Here he had the advantage of an excellent circulating library, including such important works as the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' &c.; and he made considerable advances in the study of natural history, more particularly botany, which was always his favourite subject. He commenced the study of conchology, but chiefly occupied himself with botany, and now began a thorough examination of our native Flora. For this purpose he made a trip to Edinburgh, to purchase books on the subject, among which was Smith's 'Flora Britannica.' This work being in Latin, he devoted the long winter evenings to the acquisition of that language, and was able to take the field, with Smith as a useful pocket companion, by the time the first primrose of spring appeared. He likewise acquired enough of French to enable him to understand 'Le Bon Jardinier.'

After a short sojourn in the Royal Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, he returned to reside with his mother at St Ninian's, and entered the employment of Messrs Drummond and Sons, Stirling, where he enjoyed the advantages of the lectures delivered in the Stirling School of Arts, and other local means of intellectual improvement. While here, he made several excursions to the Highland districts with the view of extending his knowledge of our alpine Flora. In one season he visited various parts of the higher districts of Perthshire, Forfarshire, &c.; and during the next ascended Ben Lawers—returning by Killin, Lochearnhead, Ben Ledi, and Callender. He was frequently to be seen with his vasculum on his shoulder, or his geological hammer and bag by his side, wandering among the Campsie hills and the Ochils.

Peter finally settled in 1828 in the employment of Robert Louis, Esq. of West Plean. Ever since, he has been ardently engaged in his favourite studies during the leisure hours which his employment affords. The kindness of his employer places a day or two of holiday now and then at his disposal; and situated in a local position of the most favourable kind for the naturalist, and in the vicinity of some of the noblest of nature's scenes, he has eagerly embraced these opportunities of exploring the fields and mountains of his native land—at one time gathering the lowly flowers of Ben Lomond, and at another making his bed among the harebells on the mossy banks of Loch Katrine. His observations in natural history he has from time to time been in the habit of communicating to the various journals and magazines of gardening, and has by this means been frequently brought into correspondence and personal contact with distinguished followers of science. He used to write for the 'Gardeners' Magazine,' when under the superintendence of Mr Loudon; and one morning he received from the hand of a special messenger a note of invitation to breakfast with that celebrated naturalist in the Royal Hotel, Stirling, Mr Loudon being then on a horticultural tour in Scotland. Peter justly considered this an honour of no mean kind. What passed that morning was made the subject of a leading article in the 'Gardeners' Magazine,' dated from Stirling, in which Mr Loudon—without venturing to offend the retiring modesty of Peter by mentioning his name—refers to the circumstance that he had been in conversation with one of the most intelligent gardeners he had met with in Scotland.

Thus have we briefly sketched the peaceful path through life, so far as it has gone, of a common working-man, but one who has sought out for himself enjoy-

ments of a more lofty character than are usually aimed at in his humble sphere. He enjoys a degree of domestic happiness and contentment rarely to be met with in such an humble home, and with such a scanty income as has always been his lot. With a loving wife, and a rising family around him, he seeks his evening enjoyments at his own fireside, quietly pursuing his favourite studies of natural history, and now and then communicating the results of his observations and investigations to the world. In perusing the productions of Peter Mackenzie in the horticultural magazines, few may have conjectured that they were penned in so humble a home, and by one so unambitious of fame; or that the love of nature they exhibit is so genuine a transcript of the mind of the writer.

THE CHÂTELAINE OF TO-DAY AND OF OTHER TIMES.

WE presume that most of our readers know the meaning of the word *châtelaine* in our modern English vocabulary. They have doubtless seen depending from the waists of our fashionable ladies a huge bunch of steel or golden chains, which gently rustle with every movement of the wearer, and from each of which is suspended some article of household use—a key, a pincushion, a thimble-case, a penknife, a corkscrew, &c. &c. We might imagine this to be a symptom of revived notability among the higher classes of our countrywomen, did not the Lilliputian size of these various articles forbid the supposition. No: it is but the whim of fashion, and a very harmless one too. To talk of the uselessness of these trinkets would be but an idle cavil; for who ever supposes that the fairy-wand of fashion is to be stretched out under the guidance of utility or common sense! We only allude to this novelty here by way of contrasting the ancient and modern meaning of the word, and to show how insensibly it has changed its signification. This we can best do by presenting our readers with pictures of some ladies who, at different epochs of modern civilisation, have illustrated the character of *châtelaine* in France, from whose language, we need scarcely say, this word is taken. It is not necessary for this purpose to go back to the early ages of Chivalry, when each manorial house was a castle, and its mistress, in the fullest sense of the word, a *châtelaine*, or castle-keeper. Let us, only for a moment, transport ourselves to the ancient manor of La Louverie, which still stands in tolerable preservation near the foot of the Vosges, and which offers a very fair specimen of the French *châteaux* of former days.

The edifice forms a long parallelogram, flanked with four small round towers, and stands on an elevated spot above the neighbouring village, which seems as if it rested peacefully beneath its protection. Its parapets, drawbridges, and posterns, have nearly disappeared: upon its walls there is neither escutcheon nor device; but above the principal gate there still appears a wolf salient on a field of gules, with the motto, 'Lupa ridet.' These are the speaking arms of the Seigneurs de la Louverie, at whose dwelling we are about to glance. The ground-floor, which is chiefly occupied by the present proprietor and his family, is simply furnished, and offers nothing remarkable in its aspect; but the ancient adornments of the first-floor have been so religiously preserved, that, on ascending the handsome black marble staircase, and wandering through the apartments, one is transported in thought to bygone periods of castle-life in France. At first the low ceiling, with its ponderous uncovered beams; the deep-set ogive windows; the leather hangings stamped with gold; the sandalwood *prie-dieu*; the state bed, with its twisted pillars, its plume of feathers, its damask curtains embroidered with the family coat-of-arms—all bring the sixteenth century clearly before your eyes, with its rich and stately costliness. But if you penetrate into the right wing of the building, you feel yourself almost in presence of the *grand roi*, whose favourite ebony presses, luxurious *fauteuils*, and mythological timepieces, still bear the name of Louis Quatorze. And again, if we

look into the opposite wing, the eighteenth century is represented in all the coquettish elegance of its Pompadour pier-glasses, its Chinese figures, its Japanese vases, its painted hangings; nor must we forget to notice a *bergerie* of Watteau's, and two beautiful *pastels* of Latour's, representing Louis XV. and the dauphin—*pastels* whose colours have in a most remarkable manner preserved all their original freshness. In this latter apartment are to be found the portraits of some of the most distinguished châtelaines of La Louverie; and in accordance with our proposed plan, we go on to give a sketch of three of those who, at different epochs, have the most fully embodied the spirit of their times. First, let us pause before the antique frame in which is enshased the portrait of

IOLANDE D'ASTREL, FIRST COUNTESS DE LA LOUVERIE.

Married at sixteen to a man every way worthy of her, Iolande's tastes remained pure and simple as in the days of her childhood. She quitted her mountains but once to be presented at court: it was in the reign of Henry II. Iolande's noble and independent spirit had but little sympathy with the corruption and the intrigues of Catharine de Médici's Italian court. She hastened back as soon as possible to her beloved castle, where she spent the remainder of her days. It is there that we will contemplate her in the usual course of her domestic life.

The first *angelus* has sounded; it is scarcely daylight, and yet Iolande is dressed. She comes with the little Bertha and Dame Regina, the *intendante*, to attend family worship. Masters and servants meet together on their knees, to ask the blessing of God upon their daily labours. Immediately afterwards each one receives his appointed task—labourers and farmers, knitters and spinners, messengers of town and country, all are sent on their mission of healthful toil. Nor are the heads of the household idle. The count goes to preside at the court of the bailiwick; while Iolande, surrounded by her women, sits in a large apartment, where she diligently embroiders in silver a vest for her lord and master. Her work is only interrupted by the caresses of Bertha, or by a visit of helpful charity to the poorer vassals of the domain, in which she is accompanied by her youthful daughter; and rarely does a day pass without Bertha receiving from her mother this practical lesson of benevolence. But while we are depicting the life and character of our châtelaine, let us not forget to give some idea of her person. Iolande's figure is tall and dignified; her close-fitting habit, of a *feuille-morte* colour, reminds one of the huntress Diana; her head-dress, a *toque à la Jeanne* and her *aumônère* always at her side: such is her usual costume.

The castle has, however, its festal as well as its working days; and it is at such times that the courtly farthingale, the costly pearl-necklace, and ruby bracelets, shine forth in all their splendour. This very morning Iolande is adorned with them in honour of Enguerrand d'Argy, who, after attending her lord for four years upon the battle-field as his squire, is about to receive the reward of his faithful services. Already is the procession advancing towards the chapel, which, by the care of Don Anselm, the almoner, has been decorated with Flanders tapestry and a girdle of white damask embroidered with the family arms. Placed between his brother-at-arms and his godfather, Enguerrand advances and kneels before the count, who, after the usual oath, invests him with the coat-of-mail, the sword, and the spurs, saying to him at the conclusion, 'In the name of God, of St Michael, and St George, I make thee a knight: be courteous and loyal.' Then Iolande bestows on him a gold-fringed scarf, and the sound of trumpets announces that the ceremony is over.

This martial service is followed by the sport of hawking. Mounted on their finest chargers, the neighbouring barons and gentlemen press around the countess, who, with falcon on wrist, ambles along across the wild uncultivated heath. How eagerly does her glance follow the unhooded bird as it soars proudly upwards, sometimes seizing the innocent dove, sometimes struggling bravely with the kite or the sparrow-hawk! After a few hours spent

in this exciting chase, the whole party return to the castle. On alighting from horseback, Iolande learns that a servant of the count has been thrown from his horse, and severely hurt. She hastens to his succour—for in those days the art of surgery is a feminine accomplishment, and not only do ladies use the lancet, and dress a wound, but also can they compose the celebrated herb-plaster of *Malpighi*. The fair Iolande is followed by her maidens, bearing medicines and bandages, and through her good care the wounded man soon recovers.

But here comes the squire, with his armorial escutcheon blazoned diagonally on his breast: he opens the folding-doors of the grand saloon, and bows twice to the countess, by way of announcing to her that the banquet is served. Nothing is found wanting; neither the wild boar's head stuffed with pistachios, nor the *cel aux andivas*, nor the golden pheasant; and there are also the preserved quinces and pomegranates, recently imported from Italy by Catharine of Medicis; and the delicious wines of Rivesaltes and of Jurançon, which flow freely in honour of the newly-created knight: for whose pleasure also Beranger de Sirvat has been invited to the feast. This celebrated man, the last of the *trouvères*, sings his favourite ballads, some of which are accompanied by Iolande on her sweet-stringed instrument, the *théorba*. Midnight sounds from the belfry, and the feast is over; nor are the guests unwilling to repose themselves after the fatigues and pleasures of the day.

DIANA D'OLBREUSE.

But here comes the beautiful Diana d'Olbreuse, for she, too, has been the Châtelaine of La Louverie. Her portrait, so full of great airs, and done by Mignard, might tell us the epoch at which she lived, if this *fontange* of rich crimson velvet, these *engagantes* of Artois gimp, this head-dress à la *Ninon*, did not announce to us still more clearly a contemporary of Louis XIV. Nevertheless the attire of Diana and of her grandmother Iolande differ even less than their lives. For Diana there is no more chase with the falcon, no more knights to honour, no more bards to receive: if she passes a few months at the Château de la Louverie in a sort of rustic exile, her heart and her thoughts are not the less devoted to Versailles, for in that brilliant court alone are centered all her wishes. She, like her cousin Madame de Sévigné, has danced with the great monarch, who has done homage to her fine eyes and to her sparkling wit, and from that moment admirers and slaves have crowded around her. But if we would understand her position, let us just follow her in the employment of a single day. Left a widow at the age of eight-and-twenty, she is the absolute mistress of her time and fortune. She is not averse to ease and pleasure: wherefore, then, is she abroad at an hour when most of the courtly dames are still slumbering on their couches? She has risen with the early dawn, and at six o'clock her coach stands waiting before her hotel. Has she not promised to call on M. Louvois, the earliest of ministers? She has a favour to ask of him for a young relation, the Baron d'Arzac, who is vegetating in the provinces in some obscure regiment. He is dying of ennui. She wishes to obtain for him the rank of standard-bearer in the Gendarme-Dauphin. Many nobles of distinction are seeking for the post, but our Armida pleads so eloquently, so gracefully, that the hardhearted minister at length yields to her intreaties. D'Arzac is named in the Gendarme-Dauphin, which, by a lucky chance, is stationed at Rambouillet—no great distance from Versailles.

'Good deeds bring good-luck:' so says the proverb, and so perhaps thought the countess, when, on her return home, she found her friend Lulli, who came to offer her a box for the first representation of his opera of 'Atys.' Benserade and Chaulieu arrive most opportunely, and are to be of the party. They dine at the countess's hotel. Lulli's *bon-mots* are *piquant* and graceful; the abbé's songs are charming; the repast is so agreeable, that the guests might linger over it longer, if Benserade had not proposed to his fair hostess to go and listen to a very fashionable preacher at the church of St Louis. 'All the court will be there.' The argument is unanswerable:

nor do our friends regret their attendance, for the young Fléchier, in his sermon upon 'La Grâce,' is so simply eloquent, and yet so polished and persuasive, that he kindles the spirits and touches the hearts of his auditory. 'Chaulieu,' said the countess with deep emotion, 'this little abbé will make a noise in the world; remember my prediction.' But however captivating may be the orator, Madame de la Louverie and her friends must make their retreat. It is now six o'clock by Lulli's watch, and in a few minutes his opera will begin. It is his very best performance, he says, and a most happy inspiration. 'We shall see,' replied Benserade coldly.

This is a golden evening for Diana, since, independently of her friendship for Lulli, she is to hear her two favourite singers, Rochois and Baumaviel. Placed in a front seat of the box, she does not lose a note of this music. Baumaviel excels himself in the part of *Atys*, which he performs with so much talent, and such deep tenderness, that the passionate emotion he evinces passes into the hearts of his listeners; and on the name of the composer being announced, the whole audience rise up, and after a prolonged burst of 'bravos!' turn towards the countess, and cry out—'Embrace him, madame, for us all'—a request with which she joyously acquiesces. As for Lulli, he is moved even to tears. This is the most triumphant evening of his life.

As every fashionable evening at Versailles is concluded with play, Diana goes to show herself at the *pharaon* of Madame de Noailles. Fortune still seems favourable to her, and in the course of a few minutes she wins a considerable sum. Perhaps she might be tempted to linger there much longer, but that she is to be, early the next morning, of a party to *Marly*—a favour so inestimable, as to be the object of desire and envy to all the courtiers. She vanishes, therefore, with regret; for it is midnight, and the court sets out precisely at seven o'clock. This is the official hour named by Louis XIV. himself; and who will presume to keep the great monarch waiting even a moment?

ATHÉNAÏS DE THERMES.

Repose in peace, Iolande, and you, noble Diana! She who inherits your name in the reign of Louis XV. upholds its splendour, and the Countess Athénaïs is one of the most attractive women of the pleasure-loving period in which she lives. You both did the honours of your *salons* most admirably; but she is more winning, more captivating in society. You were beautiful: Athénaïs is pretty. The *crêpe-Pompadour*, the *mouche-assassine*, the jet necklace, set off the brilliancy of her complexion; and if she puts on rouge, it is only in compliance with the caprice of fashion; for her mirror, as well as her *camériste* Florine, assures her she has no need of it. But if we wish to know her better, let us do as we did with the *châtelaines* of former ages, and take a glance at her domestic life.

With very little taste for rural pleasures, she reluctantly visits her old castle of the Vosges. To entertain country gentlemen—to distribute *pain bénit*, as lady of the manor—to crown with roses pretty but low-born maidens—this is all very dull work for a woman of rank and fashion: at least so thought the Countess Athénaïs. Therefore, with the first falling leaves of autumn, she flies from La Louverie, leaving the count to enjoy alone the pleasures of the chase, and the occupations of planting, giving leases, settling accounts, &c. Our pretty countess, meanwhile, is enjoying other sort of pleasures in Paris, where, on Monday evenings (being the appointed times of her reception), her door is thronged with equipages, with chairs, livery-servants, couriers, &c. Outside, her hotel bears a bright and joyous aspect. Let us, out of curiosity, look within for a moment.

The countess has a slight headache this evening, which imparts to her features a certain degree of languor, which adds to their beauty. Like a woman of true taste, she has avoided any display of toilette at her own house: her head-dress, *crêpe-plat*, without ornaments; her robe, a zizoline, without flounces; such is her attire. Scarcely has she entered her saloon, when M. de Létorière is an-

nounced. He is the most fascinating* man at court, and his fine form and countenance are set off by his costume. What can be more perfect in point of taste than these points of dead gold, this sword-tie à la *maréchale*, or what more costly than this emerald-green coat of the richest velvet, and these shoe-buckles sparkling with jewels! Létorière advances courteously—'In truth, fair lady, I am most fortunate in seeing you this evening, for despite your headache, you look divinely pretty (*jolie à miracle*).'

This phrase is uttered with the graceful nonchalance so peculiar to himself. He then takes up the countess' lapdog, teases it, fondles it. But other visitors are announced. The apartments are soon thronged. Compliments, witticisms, repartees, are heard on all sides. But what attracts the company to this side of the saloon? A *macao* has just been established; a thousand louis are on the table, which sufficiently explains the divers exclamations which are heard, and the passion depicted on many faces, which had previously been clothed with smiles: the love of gold triumphs over all gentler feelings. In the adjoining boudoir, however, the scene is far different: there the buzzing of a fly might be heard, so wrapt is the attention of those who are gathered round St Lambert as he recites the first canto of his poem, 'The Seasons,' Buffon, Diderot, Fontenelle, La Harpe, are among his listeners, and they are not less captivated by the beauty of his voice and the perfection of his intonation and his gesture, than by the merit of a work which was extremely popular in those days. No sooner is the reading ended, than the warmest plaudits are heard on all sides; and then supper is announced. And who knows not what were the *petits soupers* of those days of *gourmandise* and dissipation?

To-morrow, new pleasures, new fêtes. Longchamps† has its spiritual concert: Athénaïs must positively show herself there, although it can be but for a moment; for on this same evening a very fashionable piece, 'Les Fausses Confidences,' by Marivaux, is to be rehearsed at Madame de Poplinière's, and the part of *Araminta* has been assigned to her.

Such was the course of life pursued by the Châtelaine de la Louverie in the eighteenth century. Need we say that this title had now lost all its significance? The possessor of it no longer valued its privileges, nor attended to its duties; she cared not to welcome the stranger within her baronial walls; she gave no heed to the wants or the sorrows of her vassals; so the hearts of those vassals were turned away from her, and that title which she had despised passed away into an empty name; nor will it probably ever be revived, save in the glittering bauble which has recently been appended to the waists of our fashionable ladies.

And so will it ever be! For when once any great reality has been allowed to dwindle into an idle 'sham,' then assuredly is it on the eve of fading altogether into oblivion, or else of passing into a shadowy mockery of its former self.

THE EXPECTED COMET.

For some time expectations have been entertained in the learned world respecting the appearance of a large comet. There has, however, been considerable diversity of opinion as to the exact period when it would show itself in the heavens. The reason for this diversity is the difficulty of appreciating and calculating the retardations which comets suffer by being drawn, as it were, out of their ordinary course by the larger planets. Matter attracts matter, and consequently a comet in shooting past a planet is attracted and retarded according to the distance and respective size of the two bodies. That there should be a power of ascertaining and measuring these perturbing influences, gives one an impressive idea of mathematical science. A man

* M. Létorière's history is given in No. 226 of this Journal, under the title of 'L'homme Charmant.'

† See No. 232 of the Journal.

sits down to study, and with pen, paper, and compasses, calculates and tells you where a vagrant comet was hundreds of years ago, and where it will again present itself hundreds of years hence. Such nicety, however, is required in these calculations, that it is not wonderful that errors should occur, and that the predictions on the subject should slightly vary.

The comet now in expectation is that which appeared in 1264, and again in 1556. The length of time between these two periods may be easily computed, but that would not tell us when would be the next appearance; because the causes and degrees of retardation are different in the two journeys through space. Astronomers all over Europe have been for some time busy in making researches in this interesting branch of inquiry; and it may be said to be a matter of pride which country shall furnish the most correct prediction—in other words, which shall show itself most profoundly skilled in mathematics. England, Germany, the Netherlands, and France, are ardently competing. As yet, none can say which is to gain the prize. Meanwhile the London papers have been giving accounts of what certain astronomers are doing in this cometary struggle. One of the most instructive parts of the discussion is a letter in the 'Times' from Mr J. R. Hind, describing the results at which Bomme, a Netherland astronomer, has arrived; and this we abridge as follows, for the sake of extending a knowledge of the subject:—

'I have just,' says Mr Hind, 'received from M. Bomme of Middleburg a very complete memoir, which has been recently published by the Royal Institute of Sciences in the Netherlands. It is the result of a long and laborious series of calculations, performed on the most approved methods of modern mathematicians.

'In order to predict the time of reappearance of a comet moving in an elliptic orbit, with allowance for the attractions of the planets, it is necessary that we should know the precise time of revolution corresponding to some past epoch (as, for instance, the previous perihelion passage), or the period which the comet would require to perform its circuit round the sun, if all planetary disturbances were to cease from that moment. The comet in question was observed in 1264 and 1556, and the interval between the perihelion passages in those years amounted to 106,567 days, or 291½ years; but this tells as nothing with respect to the length of period corresponding to the ellipse described at the instant of perihelion either in 1264 and 1556, since it includes the united effects of planetary perturbations between those years. Therefore, before we can ascertain the epoch of the next return, we must calculate the amount of acceleration or retardation due to the disturbances between 1264 or 1556, which being applied to the above period, gives us the exact time of revolution of the comet at the moment of perihelion passage in the former year, and hence we ascertain the period in 1556. Having found this, we can calculate how much it would be increased or diminished by planetary attraction up to the present time, and thus determine the date of the next arrival at perihelion. This is essentially the method adopted by M. Bomme, and he has performed a great part of the computations in duplicate—first, with the elements of Halley, in 1556, found in all our catalogues of cometary orbits, and, again, with my final elements, published in the "Astronomische Nachrichten" of Professor Schumacher, the "Comptes Rendus" of the French Institute, the "Notices" of the Royal Astronomical Society, and elsewhere: this last set only came to M. Bomme's knowledge when he had nearly completed the first series of calculations, but, as he considered them more exact, he went through the greater part of the work again. With these elements, taking into account the attraction of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, between 1264 and the present time, and of Venus and the Earth in 1556, it is found that the length of the comet's revolution at the time of perihelion passage in 1264 was 110,644 days, or 302·922 years; and in 1556, 112,561 days, or 308·169 years; that the effects of perturbation will diminish this period 2166 days, and therefore the present revolution will occupy 110,395 days, or 302½ years, so that the comet will return again to its perihelion on the 2d of August 1858, and will then be moving in an ellipse of 112,785 days' period. With Halley's elements, the true time of revolution of the comet in 1556 was 112,943 days, and the perturbations should di-

minish the ensuing period about 1797 days, whence we find the next perihelion passage will occur on August 22, 1860.

'Thus M. Bomme concludes, that if the true elements of the orbit in 1556 were within the limits assigned by Halley's calculation and my own, the comet will appear again between 1858 and 1860. The main cause of this uncertainty is the difference between the two determinations of the position of the major axis, or line of Apseides, in 1556. Halley fixes the perihelion in longitude 278° 50', while I place it in longitude 274° 15', deviating 4° 35'. Having expended a good deal of time and trouble some years ago on the calculations for my orbit, I believe I may safely state that the utmost allowance that can be made for error in the position of the major axis does not exceed 4°, so that it is probable the time fixed for the return of the comet by my elements (August 2, 1858) must be within two years of the truth, and therefore we have but little chance of seeing it within six years from this time. At anyrate, the supposed delay in its reappearance is fully accounted for through the zeal and industry of M. Bomme, whose calculations as regards extent and intricacy may vie with those of Clairault and Rosenberger for Halley's comet.'

THE HOUSE FLY.

A fly on the wing is no less curious an object than one on foot; yet when do we trouble our heads about it, except as a thing which troubles us? The most obvious wonder of its flight is its variety of direction, most usually forwards, with its back like a bird; but on occasions backwards, with its back downwards, as when starting from the window, and alighting on the ceiling. Marvellous velocity is another of its characteristics. By fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race-horse clearing his mile a minute to the speed of the fly cutting through her third of the same distance in the same time! And what the speed of our steaming giants, the grand puffers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers—of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may ever follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight, as friendly offerings! But, however, with their game the flies themselves would be most in 'keeping' on the atmospheric line—a principal agent in their flight, as well as in that of other insects, being the air. This enters from the breathing organs of their bodies in the nerves and muscles of their wings, from which arrangement their velocity depends, not alone on muscular power, but also on the state of the atmosphere. How does the fly buzz? is another question more easily asked than answered. 'With its wings, to be sure!' hastily replies one of our readers. 'With its wings, as they vibrate upon the air,' responds another, with a smile half of contempt half of complacency at his own more common measurement of natural philosophy. But how, then, let us ask, can the great dragon-fly, and other similar broad-pinioned, rapid-flying insects, cut through the air with silent swiftness, while others go on buzzing when not upon the wing at all? Rennie, who has already put this posing query, himself ascribes the sound partially to air, but to air as it plays on the 'edges of their wings at their origin, as with an *Æolian* harp string,' or to the friction of some internal organ on the root of the wings' nervures. Lastly, how does the fly feed?—the busy, curious fly, that 'drinks with me,' but does not 'drink as I'; his sole instrument for eating or drinking being his trunk or suck, the narrow pipe by means of which, when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk may seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer or sirup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry, but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing 'small by degrees' under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal fashion, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into sirup.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

A RIDE IN A HURRICANE THROUGH THE SUGAR-CANES.

As we rapidly traversed the thickest part of the forest, doubting, darkling, and dripping from every pore with rain and perspiration, the hurricane came on in all its devastating frenzy, sweeping with resistless fury through the forest,

and bending with tremendous force the tops of the tallest and toughest trees almost to the earth out of which they grew. The thunder, which in the meanwhile had been approaching, now burst in astounding peals directly over our heads, waking up all the echoes of the surrounding forest, scaring the terrified birds from their nests, which with bewildered flight fluttered athwart the clashing branches of the trees; whilst the other wild inmates of the wilderness, startled from their lairs and hidingplaces, were hurrying to and fro in terror and confusion. The profound obscurity that prevailed was at intervals of two or three minutes broken by the most vivid flashes of lightning, which illuminated, though but for an almost inappreciable space of time, every glade and bole of the forest, rendering distinctly visible by its livid and awful brilliancy the minutest objects. The dire concord, or rather discord, of sights and sounds that took place on these rapidly-fleeing occasions was of the most extraordinary, appalling, yet ludicrous description. The instant the lightning flashed and exposed to view the numberless monkeys squatted upon the trees; the owls, vampire-bats, and other obscene birds of night, perched upon the branches; the vipers twined round their trunks, or creeping about their roots; and the wild animals hurrying to and fro on the ground; at that instant a horrid assemblage of sounds, composed of the hideous gibberings and squeakings of the monkeys, accompanied by the most ludicrous grimaces and contortions, the hootings of the owls, the shrieks of the vampire-bats, the hissing of the serpents, and the cries and howlings of the other wild animals, burst upon the startled ear, and surpassed, in the horror and hideousness of its *ensemble*, all the discordancy and terror of sound imagined by poets of the most heated imagination in their descriptions of the monsters of this world or the demons of the other. This appalling combination of sounds and sights thus momentarily heard and seen by the blue and lurid glare of the lightning, and accompanied by the fierce bellowing of the thunder, gave a shock similar to that which the mind might be supposed to feel if the awful veil that hides the shadowy terrors of the other world had been drawn aside, and the approach to the eternal abodes of misery and pain disclosed for an instant to the horrified gaze of mortal vision.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

A MARTYR'S VICTORY.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORN LYONS, LL.D.

[When Alaric the Goth was defeated at Pollentia and Verona (A.D. 403) by Stilicho, the general of Honorius, and so driven for a time from Italy, the Romans celebrated that event with great rejoicing and magnificence. A triumphal procession and a conflict of wild beasts at once dazzled and gratified the multitude. The shows of gladiators were then for ever brought to an end by Telemachus, an Asiatic monk, whom the people stoned to death in the amphitheatre for attempting to separate the combatants. Honorius was thus reminded of his duty as a Christian emperor, and soon after put forth an edict forbidding all such exhibitions for the future.]

THE streets are thronged in mighty Rome,
The gleaming ensigns spread,
While warriors march in triumph home,
With firm and measured tread:
For, bowed at last, and forced to yield
On rough Pollentia's crimson field,
Stern Alaric has fled,
And left his ruthless Gothic powers
All crushed beneath Verona's towers.

Those who once quailed at that dire name
May now deride their foe,
And boast as if *they* shared the fame
Of glorious Stilicho—
Of him who felt no craven fears
Rise at the flash of northern spears,
And struck no feeble blow,
But matched, with trophies green and high,
The monuments of days gone by.

But when the clear Italian sun
Pours down its noontide fire,
The trumpet speaks the games begun
Which idle crowds admire;
And soon, from barred and gloomy caves
Driven howling out by troops of slaves,
In grim and sullen ire,
Beasts, the wild brood of many a land,
Pace with loud rage the level sand.

Gætulia's lion, freshly brought
From scorched and desert plains,
And ravening tigers newly sought
On Parthia's waste domains;
Bears from the frozen Oder's mouth,
And panthers from the burning south,
Bred in old Nubian fanes,
Make there a stern and ghastly fray
For tribes more savage far than they.

But hark! the trumpet's warning peal
Is sounding as before,
And bondsmen clear, with staff and steel,
The red arena's floor;
The fainting brutes are swept away—
This saved to bleed another day,
That weltering in its gore;
And men, of martial frame and race,
Take with slow step the vacant place.

Two, chosen from the warlike throng,
Begin a deadly strife:
One a gray swordsman, scarred and strong,
One in the bloom of life;
This nursed where snows on Hæmus shine,
That torn from hills beside the Rhine
From children, home, and wife;
And high-born matrons hold their breath,
All bent to see the work of death.

Their toll was fierce, but short; and now,
Flung bleeding in the dust,
The Thracian waits, with pale cold brow,
The last and mortal thrust;
When rushing forth, till then unseen,
A swarthy pilgrim leaps between,
Strong in a Christian's trust,
And drenched with blood, yet undismayed,
Stays with fixed grasp the uplifted blade.

A light smooth cross of cedar wood
The gentle stranger bore,
Long worn in holy solitude
On Syria's palmy shore:
'Romans,' he said, 'for Him whose birth
Gave hopes divine of peace on earth,
Rise, and for evermore,
Servants of God in act and name,
Cast off these works of wrong and shame.'

He ceased; a scowl like noon's eclipse
Spreads fast from seat to seat,
And fourscore thousand hostile lips
Loud words of wrath repeat:
They rave and roar, as groves of pine
Waked on the Etrurian Apennine
When storms the tall crags beat,
Till, heaved and troubled furiously,
Breaks in one surge that living sea.

The German leaves his task undone,
The Thracian creeps aside,
The swordsmen flee like herds that shun
Vexed Arno's foaming tide;
But, as a pharos meets the shock
Of waves on some unsheltered rock
Where seas are deep and wide,
Telemachus looked up and trod
That post of danger true to God.

And when the stony tempest burst
On his defenceless head,
He stood unshrinking as at first,
As free from doubt or dread:
With aspect full of peace and love,
As if he came from worlds above,
And hands in prayer outspread,
He laid him down, nor breathed again,
Whelmed by that host of vengeful men.

Yet deem thou not the martyr died
Warring for right in vain;
His was the prize for which he sighed,
And his the eternal gain:
Fierce Alaric shall yet return,
And Rome's fair dwellings blaze and burn,
Filled with red heaps of slain;
But scenes, where man must bleed for mirth,
Shall blast no more the ransomed earth.

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SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

CHANGE IN MANNERS—THE DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND—A CHATEAU—THE CHATELAIN'S FÊTE—THE CURÉ—WALKS AND RIDES.

I RETURNED to England in November of the same year, in consequence of the serious indisposition of my mother, and did not revisit France until some years after, when M. de Vorinfort, as sous-prefect of Tourloville, occupied a larger house, lived in a more expensive style, and saw more company. Louis was made lord of all the lower regions; and a black cook, called Dubois, reigned in his stead in the kitchen, who, when sober, was certainly not to be excelled in his department: when he had exceeded, however, he could and would do nothing, and then Louis very composedly put on his white dress and nightcap, and unostentatiously sent up the dinner—an example to our Johns and Thomases at home. Even the stairs were now carpeted; Caroline sat no more in her bedroom *en déshabille*, for every day was receiving-day; and, in short, I found a greater change in the habits of all than in so short a time I could have thought possible. Ladies and gentlemen had separate bathing-places at Piedfort; there was a public promenade made at Tourloville; two restaurateurs set up in competition, and served you with ice for nothing; opposition baths contested for your custom, and you could enjoy that luxury and clean linen besides for the small sum of 7½d. Ewers and basins had displaced the cream-jugs and pie-dishes which had hitherto been thought sufficient for bedroom ablutions; small carpets in cold weather were creeping in gradually; a *trottoir* of asphalt was formed in the Cour du Roi; the shops were modernised; and the streets, at least many of them, better paved. They were still ill-lighted, however; the drainage no better than formerly; and the contrast to England great in-doors and out. Noise still prevailed everywhere: sabots clattered, doors clashed, chairs sounded on the uneven and naked floors, and the clapping of the women beating their linen at the fountain was ever and anon heard above the clack of their coarse voices. The screams of the numerous parrots, who, like their mistresses, lived in the streets, one sitting in a cage, and the other in a tub; the lumbering of the unwieldy carts, and the unnecessary vociferations and execrations of their drivers, swelled the din.

The time I arrived on my second visit was the month of June, when they were preparing the *reposoirs* to celebrate the Fête Dieu. What refined taste did these poor people display in the arches and altars they formed with flowers, and whatever articles of value they could beg or borrow from their richer neighbours!—all the streets were swept clean, and strewn with rose leaves and broom; all the houses hung out bits of tapestry, or carpet, or sheets looped up with bunches of flowers;

everything or person was, as they expressed it, '*propreté*' for the occasion; and as the procession passed, the priests chanting, and the curé blessing the kneeling crowd,* I had no inclination to deride what so many felt to be solemn. But the prettiest part of the display was the little children with wings, or lambs, and innocent faces personating angels and St Johns; while the mothers ran alongside, weeping with delight to see their darlings looking like what they supposed and hoped they would eventually be in a better world. Their elder brothers and sisters, who had lately taken their first communion, walked in order—the latter in white, and veiled, and looking as demure as the meek sisters who attended them.

A little later came the Fair of St Victor, and that was a sight to me quite as pleasing in a different way: no quarrelling, no drunkenness or fighting was there. It was held partly in a large apple orchard, partly on a sloping grassy bank, dotted with large trees and patches of brushwood, and commanding a view as extensive as lovely. The peasantry, in their bright colours and picturesque costumes—the white tents—the bands of music—the clear ringing laugh of young girls and children as they danced on the green, dressing themselves fantastically up with wild flowers, or swinging on the branches, all was like a page in an old poem. All the higher classes in the town and neighbourhood attended, and none, I am sure, saw anything in the rustic mirth around that could disgust a heart not closed to natural feelings by vanity and false refinement. Grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers and mothers, children and grandchildren, were all there *together*—happy in the happiness of each other, and content with brown bread and water.

The French are a light-hearted people, ever open to mirth, and ready to forget that sorrow which, when it first falls on them, they seem totally unable to control, as the following little anecdote will show:—A cobbler, who called himself a shoemaker, and occasionally worked in the latter capacity, had a strikingly pretty wife: her lovely face, gentle voice, and perfect, though small and delicate figure, attracted my attention, and as they lived near us, I often stopped to speak to her. He, a short,

* This curé was a very fat man, remarkably so. Those who are old-fashioned enough to read, or are old enough to have read, 'The World,' 'The Idler,' and those bygone periodicals, may remember in one paper the story of a fat Mr Muggy, who was so lethargic, that while talking, walking, eating, and on one occasion while fighting a duel, he fell asleep. I always thought this absurd and overdrawn until I knew M. Vardon, the curé of St Victor's at Tourloville, whom I have seen fall asleep in the pulpit. He was particularly abstemious, eating meat only upon Sundays, and never, any day, breaking his fast till two o'clock; when, and once again before bed-time, he partook of a very slight refreshment. He looked blown up, was very pale, suffered much, and died at forty-two: it was disease.

broad, red-haired, coarse man, was apparently very fond of her, and all the world allowed that she was virtuous, and the couple perfectly happy: her mother lived with them as servant, an arrangement not unfrequent in Normandy, and the three were a united family. At last the wife became ill, faded gradually away, and died before her husband was aware that her case was hopeless. His despair, I heard, was frightful to witness; so much so, that they had to watch lest he should destroy himself. I went to see him about a week or perhaps ten days after her death.

'Ah, Mademoiselle Dora,' cried he, sobbing piteously, 'you knew my wife—my little wife—my pretty wife—my gentle, good, pretty Perette; but you did not, you could not know how I loved her. I loved her—ah!—so much—ah, oh, oh!—that—that I keep—ah, ah, agh!—I keep her mother still with me—oh!—and I will keep her for Perette's dear sake till—ah!—till—oh!—till—ah, ah, agh!—till—I get another!' Six weeks after he did get another, a great, stout, bold-looking dame; 'who could do her own work,' he said, 'and a far finer woman than poor Perette!' I confess I heard with satisfaction that shortly after she led him a sad life, and that her strength and activity did not make amends for her want of temper.

Among the gayest people at Tourloville was Madame de Fauconnière, whose daughter, married to the Baron de Bois Favort, usually spent four or five months at the Château de Bois Favort; a seat situated six miles nearer the sea than Tourloville, and although in the actual possession of the old General de Bois Favort, so certain to descend to his nephew, that the latter had already laid out a great deal of money upon its improvement. Until it was really his, however, he would not build, but was contented with what remained of the ancient château—an old, black, high tower—the farm-offices, and a lately-added long, low cottage, in which were a good dining-room, and a drawing-room large enough to contain library, billiard-table, musical instruments, and every piece of furniture conducive to comfort. Store-rooms and garrets where the servants slept were above; the family occupying the tower, where, half-hidden under ground, was the large, dark, curious dungeon-like kitchen. Madame de Bois Favort was a most accomplished woman—played, sung, drew like an artist—spoke Italian, English, German, and a little Spanish—and was well read in her own country's literature. Although eminently handsome, and universally admired, she always quitted Paris without regret—nay, rejoiced when the time came for going to Bois Favort, where she could dress carelessly, and do as she pleased—walking, riding on pony-back, visiting the cottages, feasting on the old-fashioned dishes of her childhood—such as *Pois tirés*, *Pois de Prud'homme*, *Crevettes à la Normande*; and all this till her husband, who annually paid a visit to his mother near Nice, joined her after a time, and then more ceremony was necessary.

I wish I had power to describe the long and lovely drive by which I first approached this beautiful place; the slopes, thick underneath with brushwood, and crowned with large high trees; the green meadows; the cherry orchards; the apple-trees, in full blow, lining the narrow lanes; the old-fashioned black and white farm-houses, formed of wood and clay, peeping out from among the fruit-trees under which the cows grazed; the little gardens full of roses, especially large cabbage yellow roses, so perfect this year, that you had to inspect them closely before you could convince yourself that they were real, not artificial; the numerous beehives; the little patches of grass and grain (for here no vineyards marred the view)—all in union—formed a scene of peace and prosperous rustic life which the memory loves to linger on, while the distant sight of the Seine here and there gave life to a *coup d'œil* which, otherwise without water, might have been what a keen old Scotch lady described a similar prospect in England to be, in answer to an Englishman

who asked her if it was not a 'sweet scene'—'Oo ay, vairy sweet; dead sweet!' The voice of birds, however, was wanting here, as well as in every other part of France I have resided in; the little bird-pies, delicious as I thought them, would, I think, have ceased to gratify my palate, had I known at the time I was feasting that robins, bullfinches, linnets, and all the sweet woodland tribe I had loved and listened to from a child were there entombed. The scene, however, was lovely; and when the black tower of Bois Favort loomed in the distance, backed by the forest of Bois Favort, it only added a kind of grandeur to what before was perhaps too soft. It had been of considerable extent in former times, but at the present day, all that remained habitable was one tall tower, and the farm-offices, which last had been fully kept up and added to, to fit them for the future building which is to restore Bois Favort to its pristine splendour, and for which all the family were then laying by money. This fine old fortress was situated in what had been a park, as one or two gigantic trees and an old cedar, larger than the largest at Fountains Abbey, attested. It was now, however, laid out in a large garden—kitchen and flower garden united—full of healthy young shrubs, and fruit-trees, peas, beans, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, to say nothing of cabbages and turnips.

The garden at Bois Favort contained a profusion of these common légumes, but they were almost hidden from sight by the art with which espaliers and treeroses were placed between the beds where they grew and the broad gravel-walks, that were kept as neat as those of an Oxford college garden. Indeed from one point of view I used to fancy the old tower and offices, screened by the fine trees, in all the luxuriance of the fresh June foliage, very like some peeps at Oxford—a town I never visited without wishing myself a fellow. There was no want of beautiful plants and shrubs—lilacs, laburnums, hawthorns, acacias; or of rare exotics or large orange-trees—oleonches, and myrtles in pots. Decayed leaves, withered branches, or weeds, were never seen; and every vegetable was removed before it could possibly become offensive. A pretty but very tiny brook fed a fishpond or small lake, on which danced a gay little pinnace; and alleys of peach-trees led to a bowling-green, so well drained, and yet so shaded, that it was never either burnt up or damp. Lime-trees, cut so as to form an arcade, fenced it round, whilst behind them rose others which shot up as nature bade them, all alive with bees, wild and hived, and butterflies of every hue. Every turn brought you to something new—a strawberry bank, a fig-tree grove, a green arbour, or a vine-trellis, loaded in its season with purple grapes, the largest I ever saw out of a hothouse.

At the farm-office there were the same neatness and order: everything in repair and in its place; and the poultry of all kinds, horses, cows, and even pigs, looked as if they were washed with soap and water twice a week at least so exquisitely clean were their plumage and skins. Gardeners and labourers all wore white night-caps and clean blue blouses, and the female assistants high caps, and red short-waisted cotton gowns, tucked up to show the striped petticoat underneath. All were fat, rosy, and cheerful in their appearance, respectfully familiar in their manners. They seemed really to serve their masters from love.

Lest this unusual picture of a French château may be supposed drawn from imagination, I beg to assure the reader that it is circumstantially true; but Bois Favort, so far as my experience goes, certainly stands alone. The first time I saw it was at a ceremonious dinner. High-sounding were the names of the guests, various and well-cooked the viands. Instead of the repast being placed on the table, as is the custom in small parties, a dish and its accompaniments at a time, or, as in larger parties, entirely on the sideboard, from whence it is carried round, while the table itself is covered with flowers, ornaments, and the dessert—all was put down at once, which afforded a specimen of French manners I might

otherwise have never met with. Happening to choose a *côtelette* with mushroom sauce, the Marquis de la Tarellerie, near whom the dish was placed, after smiling in a most gracefully-insinuating manner, to intimate how gladly he obliged me, with his lordly finger and thumb placed the nicest upon the plate which was held by the servant. No one looked surprised. No wonder the French of all classes use napkins; for excepting the most refined, everybody fingers what a well-trained footman with us would use his fork to. The enormous quantity these good people devoured was incredible: ladies as well as gentlemen tasted of everything, all the time looking so graceful, dressed with such charming simplicity, and talking so—in short, as Frenchwomen only can talk: a talk that is perfect as far as it goes, though it does not go far we confess.

After dinner, we agreed to return to the garden, and come back late for our coffee. There we found all the workmen of the place ready to assist in the various kinds of amusement—rowing, swinging, bowling, duck-hunting on the lake, cow-milking, and carp-feeding. One carp ate out of my fingers—a personage known to have gone by the name of the Old Carp a hundred and nine years ago. Not only did the peasants dance, but we danced with them. One little man, Petit André, a *tailleur d'arbres*, took leaps that would have won admiration from Vestris himself; and seeing the astonishment he excited, he exerted himself so much, that we were apprehensive he would break a blood-vessel. His face was peculiarly plain; the way he grinned when he shot up most amusing; and when a very handsome young lady complimented him upon his agility, it seemed to me as if his India-rubber mouth, the ends of which retreated out of sight, must have met behind. This was conspicuously the case when the said damsel presented him with a five-franc piece as a reward, she said, for being so charmingly ugly. After this *bal al fresco*, a pretty little girl came forward to recite some couplets, composed by her father upon the occasion of Madame de Bois Favort's fête—that is, not the anniversary of the day she was born, but that on which she was made a Christian, and named after one of the numerous saints in the calendar; for that saint's day is the fête celebrated after the manner we keep our birthdays. Then the others came forward without hesitation or shamefacedness. Most of them made a speech in prose or verse, and all offered their bouquets with a grace our honest English labourers could never attain. Lastly, we the guests presented our bouquets, as these little offerings are termed, which may be a bouquet or a brooch, a piece of music, a book, or what you please. One urchin presented a small sucking-pig, which caused great laughter, as he could not get it to remain silent during his speech; and the more sly pinches he punished it with, the louder it squeaked. When it came to the turn of the gentlemen to speechify, I could not help asking myself if an Englishman *could* ever bring himself to utter such fulsome flattery without blushing, or, indeed, if it could enter his head to frame such compliments as I then heard. I think not; for plain-spoken John Bull, even upon the occasion he feels most and does most, says least.

Afterwards, I passed a fortnight at Bois Favort, a happy, peaceful time, engraven for ever as a green spot in memory's waste. Our rides through the forest upon forest ponies, and saddles that might have been made in the days of the namesake of my pot-bellied Bucephalus, Henri Quatre—our visits to the lone cottages and their simple inhabitants, who, till then, I thought had only lived in the pages of romance—our mornings under the fresh boughs, surrounded by forest flowers—our reading aloud while others worked or sketched—our musical evenings afterwards—or, on a rainy day, our striking up at five minutes' notice a blazing wood fire, and drawing ourselves close to it as cozily as in winter—our visits to the farmhouses—our church-goings even—the whole is so unlike anything else I ever saw before or since, that sometimes I think I

must have dreamt it all. When M. de Bois Favort arrived and brought a friend with him, our dress and dinners were more *récherchés*, our walks directed to less wild scenes, our rides performed on horses of education and refinement—all very pleasant, but wanting the poetry of my happy, happy fortnight with Aménède de Bois Favort alone. Upon Sundays and saints' days we attended the little old church, and this was always a lovely summer scene. The situation was a little elevated, and from it you could observe the venerable old people and healthy young ones streaming through every wood, across every meadow, along every lane, to the house of God, to which they were summoned by the tinkle, tinkle, of its little bell. There was not much of the 'pomp and circumstance' of architecture there, and the interior was as unpretending as its gray, moss-grown outside, although ornamented, as well as the simple worshippers who attended could afford, by loads of flowers and many a quaint picture and misshapen saint; while the doll which represented the Virgin Mary was attired in what the worthy *comères* no doubt thought very fine, but which anywhere else would have been ludicrous. All was very clean, very well ventilated, and had a fresh perfume from the flowers, which were everywhere in profusion, that was delightful; and the remembrance of which, with the broken voice and benevolent face of its aged priest, answered by the silver tones of the little chorists, often comes back to me, and invariably brings calm and Christian thoughts and feelings. The good man's sermons were suited to the understandings of his audience, but he was, I believe, a very learned man, and in happier times might have been selected to fill a more exalted position; but as it is, the church is kept down, and has nothing to give, so he lived on at Bois Favort contentedly from youth to age, and in noway regretted the state of life to which it had pleased God to call him; on the contrary, he expressed himself grateful for being placed where he had no temptation to *pride*, that besetting sin of all the human race. I took my own prayer-book, and regularly read my own prayers, but attended with pleasure to the sermon, from which I always derived instruction. After mass, Madame de Bois Favort invited the Abbé de Belcostel to dine with her, so he directed the whole of the young ones to come to the château, and show the Protestant lady how well they knew their catechism. There was one little fellow, of eight years old, with a face like a full moon, and a figure like a Bacchus on a barrel, bearing the very appropriate name of Jean Beuze (or Buse *buzzard*, as I persisted in calling it), who was pointed out to me as the most perfect in his answers, so I called him, and found that as far as words went, he could reply without hesitation, and so rapidly, that I could scarcely follow him.

'But, mon cher petit perroquet, do you understand all that you repeat so glibly?'

'No, madame; I don't enter the understanding-class till next year.'

The curé solved the problem: as soon as all the words were thoroughly committed to memory, they then recommenced operations, and had every sentence fully explained to them; and Jerome Beuze, who had reached the mature age of eleven, was forthwith commanded to explain, which, according to Roman Catholic ideas, he did very clearly, the first twelve pages. The little class then read a portion of the story of Joseph and his brethren, and the elder ones the 5th chapter of St Matthew's gospel, after which the curé blessed them. Madame la Baronne rewarded them with apples and raisins, and they departed laughing, dancing, and singing. It was a pretty sight; and although they evidently looked up to Monsieur le Curé with great respect, they were quite as much at their ease with the benevolent old man as with a father. My friend Jean Beuze served mass, as it is called, and amused me much by the delight his rosy countenance assumed when it was his turn to ring the little bell during the ceremony,

evidently agitating it twice as much as there was any occasion for, and stopping at last with a look of reluctance.

We did not always walk or ride in slouch bonnets; we sometimes made calls, and drove *bien chaussées et bien gantées* to several *maisons de campagne*, for I can scarcely call them *châteaux*: they all appeared to me comfortless and half-furnished, the grounds round the house in sad disorder, the servants half taught, and the inhabitants themselves with a sort of not-at-home look about them that proved how much against the grain is living in the country to the French. They can spend a day there with pleasure, and talk sentimentally about woods and waters, fields and flowers; but to make the country their *home*, take pleasure in country pursuits, and surround themselves at the same time with refined comforts and intellectual amusements, or even with schools, soup-kitchens, &c. for their poor dependents, as many otherwise commonplace country ladies do with us, is, so far as I know, only understood in England, where home feelings and pursuits are cultivated by all. I greatly enjoyed those drives through this lovely country, and the sweet little pictures we often unexpectedly came upon. Here it was a rude image of the Virgin inscribed, 'Etoile du matin priez pour nous,' placed in the hollow of an aged oak, with peasants, laden with sticks from the forest, kneeling before it: there a Calvaire, and a mother teaching her infant child its prayers on the steps that led to it. Sometimes, peeping through the leaves, you descried a small gray chapel almost in ruins, telling of days gone by when piety was more common with those rich enough to rear such edifices, lowly though they be, than it is now; and often an image of St Hubert near a sparkling spring-well, holding an inscription which invited Messieurs les Chasseurs (that is, shooters of wrens and robins, as well as nobler game) to quench their thirst with the cool pure water, and thank that God who makes 'rivers run in dry places.'

I really found it difficult sometimes to believe I was living in the go-ahead nineteenth century; but all poetry disappeared when we came near a *maison de campagne*, the property of some M. Duval, or Dubois, or Fouché, who always added its name to his own, and very often sunk his own in that of his *propriété*, were it even no larger than a tablecloth. One gentleman, who had no land, ridiculed his neighbour's pretension; and when a retired tobacconist left a card for him as Monsieur Duval de Rocher, because he had purchased a *bicoque* perched upon a rock, returned his own, printed M. Satis de Sans Terre. Simplicity and poetry fled at the sight of a *paratonnerre*, which is always attached to a country-house: there things were backward enough, it is true, but not in an agreeable way, and a most unpleasant revulsion of feeling always ensued when I saw one. At one very good substantial house, the monsieur showed us how clever he was in turning the chimney-place of the dining-room into a meat-safe, where hung—'I saw it with these eyes'—a leg of mutton, two fowls, and a piece of veal. Another remarked apropos of a new stove for the same apartment, how pleasant it was to heat a pâté, or even dress a dish, at the same time that you warmed your room. Almost everywhere, either in the dining-parlour or the ante-room, you saw a *fontaine en toile*—a basin and towel—in order that the gentlemen guests might wash their hands before dinner, if so disposed. There never seemed any one to take care of our horses or donkeys, or answer the door, which was usually wide open; it being expected that you would find your own way to the kitchen, which is always near it, and make inquiries as to madame's being visible or not; and I have really seen this in houses where there was no excuse for such careless habits, and where there was neatness enough in the gardens and shrubberies to lead you to look for different customs.

One grand *château* we visited when the family unluckily was absent; but we walked about the grounds,

which were truly magnificent. Long alleys of limes and elms, diverging like rays from a centre, closely clipped half-way up, and the rest left to nature, had a very fine effect, and must have involved a great deal of expense; for every grass-plot was smoothed, and the flower-beds well attended to; statues were there in profusion, obelisks, pieces of made-water rock-work, &c.; and the branches were as thick as a hedge, and as evenly cut. I asked to see the house, and it was a very fine one, containing curious and beautiful things, many of which had been there for several centuries. The kitchen was immense; there were three hundred copper saucepans and lids hanging up against the walls, all as bright as gold; but the cheerful English fireplace, so bright and tidy, was wanting: and in spite of the handsome carving, fine mirrors, and pieces of furniture, and even one or two good paintings, there was the want of an air of home comfort, which I never discovered our show-places to have, till I compared them with this, and one or two other fine houses I have seen on the continent. I was very sorry the De M—s were absent on a visit. Had they been at home, I should have been able perhaps to form a more correct judgment. The stairs, halls, and corridors, were entirely without carpets or stoves; but as it was summer, both may have been only temporarily so; and the enormous fortune of the D. de M— makes it probable that such necessary cold-weather comforts would not be denied, even *à la campagne*.

The *Château de la Tarellerie* was also a fine place, and had fine capabilities; but there was even there a want of order and comfort, and a make-shift appearance about many things, which I never observed at an English nobleman's residence. We dined there twice; the dinner and style of reception were faultless, and the house was like a colony. The mother of the marquis had her apartments, a married son his, an unmarried son his also; and all these lived constantly with the Tarelleries in Paris as in the country; as did likewise an old, deaf, cross aunt, who had been a beauty, and had never married, her *fiancé* (whom, however, she had only once seen) having been beheaded in the grand Revolution. A married daughter and her husband were on a visit, and Mademoiselle de la Tarellerie la jeune, to distinguish her from her aunt, was to accompany them in a journey to England, and upon her return, to become the wife of the Baron Palamede de Caux, without relinquishing her home; as her *present* portion was a privilege to remain there with her husband. Instead of maiden ladies living, as with us, in a small lodging in a village, or young people taking up house for themselves, it is common in France for them all to have apartments in the *château* or *hôtel* of the head of the family—an explanation of the immense size of the *hôtels* of Paris, which are, in fact, neither more nor less than family lodging-houses. The amenity of the manners abroad renders such a plan less dangerous to domestic peace than it would prove with us, who have a greater love for independence than for society.

THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

A POET whose name has long been familiar with the public, died on the 7th ult. at Bremhill, in the county of Wilts, where he had passed the larger part of his life.

Upon the northern coast of Somersetshire, on a part of the shore which trends round to the west, so as to form a bay open in that direction, a promontory called Brean Down juts into the Severn Sea. In an angle formed by the promontory of Brean, on the west side of the river Axe, stands the village of Uphill. An abrupt eminence rises on one side of this village, and upon its summit is the small parish church. Uphill village beneath is well sheltered by trees on one side; upon the other the hill rises, bare of foliage, but covered with fine turf. The opposite side of the same hill is bounded

by precipitous rocks which extend to the sea. The parsonage, deservedly admired, lies in the valley, and is surrounded by a flourishing plantation, made by the Rev. William Thomas Bowles, the father of the poet, who was the rector of Uphill and Brean prior to 1786. This parsonage is said to have been the birthplace of the poet who has just expired, and who, according to report, had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-nine.

The church may be further noticed, because it was a favourite spot with the poet, commanding a view of a very extensive character; in fact a noble panoramic circuit, including a most interesting combination of land and ocean. It is small, and has a low tower, white-washed, in order to serve as a more conspicuous landmark for vessels. There are some ancient tumuli near the churchyard, which must have added to the associations engendered in the mind of the young poet, locally attached to a spot of no common attraction by the ties of early recollection.

The family of William Lisle Bowles had been eminently clerical. His grandfather, Dr Bowles, was the vicar of Brackly, in Northamptonshire, and his father, as stated, had been rector of Uphill and Brean. The family was originally of Wiltshire stock, and is reported to be of ancient standing in that county. The mother of the poet was Bridget Grey, one of the three daughters of Dr Grey, the author of 'Memoria Technica,' a 'System of Mnemonics,' a 'System of Ecclesiastical Law,' and several other works. Mrs Bowles presented her husband with seven children, of whom the subject of the present notice was the eldest. The name of Lisle was bestowed upon him because it was borne by the old Everley family in Wiltshire, into which family Dr Bowles, the poet's grandfather, had married—a family now, it is believed, extinct.

The poet was placed at Winchester School in 1776. In 1780 he was senior boy, a place he could not have attained without great diligence in study. He was afterwards entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where the brother of the master of Winchester School, Dr Thomas Warton, happened to be tutor and fellow. Here young Bowles wrote a Latin poem on the siege of Gibraltar, which obtained the chancellor's prize, and was publicly recited in the university. In 1792 he took his degree as master of arts, but soon after quitted Oxford, in consequence of his father's death, and taking orders, accepted a curacy in Wiltshire. Five years afterwards, he married Miss Wake, daughter of a prebendary of Westminster of that name, and was soon afterwards presented by Lord Somers with the living of Dumbleton, in Gloucestershire, of the value of £360. In 1803 he was made a prebendary of Salisbury cathedral, and in 1805 was presented by Archbishop Moore with the living of Bremhill, near Chappenharn, in Wiltshire. Here he resided until the time of his decease, performing the functions of a parish priest, attentive to the duties of his station, and highly respected as a zealous minister, and a pleasing and accomplished writer.

In the life of such an individual it is not possible that there should be any stirring incident to attract attention; and we have therefore only to consider the biography of the writer in his works.

Bowles did not make his appearance before the public as a poet until three years after Rogers had published his first poems, and five years after the sonnets of Charlotte Smith had attracted so much of the public attention; namely, in 1789. The commendations which his *Fourteen Sonnets* received were well merited. Their

author was twenty-eight years of age—in this respect resembling Rogers, that the earlier productions of both were not the offspring of any remarkable precocity, but rather of the care and study bestowed on their labours by accomplished men of mature years. It is worthy of remark, too, that both poets arrived at a far advanced age, while others—Thomas Campbell, for example—who astonished the world by precocious writings, on arriving at the age at which Bowles and Rogers began to attract public attention, seem to have exhausted their powers, and fallen into premature bodily decay. The sonnets of Bowles are perhaps, of all his works, the most poetical and pleasing. They had the merit of commanding unqualified praise from the best judges of the day in which they appeared. Coleridge spoke highly of the excellent disposition of Bowles, who was his senior by nearly a dozen years. He was justly of opinion that no models of ancient times have the same vivid effect upon the mind as the works of cotemporary genius. He made more than forty transcriptions of the sonnets for others when he was only seventeen; and he ascribed his deliverance from destruction by his study of metaphysics to the effect the sonnets of Bowles produced upon his mind—by 'a style so manly, so natural, real, and yet so harmonious and dignified.' It sounds strangely to us who survive, that a poet who expired only a week or two ago, should have been but a little later in date before the public than Cowper with his 'Task.' They were the only two poets who had as yet combined natural thoughts with natural diction among the writers of that time, for the 'Pleasures of Memory' appeared subsequently. Bowles' sonnets have the merit of greater nature, and less of the artificial mode or mannerism of the day in which they appeared, than those of Charlotte Smith, although the latter is greatly before all preceding writers in this respect. It was the moment when the poetry of the century was shaking off the shackles imposed by the schools upon truth and nature. The four first sonnets are upon localities in the northern counties; the fifth is 'To Evening'—a fair specimen of the manner and feeling that pervade them all:—

'Evening! as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest blush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and furthest hill
And wood—I think of those that have no friend;
Who now, perhaps by melancholy led
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure haunts—
Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen, and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tired mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind—
Nor hear the lonely moans of misery!
Ah, beautiful views! that hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!'

In the same year in which the sonnets were published, the 'Verses to Howard, on account of his description of prisons,' were published, inscribed to Dr Warton. These are harmonious and elegant; but there is too much of the personification of the virtues or qualities, 'ghostly quiet,' 'full-furnished agony,' 'pale affection,' 'dark despondence,' and 'hollow-eyed despair.' There is also much alliteration, but the feeling is good and amiable. Another poetical effusion which followed this was entitled 'The Grave of Howard.' It is marked by the mild, equable spirit of its author, but wants force and pathos. The 'Verses on the Philanthropic Society' are superior to those on Howard, but afford a similar picture of a mind wedded to the charitable and endearing virtues rather than to the enthusiastic or energetic. There is none of the severely-faithful portraiture of Crabbe in the descriptions of Bowles. He is more inclined to accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind, than to content himself with painting nature in the nakedness of social deformity. His sonnets went through five editions in eight years—a remarkable proof of their captivating effect, notwithstanding that Charlotte Smith's had passed through four edi-

tions in two years. There is a marked difference between these writers, so as to show, on the most cursory view, that the sonnets of Bowles are more in unison with the canons of poetry established since that time.

'Hope,' an allegorical sketch, is a very pleasing poem in imitation of Collins; but his 'Song on the Battle of the Nile' was a failure, almost as great as Southey's attempts at the celebration of public triumphs. Scenes of peace are best described by those who enjoy them, and who have mingled little on the world's great stage, nor witnessed the din of arms and shock of battles. The mind of Bowles was imbued with the love of tranquil nature—with the peaceful, kind, and beneficent. His verse never soars high: its flight is even. He pleases, but nowhere astonishes. Hence some of his shorter pieces best display his mental tendencies. All was kindness and philanthropy. The unfortunate girl, the ill-used chimney-sweeper, the gipsy, the unpitied mendicant, the unhappy of every age and of all time, seem to have had his deepest sympathy. How should such a writer, who would rather have wept with those that wept, than rejoiced with the happiest—how should he sing becomingly of war and strife, of gory fields, and the exhibition of the passions that make demons of mankind?

Bowles seems to have had a great friendship for Rogers; and he, too, it would appear, is destined to survive almost all the sons of the muses who for the last three-fourths of a century have adorned his country. Is he destined to depart the last of his kind—*ultimus suorum moriatur*? Bowles inscribed to Rogers his 'Melodies of Remembrance.' How full of kindly feeling were his lines to the memory of Byron—how different from the rancour expressed by Southey when the great poet was beyond the region of earth, when there was no fear of the clay-cold hand lifting the pen in reply! It is refreshing to turn to the lines of Bowles, so kind, so Christian:—

* I will not ask and Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died;
Still less Child Harold, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied;
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride;
But I will bid the Arcadian cyprus wave,
And pluck the laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave!

The 'Villagers' Verse Book' consisted of a series of short poems, intended to be got by heart by poor children at Bremhill. The object was to describe in the smallest compass everything connected with the most obvious images in country life, and to inculcate in simple language early feelings of humanity and piety. These pieces all bore simple and familiar titles, and were not calculated to be learned as a task, so much as by the attraction of their easy, simple flow of language and familiar manner.

The 'Spirit of Discovery by Sea,' first published in 1804, was the poem with which the author seemed to have taken most pains. It was nearly recomposed after it was in the printer's hands on the return of the proofs, and, as sometimes happens under such circumstances, the lines in many places were not improved. There is something sharp about the first effort or intention of the pen, which care will not improve in insulated passages, although in the aggregate the labour bestowed is always effective. This poem wants interest with the generality of readers, especially with those who are roused only by novelty, and stimulated to admiration only by extravagance of fancy. The subject, it may be objected, is too historical for poetry, and in this sense there may be some ground for impugning the poet's choice. But he is very dull-souled indeed who does not derive great pleasure from the beautiful passages and charming touches of description which sparkle through the poem. These will be readily appreciated by all who feel an interest in natural scenes, in descriptions of ocean and shore, of daring keels, and of 'cities of the sea' now no more.

The next important poem of Bowles is 'The Missionary,' inscribed to a nobleman whose seat is near Bremhill, and at whose magnificent mansion the feeling of Mæcenas towards literary talent seems inherited. The Marquis of Lansdowne, equally the friend of Bowles and Moore, who both resided at no great distance from Bowood, has to lament the loss of the social qualities of both—the former stricken by the hand of death, and the last in a state of health which gives little promise of restoration. The 'Missionary' is a pleasing poem, but it has little to interest; and its allusions to modern scenes and times are somewhat out of place. The 'Grave of the Last Saxon' is likewise a pleasing poem—the subject purely imaginary. In 'Banwell Hill, a Lay of the Severn Sea,' we have a species of polemical dissertation with reflections on the moral and religious state of parishes generally, past and present, which are better subjects for prose than poetry.

But Bowles not only exhibited himself as a poet: he became a disputant, and that not always on the successful side. It was natural that he should defend public schools and their ancient system of discipline and flogging; for he had upheld the principle in his poetry that the barbarism of the darker times of Europe, when joust and tournament settled the question of right and wrong, when trial by battle was the law of the land, and chivalry, as it was called, sustained itself in full glory—he had upheld that this was the foundation of all that was excellent in the present time. An attack he made upon Brougham and the 'Edinburgh Review' for censuring the system of education in the old grammar schools was not very happy. He relied too much upon existing prejudices, because they were those of the day in which he lived, and in which his fathers had lived before him.

Bowles, having in 1807 published a new edition of the works of Pope, in which he hazarded his reputation as an editor by some severe remarks upon the poetry and morals of that poet, became involved in a controversy which drew into its vortex a number of very distinguished personages among the literati. Campbell began the combat by some remarks upon the low scale in which Bowles seemed inclined to place the poetry of that distinguished writer, belonging to what was called the 'Augustan age of England.' Bowles rejoined, but Campbell kept out of the future part of the contest, which has been thus described with curious brevity:—'Bowles wrote a book upon Pope. Campbell abused Bowles' book upon Pope—Bowles wrote an answer to Campbell's abuse of Bowles' book upon Pope—Byron wrote a letter to some people in Albemarle Street in answer to Bowles' answer to Campbell's abuse of Bowles' book upon Pope. Jeremy Bentham wrote upon the subject. Bowles wrote an answer, not to Jeremy Bentham, but to Byron, in reply to his letter to certain persons in Albemarle Street in answer to Bowles' answer to Campbell's abuse of Bowles' book on Pope.'

The contest which Bowles thus caused related to what were styled by him the 'invariable principles' of poetry. If these, as thus laid down, were admitted, Pope must be degraded from the position he has so long maintained. The interest attached to the question was considerable. None but those denominated the 'Lake School of poets' could have stood their ground in public estimation. Moore took the best view of the matter, and said that neither side was right. The 'principles,' so called, of Bowles were not new: they had been long before canvassed in Italy and Germany. Bowles was too unqualified in the rules he laid down in his criticism on Pope. His argument was, that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature are more poetical than those drawn from art; that the passions of the human heart, as belonging to nature in general, are of themselves more adapted to the higher species of poetry than those resulting from transient manners. This is reasonable enough to be admitted even by the party which Campbell led; but unfortunately Bowles pushed

his 'principles of poetry' too far. He gave, in effect, no weight to the skill and power displayed in working up the materials; but said that the presence of the mere images was to determine the merits of the poet. According to him, therefore, the *Venus de Medicis* could not be natural, being a statue composed of the most perfect portions of the female form—too perfect to exist in any one natural being; and because not existing in nature, they could not be poetical. Byron, Bowles, Bentham, Campbell, Roscoe, and Gilchrist, were involved in this controversy, which will constitute a portion of literary history. The contest began in 1818-19.

Bowles conducted himself in this dispute with great temper; but that was not the case at a later period, when Roscoe of Liverpool again touched upon the subject. Bowles, so mild and gentlemanly, then attacked the philosopher of Liverpool with an acrimony that showed he had for a moment forgotten his natural character; especially as Roscoe was, like himself, a man of the most amiable temper, and of the gentlest manners.

The rank of Bowles as a poet is not of the higher order. He is seldom found much above the line of mediocrity; his verses are the production of a virtuous and reflective mind, deeply imbued with sensibility, little excited by passion, and susceptible of good rather than lofty emotions. The 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' are not to be found in his verses. He is tender, but rarely or never impassioned. His path is in the sunbeam or the cloudless moonlight—regular, calm, contemplative. Ever sedate, he has no skill in humorous sallies; he never plays with his subject; he never startles, but he almost always pleases. He enlists the social affections of the reader, and engages on his side the kindlier feelings of the heart; he is ever natural, often graceful, accurate in his descriptions of country scenery and objects, without being tedious; he never falls into silliness in search of simplicity, but is always manly; he deals for the most part in realities; but sometimes, though not very successfully, he has recourse to supernatural machinery, which, in these days of matter of fact, is dangerous ground.

The poet was fond of gardening and planting, for which he possessed much taste; he greatly improved the grounds of his rectory. In all the relations of life he was blameless; his attention to the doctrines of his church and to his clerical duties was unremitting. He rather professed what are called high than low church tenets, and had a particular antipathy to dissenters of all classes, except the Moravians, who won his regard by the mildness and inoffensiveness of their conduct. He was a great reader of controversial divinity, and perhaps went too far into that unprofitable labyrinth—that 'confusatory' of dead labours.

The poet was in the commission of the peace for the county of Wilts, and always exhibited a most assiduous attention to his magisterial duties. He once nobly braved the censure of the rustic bench in the cause of justice and humanity, by openly remonstrating against a sentence of unparalleled severity, which had been passed upon a female by one of his brother magistrates for a trifling theft. The conduct of Bowles on this occasion met the full approbation of Lord Lansdowne, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, as well as of numbers who had never beheld the poet in their lives, and were never destined to do so.

It was a custom with Bowles to pay an annual visit to the metropolis, in order not to drop behind in his intercourse with the great tide of existences, or the knowledge that is continually receiving fresh accessions in so vast a community. He used to observe that he never went back afterwards without some enlargement of mind, some increase of knowledge; but, above all, not without a double zest for those pleasures which he alone who is acquainted with and truly loves a country life knows how to appreciate. Conscientious in all things, he felt that in his brief annual absences he

might be the cause of some omission in his parochial duties, and he never failed to examine scrupulously into all such possibilities upon his return, believing that his calling was only a trust for others. In the same kind spirit in which he lived, he expired.

AGRICULTURAL ENTERPRISE IN SWEDEN.

THE account, in our number for March 9, of the temptations held out to British enterprise and capital in agricultural enterprise in the island of Gothland, has brought us a number of inquiries for further information. To prevent as much as possible the necessity for such applications, we have now to announce that in the part of the *Journal* for May, we shall print upon the cover as much additional intelligence as we can obtain, probably including a report from an intelligent East Lothian farmer, who, in consequence of our remarks of March 9, has gone to make personal examination of the lands offered in Gothland. These, it will be understood, are gratuitous services towards both the parties offering lands and the British farmers who may desire to know more about this new field of emigration. We profess of course no profound skill or insight as to the eligibility of Gothland; but all who know us will, we trust, believe that we have no object of our own to serve in calling attention to it.

We have meanwhile to bring before our readers some notices of a remarkable effort towards agricultural improvement which has been for three or four years in progress in Scania, the southern district of continental Sweden. This is a lowland district, of the latitude of southern Scotland and the north of England, lying very conveniently for intercourse with Denmark and Hamburg, and within three days' sail of Hull by steamers. In former times, when forming part of the kingdom of Denmark, it was a fertile, highly-cultivated province; but after being, in 1658, attached to Sweden, it became almost depopulated, and was allowed to fall into a state of nature, mainly because of the ascendancy which the mining and timber interests have hitherto had over those of agriculture in the Swedish legislature. It is to be hoped that better principles are now about to prevail in that country. Meanwhile the general appearance of Scania, after passing across a very narrow belt around the coast, is that of a country blessed by God, but ruined by the bad economical arrangements of man. The way is often nothing more than a wagon-track over wide uncultivated fields covered with brushwood, heath-plants, and those huge granite blocks which, according to geological speculation, the moving ice of ancient times brought in vast quantities from the north, and deposited here. The thinly-scattered hamlets, consisting of miserable farm-houses, are surrounded with some acres of corn-land, beyond which all is waste, or fit to serve only for pasture.

In 1845, Count Reventlow, son of the eminent Danish statesman who effected such important agricultural reforms in his own country sixty years ago, and brother of the present Danish ambassador in England, bought an estate of 11,500 acres in the midst of this wilderness, fully thirty miles from the nearest seaport. We must here quote from our informant, a Danish gentleman residing in England:—'The soil must generally be described as good, the subsoil being clay, in some parts mixed with gravel, and in a few parts sandy; but agriculture was, at the time of the purchase, in the very lowest state. What the father as legislator did for a whole kingdom, the son as landlord has done for his new property. In only two hamlets on the estate the

tenants had their own arable land around their home, all possessing in common some pasture-land more than one Swedish mile* distant from the hamlets. In a third hamlet nearly the same arrangement had recently been made, so as to give each tenant his separate arable-land around the farmhouse, some separate meadow-land for haymaking in another distant locality, and all the tenants a common field for pasturage. All the rest of the peasant-lands, forming the greater part of the estate, was held by the tenants in community, so that around each hamlet a small field was fenced in and cultivated by the inhabitants in common, each tenant reaping as his part the produce of perhaps from twelve to sixteen different and distant bits of land, each bit often only a few yards broad. Broad tracks led from the hamlets to the common pasturage fields, which were used not only by the tenants of this estate, but of those of several neighbouring estates likewise, so that these commons or heaths extended over several square miles, uninhabited, and looking like a part of a wild country. In those deserts the cattle were turned out; only the milking cows were attended to, kept together, and in the evening brought home by the cow-herds of the several hamlets. Horses and oxen were sent for only now and then, chiefly when they were required to bring the timber from the woods to the seacoast, the plough being used but sparingly. It was often very difficult to find the animals in those widespread tracts, where they wandered about under the oaks and beeches, or were hidden in the brushwood of alders, junipers, and other shrubs. It often occurred that a peasant, having for some days sought in vain for his beast in the vicinity of the hamlets, put a bag with a week's provisions on his back, and set out into the wilderness to search for the missing animal, which sometimes was found alive, but as often dead, having ventured into some unknown bog or moor. All the land cultivated by the tenants for their own use in 1845 did not amount to more than 1250 acres, and the three manors had 470 acres under the plough.

As the tenants, in this wretched state of things, could do little besides raising a scanty subsistence for themselves, the estate was productive of very little to the landlord; indeed the rent consisted solely in a small amount of occasional labour. The chief revenue was derived from the woods, which, after all, were used in a way the reverse of economical. The moral state of the district was also wretched, there being scarcely such a thing as regular education, while all old customs and superstitions were religiously clung to. It appeared from old maps that not the least change had taken place in the disposition of the fields since the beginning of the last century. But it is not to be wondered at, says our authority, that no improvement had taken place in that interval, 'as each tenant in a hamlet (partner of the hamlet corporation) was bound to sow and reap, whether the soil or the corn were fit or not, on the day fixed in the hamlet-law, or by the majority of the corporation. This might prove inconvenient, and seem unjustifiable; but such had been the use and custom of their fathers, and their grandfathers, and the fathers of their grandfathers, and those, they said, "were old and wise people, who had experience, and knew how it ought to be." The clothing and food of the people were most miserable. When they, in the summer, were cultivating the fields or the manors, they often stayed there the whole week, from Monday morning till Saturday evening, passing the nights in the barns, and bringing with them their scanty provisions of bread, cheese, and milk, which were replenished only once during the week; nevertheless, they worked heartily, and with cheerfulness. Their tools were in accordance with the rest, and their horses only ponies: better ones have since been introduced from Denmark.'

In taking possession of the estate, the problem which the new proprietor might be said to have before him

was, how to raise the revenue in proportion to the purchase-money. 'The first reform introduced was to give leases for life to the tenants of those two hamlets in which each farmhouse was surrounded by its own land, stipulating for a certain yearly rent in money; and to give similar leases, but only for five years, to the tenants of the third hamlet, where the land to some extent was appropriated to single farmers, but in a way which could not be allowed to continue. With a view to educating them for their future destination as farmers, all the other peasants were obliged to agree to do a certain amount of labour in the fields of the manors, and to pay some inconsiderable rent in money.

'Meanwhile, during the first summer, the difficult and delicate task was performed of making out from old documents, and fixing by surveyors, the boundaries, first, of the whole estate, and second, of the lands belonging to the several hamlets and manors. The tracts of woodland most fit for real forest culture were at the same time marked out, to be preserved in as regular and compact figures as possible. Finally, the single allotments were marked out to the single tenants of the hamlets, so that each farmer got his own land in one compact piece, in size adapted generally to his skill and means. This was for the most part done by dividing the land of each hamlet into a number of allotments equal to the old number of tenants and farmhouses in the hamlet; but new farms were also formed out of the land, and used only as pasturage, or not used at all. It then became necessary to remove many buildings, to build new ones, and to place others on the waste fields. Many settlers, several from Denmark, were called in, as the allotments generally were small, most of them about fifty acres, but many smaller, and some of not more than six acres.

'On the large uncultivated fields, which were sure to become parts of the manorial lands, a commencement had been made in this summer by draining, clearing away trees, shrubs, and roots, and rolling together in a heap, or carrying away, the large blocks of granite scattered over the surface. The whole of these preparatory labours could not be completed in the first summer; but the scheme nevertheless was fully planned out, a great deal of land divided into regular allotments, and contracts concluded, generally for fifteen years, partly with the old tenants, partly with new settlers. The yearly rents, that were to be paid in money, were lowered for the first years, in proportion to the quality of the soil, and to the improvements and breaking of new land stipulated for in the contracts: in some cases the first years were to be free of rent. It was not before the spring of 1846 that the whole might be said to have been arranged in the way described above. But at that time a number of the farmers, who had in this manner risen from labourers or servants, holding their places only at the will of the proprietor, to become farmers holding their lands for a longer series of years, made a still further progress, by buying their farms, the greater portion of the purchase-money to be retained under mortgage for a fixed period, unless the buyer chose to pay the whole earlier.

'With the arrival of this second spring, 1846, an activity and life began, so different from the past, that people believed themselves surrounded by quite another population. Trees and shrubs were cleared away; stones and granite-blocks were blasted, dug up, and removed. The stones were then used for the farm-buildings, and in greater quantities for fences, which for miles and miles were erected around the fields and the forests. The forests were for the future, to be regularly attended to, no grazing being allowed in them. Buildings were pulled down in one place to be rebuilt in another; and new ones were constructed. And when, in the fine summer evenings, the sound of hammers and axes became silent, the evening bell of the only church having announced the time for rest and prayer, the air was in all directions seen filled with smoke from the numberless heaps of green turf and roots grubbed up, collected, and set

* About seven English miles.

on fire; the ashes to be spread over the surface as a nutriment for the corn to be sown.

'The results of this activity have been most delightful. Where before nothing met the eye but moors and bogs, the desolate resorts of pewets and snipes, or monotonous fields covered with shrubs and stones, in such multitudes that one might leap from one to another, there the smiling corn-field now yields its rich produce to the cultivator, whose heart is filled with mixed feelings of self-satisfaction and thankfulness. Whole landscapes, enlivened by neat country-houses, have made their appearance.'

'The following statistical data will give some idea of the progress made in the first five years of this great undertaking:—On ground hitherto uninhabited, 120 larger and smaller houses or homes have been erected; amongst these two schools, each for 100 children, and each provided with a master trained and examined at one of the public training seminaries. The population has increased 17 per cent., without taking into account the multitude of labourers, who, from the neighbouring districts, are called in at certain periods. Three manors now cultivate more than 1800 acres instead of 470. The revenue in the present year is 70 per cent. higher than that of 1845, and next year it will be 100 per cent., and in 1856 not less than 150 per cent., higher. In this account the revenue of the two of the three manors, which are cultivated by the proprietor himself, is not included, nor that of the woods; but merely the rents and duties, stipulated for in the leases and purchase-deeds.'

These results are the more remarkable, that the Holstein war has considerably enhanced the value of capital in Denmark, raising money to 6 per cent., besides absorbing no inconsiderable portion of the energy of the nation. Such difficulties, however, are of little force in cases of this kind, when the true key to industrial exertion has been found. The enlightened proprietor set out with the design of giving the people a genuine interest in the results of their own industry. With that principle working in behalf of his plan, all has been comparatively easy. He has now the certain prospect of seeing in a few years a beautiful and lucrative estate where formerly there was only a wilderness. Can we doubt that, by similar means, similar changes could be effected not merely in other parts of Sweden, but in certain equally hapless parts of our own empire?

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE WIDOW.

In the winter of 1833 I was hurriedly, and, as I at the time could not help thinking, precipitately despatched to Guernsey, one of the largest of the islands which dot the British Channel, in quest of a gentleman of, till then, high character on the Stock Exchange, who, it was alleged, had absconded with a very large sum of money intrusted to him for investment by a baronet of considerable influence in official quarters. From certain circumstances, it was surmised that Guernsey would be his first hiding-place, and I was obliged to post all the way to Weymouth in order to save the mail packet, which left that place on the Saturday evening, or night rather, with the Channel-Island mails. Mr — had gone, it was conjectured, by way of Southampton. My search, promptly and zealously as I was aided by the Guernsey authorities, proving vain, I determined on going on to Jersey, when a letter arrived by post informing me that the person of whom I was in pursuit had either not intended to defraud his client, or that his heart had failed him at the threshold of crime. A few hours after I had left London he had reappeared, it seems, in his counting-house, after having a few minutes previously effected the investment of the money in accordance with his client's instructions, and was now,

through his attorney, threatening the accuser and all his aiders and abettors with the agreeable processes that in England usually follow sharply at the heels of such rash and hasty proceedings.

My mission over, I proposed to retrace my steps immediately; but unfortunately found myself detained in the island for nearly a week by the hurricane-weather which suddenly set in, rendering it impossible for the mail or other steam-packets to cross the Channel during its continuance. Time limped slowly and heavily away; and frequently, in my impatience to be gone, I walked down to the bleak pier, and strained my eyes in the direction in which the steamer from Jersey *should* appear. Almost every time I did so I encountered two persons, who, I could see, were even more impatient to be gone than myself, and probably, I thought, with much more reason. They were a widow lady, not certainly more than thirty years of age, and her son, a fine curly-haired boy, about eight or nine years old, whose natural light-heartedness appeared to be checked, subdued, by the deep grief and sadness which trembled in his mother's fine expressive eyes, and shrouded her pale but handsome face. He held her by the hand; often clasping it with both his tiny ones, and looking up to her as she turned despondingly away from the vacant roadstead and raging waters, with a half-frightened half-wondering expression of anxious love, which would frequently cause his mother to bend down, and hurriedly strive to kiss away the sorrowful alarm depicted in the child's face. These two beings strangely interested me; chiefly perhaps because, in my compelled idleness, I had little else except the obstinate and angry weather to engage my attention or occupy my thoughts. There was an unmistakable air of 'better days' about the widow—a grace of manner which her somewhat faded and unseasonable raiment rendered but the more striking and apparent. Her countenance, one perceived at the first glance, was of remarkable comeliness; and upon one occasion that I had an opportunity of observing it, I was satisfied that, under happier influences than now appeared to overshadow her, those pale interesting features would light up into beauty as brilliant as it was refined and intellectual.

This introduces another walking mystery, which, for want of something better to do, I was conjuring out of my fellow-watchers on the pier. He was a stoutish, strongly-set man of forty years of age, perhaps scarcely so much, showily dressed in new glossy clothes; French-varnished boots, thin-soled enough, winter as it was, for a drawing-room; hat of the latest *gent* fashion; a variegated satin cravat, fastened by two enormous-headed gold pins, connected with a chain; and a heavy gold chain fastened from his watch waistcoat-pocket over his neck. The complexion of his face was a cadaverous white, liberally sprinkled and relieved with gin and brandy blossoms, whilst the coarseness of his not overly-clean hands was with singular taste set off and displayed by some half-dozen glittering rings. I felt a growing conviction, especially on noticing a sudden change in the usual cunning, impudent, leering expression of his eyes, as he caught me looking at him with some earnestness, that I had somewhere had the honour of a previous introduction to him. That he had not been, lately at all events, used to such resplendent habiliments as he now sported, was abundantly evident from his numerous smirking self-surveys as he strutted jauntily along, and frequent stoppings before shops that, having mirrors in their windows, afforded a more complete view of his charming person.

This creature I was convinced was in some way or other connected, or at anyrate acquainted, with the young and graceful widow. He was constantly dogging her steps; and I noticed with surprise, and some little irritation, that his vulgar bow was faintly returned by the lady as they passed each other; and that her recognition of him, slight and distant as it was, was not unfrequently accompanied by a blush, whether arising from a pleasurable emotion or the reverse I could not for some time determine. There is a mystery about blushes, I was, and am quite aware, not easily penetrable, more especially about those of widows. I was soon enlightened upon that point. One day, when she happened to be standing alone on the pier—her little boy was gazing through a telescope I had borrowed of the landlord of the hotel where I lodged—he approached, and before she was well aware of his intention, took her hand, uttering at the same time, it seemed, some words of compliment. It was then I observed her features literally flash with a vividness of expression which revealed a beauty I had not before imagined she possessed. The fellow absolutely recoiled before the concentrated scorn which flushed her pale features, and the indignant gesture with which she withdrew her hand from the contamination of his touch. As he turned confusedly and hastily away, his eyes encountered mine, and he muttered some unintelligible sentences, during which the widow and her son left the spot.

'The lady,' said I, as soon as she was out of hearing, 'seems in a cold, bitter humour this morning; not unlike the weather.'

'Yes, Mr Wat—I beg pardon, Mr What's-your-name, I would say?'

'Waters, as I perceive you know quite well. My recollection of you is not so distinct. I have no remembrance of the fashionable clothes and brilliant jewellery, none whatever; but the remarkable countenance I have seen.'

'I daresay you have, Waters,' he replied, reassuming his insolent, swaggering air. 'I practise at the Old Bailey; and I have several times seen you there, not, as now, in the masquerade of a gentleman, but with a number on your collar.'

I was silly enough to feel annoyed for a moment at the fellow's stupid sarcasm, and turned angrily away.

'There, don't fly into a passion,' continued he with an exulting chuckle. 'I have no wish to be ill friends with so smart a hand as you are. What do you say to a glass or two of wine, if only to keep this confounded wind out of our stomachs? It's cheap enough here.'

I hesitated a few seconds, and then said, 'I have no great objection; but first, whom have I the honour of addressing?'

'Mr Gates. William Gates, Esquire, attorney-at-law.'

'Gates! Not the Gates, I hope, in the late Bryant affair?'

'Well—yes; but allow me to say, Waters, that the observations of the judge on that matter, and the consequent proceedings, were quite unjustifiable; and I was strongly advised to petition the House on the subject; but I forbore, perhaps unwisely.'

'From consideration chiefly, I daresay, for the age and infirmities of his lordship, and his numerous family?'

'Come, come,' rejoined Gates with a laugh; 'don't poke fun in that way. The truth is, I get on quite as

well without as with the certificate. I transact business now for Mr Everard Preston: you understand?'

'Perfectly. I now remember where I have seen you. But how is it your dress has become so suddenly changed? A few weeks ago, it was nothing like so magnificent?'

'True, my dear boy, true: quite right. I saw you observed that. First-rate, isn't it? Every article genuine. Bond and Regent Street, I assure you,' he added, scanning himself complacently over. I nodded approval, and he went on—'You see I have had a windfall; a piece of remarkable luck; and so I thought I would escape out of the dingy, smoky village, and air myself for a few days in the Channel.'

'A delightful time of the year for such a purpose truly. Rather say you came to improve your acquaintance with the lady yonder, who, I daresay, will not prove ultimately inflexible?'

'Perhaps you are right—a little at least you may be, about the edges. But here we are; what do you take—port?'

'That as soon as anything else.'

Mr Gates was, as he said, constitutionally thirsty, and although it was still early in the day, drank with great relish and industry. As he grew flushed and rosy, and I therefore imagined communicative, I said, 'Well, now, tell me who and what is that lady?'

The reply was a significant compound gesture, comprising a wink of his left eye and the tap of a forefinger upon the right side of his nose. I waited, but the pantomimic action remained uninterpreted by words.

'Not rich apparently?'

'Poor as Job.'

'An imprudent marriage probably?'

'Guess again, and I'll take odds you'll guess wrong; but suppose, as variety is charming, we change the subject. What is your opinion now of the prospects of the ministry?'

I saw it was useless attempting to extract any information from so cunning a rascal; and hastily excusing myself, I rose, and abruptly took my leave, more and more puzzled to account for the evident connection, in some way or other, of so fair and elegant a woman with a low attorney, struck off the rolls for fraudulent misconduct, and now acting in the name of a person scarcely less disreputable than himself. On emerging from the tavern, I found that the wind had not only sensibly abated, but had become more favourable to the packet's leaving Jersey, and that early the next morning we might reasonably hope to embark for Weymouth. It turned out as we anticipated. The same boat which took me off to the roads conveyed also the widow—Mrs Grey, I saw by the cards on her modest luggage—and her son. Gates followed a few minutes afterwards, and we were soon on our stormy voyage homewards.

The passage was a very rough, unpleasant one, and I saw little of the passengers in whom, in spite of myself, as it were, I continued to feel so strong an interest, till the steamer was moored alongside the Weymouth quay, and we stood together for a brief space, awaiting the scrutiny and questionings of the officers of the customs. I bowed adieu as I stepped from the paddle-box to the shore, and thought, with something of a feeling of regret, that in all probability I should never see either of them again. I was mistaken, for on arriving early the next morning to take possession of the outside place booked for me by the coach to London through Southampton, I found Mrs Grey and her son already seated on the roof. Gates came hurriedly a few minutes afterwards, and ensconced himself snugly inside. The day was bitterly cold, and the widow and her somewhat delicate-looking boy were but poorly clad for such inclement weather. The coachman and myself, however, contrived to force some rough, stout cloaks upon their acceptance, which sufficed pretty well during the day; but as night came on rainy and tempestuous, as well as dark and bleak, I felt that they must be in some way or other got inside,

where Gates was the only passenger. Yet so distant, so frigidly courteous was Mrs Grey, that I was at a loss how to manage it. Gates, I saw, was enjoying himself hugely to his own satisfaction. At every stage he swallowed a large glass of brandy and water, and I observed that he cast more and more audaciously-triumphant glances towards Mrs Grey. Once her eye, though studiously I thought averted from him, caught his, and a deep blush, in which fear, timidity, and aversion seemed strangely mingled, swept over her face. What *could* it mean? It was, however, useless to worry myself further with profitless conjectures, and I descended from the roof to hold a private parley with the coachman. A reasonable bargain was soon struck: he went to Mrs Grey and proposed to her, as there was plenty of room to spare, that she and her son should ride inside.

'It will make no difference in the fare,' he added, 'and it's bitter cold out here for a lady.'

'Thank you,' replied the widow after a few moments' hesitation; 'we shall do very well here.'

I guessed the cause of her refusal, and hastened to add, 'You had better, I think, accept the coachman's proposal: the night-weather will be dreadful, and even I, a man, must take refuge inside.' She looked at me with a sort of grateful curiosity, and then accepted, with many thanks, the coachman's offer.

When we alighted at the Regent Circus, London, I looked anxiously but vainly round for some one in attendance to receive and greet the widow and her son. She did not seem to expect any one, but stood gazing vacantly, yet sadly, at the noisy, glaring, hurrying scene around her, her child's hand clasped in hers with an unconsciously tightening grasp, whilst her luggage was removed from the roof of the coach. Gates stood near, as if in expectation that his services must now, however unwillingly, be accepted by Mrs Grey. I approached her, and said somewhat hurriedly, 'If, as I apprehend, madam, you are a stranger in London, and consequently in need of temporary lodgings, you will, I think, do well to apply to the person whose address I have written on this card. It is close by. He knows me, and on your mentioning my name, will treat you with every consideration. I am a police-officer; here is my address; and any assistance in my power shall, in any case,' and I glanced at Gates, 'be freely rendered to you.' I then hastened off, and my wife an hour afterwards was even more anxious and interested for the mysterious widow and her son than myself.

About six weeks had glided away, and the remembrance of my fellow-passengers from Guernsey was rapidly fading into indistinctness, when a visit from Roberts, to whose lodgings I had recommended Mrs Grey, brought them once more painfully before me. That the widow was poor I was not surprised to hear; but that a person so utterly destitute of resources and friends, as she appeared from Roberts' account to be, should have sought the huge wilderness of London, seemed marvellous. Her few trinkets, and nearly all her scanty wardrobe, Roberts more than suspected were at the pawnbroker's. The rent of the lodgings had not been paid for the last month, and he believed that for some time past they had not had a sufficiency of food, and were *now* in a state of literal starvation! Still, she was cold and distant as ever, complained not, though daily becoming paler, thinner, weaker.

'Does Gates the attorney visit her?' I asked.

'No—she would not see him, but letters from him are almost daily received.'

Roberts, who was a widower, wished my wife to see her: he was seriously apprehensive of some tragical result; and this, apart from considerations of humanity, could not be permitted for his own sake to occur in his house. I acquiesced; and Emily hurriedly equipped herself, and set off with Roberts to Sherrard Street, Haymarket.

On arriving at home, Roberts, to his own and my wife's astonishment, found Gates there in a state of exuberant satisfaction. He was waiting to pay any

claim Roberts had upon Mrs Grey, to whom, the ex-attorney exultingly announced, he was to be married on the following Thursday! Roberts, scarcely believing his ears, hastened up to the first floor, to ascertain if Mrs Grey had really given authority to Gates to act for her. He tapped at the door, and a faint voice bidding him enter, he saw at once what had happened. Mrs Grey, pale as marble, her eyes flashing with almost insane excitement, was standing by a table, upon which a large tray had been placed covered with soups, jellies, and other delicacies, evidently just brought in from a tavern, eagerly watching her son partake of the first food he had tasted for two whole days! Roberts saw clearly how it was, and stammering a foolish excuse of having tapped at the wrong door, hastened away. She had at last determined to sacrifice herself to save her child's life! Emily, as she related what she had seen and heard, wept with passionate grief, and I was scarcely less excited: the union of Mrs Grey with such a man seemed like the profanation of a pure and holy shrine. Then Gates was, spite of his windfall, as he called it, essentially a needy man! Besides—and this was the impenetrable mystery of the affair—what inducement, what motive could induce a mercenary wretch like Gates to unite himself in marriage with poverty—with destitution? The notion of his being influenced by sentiment of any kind was, I felt, absurd. The more I reflected on the matter, the more convinced I became that there was some villanous scheme in process of accomplishment by Gates, and I determined to make at least one resolute effort to arrive at a solution of the perplexing riddle. The next day, having a few hours to spare, the thought struck me that I would call on Mrs Grey myself. I accordingly proceeded towards her residence, and in Coventry Street happened to meet Jackson, a brother officer, who, I was aware from a few inquiries I had previously made, knew something of Gates's past history and present position. After circumstantially relating the whole matter, I asked him if he could possibly guess what the fellow's object could be in contracting such a marriage?

'Object!' replied Jackson; 'why, money of course: what else? He has by some means become aware that the lady is entitled to property, and he is scheming to get possession of it as her husband.'

'My own conviction! Yet the difficulty of getting at any proof seems insurmountable.'

'Just so. And, by the way, Gates is certainly in high feather just now, however acquired. Not only himself, but Rivers his cad, clerk he calls himself, has cast his old greasy skin, and appears quite spruce and shining. And—now I remember—what did you say was the lady's name?'

'Grey.'

'Grey! Ah, then I suppose it can have nothing to do with it! It was a person of the name of Welton or Skelton that called on us a month or two ago about Gates.'

'What was the nature of the communication?'

'I can hardly tell you: the charge was so loosely made, and hurriedly withdrawn. Skelton—yes, it *was* Skelton—he resides in pretty good style at Knightsbridge—called and said that Gates had stolen a cheque or draft for five hundred pounds, and other articles sent through him to some house in the city, of which I think he said the principal was dead. He was advised to apply through a solicitor to a magistrate, and went away, we supposed, for that purpose; but about three hours afterwards he returned, and in a hurried, flurried sort of way said he had been mistaken, and that he withdrew every charge he had made against Mr Gates.'

'Very odd.'

'Yes; but I don't see how it can be in anyway connected with this Mrs Grey's affairs. Still, do you think it would be of any use to sound Rivers? I know the fellow well, and where I should be pretty sure to find him this evening.'

It was arranged he should do so, and I proceeded on

to Sherrard Street. Mrs Grey was alone in the front apartment of the ground-floor, and received me with much politeness. She had, I saw, been weeping; her eyes were swollen and bloodshot; and she was deadly pale; but I looked in vain for any indication of that utter desolation which a woman like her, condemned to such a sacrifice, might naturally be supposed to feel. I felt greatly embarrassed as to how to begin; but at length I plunged boldly into the matter; assured her she was cruelly deceived by Gates, who was in no condition to provide for her and her son in even tolerable comfort; and that I was convinced he had no other than a mercenary and detestable motive in seeking marriage with her. Mrs Grey heard me in so totally unmoved a manner, and the feeling that I was really meddling with things that did not at all concern me, grew upon me so rapidly, as I spoke to that unanswering countenance, that by the time I had finished my eloquent harangue, I was in a perfect fever of embarrassment and confusion, and very heartily wished myself out of the place. To my further bewilderment, Mrs Grey, when I had quite concluded, informed me—in consideration, she said, of the courtesies I had shown her when we were fellow-travellers—that she was perfectly aware Mr Gates' motive in marrying her was purely a mercenary one; and her own in consenting to the union, except as regarded her son, was, she admitted, scarcely better. She added—riddle upon riddles!—that she knew also that Mr Gates was very poor—insolvent, she understood. I rose mechanically to my feet, with a confused notion swimming in my head that both of us at all events could not be in our right senses. This feeling must have been visible upon my face; for Mrs Grey added with a half-smile, 'You cannot reconcile these apparent contradictions; be patient; you will perfectly comprehend them before long. But as I wish not to stand too low in your estimation, I must tell you that Mr Gates is to subscribe a written agreement that we separate the instant the ceremony has been performed. But for that undertaking, I would have suffered any extremity, death itself, rather than have consented to marry him!'

Still confused, stunned, as it were, by what I had heard, my hand was on the handle of the door to let myself out, when a thought arose in my mind. 'Is it possible, Mrs Grey,' I said, 'that you can have been deceived into a belief that such a promise, however formally set down, is of the slightest legal value?—that the law recognises, or would enforce, an instrument to render nugatory the solemn obligation you will, after signing it, make, "to love, honour, obey, and cherish your husband?"' I had found the right chord at last. Mrs Grey, as I spoke, became deadly pale; and had she not caught at one of the heavy chairs, she would have been unable to support herself.

'Do I understand you to say,' she faintly and brokenly gasped, 'that such an agreement as I have indicated, duly sealed and witnessed, could not be summarily enforced by a magistrate?'

'Certainly it could not, my dear madam, and well Gates knows it to be so; and I am greatly mistaken in the man, if, once the irrevocable ceremony over, he would not be the first to deride your credulity.'

'If that be so,' exclaimed the unfortunate lady with passionate despair, 'I am indeed ruined—lost! Oh my darling boy, would that you and I were sleeping in your father's quiet grave!'

'Say not so,' I exclaimed with emotion, for I was afflicted by her distress. 'Honour me with your confidence, and all may yet be well.'

After much intreaty, she despairingly complied. The substance of her story, which was broken by frequent outbursts of grief and lamentation, was as follows:—She was the only child of a London merchant—Mr Walton we will call him—who had lived beyond his means, and failed ruinously to an immense amount. His spirits and health were broken by this event, which he survived only a few months. It happened that about

the time of the bankruptcy she had become acquainted with Mr John Grey, the only son of an eminent East India merchant, but a man of penurious disposition and habits.

'Mr Ezekiel Grey?'

The same. They became attached to each other, deeply so; and knowing that to solicit the elder Grey's consent to their union would be tantamount to a sentence of immediate separation and estrangement, they unwisely, thoughtlessly, married, about ten months after Mr Walton's death, without the elder Grey's knowledge. Gates, an attorney, then in apparently fair circumstances, with whom young Mr Grey had become acquainted, and Anne Crawford, Maria Walton's servant, were the witnesses of the ceremony, which, after due publication of banns, was celebrated in St Giles's Church. The young couple, after the marriage, lived in the strictest privacy, the wife meagrely supported by the pocket-money allowance of Mr Ezekiel Grey to his son. Thus painfully elapsed nine years of life, when, about twelve months previous to the present time, Mr Grey determined to send his son to Bombay, in order to the arrangement of some complicated claims on a house of agency there. It was decided that, during her husband's absence, Mrs John Grey should reside in Guernsey, partly with a view to economy, and partly for the change of air, which it was said their son required—Mr Gates to be the medium through which money and letters were to reach the wife. Mr Ezekiel Grey died somewhat suddenly about four months after his son's departure from England, and Mrs Grey had been in momentary expectation of the arrival of her husband, when Gates came to Guernsey, and announced his death at Bombay, just as he was preparing for the voyage to England! The manner of Gates was strange and insolent; and he plainly intimated that without his assistance both herself and child would be beggars; and that assistance he audaciously declared he would only afford at the price of marriage! Mrs Grey, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a husband by whom she had been as constantly as tenderly beloved, and dizzy with ill-defined apprehension, started at once for London. A copy of the will of Mr Ezekiel Grey had been procured, by which in effect he devised all his estate, real and personal, to his son; but in the event of Mr John Grey dying unmarried, or without lawful issue, it went to his wife's nephew, Mr Skelton—

'Skelton of Knightsbridge?'

Yes: in case of Mr John Grey marrying, Skelton was to be paid an immediate legacy of five thousand pounds. So far, then, as fortune went, the widow and her son seemed amply provided for. So Mrs Grey thought till she had another interview with Gates, who unblushingly told her that unless she consented to marry him, he would not prove, though he had abundant means of doing so, that the person she had married at St Giles's Church was the son of Ezekiel Grey, the eminent merchant! 'The name,' said the scoundrel, 'will not help you; there are plenty of John Greys on that register; and as for Anne Crawford, she has been long since dead.' Mrs Grey next called on Mr Skelton, and was turned out of the house as an impostor; and finally, having parted with everything upon which she could raise money, and Gates reiterating his offer, or demand rather, accompanied by the proposal of an immediate separation, she had consented.

'Courage, madam!' I exclaimed at the end of her narrative, of which the above is the substance, and I spoke in a tone of joyous confidence, which, more than my words, reassured her: 'I already see glimpses of daylight through this maze of villany. Gates has played a desperate game certainly, but one which we shall, you may rely on it, easily baffle.' A knock at the door interrupted me: I peered through the blind, and saw that it was Gates: 'Silence—secrecy!' I emphatically urged in a low voice, and with my finger on my lip, and left the room before the street-door could be answered; and by my friend Roberts' contrivance, I was in a few

minutes afterwards in the street, all the time unobserved by the intruder.

The next day early Jackson called on me. He had seen Rivers, but he seemed to know nothing, except, indeed, that it was quite true Gates had received a five-hundred pound draft from a house in India, which he, Rivers, had got notes for at the Bank of England. There were also in the same parcel a gold watch, he knew, and some jewellery, but from whom it all came, he, Rivers, was ignorant. Nothing but that had Jackson been able to discover.

'Call you that nothing?' said I, starting up, and hastily swallowing my last cup of coffee. 'It is enough, at all events, to transport William Gates, Esquire!'

I had to wait that morning on especial business on the commissioner; and after the business upon which I had been summoned had been despatched, I related the case of Grey *versus* Gates as clearly and succinctly as I could. He listened with great attention, and in about a quarter of an hour I left him with as clear and unmistakable a path before me as it was possible to desire. I was passing down the stairs when I was re-summoned.

'You quite understand, Waters, that Skelton is not for a moment to be lost sight of till his deposition has been taken?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'That will do then.'

Arrived at home, I despatched my wife in a cab for Mrs Grey. She soon arrived, and as much as was necessary of our plan I confided to her. Mr Gates had pressed her earnestly that the ceremony should take place on the following morning. By my directions she now wrote, although her trembling fingers made an almost unintelligible scrawl of it, that as it *was* to be, she agreed to his proposition, and should expect him at nine o'clock.

Two hours afterwards, Jackson and I, having previously watched the gentleman home, knocked at Mr Skelton's house, Knightsbridge, and requested to see him. At the very moment, he came out of a side-room, and was proceeding up stairs.

'Mr Skelton,' said I, stepping forward, 'I must have a private interview with you!' He was in an instant as pale as a corpse, and shaking like an aspen—such miserable cowards does an evil conscience make men—and tottering led the way, without speaking, to a small library.

'You know me, Mr Skelton, and doubtless guess the meaning of my errand?'

He stammered out a denial, which his trembling accents and ashy countenance emphatically denied.

'You and Gates of the Minorities are engaged in a felonious conspiracy to deprive Mrs Grey and her infant son of their property and inheritance!'

Had he been struck by a cannon-shot, he could not have fallen more suddenly and helplessly upon the couch close to which he was standing.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'what is this!'

Perceiving he was quite sufficiently frightened, I said, 'There is no wish on Mrs Grey's part to treat you harshly, so that you aid us in convicting Gates. For this purpose, you must at once give the numbers of the notes Gates obtained for the cheque, and also the letter in which the agent at Bombay announced its transmission through Gates.'

'Yes—yes!' he stammered, rising, and going to a secrétaire. 'There is the letter.'

I glanced over it. 'I am glad to find,' I said, 'that you did not know by this letter that the money and other articles here enumerated had been sent by the dying husband to his wife through Gates.'

'I most solemnly assure you I did not!' he eagerly replied; 'until—until—'

'Mr Gates informed you of it, and seduced you to conspire with him. He has been playing a double game. Whilst amusing you, he purposes marrying Mrs Grey to-morrow morning!'

'Is it possible? But I suspected'—

'No doubt. In the meantime, you will, if you please, accompany us. There is every desire to spare you,' I added, perceiving him hesitate; 'but our orders are peremptory.' With a very ill grace Mr Skelton complied, and we were rapidly driven off.

The next morning Jackson, Skelton, and myself, were in Sherrard Street before daybreak. Mrs Grey was already up, and at eight o'clock we sat down with her and her son to an excellent breakfast. She was charmingly dressed in the wedding garments which Gates had purchased with her stolen money, and I almost felt it in my heart to pity the unfortunate bridegroom, rascal as he was, about to be suddenly disappointed of such a bride and such a fortune! It was very necessary that she should be so arrayed, for, as we had thought quite probable, Rivers called a few minutes past eight with a present of jewellery, and the bride's appearance must have completely disarmed any suspicion which his master might have entertained.

Breakfast was over: Mrs Grey, with her son, was seated on a couch in the front room, and we were lying *perdu* in the next apartment, separated only by folding-doors, when a coach drew up before the house; a bridegroom's impatient summons thundered at the door; and presently forth stepped Mr Gates, resplendently attired, followed by his man Rivers, who was, it appeared, to give the bride away. Mr Gates entered the presence of beautiful Mrs Grey in immense triumph. He approached her with the profoundest gallantry; and was about to speak, when Jackson and I, who had been sedulously watching through the chink of the slightly-opened doors, advanced into the room, followed by Mr Skelton. His attitude of terror and surprise was one of the most natural performances I ever witnessed. He turned instinctively as if to flee. My grasp was in an instant on his collar.

'The game is up, my good Mr Gates: I arrest you for felony!'

'Felony!'

'Ay, truly. For stealing a gold watch, diamond pin, and a cheque for five hundred pounds, sent through you to this lady.'

All his insolent swagger vanished in an instant, and the abject scoundrel threw himself at Mrs Grey's feet, and absolutely howled for mercy.

'I will do anything,' he gaspingly protested; 'anything you require, so that you will save me from these men!'

'Where is Crawford?' I asked, desirous of taking immediate, but not, I hope, unfair, advantage of the rascal's terror; 'she who witnessed this lady's marriage?'

'At Leamington, Warwickshire,' he replied.

'Very good. Now, Mrs Grey, if you will leave us, I shall be obliged. We must search this gentleman, and perhaps'—She vanished in an instant: her gentleness of disposition was, I saw, rapidly mastering all resentment. I carried the watch we took out of Gates's pocket to her, and she instantly recognised it to be her husband's. A fifty and a twenty-pound bank-note, corresponding to the numbers on our list, we extricated from the disappointed bridegroom's pocket-book. 'And now, sir, if you please,' said I, 'we will adjourn to your lodgings.' A savage scowl was his only reply, not at all discomposing to me, and we were soon busy ransacking his hidden hoards. We found several other articles sent by Mr John Grey to his wife, and three letters to her, which, as corroborative evidence, would leave no doubt as to *who* her husband was. Our next visit was to a police court, where Mr William Gates was fully committed for trial. He was in due time convicted of stealing the watch, and sentenced to transportation for seven years.

Mrs Grey's marriage, and her son's consequent succession to the deceased merchant's wealth, were not disputed. She has never remarried, and lives now in beneficent affluence in one of the new squares beyond

the Edgeware Road with her son, who, though now six-and-twenty years of age, or thereabouts, is still unappropriated; but 'the good time is coming,' so at least hinted a few days ago the fashionable 'Morning Post.'

LONDON GOSSIP.

April 1850.

We are getting into the thick of it once more: the blaze of balls—delights of the drama—operations of the opera—pedantry of politics—simmerings of sanitation—grumbings of gas-men—warfare of waterworks—scowlings of scavengers—travails of tradesmen—maceration of ministers, and I don't know what besides: all talked about at dinner-parties and nocturnal *réunions*, with an interminable under-current of minor twaddle. At such gatherings you may be pretty sure to hear something *pro* and *con* on the impending removal of the Royal Academy from the National Gallery—on the transference of the Vernon collection to Marlborough House—on the bas-reliefs just affixed to the pedestal of the Nelson Column; or perhaps some one wonders why Lord Rosse, the president of the Royal Society, intends to hold his soirées this season at his own residence, instead of at Somerset House. If literature comes up for discussion, you will be told that Mr Grote's 'Greece' is the history of that classic land; a fact which few will care to deny; and if the colloquists be obtuse, Thomas Carlyle gets a snubbing for his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' a rebuke which the said Thomas survives with exemplary and wonderful equanimity. Or perchance a neglected naturalist attracts notice by talking learnedly of the forthcoming book of Agassiz on 'Lake Superior, its Physical Characteristics,' &c. &c., and assures the company that it will be a work every way worthy of its author. Anon a dispute arises as to the new poems by new and old poets: 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day,' 'The Angel World,' 'The Roman,' and other bardic effusions, and here and there a hint is dropped that the author of the 'Princess' is to be the future laureate.

Such is one phase of gossip: taking another orbit, you get out of dilettantism into philosophy and practicalities, and here we have a host of topics all wanting to be uppermost; some to sink speedily into 'everlasting nonentity,' while a few, very few, leave a trace of their passage. If editors would be content to take things as they come, as the Irish and Cochinchinese do, we poor writers should be spared a world of trouble in arrangement. But as you are not that way inclined, we for our part must sacrifice the picturesque to the useful. So to begin:—the exhibition of Mediæval Art, at the Society of Arts, is doing good in more ways than one. It makes people acquainted with rare curiosities of workmanship, which otherwise they would never have the opportunity of seeing, and teaches them that artists and artisans of the olden time had more skill than they generally get credit for. This exhibition would require a whole chapter to do justice to it, and I can only remark in passing, that the sight of it will prove an instructive lesson to those overdone with conceit. Another subject of conversation is the recently-ventilated project for removing the railing and wall at the west end of St Paul's, and thus leave a spacious area—*place*, as the French would call it—open to the public. This, should it come to pass, will be a great convenience, facilitate locomotion, and improve the aspect of the magnificent cathedral. Another is, the bill for which the Commons have 'given leave' for the new Victoria Docks to be constructed on the Essex shore of the Thames opposite Woolwich, at an estimated cost of a million and a-half sterling. May success attend the enterprise, which comes opportunely to meet the increased activity to accrue from the alteration in the navigation laws! Another is, the new Park—a *park* for the people—breathing space—to be laid out

somewhere within the bounds of Finsbury, at an expense, as is said, of £150,000; and then the throwing open of the gardens of Chelsea Hospital for the recreation of the citizens. This is welcome as gossip, and how much welcome will it be in fact! The friends of temperance are felicitating one another on the diminished allowance of spirits to be served in the navy, and viewing it as an important step towards further ameliorations in the moral and physical condition of sailors. The Peninsular Steam Navigation Company have come to a resolution to abolish the use of spirits altogether on board their vessels, except in cases of absolute necessity: the men's pay will be raised five shillings per month by way of compensation. They intend also to establish a savings' bank and a school at Southampton; the former with a view to promote habits of economy among their crews, the latter for the training and instruction of the children belonging to the sailors in their service. There is something better in these measures than the mere making of teetotallers: a new and healthy stimulus is provided for the adult, while the young are forearmed against temptation. There is some talk among city men of the scheme, with which the same company are connected, for a monthly steam communication with Australia, and fortnightly with China, at much less cost than by the present arrangement. The route, as proposed, is to be 'from Singapore to Swan River, Adelaide, Port-Philip, and Sydney, returning thence, and calling at all the same ports on the way back,' and to be extended by a branch to Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. If, in addition to this rapid transit, we could only get Ocean Penny Postage, what a blessing and benefit would be gained by emigrants and their relatives in either hemisphere, to say nothing of commercial correspondence! And apropos of rapid communication, we are told that the submarine telegraph from Dover to Calais is about to be realised. It is said that 'the tower for the battery, offices, and general works at Dover are nearly erected; and the insulated wires are in a forward state of progress, and are expected to be sunk across the Channel in the course of next month.' Accounts from New York inform us of a new application of thermic-electricity which has been patented for telegraphic purposes in that state. Rumour speaks of it as something extraordinary; but considering the magniloquent propensities of our oversea brethren, we must not be too ready to believe without seeing.

An attempt is at last to be made in our New Victoria Street, the Royal Road of Westminster, to build houses in floors with a common stair, and thus gain economy of space with increased stability, yet preserving all the essentials of style and of *respectability*—that phantom to which so many thousands of English people sacrifice their existence. It is to be hoped that the example—not of sacrificing, but of building—will be followed in other quarters. Talking of architecture reminds one of the improved glass for windows which has been adopted in some new houses with considerable effect, and also applied to mirrors. As the description states—'after the glass has been silvered in the usual way, wreaths of flowers and other devices are cut in the glass, and covered over with a chemical fluid. When the glass has been thus prepared, the silvering is roughly applied to the ornamental part; and when that has acquired the requisite consistency, the artist, by means of needles, works out the details of the embroidered device much in the same way as the carving-machine, on Jordan's principle, follows and works out the cutting in the model. The embroidering,' it is said, 'increases the usual price, but not so much as to preclude even the middle classes from purchasing mirrors ornamented with elegant and permanent designs.' At Mr Kidd's establishment in Poland Street, Oxford Street, we were shown some beautiful specimens of mirrors decorated in this singularly-beautiful manner. Then there is another bit of art that has been exhibiting itself in high quarters: a new American churn, which makes butter almost as fast as

cooks can use it. By this contrivance, which is very simple, the cream is so thoroughly interpenetrated by atmospheric air, that it separates from the milk with great rapidity and completeness, and without frothing. In the trial which took place a few days since at the Mansion House, four pounds of butter were made from four quarts of cream in ten minutes. What will our dairy-farmers say to this Yankee achievement? will they take a hint from it? remembering that in these times butter travels by railway. Hardly have we looked at the churn before our attention is drawn off to a 'Novelty in Printing,' which, having been exhibited and approved in Paris, now offers its pretensions to the London press. It is a mode of stereotyping with paper instead of plaster, invented and patented by Mr Worme, a French printer, and described as 'the new Rotary Press, worked by cylindrical motion, and by a stereotype obtained from several sheets of paper made in a pulp, which gives more depth than is usually obtained from plaster of Paris, and the printing is so perfect, that even maps are reproduced from these cylindrical stereotypes with the minutest accuracy.' When tested in Paris, 'the stereotype cylinder was got up in exactly fifteen minutes, and the printing on both sides was quite perfect; the speed was 15,000 copies per hour, which can be augmented by corresponding steam power. The rapidity is owing to the printing on endless paper, not wetted, put on rollers; each copy is cut off with mathematical precision. It was generally admitted by all parties that the whole was superior to anything in existence, and that the simplicity of the process, together with the economy, must form a new era and a complete revolution in printing in general, as, besides the rapidity, the saving in types is very considerable: these being only used on the pulp for the forming of the stereotype, and not worked afterwards. The Journal la Presse has given the first order, and is so well satisfied, as to have ordered a sufficient number to do the whole work of their establishment. Five hands, of which two are adults, will do the same work as fifteen men did formerly.' This description, which smacks of foreign authorcraft, has made some talk, and led to visits of inspection among the London trade. The general opinion appears to be, that the scheme will not perform all it promises. In connection with this ingenious application of paper, I may mention the 'stone cartridge paper' for roofing houses, recently invented in Germany. If we get to paper roofs, we shall, I suppose, not stop short of the Chinese pagodas said to be constructed with this impudorous material.

You probably have not seen the 'blue book' on the British Museum? It is a huge affair, comprising over eight hundred pages. Is it not a little singular that nearly all these parliamentary annuals are filled with details of mismanagement or error? If the inferences are to be believed, good government, on ever so small a scale, is an impossibility. This Museum Report, however, notwithstanding its uninviting aspect, contains some interesting matter. I shall only quote two of the financial items. One is, that the Museum buildings since 1823 have cost nearly L.700,000; the other, that since 1755 L.1,100,000 have been expended in purchases for the various departments. Among other reports which have made their appearance, as well as this of the great Bloomsbury establishment, is the City Police Report for 1849, which presents a somewhat favourable balance-sheet as compared with former years; thus:—Value of property stolen in 1841, L.9093; in 1849, L.4406. Persons taken into custody in 1841, 7785; in 1849, 5126. Summonses issued in 1841, 1378; in 1849, 3382. The increase under the last entry is said to be due to incidents arising out of the ever-augmenting traffic and business of the city, within whose limits not less than 600,000 persons enter every day; so that if the police take fewer prisoners, they have still no lack of employment. By their means, as the report further states, 743 lost children were found, and eight lives saved, during the past year.

Now, as Sawkins says in the play, I must take a promiscuous flight to foreign parts. They are discussing a project in Vienna whereby to save the city from future inundations of the Danube. The scheme is to cut an artificial channel for the river, at some distance from its present bed, which shall be from 1200 to 1500 feet wide, affording ample capacity for all the water sent down at flood-time, without danger of overflow. The Prussian government has offered prizes for the best model of a suspension-bridge, to be erected across the Rhine at Cologne, without impeding the navigation; and a prize has just been announced in Denmark which will interest sanitary folk. The object is to improve Copenhagen, by devising the best means for increasing the quantity of gas, number of lamps, and its more economical distribution to private houses—for making profitable use of the matters now wasted injuriously in drains and cesspools; and for a supply of 100,000 tons of water every twenty-four hours, fit for all public and domestic purposes, to be filtered also, and forced to a height of ninety feet. The plans are to be sent in within eight months from the 18th February last, and those approved will get the prize of 250 gold Fredericks—L.208 sterling. Besides these grand designs, there is the mighty one of boring the Alps: the formidable mountain-range is to be no longer a barrier to rapid human intercourse. The Sardinian government are about to undertake the cutting of a tunnel through Mont Genève, from Modane on the north, to Bardonecche on the south, at a height of 4000 feet above the sea-level. The tunnel is to be seven miles long, nineteen feet high, and twenty-five wide, for a double line of rails. The approaches on either side will be a series of inclines, along which the trains will be moved by water-power. Above the proposed passage-way the mountain rises 2400 feet—a massive roof, and one that will task engineering ingenuity to support it. What a treat the excavation will be for geologists! We may expect to learn some of the secrets of upheavals.

The French Academy are busy, as usual, making scientific researches and feeling philosophers. A host of subjects has come before them of late. Boubigny is pursuing his investigations into the spheroidal state of liquids in ebullition; he finds that ether assumes this form when dropped into boiling water, and has plunged his hand, moistened with this volatile liquid, into boiling water with impunity, while an unmoistened finger rapidly immersed, and withdrawn, was scalded. The experiments have been repeated and confirmed by M. Come, professor of natural philosophy at Laval. He, on plunging his hand, wetted with sulphuric acid, into melted lead, felt a sensation of cold; the reason assigned is, that this acid, when liquefied, and in the spheroidal condition, is at a temperature of 10 degrees below zero. He visited a foundry, and amused himself for two hours by passing his fingers, wet and dry, through jets of molten iron—feats in which he was imitated by a little girl of ten years old, daughter of the proprietor: she, as he reports, passed her hand harmless into a pot of incandescent metal, although it was the first time she had witnessed such experiments. The only precaution to be observed is, first to remove the scum from the surface. Another *savant* sends in a communication on the construction and directing of balloons. Another, reviewing the anomalies of temperature noticed in Europe early in January, considers 'that certain parts of France constitute a sort of thermal oasis, of which it would be interesting to discover the limits.' Another states that a leaden tube is preferable to a solid wire for lightning conductors. Another proposes a kind of photogenic paper to be used to print from, without employing metal types. Another, Docteur Mathieu, describes a machine for cutting lucifer matches: it resembles a plane with two perpendicular dividing plates, and will prepare 1200 clumps in an hour. Another, M. Lampérière, has constructed an instrument of caoutchouc—an artificial mouth, as it may be called—with a view primarily to ascertain and determine the quantity of milk-secretion in the female

breast. It is made to embrace the nipple closely, and is provided with apparatus to rarefy or exhaust the air, so as to produce a vacuum. The conclusion to which the inventor arrives, after sixty-seven experiments, is, that the secretion in each breast every two hours is from one and a-half to two ounces. He met with one instance in which the quantity amounted to nearly three pounds in twenty-four hours. Apart from the scientific application, this machine will be of great service to women in early suckling, and enable them to bring their breasts into the required condition without some unpleasant consequences to which they are now subject, and may be used to prevent inflammation by provoking a super-secretion of milk at the expense of the disease itself. Nurses, too, may draw and preserve their milk for the purpose of feeding such infants as cannot suck from the breast without danger of suffocation by choking.

Besides discussing these minor matters, the Academy have been giving away prizes and proposing others in nearly all branches of science. Dr Jackson of Boston, U. S., is to have one of 2500 francs for his discovery of etherisation, and Dr Morton a second of the same value for the first application of the discovery to surgical operations. Mr Hind of the Regent's Park observatory, Mr Graham of Markree observatory in Ireland, and Hencke of Driessen, each gets a medal—the former for discovering the little planets Iris and Flora; the second for Metis; the third for Astrea and Hebe. Two thousand five hundred francs are also awarded to M. Leclaire—the enterprising painter, whose labours have been more than once recorded in your Journal—for superseding the use of white lead by 'the preparation in bulk of white of zinc, and its application to house-painting by means of a dryer—manganese oil.' A like amount is given to M. Rocher for his 'economical machine for distilling sea-water on board ships, employing therein the heat of the culinary apparatus.' Thus you see that the Academicians aim at the useful as well as the abstruse.

There are one or two incidental facts in the late proceedings of the Institute which demand a little consideration. Frequent notices appear of the failing health of the veteran Gay-Lussac; he is suffering from ossification of the aortic valves. Arago, communicating a paper on optics, observes that he is warned by loss of health, and sudden defect of sight, to bring forth the researches which have long 'slept in his portfolios;' and Biot, in presenting some particulars relative to Laplace, observes that he is settling his house in order. *Sic omnia fatis*, &c. When once the places of these philosophers shall become vacant, it will not be easy to fill them again.

You will perhaps remember my telling you a short time since of the project for having an independent prime meridian in the United States; some attempt was made to excite the national pride by insisting on the honour of not reckoning longitude from Greenwich. A good deal of discussion arose among astronomers and naval men in the States on the subject; the entire uselessness and inconvenience of the change have been exposed, as well as its fallacy, for the new point was to be one exactly 90 degrees west of ours; so where would be the independence? A memorial against it has been numerously signed by men competent to judge, and presented to Congress, and their remarks will doubtless give the scheme its quietus. They say—'We can perceive no reason for abandoning the meridian of Greenwich, or any other of the common property of civilisation. If the use of the instruments of art, or the methods of science, introduced by other nations be beneficial to us, the most high-minded and truly independent national spirit would seem to dictate, not that our practices and usages should be changed, but that we should, by the cultivation and advancement of branches of knowledge, where our efforts can be useful, repay to mankind the advantages which we have received from the common stock of civilisation.'

BIRD LIFE.

Oh! a lovely life is the life of a bird,
The little winged lute of the summer air!
Fleeing lightly away with the speed of thought
From the gloomy haunts of fear and care:
Yet bound still to earth by a bright golden thread,
A love-linked chain from its own sweet nest,
That guides it safe home from its wildest flight
To the tiny nook of its dear one's rest.

It has soared from our sight: but a viewless harp
Fills with its gladness the summer air,
Awaking within our listening hearts
The thousand echoes that slumber there.
We may trace its path through the distant space,
By the stream of song that marks its way,
Like some radiant star in the midnight skies,
Whose course we track by its golden ray.

Oh! a lovely life is the life of a bird!
A life of gladness, and hope, and love.
Ever viewless when singing its sweetest song,
Sweetest when soaring the highest above.
Bearing ever within, in its loving heart,
The source whence its joyous lay is given;
Its life a beautiful hymn of praise,
A music-path, bounded by home and heaven.

C. T.

A RAGGED SCHOOL.

The following is an anecdote taken from the journal of one who conducted a Ragged School:—Finding it impossible to get the children to attend our school in the forenoon, we determined upon changing our hours to half-past six in the evening. We commenced our new plan on Sunday, November 26, when we had upwards of 200 children and youths in attendance. Under all circumstances their behaviour was good during the greater part of the evening. About ten minutes to eight o'clock, however, there was a signal given by some of the boys, and instantly there was a move in all parts of the room, and a rush made to the staircase. The superintendent was amazed at this proceeding: recovering from his surprise, however, he darted across the room, and was just in time to catch the last one ere he reached the door. Twenty-one had already made their exit. The boy who was caught struggled hard to get away, and loudly cried, 'Let me go! let me go!' But holding him fast, the teacher replied, 'When you have told me what this plot means, you shall.' 'I want to go to business,' said the boy. 'Business; why, it is Sunday night!' 'Never mind, you let me go,' continued the lad. The superintendent still held firm. 'Well, I'll tell you the truth, sir: do you see it is eight o'clock?' The teacher looked at the clock, and nodded assent. 'Well, sir, we catches them as they comes out of church and chapel.' A policeman now entered. 'Where,' said he, 'did you get these boys from? they are every one of them convicted thieves!'—*The Rookeries of London.*

INTELLECTUAL POWER MISAPPLIED IN LITERATURE.

Think what a glorious power is that of expression; and what responsibility follows the man who possesses it! That grace of language which can make even commonplace things beautiful, throwing robes of the poorest texture into forms of all-attractive loveliness: why does it not expend its genius on materials that would be worthy of the artist? The great interests of man are before it, are crying for it, can absorb all its endeavour, are indeed the noblest field for it. Think of this—then think what a waste of high intellectual endowments there has been in all ages from the meanest of motives. But what wise man would not rather have the harmless fame, which youths, on a holiday, scratch upon the leaden roof of some cathedral tower, than enjoy the undeniable renown of those who, with whatever power, have written from slight and unworthy motives what may prove a hindrance rather than an aid to the wellbeing of their fellow-men?—*The Claims of Labour; an Essay, &c. 1844.*

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'THE FOURTH ESTATE.'

IN the seventeenth century, it was the pulpit which greatly moved the masses of men; now it is the press. For weal or for wo there cannot be a doubt that the journals of this country exercise a vast amount of influence over society; in France, their power is even more strikingly manifested, and so it always must be, we apprehend, the more the people are cast loose from their usual anchorages, and sent upon the finding out of new ways. Even the degree of influence which the journals possess in England becomes a serious question, when we reflect that it is a power acting under none of the usual checks or responsibilities. A clergyman is answerable to his bishop or his synod; a member of parliament to his constituency. Teachers of almost all kinds and grades are subjected to some sort of test. The newspaper alone is free. This is an immense point in its favour, whether for good or evil to the community. It is an entire novelty too in social machinery.

The difference between the bond and the free systems of teaching is, we think, very easily detected. In the bond system, all violent aberration and mischief is repressed, but the penalty of this is mediocrity of effect. Under the free system, we have fearful fountains of corruption opened, but we have at the same time brilliantly-energetic action, and, on the whole, grand results. Now, if teaching through churches and academies, and by other regulated methods, be strictly co-ordinate with teaching through unlicensed journals, a problem must be in time wrought out by their contrasted action. It will either be discovered that the writer should be responsible to some central authority, connected or unconnected with the state, as all other teachers are, or that these other teachers, if they are to maintain themselves in equal efficacy with the unlicensed writer, must be equally free. Even now the question may be put, Why should any person be able to address hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens over the whole country every week, or every day if he pleases, without any restraint whatever, when it is impossible to teach twenty boys in a university, or undertake the cure of three hundred souls, without a paralysing amount of responsibility? The two systems cannot always co-exist. The one must in time overflow and absorb the other.

The press, after all, has its restrictions, but of a kind which does not in the least interfere with the above remarks. A journal is under the check of public opinion. The public writer has to assume a virtue if he hath it not, because his readers would otherwise desert him. His faith may be greatly different from that of the multitude, but he is compelled to keep it in the recesses of his own bosom, if he would avoid giving his readers offence. He is thus forced to adhere to certain

standards of feeling and opinion, without having ever been asked to sign a test or take an oath. If it be found that public opinion can produce such results in the literary teacher, it will in time be asked if it may not be sufficient in that of all other instructors. It is here assumed that the one system does not in the least tend more to induce an identity between the real and the professed opinion than the other.

The press being so important a power—being, in fact, rather than by mere jocular sobriquet, a fourth estate—it is of consequence that it should be morally raised as high as possible. Its moral status cannot be said to be low in this country. It has one great and shining virtue in a superiority to personalities. With comparatively few exceptions, and those only of particular classes, there is a spirit of fairness and veracity in the press. We have often had occasion to observe with pleasure, when individuals had made themselves conspicuous by some gross offence, with what good feeling towards relatives the newspapers conducted themselves. These are amiable and respectable features. That party views are in general advocated with temper, and that none but those which are really defensible, and therefore legitimate, are advocated, must also be allowed to the credit of the English press. It must nevertheless be admitted that the *personnel* of the press is far from being in a satisfactory condition.

The fact is, that the journals themselves have alone a recognised personality in England. We ask what is the opinion of the 'Times' on the subject? how the 'Chronicle' has written? and whether the 'Examiner' and 'Spectator' may be expected to take up the question strongly? The human beings whose hands hold the pen in certain dingy back-rooms of the offices of those papers are not thought of at all. The writers of articles for a paper are not always known even to each other. Were we to hear their names mentioned, we should be as much in the dark as before, for the men have, in general, no social status of any distinction. It is therefore the paper, not the writer, which is amenable to the check of public opinion. All this is primarily a matter of consideration for the board of proprietors, whose pockets are liable to be affected by it. Now here, we think, lies the dark and painful feature of the English press. The fundamental maxim of all ethics—the responsibility of the individual—is wanting. He is merely a mouthpiece. He is only a representation of a human judgment and a human heart. He may write one way for one paper, and another way for another, without anybody knowing of it. The temptation to do so must often arise, and must often be yielded to; at least, in the obscurity which invests him, we have no security that he will resist it. It will not do to say that, provided he adheres to the standards of feeling and opinion which are sanctioned by the

public, or by some respectable portion of it, there is no occasion for complaint. The diversity that exists between the inward mind of the writer and the demonstrations he makes, is an evil in itself which we must put up with only in as far as it cannot be helped. The less of it the better; and what we believe is, that it is increased immensely by this system of sinking the personality of the writer in that of the journal.

The journalists themselves feel that their position is a false one, and one of the outcries of the day is for a right acknowledged place in the state to those men whose intellects exercise so great an influence in its affairs. It cannot be surprising that this clamour should be heard, for only consider how it must affect a man's mind to hear society ringing with some powerful article which he has written, and yet to know that he is only one of the multitude of Smiths or Wilsons living in certain rows of houses, of democratic uniformity, in Camberwell or Camden-Town, and that, while the daily labour no more than suffices for the daily wants, his life must continue to be one of obscure toil. The English journalist looks across the Channel, and sees his brother in Paris a distinguished political figure, whose standing for a place in the national legislature is beheld as a fitting part of the system of things, and who may even aspire to be a minister of state. Suppose Smith or Wilson of the 'Daily News' or 'Morning Herald' were to stand for the Tower Hamlets, what a shout of universal ridicule would salute his placards! Why does it look so natural in Paris and so foolish in London? It is because the French journalist asserts his own personality, while the English sinks his in that of his journal. A newspaper proprietor may stand for a seat in parliament, if his wealth and character place him amongst the class who ordinarily take that position; but the author of the thunder which daily issues through that gentleman's paper—he is only an obscure hireling—for him to pretend to any such position would only be to expose himself to a derision which would never afterwards perhaps cease to attach to his name.

It seems to us that what is required to give the public writer in England the true position which he is now groping for, is identical with what is necessary to perfect the condition of the English press. We must see and hear MEN preaching to us, not papers. Let the journalist issue his daily or weekly discourses with his name, and he must soon obtain a personal distinction and a place in society appropriate to his deserts. If he becomes a great Voice for counsel and instruction, he must rise in the social scale. His name will be courted for lists of directors and patrons. If it become convenient for him to ask the suffrages of a parliamentary constituency, his doing so will appear as quite in the right course of things. And this must be precisely because, in the avowal of his personality, he gives a guarantee to society for his conduct. We think all this so clear, that we wonder at its not having been seen long ago.

Our argument may be met perhaps with the assertion that the English press is as moral as it can possibly be. On that we join issue. While, as before, fully admitting its many merits, we see several points of sordidness and unconscientiousness, such as could not exist in any profession where individuals were socially recognisable. We pass over many matters connected with advertisements, though these may be said to form the grand snare for the honesty as well as dignity of the press, and pitch upon one part of London newspaper practice less remarkable perhaps, but sufficiently reprehensible.

All the London journals profess to criticise theatricals. They must professedly do so, in order to make the public aware of what is doing in the theatrical world. They must professedly mean to do it, not in a spirit of favour to the theatrical managers, but in a spirit of truth, as for the benefit of their readers. It may be at once admitted that the theatres are fairly liable to this criticism; but assuredly they are not to be expected to pay anything in order to facilitate the newspapers in performing a part of their ordinary duty. Nevertheless, the newspapers demand from the managers free admission for their critic—a demand with which the latter are obliged to comply, in order to avoid giving the newspapers offence. This we think an unjust tax, if ever there was one. Granting that there might be shown some ground of claim for the admission of one person, it surely never could be thought necessary for the business of the newspaper that it should have free admission for more? Yet how stands the fact? Each London newspaper claims admission for two persons at all times. They also expect to be now and then favoured with an entire box, on which occasions the editor or publisher, or some persons connected with the office, will attend with their whole families. There is even one paper of unusual power which claims from each theatre the privilege of writing out an unlimited number of orders of admission for any night's performance! If it be considered that there are upwards of fifty journals in London, the amount of this tax will be seen to be not small. If it be further considered that the theatrical profession is pre-eminently a struggling one, an estimate of the humanity attending the imposition may be formed. The poor manager is forced to submit, because he cannot afford to incur the hostility of the press. On his best nights he must quietly see a large part of his house filled with emissaries of the press, to the exclusion of those who would pay, and not unfrequently to the annoyance of his proper customers; for it is a peculiarity of the system that it throws into the boxes persons whose proper position is the gallery. Now this is surely a grossly-unconscientious use of power. While such an abuse exists, and while newspaper conductors remain, to all appearance, unperceptive of its real character, we must continue to regard journalism in England as something less pure than it ought to be, and not entitled to any more honour than it at present receives.

To talk of newspaper writers coming forth with a recognisable personality may appear visionary. Our business, however, is to point out where we think the evil lies, and where the remedy might be found. If the necessary change cannot be made, we can only be sorry for the fact. But is such a change altogether hopeless? Against it there are two obstacles. One is custom. It has become a sort of rule to conduct newspapers anonymously. But in a country where Cobbett wrote for many years with his name frankly displayed on his paper, it cannot be said that we are without a precedent for the contrary. The second and greater obstacle is in the difficulty of setting up a paper. Even this would be greatly done away with if newspapers were free from duty. There would then be as little to hinder a man of talent from entering upon the career of a teacher by writing, as from adventuring upon any other profession by which he hoped to make his bread. The men of the press have been so long accustomed to the salaried condition in which they live, as to have lost nearly all sense of the value of an independent position. Slavery has, as usual, worked its worst effect in

reconciling its victims to bear with it. Were they to strain, even in the present circumstances, for the true command of the organs through which they condescend to blow, they would probably be more successful than they at present dream of, and the first taste of the edifying effect of their independence would make them wonder that they had so long submitted to their present degradation.

FANCHON.

'MICHEL,' said old Blaise Pastoror one day to his son, 'I wish I could see you lifting up your head a little, and thinking of taking another wife.' Michel, instead of lifting up his head, only shook it very sadly. 'I know well what a loss you experienced in Marguerite,' continued the father, 'and I understand your feelings. But it is now two years since she died, and it is time you began to rouse yourself from this unavailing grief. Your children are of an age to need a mother's care; my wife is growing old, like myself, and she is not equal to the fatigue of looking after the young ones; and when they choose to run away from her to the edge of the pond, or under the horse's feet, she can't overtake them.'

'What you say is true enough, father,' answered Michel; 'but where shall I get a wife like Marguerite?'

'There is no telling till you try,' answered Blaise. 'Marguerite was a good wife, a good mother, and an excellent woman in every respect; but it would be hard to think there are no more such left in the world! And I am certain if she could speak to you from heaven, where she no doubt is, that she would give you the advice I am giving you. Suppose your mother were to die, who is to take care of your children when you are out all day about the farm?'

'Well, father, I'll think of it,' said Michel. 'But I know no women. Where am I to look for a wife? If you wish me to take one, choose for me yourself.'

'Why,' said Blaise, 'there are several things to be considered. First, you must not marry a very young woman; she will be thoughtless, and neglect your children perhaps.'

'And if she's older, she may ill-treat them,' said Michel. 'For what I see, they are as likely to suffer by my giving them a mother as by wanting one.'

'We must be cautious in our choice,' answered Blaise. 'But God be thanked good women are more plenty than bad ones everywhere!'

'That's true,' answered Michel. 'I daresay Pauline or Louise Médoc, or little Catherine Sylvestre, would either of them do well enough.'

'Too young,' said the old man, shaking his head; 'too young, and too poor.'

'Young they are certainly, and poor too,' said Michel; 'but I shouldn't like to marry an old woman, and where I'm to find a rich one that will have me I don't know.'

'I wouldn't recommend an old woman either,' said Blaise; 'but one about your own age—eight or nine-and-twenty say; and as for money, if there's none in this parish, there may be in the next. What would you say to old Gerard's daughter Isabel?'

'I never saw her,' answered Michel.

'It's a good while since I saw her either,' said Blaise; 'but she was a fine-looking girl then; and being an only daughter, she will have everything her father leaves. That will be no trifle; and as he wishes to see her married—for she's nearly as old as you are—there will be no objection on his part at all events.'

'What!' said Michel; 'have you spoken to him on the subject?'

'Well, to say the truth I have,' answered Blaise. 'When you saw me talking to him at the fair last week, he was remarking that it was time you shook off your grief for poor Marguerite, more especially as you had been such a good husband, and had nothing to reproach yourself with.'

'Thank God for that!' said Michel.

'And when I said I wished I could see you married again, he gave me a hint that he shouldn't be sorry if you were to take a fancy to his girl.'

'Well, father,' said Michel, 'she is the same to me as another, for I can never love any woman again as I loved my Marguerite; so, since you wish it, I'll think about this marriage with Isabel Gerard.'

'Thinking about it wont do: you must make her think about it too,' said Blaise, 'or somebody may step in before you. You must go over to Grandpré and see her.'

'That will be a day to go, and a day to come back, and a day there,' said Michel; 'and how can I be spared just now in harvest-time?'

'We mustn't mind a day or two when there's a good wife to be got,' answered Blaise. 'Besides, to-morrow's Saturday. If you take the brown mare, and start to-morrow afternoon, you'll be at Grandpré before night; and as there's a moon, it wont signify even if you are a little late.'

So it was settled that Michel should go on the following day to Grandpré, to try if he could love Isabel Gerard; but it was with a heavy heart he made his preparations, for love so formally invited is apt to be shy: Cupid likes to pay his visits when he's least expected.

On the same evening that this conversation took place, when the children were in bed, and the rest of the family were sitting round the hearth, there came in an old woman called Barbette, who lived in a poor hut on the borders of Blaise Pastoror's farm. Twice a week they gave her broth, and she was now come for her allowance.

'Sit down and rest yourself, Barbette,' said Margot, the farmer's wife, 'and let us hear how the world goes with you.'

'Not worse than with other people I believe,' answered Barbette; 'but I'm going to lose my daughter, little Fanchon.'

'Lose her! How? Is she going to be married?'

asked Margot.

'Married! Poor child, who would marry her?' said Barbette. 'No, no; but she's going to Grandpré. I've got a situation for her there at Farmer Gerard's. It's a hard thing to part with her; but she must go to service some time; and the winter will be here soon, and if she can earn a little money, she will be able to help me through it.'

'She's such a little creature, that we forget her age,' said Margot; 'but the truth is, it is time she went to service. If she stays at home she may get habits of idleness.'

'No fear of that,' answered Barbette. 'I believe Fanchon would rather go down on her knees and scrub the stones in the high road than be doing nothing. She'll be a treasure to anybody that gets her I can tell you; and I only wish you could have taken her into your service.'

'Perhaps we may another year,' said Margot; 'but, in the meantime, it will be a good thing for her to go to Grandpré. Gerard keeps a good house, and she'll improve herself there. When does she leave you?'

'She's to be there to-morrow,' answered Barbette; 'but it's a long way for such a young creature to go alone.'

'She needn't go alone,' said Blaise. 'Michel is going to-morrow to Grandpré, and he shall take charge of her; and, by the by,' added he, 'as Fanchon is going to live with friend Gerard, she may do us a good turn; and thereupon he communicated to Barbette his hopes of bringing about a marriage betwixt Michel and Isabel, begging that, as Fanchon was well acquainted with them all, she would say a good word for the family in general, and for his son in particular.'

'She may do that with a clear conscience,' said Barbette; 'for happy'll be the wife that calls Michel Pastoror husband. I'll speak to her about it, and,

depend on it, he won't miss his mark if they'll take Fanchon's bail for him.'

Michel, who had been pacing up and down the orchard, thinking seriously of what was before him, now came in, and having learned the destination of Fanchon, he consented willingly to escort her. Accordingly, on the ensuing afternoon the little damsel presented herself at the stable-door with a small bundle in her hand, ready for the road, and having mounted behind the young farmer, they started on their journey with the good wishes of the assembled family. It was the first time she had left her poor home, and her old mother, and the young girls of her own age that she had grown up with; and whilst Michel jogged along, his mind absorbed in his own troubles, the tears were streaming down her face as she thought of those she was leaving, and the strangers she was going among. All at once Michel became aware that she was weeping. 'What's the matter, little Fanchon?' said he.

'I'm thinking of home and my poor mother,' said she, endeavouring to restrain the flowing tears.

'Ah,' said Michel, 'it makes one's heart sad to leave those we love if it's only for a short time, for one never feels sure of seeing them again. Who could have thought, when I left my poor Marguerite to go to Rouen for two days, that she would be dead before my return! And that puts me in mind that I didn't see my little Lep when I came away: where could he be, I wonder?'

'I saw him in the morning running along the high road,' said Fanchon: 'I thought you had sent him a message perhaps.'

'Not I,' answered Michel; 'but my mother may, to keep him out of the way, for he wanted sadly to come with me to Grandpré.'

'And why not have brought him?' said Fanchon. 'He's no weight, and the mare could have carried us all three; besides, I could walk a good part of the way. I love little Lep, and I should have liked to have him here with us.'

'Why, I wished to bring him, but my father said it wouldn't do to go courting with a child at my back. But I'm talking of what you know nothing about.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Fanchon; 'I do know all about it. I know you are going to marry the rich farmer's daughter that's to be my mistress.'

'Then you know more than I do,' said Michel. 'She may not choose to have me.'

'Why shouldn't she have you?' said Fanchon. 'Didn't you make a good husband to Marguerite? You're well off too, and as young as she is, for what I hear.'

'But I have three children,' said Michel.

'So much the better; it will make the merrier home. Besides, an't they the prettiest children in the whole parish, and the best brought up? For my part I think the very sight of little Lep would have won her heart at once.'

'Ay, if she likes children; but suppose she does not?'

'Pooh! if she doesn't like children, she won't like to marry you; so there'll be an end of it. But they say she's rich and handsome, and I never heard an ill word spoken of her; so you're wrong to take up notions before you've reason.'

'I'll tell you what, Fanchon,' said Michel, 'you are sharp and quick, and you are going to live in her father's house. After you have been there a week or two, you must tell me what you think of her.'

'No,' answered Fanchon; 'I won't promise that. I might make a mistake, and so do mischief.' Just as she said this the mare shied. 'What's that?' she asked.

'It's some animal in that bush,' answered Michel: 'a strayed lamb perhaps.'

'It's a child!' said Fanchon. 'Why, it's your little Lep I declare, and asleep!'

'So it is,' said Michel, alighting from the mare. 'To think of the child being here alone, and so far from home!' When the boy opened his large eyes, he was

amazed; for his father having refused to take him to Grandpré, he had set off some hours before, with the intention of watching on the road till Michel passed, and thus gaining his object; but weary with walking, he sat down and fell asleep, and now being suddenly awakened, he could not remember how he got there. Michel was angry, for he neither liked to leave the boy there nor to take him to Grandpré, and while he scolded, Lep cried. However, Fanchon, siding with Lep, the youngster carried the day, and Michel placing him on the saddle before him, on they went. The child was so delighted at first, that he forgot he had had no dinner; but they had not gone far before the jogging of the horse reminded him of his hunger.

'Didn't I tell you so?' said Michel impatiently. 'What's to be done now? I don't see a house where one could get a mouthful of bread for miles round!'

'Don't fret,' said Fanchon, quietly opening her bundle; 'I've got a bit of bread and cheese here. Take it, Lep, and eat away.'

Lep did not require to be twice invited; but Michel said, 'What will you do yourself, Fanchon, without anything till we get to Grandpré? We've a long way to go yet.'

'Oh,' said Fanchon, 'young stomachs can't wait, and mine can; besides, grief at leaving my poor mother has spoiled my appetite, and I don't want anything.'

The next thing that happened was, that as soon as Lep's stomach was full, he became so sleepy, that he was like to fall off the mare, and Michel could not guide her, and at the same time hold the child and a bag of game, which his father had given him as a present to his intended; but Fanchon said, 'Give me the game-bag, and I'll tie it to my bundle, and then you can sling them before you, while I carry the boy in my arms.'

So on they jogged in this way some miles farther, till they reached a wood which they had to pass through; but by this time it was getting late, and though the moon was rising, there arose also such a thick mist, that they could not find their way, while the horse frequently stumbled over the broken branches and the stumps of trees. After trying first one path and then another, and always finding they were wrong, Fanchon proposed that they should alight and walk, 'being nearer the ground, we may perhaps make out where we are; and while you lead the mare, I'll take care of the child,' said she. As the wood was intersected here and there by ditches and ponds, they were in less danger on their feet than on horseback, and they got on for some distance without accident; but on reaching at length a spot where the thicket terminated, they found themselves on the edge of a large marsh, which Michel knew to be in an opposite direction to the road they should have gone. So they turned back again, and made another attempt, but with no better success; and to add to their misfortunes, whilst Michel was seeking for his hat, which the branch of a tree knocked off his head, the mare slipped the bridle from his hand, and trotted off.

'What's to be done now?' cried he. 'The child can walk no further, and I'm afraid to leave you here while I go after the mare, lest I should not be able to find you again; and if we stay here all night, the child will get his death, and you too, with the cold. Besides, I'm by no means sure there may not be a wolf or two hereabouts!'

'We must light a fire,' said Fanchon. 'Here's a large oak which will keep off the rain, and I feel plenty of dry sticks crackling under my feet; and then we must make a bed for the boy, and let him sleep till the mist clears off.'

'That's easily said,' answered Michel; 'but where are we to get fire? And the mare has run off with my saddle-bags and everything we had to make a bed with!'

'I've my tinder-box in my pocket,' said Fanchon, as she set briskly to work to gather sticks; 'and we must clear a dry spot and wrap him up in my cloak.'

'And what's to become of you without it?' cried Michel.

'The fire will warm me, and I can keep myself awake,' she answered; 'but the child can't, and he'll get his death if we don't take care of him while he sleeps.'

It is astonishing what resources there are in a well-disposed, active, good-tempered woman, and how helpless, in certain emergencies, a man is beside her! Fanchon had a good blazing fire and a bed of dry leaves under the oak ready for Lep in no time; then she wrapped him in her cloak, and covered him with the game-bag, which, together with her own bundle, had slipped off the mare as she kicked up her heels and ran off.

'You must keep up the fire,' said she, 'while I watch the child, lest the sparks should reach him.'

'Upon my word you're a capital little lass!' said Michel. 'You know how to take care of a child, and to make a fire in the wood, and do everything that's useful. I was beginning to feel cross, I can tell you, at the thoughts of passing the night here in the cold.'

'And when one loses one's temper, one generally loses one's presence of mind too,' said Fanchon. 'For my part I have often been obliged to keep the sheep on the hills in cold weather, and I should have been badly off if I hadn't known how to make a fire!'

'What you say about losing one's temper is true enough,' answered Michel; 'but how to help it when things go so perversely?'

'Just remember that losing your temper will only make them worse,' said Fanchon. 'My mother and I have had many a hard struggle, but we never lost heart till it came to the parting to-day; but your mother says she'll perhaps hire me next year if I learn to be a good servant at Grandpré; so I shall keep up my courage, and live in hopes of seeing dear home again.'

'I wish she had hired you at once,' said Michel, 'instead of sending me this wildgoose chase after a wife. You could have taken care of my children as well as any wife.' But as Michel sat with his knees towards the fire opposite Fanchon, he now, for the first time in his life, as the light shone on her face, made the discovery that she was a very pretty girl. 'How old are you, Fanchon?' said he.

'Eighteen,' said she; 'but I'm so little, that nobody takes me to be so old.'

'Why, you're old enough to be married!' said Michel.

'Ha, ha!' laughed Fanchon, 'who'd marry me I wonder?'

'That remains to be seen,' said he. 'Have you never thought of a husband yet?'

'Never!' answered she. 'I'll never marry till I have a hundred crowns to begin housekeeping with.'

'But it will take you many years to save that while you've your mother to help out of your wages,' said Michel.

'But I can wait,' answered Fanchon. 'Folk that live single may die as happy and go to Heaven as fast as the married ones.'

'That's true,' said Michel thoughtfully; 'but it's better to marry.' And here he fell into a reverie, out of which he by and by awoke, declaring that he was dying with hunger, and had nothing to eat.

'Not so bad as that neither,' said Fanchon. 'As we came through the wood I plucked the chestnuts that were bobbing in my face, and when I lighted the fire, I set them on the ashes. They must be about done by this time I think; and if they're not enough for you, you can take one of the birds you brought for your intended, and I'll roast it for you betwixt a couple of stones, as we used to do the larks we caught on the hill when I kept the sheep.'

'What a brute I am, never to remember that you gave your bread and cheese to Lep! Why, you must be starving, Fanchon! I had a good dinner before I started, and yet I'm as hungry as a wolf!'

'It's all habit,' said Fanchon: 'you are accustomed

to your three or four meals a day at the farm, but I am used to fasting, and I don't miss a meal now and then.'

'That's another excellent quality in a wife,' said Michel laughing.

'But I'm not a wife, nor like to be,' said Fanchon.

Here Michel fell into another reverie. 'He'll be no fool that chooses you,' said he.

'I hope not, for I shouldn't like to marry a fool,' said she.

'I daresay you think me a stupid fellow,' said he, after a pause; 'for I can do nothing, and you can do everything. But you see, Fanchon, I was set to the plough, and to guide the oxen through the furrows, when I was but a little lad; and as I only worked on my father's farm, I always found my meals ready when I wanted them; and then I married young, and my poor Marguerite took care of me; but I've nobody to mind me now.'

'Couldn't Fanchon take care of you, papa?' asked little Lep, who had been awakened by the smell of the cookery, and was now sitting up and waiting for his share.

'To be sure I can,' said Fanchon, who was so far from thinking of Michel as a husband for herself, that she was not in the least embarrassed by the child's question; for Blaise Pastorer was esteemed a rich farmer in that part of the country, and Fanchon's mother was in a great degree dependent on the charity of the family.

'Come,' said she to Michel when he had finished his supper, 'I see you can't keep your head up to talk, so you had better lie down by the child, and go to sleep at once, and I'll watch the fire.'

'No, it is you that must lie down, Fanchon,' said Michel, 'and I'll watch you both; for I have fifty things stirring in my head, and though I were to try never so, I could not sleep a wink.'

'Fifty things! That's too many for one head,' said Fanchon merrily.

'Well, if I haven't fifty, I've one that I haven't been able to get out of it for the last two hours, and I should like to tell you what it is.'

'I think I could tell you,' said Fanchon: 'you wish you were at home, and in bed, instead of running the country after a wife.'

'A woman I never saw!' said Michel. 'I've nine minds to go back again, Fanchon. What do you say? Will you go with me?'

'I go with you!—no,' said she. 'What would my poor mother do next winter if I lose the situation she has got for me with so much trouble? And as for you, I say you'd be very wrong. Why should you take such a prejudice against a girl you have never seen? Think of your good parents too, that wish you to marry. What's your objection?'

'None, if I may choose for myself,' answered Michel.

'Wait till you see her,' said she.

In spite of her brave little heart and good spirits, fatigue began to tell against Fanchon at last, and the next time Michel spoke to her she was nodding. 'Come, my girl,' said he, 'lie down beside the boy, and rest till the morning dawns, and then I'll wake you both.' So Fanchon stretched herself on the bed of leaves, and taking the child in her arms, was soon fast asleep. Then Michel spread the cloak over her; and as he looked at her sweet innocent young face, with little Lep lying on her bosom, he said, 'Where have my eyes been all this while, that I have had this treasure under them, and never found it out? I thought she was a child; but though she's as fair and delicate as a white doe to look at, she's as hardy as a young heifer, and as tender and brave as a good woman; and that's what she is, in good faith, and a fit wife for any man. But what's this to me?' he exclaimed, turning away. 'My father and mother would never hear of my marrying her, even if she would have me.' Still, reason with himself as he would, he could not get out of his head that Fanchon was the wife to make him happy, and that he

never should be able to fancy any other. However, the rain having ceased, and the moon shining out more clearly, he by and by thought it advisable to arouse the sleepers, and endeavour to recover their lost path. Fanchon was very drowsy, and as for Lep, there was no waking him at all; but Michel took him in his arms, and they trudged away for some time in hopes of finding their way out of the wood. And accordingly, after walking for upwards of an hour, Michel exclaimed joyously that they were approaching a house, for that he saw a light shining through the trees; so they took heart, and hastened forwards; but instead of a house, they found the light proceeded from their own fire, which the breeze had blown into a flame; whereupon Michel lost all patience, exclaiming they must be bewitched; but Fanchon said, 'Come, let us make the best of it. One night in the wood wont kill us; but we must make a bed for the child again, and cover him up warm, for I begin to feel the cold air of the morning.' But though Fanchon's patience was not exhausted, her limbs were; and turning as white as the handkerchief that covered her neck, she was seized with a shivering, her teeth began to chatter, and she sunk to the ground almost insensible.

'Oh, Fanchon, my girl!' cried Michel, lifting her in his arms to the bed she had made for the boy, 'it is my fault that you are exposed to all this trouble and fatigue. I undertook to protect you to Grandpré, and I have done you nothing but mischief. But forgive me, Fanchon, and I'll make you amends for it all if you'll take me for your husband!'

'I!' cried Fanchon, somewhat recalled to herself by amazement. 'You're raving, Michel; you don't know what you're talking about.'

'I know very well what I'm talking about,' answered he; 'and I know that you're the only woman to make me happy; and that you'll be a kind mother to my children, and a good daughter to my old father and mother; so only say that you'll marry me, and as soon as it's light enough to see our way, instead of going on to Grandpré, we'll turn our faces the other way, and go back to the farm.'

'It's impossible,' said Fanchon, shaking her head. 'It can't be; so think of it no more, Michel, but go forward and see Isabel Gerard, as you promised your parents when you left them.'

'It's of no use,' said Michel; 'it would only be an affront to go and see a girl I'm determined not to marry. But why wont you have me, Fanchon? Wasn't I a good husband to my poor Marguerite? Didn't she, on her deathbed, bid me take another wife? And didn't she bid me tell her that I had never given my first one a moment's cause to regret that she had taken me for her husband?'

'I know that's true,' answered Fanchon with the tears in her eyes. 'My mother, who was helping to nurse her in her last illness, heard her say so.'

'And didn't you hear what Lep said to-night? It was the voice of my Marguerite speaking through her child!'

Fanchon, however, was not to be persuaded; and although she gave no reason, she so steadily refused him, that, quite discouraged, Michel at length ceased to speak; and while she lay down again beside the boy, he sat with his head resting despondingly on his hands till the morning broke. Then he turned to rouse her, but he saw she was awake, and that she had not slept any more than himself. Having inquired their way from an early woodcutter, they once more started for Grandpré; and as soon as they reached the entrance of the village, Fanchon stopped, and holding out her hand, bade him good-by; 'for,' said she, 'I can't go to my new mistress till I have washed my face and hands, and made myself tidy. I shall come there by and by; and in the meantime, Michel, I shall forget all you have said to me, and I hope you will marry Isabel Gerard, and that she may make you a good wife, and your children a good mother!'

'I wont have any mother but Fanchon,' said Lep.

'You sha'n't have any other,' said Michel; 'and as she wont be your mother, you shall have none.' Whereupon, bidding Fanchon farewell, he returned home with the child, while she proceeded on her way.

In certain parts of France, where it is customary for all the married, as well as the single, children and grandchildren to reside together under the same roof as long as it is possible for them to do so, there is a remarkable degree of deference observed towards the elders of the family; and thus Michel, though nearly thirty years of age, felt some misgiving at the thoughts of presenting himself at the farm without having fulfilled the object of his journey, and without being able to explain to the satisfaction of his parents the reason of his return; for to say that he had fallen in love with Barbette's little daughter, and that she had refused him into the bargain, he knew would appear to them rather a subject for amazement and laughter than commiseration. However, he was so good a son, and so worthy a man, that although disappointed, the old people did not think proper to press the matter further when he declared his determination not to marry Isabel Gerard; and they contented themselves with looking about in other directions, and recommending to his notice first one and then another fair damsel of the surrounding districts. But it was all in vain; Michel would have nothing to say to any of them; and although he went about his work as diligently as ever, everybody saw he was an altered man. Of Fanchon he heard nothing; but as there followed a very hard winter, Barbette would have suffered exceedingly, had it not somehow miraculously happened that her stock of potatoes, and flour, and firewood never diminished! It did not signify how freely she used them, she had always plenty; and although at first, fearing the devil might have a hand in the business, she had some thoughts of confessing to the priest, she comforted herself with the idea that as she had not entered into any compact with the Evil One, he had no right to expect any condescension on her part in return for his benefits. When the year was expired, Fanchon came home again; but much to the annoyance of her mother, and the surprise of Blaise Pastor and his wife, she declined to enter into their service. Michel guessed her reason, and it stung him to the quick to see how resolutely she avoided him; but it happened that while she was making inquiries for another situation, the scarlet fever broke out in the neighbourhood, and there was scarcely a house that had not one or more children in bed with it. Among the rest Michel's three children were all attacked at one time; and in such an emergency as this Fanchon did not wait to be asked—she offered her assistance at once. In spite, however, of all the care and attention that were lavished on them, the two youngest died, to the inexpressible grief of their father, who doted on them for their own sakes, and as relics of his beloved Marguerite; but Lep recovered; and it was whilst he was lying in bed convalescent that he said to Fanchon, to whom he had become passionately attached, 'Fanchon, I want you to promise me something. Will you?'

'Yes, dear, I will if I can.'

'Oh yes, you can very well if you like.'

'Well, what is it, dear?' asked Fanchon.

'Promise that you'll be my mamma!' said Lep.

'Oh, that's nonsense!' said Fanchon, rising suddenly, for Margot was in the room. 'Lie down, and let me cover you up while I fetch your broth.'

'No I wont,' said Lep; 'I'll not lie down till you promise to be my mamma,' and he seized hold of her apron, and held her fast.

'Fie, Lep!' said Fanchon. 'Let me go!'

'You thought I was asleep that night in the wood when papa asked you to be my mamma,' said Lep; 'but I wasn't; and when we were coming home, he promised me that he would never give me any mamma but you. Oh, Fanchon, do!' he said, throwing himself into her arms; 'for now that God has taken away my brother

and sister, what shall I do without a mamma?' And yet weak and excitable from his illness, the boy burst into an uncontrollable passion of tears and sobs.

'Oh, Lep! Lep! what can I do to comfort you, darling?' said Fanchon, almost crying herself at the boy's distress and her own confusion.

'Do what he asks, my child!' said the old woman, coming to the bedside. 'I understand now the cause of poor Michel's despondency, and why you wouldn't come to live with us, Fanchon. But perhaps you don't like my son? Perhaps you couldn't be happy with him? Is that the reason you refused him?'

'No, ma'am,' said Fanchon, hiding her face amongst Lep's curly locks.

'Perhaps it was because you thought we should not like you for a daughter?' Fanchon did not answer. 'Well, Fanchon, perhaps you were right; and did you tell my son your motive for refusing him?'

'Never,' answered Fanchon.

'You're a brave, good girl,' said the mother as she left the room.

'Wont you be my mamma now, Fanchon?' said Lep, throwing his arms round her neck. 'Granny wishes it, and I wish it, and papa wishes it.'

'I don't know that,' said Fanchon.

'But I do,' said Lep; 'for when he asked me this morning if there was anything I wished for that he could give me, I asked him to give me Fanchon for my mamma; and he said he should be very glad indeed, but that Fanchon wouldn't. But you will now, wont you?'

'Perhaps!' whispered Fanchon.

'She says *perhaps*, papa: make her say *yes*!' cried Lep to Michel, who now entered the room with his father and mother.

Michel did make her say *yes*; and ere many days were passed, Fanchon became Lep's mamma, to the joy and astonishment of old Barbette, and the infinite satisfaction of all parties concerned.

THE PROCESSION-CATERPILLAR.

SOME interesting communications have recently appeared in the Belgian and German journals concerning the procession-caterpillar (*Bombyx processiona*, Linn.), an account of which may prove acceptable to our readers. Before proceeding to these, however, we may refer to what is said about this curious animal in Reaumur's valuable *Memoirs on the Natural History of Insects*. The *Bombyx processiona* is a caterpillar of medium size that infests the oak. The hairs are as long as the insect itself, and after rising perpendicularly upwards, become curved downwards. White at first, both they and the skin become reddened with age. Each family of these caterpillars forms a republic of from 600 to 800 individuals, which never quit each other, eating together, and crawling together, and remaining in close contact during their condition of chrysalides. The butterflies, however, which result from these disperse in every direction.

The caterpillars encamp on the oak, where they weave webs for their domiciles; but after changing their skins, they abandon these, and form new ones from time to time until they acquire two-thirds of their complete size, when they settle themselves in a fixed abode. The nest containing so many is necessarily large, and is found at various heights on the trunk of the oak (*Quercus robur*); but in spite of its large size, so much does it resemble the tuberosities or knots commonly seen on the tree, that unless when purposely sought for, it is very apt to be overlooked. It varies in shape, being sometimes as much as from 18 to 20 inches long by 5 or 6 broad, and rising from 2 to 4 above the level of the tree.

During their movements, the caterpillars follow a leader as implicitly as if they had chosen him to direct their march. They all move, stop, and recommence their progress exactly as he does; and from their disposition to follow his motions in regular array, Reaumur called them *processionary* or *evolutionary caterpillars*. He took

a branch of oak containing a nest home with him, and observed their movements for several days with the greatest care and interest. First a single caterpillar crawled out, others immediately following him in single file to the length of about two feet, each individual having his head close against the tail of the one preceding him. The file now became twofold; by and by these insect soldiers came three abreast; and after a while four, and then five, six, seven, and eight abreast, with the utmost regularity; the caterpillars always close to the tails of those preceding them, each rank of the line dressed as if by a drill sergeant, and all following implicitly the movements, however tortuous, of their leader. On some occasions Reaumur contrived that this leader should pass over a space apparently too small to deploy all his followers; but he nevertheless accomplished the feat by pursuing numerous tortuous lines, which soon became studded with caterpillars marking their sinuous course. Sometimes, when in search of a new portion of the oak to devour, numerous evolutions and complicated figures are formed; the head of the moving body being always angular, and the width of the rest of the line increasing with it, sometimes formed of fifteen or twenty abreast. These movements in search of food take place in the evening, and if the caterpillars are observed beyond the limits of the nest during the day-time, they are seen to be gathered together in contorted and motionless masses. When in their nests, too, they lie thus interlaced, and the chrysalides are stowed so closely, that they seem to form a cake of varying dimensions. After lying so for about a month, the butterflies all escape in the same twenty-four hours, some time in the middle of August, and rapidly disperse; the evacuated cocoons then having a strong resemblance to a wasp's nest.

Too much care cannot be taken in handling these caterpillars, as also the chrysalides and the cocoons, after the butterflies have escaped. Reaumur, acting at first incautiously in this respect, suffered some inflammation in the hands, face, and eyes in consequence; and some ladies who were observing the curious movements of the animals, without handling them at all, found their skins irritated, though in a less degree. When in his walks Reaumur merely disturbed their nests with his stick, he found some degree of the same irritation ensue; and freely covering the hands with oil was found to afford no protection to those handling the chrysalides or their husks. He attributed these irritating effects to some of the small hairs which abound on the surface of the animal. The long hairs he considered nearly innocuous; but if he removed these from the cast-off skin of the caterpillar, and then rubbed his hand with it, he experienced an irritation equal to that caused by the strongest nettles.

Professor Morren has recently read a paper on this insect at the Belgian Academy. He says that an animal so utterly destructive to so valuable a tree as the oak is fortunately rare in Belgium; but that in 1847 and 1848 great numbers were seen in certain places, furnishing opportunities of observing the frightful damages the animal is capable of causing, as well as the singular habits described by Reaumur. In 1847 it invaded a portion of the forest of Hertogenwald, situated on the confines of Prussia, and did great mischief to the oaks there, attacking especially the leaves of the larger trees. Its appearance in this forest, and the direction its ravages took, led to the belief of its being a true emigration in the direction of east to west from Germany to Belgium. In 1848 it was hoped the pest had not reappeared; but although in May its existence could be nowhere discovered, yet during a botanical excursion in the vicinity of Maastricht in July, the author and his pupils had full opportunity of observing this caterpillar migrating from tree to tree as it successively destroyed the leaves of each. He describes as frightful the spectacle of whole masses as large as a man's head, of these voracious animals, or processions of them marching on their destructive mission in troops of fifteen or twenty feet long. He was astonished at the apathy of the inhabitants, who took not the slightest step to avert the mischief, although the creatures were rapidly destroying the white oaks growing in

the hedges of the fields. The answer a peasant made when he inquired how he could think of leaving these caterpillars unmolested, especially when he knew that even the dust proceeding from their nests did injury to man and beast, seems to us rather more apposite than it did to the worthy professor. 'Kill the caterpillars!' said the man; 'why, they are sent from Heaven to destroy the oaks; the landlords plant to the detriment of their tenants' crops!'

M. Morren found Reaumur's description of their mode of progression generally correct; excepting that in the armies seen near Maestricht, which measured sometimes twenty feet in length, the series of single and double files behind the commanding general were so short, that very soon the ranks spread out to ten, twelve, fifteen, and twenty caterpillars abreast. One army might be seen ascending an oak whose leaves were already partly destroyed by another army then in the act of descending; the respective corps crossing each other without seeming to suffer any inconvenience. Indeed the instinct which impels these animals to move in unbroken files seems to render them indifferent to all external obstacles.

A globular mass of caterpillars was taken home for examination. Next day it was thrown down. After about ten minutes, one of the caterpillars deliberately crawled out, and was followed by a second and third, and so on; but on this occasion the army formed itself into two lines, each headed by a leader, one of which led his troops on towards the left, the other to the right, the point of contact being formed by the last caterpillars of each troop. The array now complete remained motionless, until the professor, having waited more than an hour without observing the slightest sign of change, dispersed them. Another curious fact observed was the power they seem to exert in deposing a leader physically incapable of doing justice to so important an office. Among the caterpillars brought home was a little, miserable, misshapen animal; and when the troop had filed off so as to bring him into line in his turn, the author contrived to place him as the head of the file. A long pause ensued. The march was arrested, as if for consultation upon the emergency. Rapid undulations shook the line, and at last it broke—a fine strong caterpillar leaving it, thus constituting himself the head of a new file, and being speedily followed by others. He who was next to the dwarf left him to follow the new leader; and even the ex-commander himself quietly fell into the line headed by his more efficient rival.

Every observer has been struck with the exactitude with which these caterpillars keep the straight line; and it has been suggested that each may take hold of the long terminal hairs of the one he follows. M. Morren, however, has examined into this point, and feels convinced that the explanation is not well-founded. These long terminal hairs, however, are directed obliquely on each side, and receive the head of the following caterpillar between them; so that it is possible this lateral contact may serve to keep the heads in a straight line.

M. Morren confirms Reaumur's statements of the irritating powers of this caterpillar. Indeed all observers agree on the point. Shepherds and swineherds, conducting their flocks to the mere vicinity of these animals, suffer from them; and so likewise does the woodman who attacks the tree they have seized upon. Nicolai, the celebrated Westphalian forest-master, says that horses brought within the sphere of their action become like mad animals; and he relates examples of the danger which has accrued to peasants sleeping near the trees, especially about the period of the metamorphosis. M. Borchhausen declares that he has known death itself result. The caterpillars taken on the 19th of June were freely handled by the author and his pupils without ill effects, and put by to form their cocoons. On the 31st, one of his children brought him a vase, in which a bombyx had passed into a perfect state; and although he closed the vase immediately, in half an hour the child's face became highly inflamed, and especially the edges of the eyelids. The portion of the author's arm, too, which had been directed towards the vase when it

was opened became similarly affected. On other members of the family opening this Pandora's box, white flakes issued, which produced the same effects. To one of these Madame Morren exposed her arm; which not only became inflamed, but the entire body afterwards was the seat of a sympathetic eruption, all ill effects, however, passing off in a few days. One of the flakes being examined microscopically, was found to be chiefly composed of a mass of hairs of various lengths and colours, most of them having a small cavity filled with some substance. M. Morren is disposed to adopt Reaumur's explanation of the irritation being produced by these minute hairs adhering to the skin, and observes that articles of furniture touched by them will long continue to possess the power of exciting irritation. It has since been announced by Professor Will that the hairs contain *prussic acid*, identical in its constitution with the matter which gives its peculiar character to the bite of the spider and the sting of the bee.

A VISIT TO THE ARCTIC SHIPS.

A VERY strong and even affecting sympathy has been manifested by the British public in the efforts made to ascertain the fate of our brave countrymen who have disappeared from human ken in the

'Thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,'

surrounding that mysterious North Pole, which has such powerful attractions for the imagination. It may therefore not be uninteresting to those who 'dwell at home at ease' to hear something of the preparations and precautions used on board the ships now recently departed for the purpose of seeking their lost sisters. A few days ago we visited the *Resolute*—the 'head lady,' as Costard would say, of the expedition. The external appearance of the vessel struck us as well adapted to harmonise with the scenery amid which she is to be a prominent object. She is painted black, with a narrow red stripe running round the upper portion of the side; and this colouring, and the absence of ports (or *windows*, as landmen would call them), give her a solemn, determined appearance, suitable to a ship going on no holiday task, but one of solemn earnest. Her figure-head is a snowy polar bear.

We were very courteously received on board by the officers, one of whom, Lieutenant Brown, had been in the *Enterprise*, and has lately favoured the public with a Panorama of the Arctic Regions, and an exquisite volume of engravings of the same scenes. The vessel is a *double ship*—that is to say, she is lined with extra beams of ash and oak, which add at once to her strength and warmth; the bow, which of course will come into the fiercest contact with the ice, is eight feet six inches thick, and sheathed outside this mass of timber with iron. The officers' cabins are lighted by skylights only; the captain's of course occupies the stern of the ship: it is warmed by pipes of hot air running round it, and by a copper stove and funnel, and will be constantly kept up to a temperature of sixty degrees; a narrow passage and the companion-ladder separate it from the gun-room, or apartment appropriated to the other officers, round which are some of their berths or bedrooms. These, though very small, are extremely neat and comfortable; the hot-air pipe, covered only by a sort of 'letting-in' work of iron, with a very pretty open tracery on it, runs along the side of the ship, and is consequently in the bed-place itself. We proceeded from these cabins to examine the stove from whence the air-pipes issue. It is in the hold, nearly in the middle of the vessel, and is of considerable size; there is a funnel for the escape of the smoke, and the air is warmed by coming in

contact with the heated metal, two huge tubes of which proceed from the stove; and on reaching the main-deck, are divided on each side into two smaller branches, which run round the officers' cabins, and towards the fore-castle, thus completely warming the habitable deck. Outside the cabins is an apparatus for washing and cooking, all in one. It resembles in shape an old-fashioned plate-warmer, being, however, very much higher. There is a huge grate underneath: the upper part has ranges of shelves for baking; it slips off, and the top of the oven reversed fixes into its place, and becomes a copper for washing or boiling. Close to it is a Downton's pump for pumping the ship, and near the fore-castle another for pumping up either fresh or salt water. These pumps are on the hydraulic principle. They look like huge copper or brass vases; and the tubes or funnels running up from them on deck, in order to prevent the water within from freezing, are covered closely and carefully with the coarse sort of flannel of which our snow-boots are made. Two stand together, divided by a brass plate of a circular form, with large, round, flat pieces surrounding it. There is a movable centre-piece of the same metal, which, fixed on one or other of the rounds, sends up either fresh or salt water, as you choose, by its pressure; or—as in the case of the pump further aft—pumps out the ship; thus saving the sailors the terrible and depressing labour they used to have when such exertion became necessary in days of yore.

Near the fore-castle is a machine for dissolving ice or snow for use. A sort of iron shoot receives the snow on deck, when shovelled in by the men, and it descends through this passage into a huge iron reservoir, beneath which is a furnace. Here it is melted, and runs through a pipe into the tubs or buckets placed to receive it. Mr Brown told us that ice would be first melted in it, as it would be some time ere they saw snow. We were then shown the ice-saws, by means of which a passage of miles has been cut through the ice. They are of huge dimensions, with tremendous teeth. The method of using them is by fixing a triangle, to the apex of which a block is hung; a strong rope runs through it, to one end of which the handle of the saw is attached; the other end has a number of smaller ropes proceeding from it, by means of which the sailors work the saw through the solid ice, and are thus enabled to open (as we have said) a passage of some length. Such are some of the mechanical facilities that science has afforded for encountering the terrible north. Indeed we came to the conclusion that a residence on board, in cabins kept up to such a temperature, could not be very uncomfortable; but we were reminded of the necessity of going on deck, and into the air, and this of course led to an explanation of the means used to prevent the effects to be apprehended from such a sudden change of atmosphere. Her Majesty provides the members of the expedition with boots which reach higher than the knee, of the very thickest flannel, with soles of cork two inches thick; the inner dress is of flannel, next to that chamois leather, which, preventing evaporation, retains the heat; then, if they choose, another garment lined with fur, or a greatcoat lined with sables, one of which we saw: a sort of helmet is to be worn on the head, to which is attached a mask of knitted wool, wadded and lined with silk, and doubly thick over the nose, leaving only an aperture for the eyes. These masks are of different colours; and the whole attire, especially when the hands disappear in the huge fur gauntlets which complete it, is almost ludicrous.

The stores laid in are necessarily abundant; a transport follows with them, to be transferred to the vessels when they reach a certain latitude. The officers' private stores are, however, on board the separate ships to which they belong. Amongst them were some very large tin cases of preserved potatoes, looking like a quantity of rough coarse powder or meal, but which, when mixed with boiling water, make in a few minutes an excellent

dish of mashed potatoes. In answer to our inquiries as to whether there was any difficulty in getting the ships manned, we learned that the sailors were very anxious to enter, and that three or four times the number of the crew might have been obtained, but that great care was necessary in the selection of the men with regard to health and strength, an *old scar* even rendering them unfit for the climate they were to endure. The officers appeared in great spirits, and declared that if their lost comrades are still living, it is impossible to miss finding them, the search is so well planned. Heaven grant it! and that their own voyage may be achieved in safety. They have a brave and experienced commander, a most humane and courteous gentleman, who will doubtless render their life on ship-board as pleasant as one of great fatigue and privation can be, for they have to anticipate a winter of solemn gloom, and many an unforeseen peril, ere they look upon merry England again. They bear with them the best wishes of the public, and as it is not a mere mania for (practically) useless discovery which sends them forth, we do not deem it quite as much a matter of regret as usual that England should peril so many of her best and bravest on the enterprise.

We left the Arctic ships highly gratified by our visit, everything but the balloons being then on board. Government has done much to alleviate their discomforts and dangers; but we trust that *one* source of comfort has not been overlooked—that is, a good supply of entertaining and instructive books for all. Not a common ship's library, but one meet to beguile the tedium of a Polar winter, and render it a period of mental improvement to many. There are now numerous publications admirably suited for such a purpose, and the generosity of the public could not be better exercised than in bestowing them on these or other vessels destined for the Arctic seas.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PIANOFORTES FOR THE MILLION.

A REGRET was some time ago expressed in the *Journal*,* that since the pianoforte is now the reigning instrument of the civilised world, it should, from its expensiveness, be confined to the comparatively affluent classes. It was suggested that, as much of the costliness of the instrument was caused by fineness of materials not essential to the musical result, it might be possible, by using plainer materials of that kind, to make a considerable reduction of price without any inferiority in essentials. On this hint the respectable firm of Collard and Collard of London have acted, and we have now, by their favour, seen an example of certainly a much more popular class of instruments than what has previously existed. The piano submitted to us is of the cottage size and form: its key-board presents six and a-half octaves. The strings are arranged on a frame strengthened by metal. It is such an instrument as, when of finer external materials, is usually offered by the maker at L.56. The price of this is L.30, being a reduction of nearly one half. The only apparent difference of the instrument from others is in the paleness of the wood forming the case, this being of the common pine instead of mahogany. Yet, far from being in the least inelegant, it has rather a pretty effect, the exterior being highly polished, and having much the appearance of satin wood. As to essentials, the instrument is excellent; its tone is clear, metallic, and rich, and this from end to end of the key-board, while two pedals serve to give the usual modifications to the effect.

While expressing to Messrs Collard and Collard our gratification in finding them so far successful in cheapening the pianoforte, we must take leave to urge further efforts in the same direction, for L.30 is still a price

* No. 306, published on the 10th of November 1849.

which places the instrument beyond the reach of many persons of taste in the middle ranks of life. Let this powerful firm bethink itself of further reductions, even though these should extend to the matters of compass and pedals, so as to offer serviceable pianofortes at, say £20. This would be a triumph indeed, and we shall hope to see it accomplished.

THE CENTRAL LAKE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

This sheet of water, the discovery of which, in 1849, by three British travellers has already been made familiar to the public, is supposed to lie about latitude 20° 19' south, and longitude 24° east. A writer in the 'Graham's Town Journal' of February 9, 1850, expresses his firm belief that the discharge of its waters is by the well-known river Zambezi, which falls into the Mozambique Channel. He also points out that there is a continual chain of mountains or table-land from this point far to the north, and he recommends that we should now endeavour to push commerce into Africa by that overland course, instead of spending efforts vainly on the coast, where unhealthy atmosphere, the slave trade, and the semi-Portuguese and Arabic character of the inhabitants, compose a formidable opposition. 'In this inland route,' he says, 'there are no fevers to contend with, and the fears and prejudices of the natives, by kindness, gentleness, and gifts, will soon be overcome. With such a road open, what should hinder commerce and civilisation advancing with rapid strides? The natives, instead of being obliged to take their produce and collections from the interior to the sea, at the risk of being plundered and kidnapped for slaves, would find, without any fear at all, a far better market in the interior itself.' The writer concludes by recommending the formation of a Pioneering Society, and pointing out three sundry routes to the lake.

It strikes us that this is a rational plan of procedure for Europeans seeking access to Africa. It is in the high inland grounds that a climate will be found which a European constitution can bear. Push forward lines of civilisation into the centre, and the depraved communities on the coast must languish like limbs which have been cut off by ligatures from communicating with the centre of organisation.

NOVELTY IN NEEDLEWORK.

We have seen some specimens of what appears to us to be a new application of the art of pictorial embroidery, and of a kind which gives more artistical scope than the usual laborious essays of the needle. The specimens are chiefly landscape; and unless the spectator stands very close to the picture, or the light shines strongly upon it, he can have no suspicion that it is anything else than an oil-painting. The effect is not produced by what would be called *stippling* in painting, but by bold splashes, so to speak, of the coloured wool, thrown down horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, according to the rules of drawing. The views are obviously taken from nature; and one now before us of Fast Castle, with the cliffs half buried in gloom, and the agitated waters, touched here and there by the red sunset, exhibits a feeling of art not very common even among the wielders of the pencil.

These productions, though worthy of attention from their intrinsic merit, have likewise an interest attached to them from the circumstances under which they are brought before the public. The artist, Mrs Maclauchlan, a young married lady, is the daughter of M'Kenzie of Gruinord, the last male representative of the earls of Seaforth and barons of Fortrose. She has now been thrown, by unmerited misfortunes, upon her own resources, and cultivates, as a means of support for herself and her mother, the elegant accomplishments she studied under very different prospects. Her works have been purchased by various members of the nobility, and there is one of them, we believe, in the possession of her Majesty; but as, owing to the material used, they are not admissible into the pictorial exhibitions, it is requi-

site that other steps should be taken to draw towards them the attention of the public. We shall be much gratified if this brief notice should assist in any degree in obtaining for them the desired publicity.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAIRO.

Of the outside of Egypt little or nothing remains undescribed by the tourist; and if it be not an exhausted country, it is only because the variety of moulds into which the Almighty has cast the minds of writers is inexhaustible, and not because there are temples unmeasured and unlimned, or natural phenomena unobserved or unaccounted for. But the interior life of Egypt is still a wide and interesting field for research, which has been only glanced at by the thousand-and-one fashionable tourists who have published on that country, the unique works of the Lane family being the exceptions that prove the rule.

The obstacles to these studies are the great difficulties of the Arabic language, and still more the fanaticism of the people on religious subjects. In China, where political motives restrict the locomotion of the traveller, the pure morality of a Confucius, and the shining humility of a Mencius, have produced a considerable tolerance—a tolerance which would have been extended to Christianity if Jesuitism had not made it a political engine, and compelled the government to deal alike with matters of fact and matters of faith. No idea of desecration interferes with the free entrance of a European into their temples, or with the perusal of their sacred books, or free inquiry into their doctrines. But in the Ottoman empire, the European is in other matters not only not obstructed, but forwarded and assisted. Acts of arrogance and even outrage on his part often pass with impunity; but the people abhor the sight of a Frank costume in their mosques; and in the *azhar*, as the university of Cairo is called, it is absolutely prohibited, except in the rare and extraordinary case of the visit of a member of a house reigning in Europe. The Chinese hates the foreigner for his barbarous nation, and not for his difference of faith; while the Egyptian detests the difference of faith rather than the difference of nation, and would make the Koran a sealed book to unbelievers.

To make a semblance of joining in the divine service of Moslems for literary purposes is what no right-thinking man would descend to now-a-days, however it may have been considered in the time of Burkhart. On the other hand, to pay a literary and historical visit to Cairo, and leave out the university of the *azhar*, would be to enact the tragedy of 'Hamlet' with the part of the prince omitted. I therefore adopted a middle course, such as that recommended by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in his 'Guide to Modern Egypt,' which was, to wear the costume for a period; so that although I was known as an Englishman, I entered all the mosques with perfect freedom during the intervals between divine service, and visited the *azhar* repeatedly, there being nothing in my appearance to attract especial observation or to shock Moslem prejudices. In visiting the pasha, I appeared in no other costume than that of plain John Bull.

It was on one of the clear beautiful days of November in Cairo, when the heat of summer had passed, when the inundation had begun to decline, and the delicious season of the winter had just commenced, that I accompanied my cicerone to the *azhar*, which is situated in the upper part of Cairo—that is to say, that part of the city which is most remote from the Nile, and close under the mountain-chain running parallel with the river. Instead of being situated, as most universities are in Europe, in some open square, you never see it until you find yourself at the so-called Barbers' Gate; an entrance elaborately sculptured in the Saracenic manner, but more remarkable for its excess of ornament than for grandeur and simplicity of design, deriving its name from the circumstance of several of this craft being generally seated there on mats in the open air with the implements of their trade ready for a customer. The streets in the vicinity of

* Mrs Maclauchlan resides at 4 Horatio Place, Gourcock.

the azhar have nothing to make them remarked from other parts of Cairo, being narrow, dark, and unpaved—an inconvenience not felt in a country where there is from three to five days' rain in the year; while from the want of noise of wheels or stones, and the shops being all opened to the street, without a wall on this side, and every few paces being covered over from house-top to house-top to exclude the sun, one has a feeling of walking rather in the labyrinthine passages of an enormous house than in the streets of a capital.

Within the university we find the mosque proper; a wide and extensive hall, with the roof supported by a great many columns, evidently originally from Greco-Roman edifices, or Christian basilica, before the Moslem conquest in the seventh century. The destruction of a Christian church never stood in the way of the architects of the earlier mosques of Cairo; and the invention of the pointed arch in the ninth century, long before it was ever seen or heard of in Europe, arose from the ingenuity of a Christian architect, who, to save his church from being despoiled of its columns to build the mosque of Touloun, promised to construct an arcade without the necessity of cylindrical columns. The discussion on the origin of the pointed arch has been for a century past a hot one among archaeologists, but need never have been so if Macrizi had been accessible in a translation to Egyptian travellers.

There was rather a deficiency of light in this mosque compared with the others that are open courts; but there was still enough to read and write by; and the floor was completely covered with clean new mats. It was not the hour of prayer, and the place appeared to be a sort of general lounge, where were seen the Ulema, with their high white turbans of a peculiar fold; the *Megawereen*, or students and fellows, of various dresses and complexions, from the different parts of the Moslem world; and blind men, groping from pillar to pillar with the ease of familiar spirits. Mr Lane has given several anecdotes of the pride, insolence, and fanaticism of these poor blind men; but one I received from my informant was quite the other way. Once a blind man entered the azhar, wearing a blue Christian turban. He was consequently beaten, and told to go out, on which he cried out—'I am Sheik Mohammed; why do you beat a Moslem in the temple of God?' 'It is not true,' said they; 'else why do you wear the dress of a Christian?' And on explanation, it was found out that a hoax had been played upon him by a man who had offered and pretended to sell him the green turban of a Sherceef, giving him, instead, the dark-blue one of a Christian.

We now passed through a door into the court with the other porticos or cloisters called *Riwack* (plural *Rewa-weck*), and in these saw the nations, not intermingled, but each in its separate compartment, seated on the ground cross-legged, receiving instruction in the beautiful but time-killing mental gymnastics of Arabic grammar and prosody, logic and rhetoric, law and dogmatic theology, and in the smattering of pre-Copernican astronomy and mathematical science that is requisite for an almanac-maker or time-keeper of a mosque, with a view to precision in the hours appointed for prayer. The *Riwack Es-Sham*, or Cloister of Syria, had in 1845-46 altogether nearly three hundred pupils; but those I saw could not be a quarter of that number, and were easily distinguished, having fair complexions, clean turbans, and being altogether the best dressed and most respectable group in the university. A complete contrast to them are the *Mogrebins*, who drove me to think of politics rather than of literature. Many of them from Morocco were dressed in *haiks*, or garments of a drab colour of the coarsest texture, and were of a much darker colour than Syrians, with coarser skins, being altogether a savage, unpolished-looking race; although many of them, particularly the Tunisians, dress like Arab townsmen, in a costume resembling that of Egypt. Looking at the two races, one sees at once that the prolonged resistance which the Algerines have offered to the French is that of a race far more savage and warlike, far more energetic and fanatical, and, let us add, far less corrupted, than the Moslems of Egypt

and Syria. One of the cloisters contains several fellow-subjects or protégés of our most gracious Majesty the Queen, who are Moslems from Western India, frequenting a *Riwack* called *Goawey*, from Goa; but as I have always found Indian Moslems very shy in the Ottoman empire, I did not claim any political relation with them.

While foreign Moslem countries have for the most part only a single *Riwack*, each division of Egypt has its own, several of which have still some income allowed in the shape of daily bread; for instance, that of the *Sharkawy*, or country to the east of the eastern mouth of the Nile, which has two hundred loaves of bread a day. The cloisters of the other districts of Egypt have peculiar names unknown to maps. That of the country around Alexandria is called *Liptigaweey*, and that of the Delta, *Tabarseey*. The cloister of the people of Saïd, with its fountain reading-room, is distinguished by the dark complexion of its inmates; but darkest of all is the cloister of the *Dac-roory*, who are perfectly black; a cloister that was instituted by Kaid Bey, a sultan who lived towards the close of the fifteenth century, and which turns out ebony Ulema, cadis, and muftis for the countries beyond the Cataracts. Moslems from Persia and Central Asia are common; but if we cast our eyes to the Celestial Empire, where there are nearly twenty thousand mosques, a solitary Alim from that vast and distant region was the only one who attended the azhar in the winter of 1845-46.

As to the general doctrines and discipline of Islamism as taught in the azhar, I refer the reader to the well-known works of Reland and Sale; and as regards custom and law, he will find the expositions of the four great Moslem doctors, Hanife, Shafei, Malek, and Hambale, geographically mapped in Mr Lane's 'Modern Egyptians.' All Turkey Proper follows the first; most of Egypt and Syria the second; Morocco and Western Africa the third; and Mr Lane assigns to the fourth the Wahabees of Arabia, to whom I would suggest, as an addition, the inhabitants of the important city of Bagdad and Nablouse in Syria, the latter the Samaritan Sicheim of Scripture. A detailed history of the fortunes and misfortunes of the azhar—of the rise, decline, and fall of learning in Egypt, from the foundation of the university in the tenth century to the present period—if written with the erudition of a Hammer Purgstall, a Lane, or a Quatremare, would be one of the most interesting works conceivable; but in a sketch of this sort, a brief and rapid glance is all that can be given.

The azhar is the oldest ecclesiastical edifice of Cairo Proper—that is to say, of the Cairo built and named by Moezz, the first of the Fatimite caliphs; for when Egypt was conquered by Amru, in the time of the Caliph Omar, the city was not in existence. Cairo was built by Moezz with strong walls, and the streets called after his mercenaries, among whom were Greeks and Sicilian Saracens. The mosque was finished in two years, and was, according to the inscription on the right of the sanctuary, 'built by the command of Abdallah, vicegerent of God, Abou Temin Ma'ad el Imam el Moezz Ledinallah, the prince of the faithful, on whom and on whose fathers and legitimate children be the blessing of God, and by the hands of his servant Gohar, the secretary, the Sicilian, in the year 369.' There is a talisman to prevent the sparrows and turtle-doves from building their nests there—the talisman being the figures of birds carved in stone. Ten years after its foundation, the mosque was endowed as a seminary, the *fakihs*, or tutors and lecturers, being thirty-five in number, and besides a small salary, each being allowed a new dress and a mule at the festival of Bairam; and thus was the azhar the principal mosque and seminary in the first years of the Fatimite dynasty.

The two principal figures in this dynasty were men as opposite to each other as it was possible to conceive, but both professing to protect learning. The former, Hakem, is to this day, according to the Druse religion, the incarnation of the Deity; for, not content with being acknowledged caliph in Egypt, Syria, and the Barbary states, he wished himself to be considered a god. Instead of being an orthodox Moslem, he had a great deal of communication with the emissaries of the Ismaelites and Assass-

sins, the people of the Old Man of the Mountain; and at last, owing to his cruelties and eccentricities, was murdered at the instigation of his own sister. He was thus morally at war with the doctors of divinity in the azhar, although he repaired and further endowed it, as appears by the deed of settlement given by Macrizi; a curious specimen of Cairo conveyancing in the tenth century after Christ.

Hakem set up an institution of his own, called the Dar el Hekimet, or College of Science, with a copious library, and pen, ink, and paper for those who wished to consult it; his object being to introduce the philosophy of the Carmates, who allegorised the precepts of Islamism, and by their secret societies wished to establish a universal dominion in the East on the ruins of the Caliphate of Bagdad. Consequently Hakem is regarded to this day by every true Moslem as having been an impious impostor.

A very different person was one of his successors, Mostanser, who may be regarded as the Mamoun, or Harouner-Reshid, of the Fatimite dynasty. He was a mild and pious prince, who reigned in the eleventh century. His private library contained 120,000 volumes; and although he completed the mosque of Hakem with great magnificence, he did all in his power to encourage learning and learned men, and the azhar was well frequented. But the dynasty was brought to a close in the year 567 of the Flight, or 1171 of Christ, by the splendid military talents of Saladin; and henceforth the litany which used to be read for the Fatimites was restored to the caliphs of Bagdad. But Saladin settled that it should be read in the mosque of Hakem, on account of the size of the building; and for a hundred years no *khotbet*, or litany, was recited in the azhar, until it was restored by Sultan Bibars. But in the great earthquake of 702 of the Flight, which ruined so many mosques, the original azhar of Moezz was thrown down; and the great emirs who spent their lives in combating the Crusaders arranged to rebuild a mosque each, when the Emir Silar rebuilt the azhar. No Tasso has sung the valour and generosity of the heroes of Islamism; but whoever reads the contemporary accounts of both sides of the question debated in these days, must come to the conclusion, that in piety, in valour, and in generosity, a Saladin, a Bibars, and a Bayseri, were in no way inferior to a Louis or a Godfrey of Boulogne.

All the dynasties of caliphs were Arabic; but that singular series of temporal dynasties which, on the fall of the Fatimites, began with Saladin, and ended with the Ottoman conquest in 1517, was at first Kurdish, then Turkish, and last of all Circassian. But Arabic being the language of Islamism, remained also that of science, and even of the most considerable departments of government; and Saladin, Bibars, Sultan Hassan, and Kauso el Ghory, the last and most learned of the Mameluke sultans, all cultivated Arabic literature.

The funds for the azhar were ample, for we find that in the year 818 of the Flight, upwards of 750 Ulema pupils and fellows were maintained out of the income of the college. The Megawereen, or fellows, lived in a sort of monastic state, Sultan Barkouk having ordained the law, that what they possessed should be in common; hence a state of idleness and disorder inseparable from Communism. A species of Moslem John Knox arose in the midst of this monkish system, in the person of the Emir Sodula, who turned them out by violence with their boxes and trunks, throwing them on the world in the most miserable condition. Some went back, and even blows were resorted to to drive them out; but this emir's conduct appeared to be that of a destroyer of learning rather than a reformer of learned men, and he was consequently seized by the sultan, and confined until he died.

During the three centuries of the Ottoman possession of Egypt, the number of pupils of the azhar may not have fallen off, but the literary spirit of Cairo has much declined from what it was when it gave birth to such vast historic labours as those of a Macrizi in the fifteenth century of Christ; and the reforms of Mohammed Ali have altogether altered the position in which the Ulema and pupils of the azhar formerly stood. It has ceased to

be an asylum for murderers, which it previously was. Another peculiarity was, that that formidable personage, the inspector of weights and measures, had no government over the quarter of the azhar, as they had a separate inspector of their own, whom they called by the curious name of Gyndy el Mudback, or Trooper of the Kitchen: one being in the house of the sheikh of the azhar, the other in the house of the sheikh of the rite of Malek. The government of the Shereefs and Ulema by separate magistrates is also abolished; and if these rob or steal, they are under the control of the ordinary police; although in minor assaults and batteries, which are very frequent among those persons, they are handed over to the sheikh of the azhar, who adjudges and punishes them through the trooper of the kitchen.

The seizure of the mosque lands by the Egyptian government, the establishment of medical and polytechnic schools, and last of all, the institution of a species of gymnasium at Paris, where 150 young Egyptians receive Frank education, have, so to speak, completely altered the polarity of education in Egypt. Polytechnic schools have risen on the decline of the Moslem Sorbonne. The principle of the old education is religious even to fanaticism; that of the new latitudinarian, and entirely subservient to military purposes; consequently medicine and mathematics, drawing and European languages, take the precedence of other branches of instruction. I have seen the Ulema at an opera of Donizetti in the castle of Cairo, and have heard the mufti of Cairo in the house of the Sheikh el Bekri, on the evening of the Festival of the Prophet, promise to affix his approbation to the novelty of a printed edition of the Koran: but these are the exceptions, and the Ulema of the azhar rather shut their eyes on such innovations than accept them cordially; and I regard a reaction towards the old system to be, however undesirable, yet highly probable.

LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May 1543: the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thought; but in his eye kindled the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks upon his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived: the long straight robe, with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer Nicholas Copernicus, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine; titular canon of Wernica; and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his great work 'On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.' In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical science. On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple Rheticus was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for his purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three

pieces* of wood, and directed it successively towards the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of a doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had *indeed* destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and folding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these His glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen, he wrote on the title-page of his book—'Behold the work of the greatest and the most perfect Artisan: the work of God himself.' And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded, with a collected mind, to write the dedication of his book.

'To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III.: I dedicate my work to your holiness, in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanderers, notwithstanding the proverb which says that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS—*Of Thorn.*'

Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leant his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labour, he in truth needed repose. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration: it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who, with slow and heavy step, ascended the tower stairs.

'Master,' said he to the canon as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, 'the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is only waiting for your proof-sheets and letters.'

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.

'But that is not all,' continued the servant; 'there are ten poor sick people in the house waiting for you; and besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg, to look after the water-machine, which has stopped working; and also to see the three workmen who have broken their legs in trying to set it going again.'

'Poor creatures!' exclaimed Copernicus. 'Let my horse be saddled directly.' And with a resolute effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was, in outward appearance, one of the most unpretending in Wernica: it was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as in science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome and of Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlour on the ground-floor, which was ever open to all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical gnomon of Copernicus; and the only ornament the room contained were some verses written by his own hand, and pasted up over the chimney-piece.

It was in this parlour that the good canon found the ten invalids who had come to claim his assistance; he dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to

others, and on all he bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labours, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out for Frauenberg, when a horseman, galloping up to the door, handed him a letter. He trembled as he recognised the handwriting of his friend Gysius, bishop of Culm. 'May God have pity on us,' wrote this latter, 'and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets; the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits; and the university, hearing that thy book was about to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing presses of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late.'

Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman, who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

'I must set out directly,' replied the old man in a resigned tone; 'but not for Nuremberg or for Culm; the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I do not go to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work—they cannot stop the stars in their courses!'

An hour later, Copernicus was at Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon this town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the river Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering, like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportunistically, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water again flowed freely into the town. His first cares, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who had received injuries whilst working in the sluices: he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands; then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself which was destined to crush him to the dust.

As he crossed the square, whilst passing through the town on his return home, he perceived amidst the crowd a company of strolling players acting upon a temporary stage. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all sorts of ridiculous instruments—in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking, that he directly recognised himself, and paused, stupified with astonishment. Behind the merry-Andrew, whose business it was thus to hold up the great man to public derision there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated him as a representation of Satan, and who caused the pseudo Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears—which were no other than asses' ears, of considerable dimensions. The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot: in the second, he explained his system, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, whilst his head was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of resin: in the third, he became a charlatan, a vender of pomatum and quack medicines—he spoke dog-Latin to the passers-by; sold them water, which he had drawn from his own well, at an exorbitant price; and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which did he indulge, that he finally disappeared under

* Tycho Brahe has preserved to us a drawing of this instrument, which was the means of accomplishing such wonderful discoveries, and which was sent to him after the death of Copernicus by John Ilanovrius, bishop of Wernica. It is difficult for us to conceive how a triangle so rude in its formation, and so irregular in its movements, can have supplied, in the hands of this great man, the place of those infallible telescopes which have since served to confirm his discoveries.

the table: in the fourth and closing act he was again dragged forth to view as one accursed of God and man; and the devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amidst a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declared his intention of punishing him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downwards throughout eternity.

When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlightened faith branded as impiety, and his self-denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped that the Frauenbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would cut short the disgraceful scene. But alas! he saw his defamers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotion and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labours of the morning, he sunk exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognise their benefactor: the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip—they heard that he had come that very morning to the town in order to relieve their distress—in a moment the current of popular feeling was turned, their ingratitude was quickly changed to remorse—the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously round the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and of faith still shed its halo around the dying man. On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the bishop of Culm: thrice had the students of the university made an attempt to invade the printing-office whence the truth was about to issue forth. 'Even this very morning,' wrote his friend, 'a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts either day or night, guarding the entrance, and keeping watch over the workmen—the printers perform their work with one hand, whilst they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our ground for two days, thy book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. . . . But if either to-day or to-morrow our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand' . . . Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want—he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings: 'A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burned in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it into press. . . . But a popular tumult might yet ruin all!'

Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom: it was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Copernicus: this messenger was the bode of victory.

The spark of life, so nearly extinguished, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man: he raised himself in his bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, and glanced at its contents with his dim, expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features; the book fell from his grasp; and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, 'Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace!' Hardly had he uttered these words, before his spirit fled from earth to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the 23d May—day had not yet dawned—heaven was still lighted up with stars—the

earth was fragrant with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathise with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed his earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say, 'The king of creation gives thee the kiss of peace, for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne.'

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of its own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognised, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling-house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last *oboles*, to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him in Warsaw. This statue is from the hand of the great sculptor Thorvaldsen.

BANNOCKBURN.

O for a gush of Castaly
To undulate my song,
Ye goddess-muses, unto whom
The springs of verse belong!
No matter—there are streams enow
Between the hill and sea,
And every Scots foot on their banks,
Thanks to King Bruce, is free!

I.

The English king hath sworn an oath,
That ere the Baptist's day,
Near Stirling's towers shall England's host
And Scotland's meet in fray;
Such fray as, if it lifts us not
Above all foes and praises,
Shall be the last and bloodiest
Of Scotland's fighting days.

II.

From cot, from castle spread the news
O'er hill, dale, everywhere:
It found God-speed in Liddesdale,
It found God-speed in Ayr;
Among the mosses of Dumfries
The Maxwells caught the omen;
Buchanans told it to Colquhouns,
In the shadow of Ben Lomond;
Makraken gave it to Milroy
On the coast of Galloway,
Where the relics of St Ninian sleep,
And the monks of Balloch pray:
'Twas heard at Ebba's Kirk, and heard
By them that hear the din
Of Corryvrekan, and Cape Wrath,
And Foyers, and Corra Linn;
It spread—it sprang from isle to isle,
From Harris to Tiree;
It roused the red-legged clans of Rosa
And the Dane-mixed men of Dee;
It woke the country of Saint Clair,
And the country of Mackay;
It pierced unto the springs of Clyde,
And the virgin rill of Spey:
It made proud mothers cease to sing,
And maidens to be coy,
But the warrior heard, and ground his teeth,
And cut the air for joy.

III.

That day which makes each week arise,
With the blue eye of Heaven,
It found us on the battle-field,
But not to arms was given;
Yet not to rest, or thought of rest,
With a broad sun blazing o'er us,
And a hundred thousand English swords
Grim gathering before us.
That day the sun went down like blood,
And even when rose the moon,
All the night-air palpitated,
With the fiery heart of June.

IV.

Sir Mowbray stood in chafing mood
On Stirling's old gray wall,
For nought on earth had he to do,
But watch our movements all.
And well he noted every sign:

'The time,' quoth he, 'is brief,
When yonder nodding flags, my boys,
Will bring us all relief.
Another day, one bloody fray,'
Quoth he, 'and I am free;
The mouse may cheep in Stirling keep,
But not, please God, for me.'

V.

Sir Mowbray, as a gallant knight,
Was raised to high command
By the great soul that left its clay
At Borough-on-the-Sand;
And give the old knight his wonted place
Among the Southrons hot,
And let him tread the springy sward,
In teeth of the proud foot;
That arm of his hath pith enough
To show you lion's play,
When the fire flies from flashing eyes,
The blue eyes and the gray.

VI.

Next morn arose as peaceful
As if war had never been,
Though nations twain in battle gear
Were standing in its sheen,
With gilded flags, like Beltane fires,
All gleaming in the sun,
And men on both sides muttering, 'Thus
Shall battle-fields be won!'

VII.

Like waters fed by many streams,
The northern ranks are thronged
With vassal leal and bold outlaw,
The wronger and the wronged;
Grim graybeards that have swung their swords
Around the Wallace wight,
Brave striplings that have fled from home,
But will not flee from fight,
And some who have aforetime fought
Against the leal and true,
Will this day stand in Scotland's van,
And soldier penance do.
Yea, even the knave whose callid life
Has hardly one proud day,
Who comes to plunder, he for once
Is come in time to slay.

VIII.

King Bruce surveyed his mingled host
With no unhelpful eye—
'Let every soldier make his bed,
As he would wish to lie!
I give old Scotland's flag in charge
Of this gray rock,' said he,
'A standard-bearer that shall fly,
Good friends, as soon as we.'

IX.

Our gracious king: right well we knew
How he had played the man,
How he had led an outlaw's life,
And borne the church's ban,
How he had kept his fame so well,
In flight, when doomed to flee,
And how he nursed a heart of ruth
In hottest victory!
Ho! for the men that loved their king,
When loyal men were few!
Ho! for the king that knew his men,
And trusted whom he knew!

X.

Old Maurice of Inchaffray
(Save his gray head from harm!),
To fix our confidence, displayed
Saint Fillan's relic-arm:
But how our hearts beat in us
When we heard the good priest say
That living arms, and layman nerves,
Were all required to-day!
And when he raised the cross, and bade
Us cry unto the Lord,
And seek the grace of every saint
That ever drew a sword,
And pardoned fight, and pardoned fall,
Scarce was the counsel given,
When, hand to heart, and knee to earth,
And every eye on Heaven,
Ye might have heard the abbot's tread,
Unsanctified though he trod,
So breathlessly the Scottish host
Were speaking to their God.

XI.

Now came proud England's battle-burst:
O ladies, 'twere a sight
On which the fairest lady eyes
With joyance would alight,

To see such gallant gentlemen
At tourney, dance, or play!
But this was not a time of mirth,
Or joust or holiday.

XII.

Then Scotland bared her good broad sword,
And baptised it in blood,
And Bannockburn was swollen and red,
But not with rain or mud;
For each man fought as boors might work
In harvest-time or Spring
('Twas the spring-time of Liberty,
And Hate's in-gathering),
Till, on the uneven and pitted ground,
With caltrops thickly sown,
A crop of staggering cavaliers
And plunging steeds was mown;
Till Hereford was prisoner,
Till Gloster's heart was cold
(Brave Gloster's deathbed shall be called
For aye the Bloody Fold);
Till knightly D'Argentine had urged
The southern king away—
Brave D'Argentine, whose one good sword
Almost renewed the fray—
Till home-fast boys and screaming girls
Beheld at Ingram's Crook
Balls of red foam and trunkless heads
Slow sailing down the brook.
The very winds were vocal,
And the dumb hills seemed to cry,
'Your bairns are sleeping at our feet,
Ho! save your homes, or die.'
And saved they were, and safe they are,
And shall be safe and free,
For right was might at Bannockburn,
The great God honoured be!

XIII.

That night by Ninian's sleepless monks
Full many a prayer was said;
That night the trophied tidings brought
Sweet dreams to wife and maid;
That night we bound the wounded up,
To-morrow hid the slain;
One short hour reckoned up our loss—
All time shall count the gain:
For 'tis a story to be held
In memory for aye
How lord and vassal knelt and prayed,
Though not as beadsmen pray;
How lord and vassal rose and fought,
As none had fought before;
And how the burn was choked with knights,
And the marsh half-filled with gore;
And how the northern sun arose,
As sank the southern star;
And how the braggart Southron king
Did ride to reach Dunbar.

XIV.

O luckless, luckless king, that broke
The barb of Edward's name!
O starless breast, that came so far,
And found so little fame!
O well for thee hadst thou been left
With Gloster on the plain!
Thou goest to gall a noble steed,
A steed thou canst not rein.
Thou goest—O luckless, luckless king!—
To Favouritism's foul breath,
To trust a courtier's puny arm,
To Berkeley's horrid death;
And England's wide and motley realm
Holds not so poor a thing,
As thine anointed, witless head,
O luckless, luckless king!

Bannockburn.

J. B. M.

CLIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.

In a country of such vast extent as Australia, spreading over so many degrees of latitude, we might naturally expect to find much diversity in the climate; and such is really the case. Van Diemen's Land, from its isolated and more southern position, is cooler, and characterised by greater humidity than Australia; its vegetation is therefore abundant, and its forests dense and difficult of access. The climate of the continent, on the other hand, between the 25th and 35th degrees of latitude, is much drier, and has a temperature which is probably higher than that of any other part of the world, the thermometer frequently rising to 110 degrees, 120 degrees, and even 130 degrees in the shade, and this high temperature is not unfrequently increased by the hot winds which sweep over the country.

from the northward, and which indicate most strongly the parched and sterile nature of the interior. Unlike other hot countries, this great heat and dryness is unaccompanied by night-dews, and the falls of rain being uncertain and irregular, droughts of many months' duration sometimes occur, during which the rivers and lagoons are dried up, the land becomes a parched waste, vegetation is burnt up, and famine spreads destruction on every side. It is easier for the imagination to conceive, than the pen to depict, the horrors of so dreadful a visitation. The indigenous animals and birds retire to the mountains, or to more distant regions exempt from its influence. Thousands of sheep and oxen perish, bullocks are seen dead by the roadside, or in the dried-up water holes, to which, in the hope of relief, they had dragged themselves, there to fall and die; trees are cut down for the sake of the twigs as fodder; the flocks are driven to the mountains, in the hope that water may there be found, and every effort is made to avert the impending ruin; but in spite of all that can be done, the loss is extreme. At length a change takes place; rain falls abundantly; and the plains, on which but lately not a blade of herbage was to be seen, and over which the stillness of desolation reigned, become free with luxuriant vegetation. *Orchideæ*, and thousands of flowers of the loveliest hues, are profusely spread around, as if nature rejoiced in her renovation; and the grain springing up vigorously, gives promise of an abundant harvest. This change from sterility to abundance in the vegetable world is accompanied by a correspondent increase of animal life; the waters become stocked with fish, the marshy districts with frogs and other reptiles; hosts of caterpillars and other insects make their appearance, and spreading over the surface of the country, commence the work of devastation, which, however, is speedily checked by the birds of various kinds that follow in their train. Attracted by the abundance of food, hawks, of three or four species, in flocks of hundreds, depart from their usual solitary habits, become gregarious and busy at the feast, and thousands of straw-necked ibises (*Ibis spinicollis*) and other species of the feathered race revel in the profusion of a welcome banquet. It must not, however, be imagined that this change is effected without its attendant horrors: the heavy rains often filling the river beds so suddenly that the onward-pouring flood carries with it everything that may impede its course; and wo to the unhappy settler whose house or grounds may lie within the influence of the overwhelming floods! So little has as yet been ascertained respecting the climatology of Western, North-Western, and Northern Australia, that it is not known whether they also are subject to these tremendous visitations; but as we have reason to believe that the intertropical parts of the country are favoured with a more constant supply of rain, as well as a lower degree of temperature, it is probable that they do not there occur.—*Gould's Birds of Australia*.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Yesterday morning we witnessed a scene that we little believed could be enacted within the borders of Kentucky. The steamer G. W. Kendall was lying at the wharf at the foot of Wall Street preparing to start to New Orleans. On the fore-castle deck stood a group consisting of a master and five or six slaves, including a woman with a child at the breast, who were apparently going to the south. Just as the last bell of the steamer rang out its peal for departure, and the lines were about to be cast loose, the mother was bidden to give up her infant, and was told that she must go without it. At this intimation the poor creature became frantic with grief. She caressed the child a moment, then flew to her trunk in which she had packed various little articles of clothing she had made up for it to wear. These she first pressed fervently to her lips, and then bestowed them upon the child. Her owner then ordered her to follow him, and she mechanically started to obey; but the promptings of nature were too strong within her swelling breast to be resisted, and with loud sobs of grief she turned, embraced her child, and clung to it with the tenacity of despair. The heartrending grief of the woman, and her frantic gestures, attracted the attention of persons passing along the levee, and strongly excited the sympathies of many. The owner was asked by a gentleman if he would sell the woman and child. To this he assented, and demanded 650 dollars for them. Upon inquiry, however, it was ascertained that the woman was to be sold down the river, and that the child would be disposed of here. The bystanders volunteered to raise subscriptions to buy the child and send it with its mother, and several of them proffered ten dollars

a piece. At this juncture Captain Norton, the captain of the boat, came forward and told the owner of the slaves that he would not take him on his boat, and sent the whole party ashore, and in a few minutes the steamer was seen dashing over the falls without them.—*Louisville Courier*.

HOW ILLNESS IS TO BE BORNE.

If the spirit can so far prevail as to remove the sickness wholly from itself, and banish it into the body only, an immense step is gained; and we may then bear bodily ailments not only with apparent, but with real firmness and tranquillity, and not only bear but draw from them much that softens and purifies the soul. I myself, indeed, though I have been often ill, and occasionally dangerously so, have never had to endure lasting sickness, or even what may be deemed a weak constitution. But I have intimately known many, both men and women, with whom this was the ordinary state, and had no hope of escaping from it but by death. To this class belonged Schiller especially. He suffered much—he suffered continually—and knew, as indeed happened afterwards, that this continual suffering would lead him step by step to the grave. Yet one might truly say of him that he held his illness confined to the body; for at whatever time you visited him, or under whatever circumstances you might meet him, his mind was always calm and cheerful—ready to adapt itself to friendly intercourse, or to interesting and even philosophical conversation. He was, indeed, wont to say that a man worked better under the influence of illness, if it were not too severe; and I have seen him under circumstances which certainly afforded nothing cheering, compose both poems and prose pieces which betrayed no traces in their composition of the illness of the writer.—*Humboldt's Letters*.

INTELLECTUAL LABOUR.

A popular lecturer (Mr Turner) is reported, somewhat confusedly, to have lately spoken as follows:—"He had often heard it said of a man, 'Oh! intellectual pursuits are killing him;' but there never was a man yet who died from intellectual labours, if he paid attention to the other circumstances that ought to be connected with intellectual pursuits. If a man engrossed in study neglects his food, his exercise, and other physical causes so essential to the maintenance of health, is not health likely, to a certain extent, to fall a sacrifice? But intellectual pursuits, corresponding with the taste of the individual, having a tendency to enlarge the mind, so far from being detrimental to health, are highly conducive to it.' Experience enables us to add a decisive testimony to the same effect. It is only when intellectual labours are pursued in harassing circumstances, or in excess, or with a disregard of the common requisites of health, that they prove hurtful.

'MRS CHISHOLM.'

It was omitted to be mentioned by the contributor of the account of Mrs Chisholm, given in No. 326, that the materials were gathered chiefly from Sidney's 'Emigrants' Journal.' This valuable journal, we are sorry to say, has been discontinued, which is probably the reason why our correspondent did not think it necessary to quote its authority.

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THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WILD.

It has happened not unfrequently that historical personages have passed under a false character for many generations, and have then all on a sudden been discovered to be something very different from what the world supposed them. We are not prone to change our opinions: on the contrary, the difficulty is to get us to quash a false judgment. Generations for a certain time follow one another in their opinions like a string of geese; and thus a man who is once fairly set up as a hero, may count on some centuries of worship at the least. So also it is with a beast. Your lion continued the king of the forest from time immemorial up to a very recent period. His herculean build, his grave and majestic pace, his thunder-like roar, answered for crown, globe, and sceptre, and his legitimacy was acknowledged in all times and countries. But it was at length put to the test. He was pitted in a fair field with the tiger, and in spite of his airs of superiority, the lion gave in, and his enemy was declared champion of the forest. How many figures of poetry, how many historical associations, were shattered to pieces by this unexpected result! The Hercules in whose divine face the old sculptor had fused the leonine with the human features was henceforth a dishonoured demi-god; and Richard of the Lion-heart found himself linked in the imaginations of men with an animal which turned tail to an enemy.

The new champion maintained the field for a time, and cunning mingled with ferocity—prompting the sneaking circuit, and then the sudden spring—appeared to be the true characteristics of warlike heroism. But already the tiger's reign is at an end, and poetry and sculpture have had hardly time to turn themselves round, when another champion appears pacing the arena supreme and alone, and making its bloody precincts echo to a sound more deep and hoarse than the lion's roar. This is the wild buffalo, whom nature herself appears to have distinguished as a fighting animal, by furnishing him with weapons of offence apparently useless except in battle. The Indian buffalo has been tried repeatedly in a fair stand-up fight with the tiger, and his superiority in strength and courage has been demonstrated so clearly, that in such contact he should be regarded rather as an executioner than a rival. The last noted instance of this barbarous sport of which we have any report, took place at Solo in the island of Java; and to show how nearly the modern Javanese approach in their amusements to the ancient Romans, we present the following account of the affair.

At an early hour in the morning, the population of the whole country-side, men, women, and children, begin to assemble, for it has been bruited abroad that the emperor has doomed the death of five enormous royal

tigers, his menageries having become too populous in this animal. The Dutch resident and his staff have been formally invited to the spectacle; and all the military officers and private gentlemen of the place, together with the lady of the resident, and others of the fair sex, prepare to join the cavalcade. An independent chief, attended by his officers and an escort of cavalry, swells the procession still more, and the native dresses, blended to the eye with the military and civilian costumes of the Europeans, give a romantic richness to the scene, upon which a tropical sun looks down from a cloudless sky.

On arriving at the precincts of the palace, the procession passed through the numerous courts which lead to the dwelling, and in each was saluted by successive bands of drums, horns, and other instruments. Arms were presented and flags lowered as the resident passed; and at length the innermost court was reached, where the emperor sat under his canopy, with the grand band, dressed in white pantaloons and scarlet coats, playing—and playing extremely well—on European instruments. The resident and other invited guests passed up to his majesty through an avenue of chairs, and having enjoyed the honour of a shake of the imperial hand, each retired to his seat. The emperor was dressed in a pair of chintz trousers, red, white, and yellow, which came to his bare ankles, and his stockingless feet were cased in embroidered slippers. A sarang was fastened gracefully round his waist, with a plain dagger stuck in its folds behind. A white vest, a black jacket ornamented with a close row of diamond buttons, and a conical cap of something like white gauze stuck on the top of his head, completed his attire. His hair was dressed in a tail, which hung a little way down his back; and he wore a profusion of rich diamond rings and other ornaments.

After a time—for in the far East nothing is done in a hurry—the emperor and resident got up simultaneously, and walked away together arm in arm, a dwarf bearing his majesty's train, consisting of a portion of the sarang. A crowd of females followed, some carrying stools covered with crimson cloth, another a gold siri box, another a spittoon of the same metal, another an old musket, and among the rest one bearing a golden shield adorned with diamonds, rubies, and numerous other precious stones in great profusion. The ladies, to the number of twenty, who carried these insignia of rank and state, were somewhat elderly, and they were followed by about thirty more a little younger—all with bare shoulders, and a few with bands of gold lace wound round their necks, and the ends hanging down before and behind. Following, and intermingling with this singular guard of honour, came the European visitors without distinction of rank; and as the crowd—for it could not be called a procession—passed through the successive courts, they were drummed and trumpeted

from one to another, till they at length reached the ground, distinguished by another tent or canopy, under which the emperor and resident seated themselves. This place was guarded by a band of beautiful girls, arrayed in yellow sarangs and tightly-fitting dresses, whose delicate yellow skins contrasted charmingly with their dark shining hair and sparkling eyes. The principal courtiers, and some of the royal family, were squatted on the ground; but the European guests and the independent native chief were provided with red chairs. At a respectful distance squatted the prime minister and his attendants on the bare sand.

It being announced that the tigers were ready at the imperial command, wine was handed round to the general company. A characteristic circumstance now occurred. The lady of the resident came up to take her seat under the canopy, attended by a crowd of ladies; but although she passed close to his majesty, he did not notice her even by a glance, but continued staring straight before him. In the far East it is unpolite to look at another man's spouse; and to ask her husband after her health is considered the height of rudeness.

The emperor and resident now got up once more, and walked away arm in arm, followed by the guard of women—exactly according to the rule of the Surrey theatre in its palmy days of the melodrama. This time they halted near the pen in which the fight was to take place, and then they sat down once more, the company standing round them. The pen was not more than fifteen or sixteen feet in diameter, and it was enclosed with teak posts bound with withes of bamboo.

Now appeared the true hero of the day—a fine black male buffalo, with whitened horns and a garland of flowers round his neck. He stood in the middle of the pen, the observed of all observers, and eyeing the crowd in his turn with a fierce and surprised look. But presently, when a royal tiger tumbled in, this look became more intense; and it was returned with exaggeration when the visitor observed on whose privacy he had involuntarily intruded. The animals, who would have rushed at each other in the desert, only gazed in shy astonishment; the buffalo keeping his place in the centre, but wheeling round as on a pivot, with his head down and horns levelled, as the tiger sneaked slowly round the edge of the circle. How long this would have gone on is hard to say. The tiger, inspired at once with hate and fear, sought instinctively for a weak point, yet dared not spring; while the buffalo, stern and self-possessed, knew too well the treacherous nature of his enemy to abate his vigilance, but seemed willing, under the unaccountable circumstances of the meeting, to decline a combat if possible.

The music, however, had already commenced to which the actors were to fight; and as the roll of the drum, the clang of the trumpet, and the thunder of the gong became fiercer, and faster, and wilder, the movements of the destined combatants kept time. Confused with the noise, and with the wild gestures and exciting cries of the attendants, the animals gradually lost their self-command such as it was. Patience, prudence, reflection, everything gave way. The roar of the music, and the yells of the spectators, seemed as so many insults and outrages which instinctive animosity traced to the 'natural enemy.' Maddened by the ceaseless din, the animals knew no longer what they were about, but came in contact in the middle of the arena, and wreaked on each other their concentrated rage. Again and again the tiger, butted against the enclosure,

lost heart, and sneaked away; but again and again he returned to the charge, only to be butted anew. At length the desperate animal, climbing to the top of the enclosure, sprang down upon the head and shoulders of his enemy. A moment the spectators were in doubt—but only a moment; for the buffalo, without giving him time to fasten, threw him yelling back into the air. Again the brute adopted the same stratagem—again, again, and again, in such rapid succession, that the eye could scarcely follow his motions; but each time he was flung up again as energetically as at first, till at length he stirred no more after his fall, but lay dying or dead upon the ground, and was dragged away.

A second tiger was thrown in to the same buffalo; but this time the coyness and surprise were all on the part of the former. The buffalo now knew what the thing meant, and the second combat was over in a moment. The tiger was drawn away senseless by the attendants, while the conqueror marched off on his legs.

So much for the championship of the buffalo. But we must now show how the remainder of the tigers were disposed of, this being the second and final act of this horrid melodrama. Another circular piece of ground was chosen for the new exhibition, not fifteen feet, but 300 feet in diameter, and its walls were composed of lines of men standing several rows deep, each armed with a long spear. These troops were clad in red, yellow, blue, and green jackets; and the interval between them and the platform where the emperor and his visitors sat was occupied by his guards, armed with rifles, spears, swords, and other weapons. The circle was closed round by humbler spectators, to the number of several thousands; while every roof, tree, wall, or elevation of any kind in the neighbourhood was crowded with men, women, and children.

In the centre of the ring were the oblong cages of the tigers, hung round with a kind of long grass, so as to hide the inmates; and behind these were two others, shaped like dish-covers, resting on the ground, within which were the men whose office it was to minister on the occasion, as will presently be explained. Three other attendants, however, stood openly by the cages, and it was their duty to perform the manœuvres intrusted to them at the motion of the emperor's arm. The first sign made, one of them, after making his slow and reverential obeisance to the emperor, mounted upon the top of one of the cages, and with a graceful motion severed with his hatchet the string which bound the door. He then drew the door up, and slapped it quickly down in its groove several times; then pulled it entirely out, and threw it upon the ground. This done, he made another obeisance, and leaping down, seated himself by that terrible aperture, which had now nothing more than a bunch of grass hanging before it for a curtain! His two companions, in the meantime, were behind the cage, preparing their burning wisps to set fire to the grass hung round it.

It may be supposed that this was a moment of intense excitement, for there appeared to be nothing to prevent the tiger from issuing from his den, and the distance to the serried line of spears was 150 feet. The imperial sign was at length given; and the man at the mouth of the cage slowly and gracefully bowed himself to the dust, and then rose up and joined his companions. They now set fire to the grass upon the cages, and then all three placed themselves in line; then the music struck up, and with a dancing movement, composed of a succession of leaps, with pauses between, executed as if

by one man, they began to move slowly towards the boundary of the circle. The tiger in the meantime came out, tail foremost, and looked round with surprise and fury at the array before him. The spectators held their breath; for the dancers, in the frenzy of a fantastic honour, still kept time, and that odious measure still kept its prescribed andante. He sees them—he lashes his tail—he moves forward; but they only give another jump, and then make another pause in obedience to the music. The tiger re-enters his cage! and the dancers at length reach the circle of spears, which opens and shrouds them from sight.

The fire, in the meantime, had not communicated so completely with the cage as to expel the tiger from his den; it, however, soon did so; and the grass bursting into flames, the tiger bounded out. Then struck up the music, then rolled the drum, then clanged the trumpet, then thundered the gong, then shouted the men, then screamed the women; and the denizen of the forest, confounded with the heterogeneous salute, shrunk back into his den. But not long could he stand the heat and smoke; and with slow gliding pace, and eyes rolling in calm desperation round the circle, he returned deliberately into the open space; and prowling backwards and forwards in front of the emperor, whom he no doubt recognised as the commander of the host of enemies, he appeared to be consulting with his own quaking heart on his awful predicament. Sometimes he approached the line; but his courage failed at the sight of the glittering spears, the blades of which converged on all sides, with his body as the centre to which they pointed. Then he retreated to observe the state of his burning den; but deriving no comfort from the view, he stood still, as if in despair, with his lower jaw hanging down. At length, rousing himself from his lethargy, he made a sudden rush at the armed ring—from which he was thrown back bleeding. Galloping round the circle, he tried point after point as quick as thought, but always baffled, always wounded. At length concentrating his energies, he made so desperate a charge near the royal stand that his enemies gave way. In an instant he was through the line; in another he had passed under a carriage in which some ladies were sitting; and in a third he had flashed by the side of the old prime minister, who sat upon the sand eyeing the feat with the most imperturbable coolness. But here his sudden good fortune as suddenly deserted him: the lancers were round him in a compact body; he was pinned to the ground in an instant; and he yielded up his hope and his life together.

The other tigers were destroyed in a similar manner under circumstances of more or less excitement; and then the emperor and his guests, satisfied with the sport, returned with the same state in which they had come. It perhaps occurred to some of the company, as they retired from the field, musing and silent, to speculate on the power of the animals they had seen, rendered useless for any great purpose by the restricted nature of their instincts. Man alone has his comparatively insignificant strength directed by Reason; and thus, with his other titles of power and dominion, he is the true Champion of the Wild. But the higher this reason advances—the further he recedes from the brute kind—the less amusement he finds in the agonies of the inferior animals. Such is a picture of modern sports in the East—such is what was presented to the populace of ancient Rome—such is pretty much what was tolerated in England at no very distant date. The sentiments which are now aroused amongst us on hearing of practices so revolting to humanity, mark the great advance which has latterly been made in public taste and feeling. That the spread of Christianity in

the East will gradually lead to the abolition of the fiendish pastimes just referred to, is past all reasonable doubt.*

WEAVERS AND MINERS AT AIRDRIE.

WE had lately occasion to spend some time in the populous weaving and mining district of Airdrie in the west of Scotland. Nothing struck us more than the great longevity of many of the original inhabitants of the place, who in their old years have been subjected to all the privation consequent on low wages for the last twenty years. One of these we found to be above ninety years of age, and several others had reached the age of seventy or eighty. Some of these old men are paupers, and depend on the small pittance allowed them by the parish, amounting to about 4s. a month, and the casual charity of the people of the place. On the other hand, it is exceedingly rare to meet with a hale old man belonging to any other class—old men among the mining population are exceedingly rare.

The privations to which the handloom weavers have been subjected have been the means of making the most of their young men turn their attention to the more lucrative occupation of mining, so that the marriage of a weaver is rather a rare occurrence. The miners, however, are under no restraint in this respect, and the number of children belonging to them is sufficiently numerous to excite surprise, as well as forebodings of want and misery.

Among the handloom weavers, those who have families appeared to have suffered least from the pressure of the times. Their sons and daughters being generally put to the loom at the age of eight or nine years, become in a short time able to make as much as 1s. per day; and this, added to their fathers' income, creates a kind of competence we do not meet with in families differently situated. It doubtless requires the greatest frugality to make 'the two ends meet.' Meal and milk and Scotch broth are the chief fare. It is no uncommon thing for the wife of a weaver to follow the same occupation as himself, particularly when there are few or no children in the case. His condition is also often much ameliorated by the employment of apprentices, who are frequently obtained from the charity workhouses of Edinburgh or Glasgow. These it is his duty to feed, clothe, and educate by sending to a night school; though, we must add, this latter part of his duty is often sadly neglected. With all these means, the married weaver is often a respectable, well-dressed, church-going individual: the blanched and sunk cheek, however, generally tells a tale of privation and suffering which has been endured with a patience altogether unexampled.

The weavers are by no means satisfied that they receive justice from their employers. Prices, they maintain, are kept unnecessarily low. They seem to forget that this is the result of excessive competition. But there is another ground of complaint which we have often heard made by them—namely, that when work is scarce, and it becomes a favour to obtain a web from a warehouse, there is a continually expressed dissatisfaction at the quality of the workmanship, and stoppages made, which would not be submitted to in better times. It is to be hoped that this censure, if just, can only apply to a few.

The old mining body has been wonderfully changed in its composition, in consequence of the introduction of labourers and weavers into the pits and mines during the period of their many strikes. Their wages, from the same cause, are reduced from 5s. to 2s. 6d. or 3s. per day. The continual agitation the body kept up when they enjoyed high wages, and their often not working more than half time, in order that the stock of minerals at the pit's mouth might not be too much augmented, led to a resolution on the part of the masters to withstand

* The facts in the above sketch are derived from the last number of the 'Journal of the Indian Archipelago,' published at Singapore.

the claims constantly being made for enlarged wages; and the effect has been so far ruinous to the miner, that his wages are not much more than one-half of what they used to be, and his monopoly of employment destroyed. Under these circumstances, he perseveringly vents his discontent; but unavailingly. When the question is considered in a moral point of view, it is doubtful whether the miners are not better with a moderate than a high wage, the latter in all instances having led them into extravagant ideas of their own importance and into unreasonable demands. Considering, however, the nature of his work, its unhealthy character, and the danger to which the miner is exposed as to loss of life and limb, it is unjust to deny him the means of a comfortable subsistence, and of saving something against old age. It seems to be a general opinion that he should be able to make 3s. 6d. a day, even at the present low market prices of food and clothing. What in many parts prevents them doing so is, that the able-bodied man is not allowed to dig a greater quantity of coal or stone than the old and the infirm, and when a day is lost, the loss cannot be repaired by extra toil on the ensuing day or days. Combination has been the bane of the mining body, and in parts of the country where it does not exist, the workman is invariably in better circumstances.

It is not to be wondered at that men toiling in the bowels of the earth should be comparatively ignorant of what occurs in the upper world, and accordingly colliers are proverbial for their ignorance. This by no means applies to the whole of the body, many of which are as intelligent and enlightened men as are to be met with among other trades. The cause of the ignorance alluded to is partly, if not wholly, the early age at which their boys are sent into the pit. A boy above ten years of age is rarely to be seen in a school situated at a colliery. The boys are taken into the pit at this early age, and made to assist the elder ones in drawing. The father is entitled to 'put out' a quarter more than his allotted task; thus, if he made 3s. a day, he now earns 3s. 9d. At later periods the 'quarter man' becomes a 'half man,' and a 'three-quarter man,' and finally a whole man when he attains his seventeenth year. It is designed that the boy should attend the evening school, but the attendance is very irregular in general; and there he merely learns to write and cipher, or read the merest elementary book. It would be great injustice to say of the miners as a body that they are given to drunkenness. A drinking-bout after the pay, however, is only too frequent, and the use of tobacco is general.

How much this class of men may be improved, the history of Chapelhall, a village connected with Monkland Steel Works, will show. It was eighteen years ago a mere hamlet, consisting of a few newly-built houses and one old farm-house. It is now a considerable village, with perhaps from 2000 to 3000 inhabitants, and consists of well-built and comfortable houses of one and two storeys, the interiors of which are usually well furnished. Nearly one-half of the village is the property of the workmen, a number of whom are 'lairds' of several tenements. These lairds are industrious men, to whom the proprietor of the estate, John Robertson, Esq., Laehup, lent money as soon as they were able to add a few pounds to it, to build a house suited to the family of the borrowers. This money, obtained at 5 per cent. interest, and payable with the feu duty, the feuar becomes naturally anxious to pay up; and often in a year or two he has been able to do so by savings from his own earnings and that of his family. When this has been done, another sum, adequate to build another house, is at his command; and thus on the same feu there have been reared, in process of time, a number of houses, from which the feuar derives a considerable yearly income. The erection of a house consisting of one apartment, containing a window and two beds, costs little more than L.30, and a rental of L.3, or even L.3, 10s., is obtained for it. Many of the houses, however, consist of a room and kitchen.

The plan of assessment for educational purposes at these works, which are very extensive, deserves notice and imitation. Every man and boy employed at the work is assessed twopence per week for school fees, for which he can send one scholar, or attend himself. For every additional scholar he is charged an additional penny. The sum thus collected at the office is divided among the various schoolmasters—of whom there are six, besides assistants—according to the number of scholars attending each. The sum collected from those who do not attend school or send a child to it is equally divided among the six teachers. The entire amount thus collected in one month is above L.70, leaving about L.2 a week for each of the principal teachers, and L.1 for his assistant. The effect of the system is to draw out the children, who, were their parents not forced to pay, would, in perhaps a majority of instances, be allowed to remain at home.

The crowded state of the schools, some of which are attended by from 150 to 200 scholars, will furnish some idea of the progress of population. I have often asked myself what is to become of the mass of beings brought into existence at these and the similar works in the neighbourhood when the blackband ironstone becomes exhausted, which it must do at no distant date? In reply, the ironstone of Scotland is almost inexhaustible, and while the Monkland coal lasts, the furnaces will blaze away and the sound of industry be heard; but there seems little reason to expect, as the population increases at these works, as increase it must, that a demand for labour will also arise; and what, then, will become of the redundant population? Much misery ere long must ensue: the girls must go to service to town, and the boys find employment elsewhere, either in their native land, or with their expatriated brethren in America, Australia, or Natal; where, though years of toil may await them, with perseverance and virtuous industry, competence, independence, and happiness are sure to be ultimately obtained.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE REFUGEE.

THE events which I am about to relate occurred towards the close of the last century, some time before I was called to the bar, and do not therefore in strictness fall within my own experiences as a barrister. Still, as they came to my knowledge with much greater completeness than if I had been only professionally engaged to assist in the catastrophe of the drama through which they are evolved, and, as I conceive, throw a strong light upon the practical working of our criminal jurisprudence, a brief page of these slight leaves may not inappropriately record them.

About the time I have indicated, a Mrs Rushton, the widow of a gentleman of commercial opulence, resided in Upper Harley Street, Cavendish Square. She was a woman of 'family,' and by her marriage had greatly lowered herself, in her relatives' opinion, by a union with a person who, however wealthy and otherwise honourable, was so entirely the architect of his own fortunes—owed all that he possessed so immediately to his own skill, sagacity, and perseverance—that there was an unpleasant rumour abroad about his widowed mother being indebted to her son's success in business for having passed the last ten years of her life in ease and competence. Mr Rushton had left his widow a handsome annuity, and to his and her only son a well-invested income of upwards of seven thousand a year. Since the death of her husband, Mrs Rushton, who inherited quite her full share of family pride, if nothing else, had sought by every method she could devise to re-enter the charmed circle from which her union with

a city merchant had excluded her. The most effectual mode of accomplishing her purpose was, she knew, to bring about a marriage between her son and a lady who would not be indisposed to accept of wealth and a well-appointed establishment in Mayfair as a set-off against birth and high connection.

Arthur Rushton, at this time between two and three-and-twenty years of age, was a mild, retiring, rather shy person, and endowed with a tenderness of disposition, of which the tranquil depths had not as yet been ruffled by the faintest breath of passion. His mother possessed almost unbounded influence over him; and he ever listened with a smile, a languid, half-disdainful one, to her eager speculations upon the numerous eligible matches that would present themselves the instant the 'season' and their new establishment in Mayfair—of which the decoration and furnishing engaged all her available time and attention—enabled them to open the campaign with effect. Arthur Rushton and myself had been college companions, and our friendly intimacy continued for several years afterwards. At this period especially we were very cordial and unreserved in our intercourse with each other.

London at this time was crowded with French exiles, escaped from the devouring sword of Robespierre and his helpers in the work of government by the guillotine, almost all of whom claimed to be members of, or closely connected with, the ancient nobility of France. Among these was an elderly gentleman of the name of De Tourville, who, with his daughter Eugénie, had for a considerable time occupied a first floor in King Street, Holborn. Him I never saw in life, but Mademoiselle de Tourville was one of the most accomplished, graceful, enchantingly-interesting persons I have ever seen or known. There was a dangerous fascination in the pensive tenderness through which her natural gaiety and archness of manner would at intervals flash, like April sunlight glancing through clouds and showers, which, the first time I saw her, painfully impressed as much as it charmed me—perceiving, as I quickly did, that with her the future peace, I could almost have said life, of Arthur Rushton was irrevocably bound up. The fountains of his heart were for the first time stirred to their inmost depths, and, situated as he and she were, what but disappointment, bitterness, and anguish could well-up from those troubled waters? Mademoiselle de Tourville, I could perceive, was fully aware of the impression she had made upon the sensitive and amiable Englishman; and I sometimes discovered an expression of pity—of sorrowful tenderness, as it were—pass over her features as some distincter revelation than usual of the nature of Arthur Rushton's emotions flashed upon her. I also heard her express herself several times, as overtly as she could, upon the *impossibility* there existed that she should, however much she might desire it, settle in England, or even remain in it for any considerable length of time. All this I understood, or thought I did, perfectly; but Rushton, bewildered, entranced by feelings altogether new to him, saw nothing, heard nothing but her presence, and felt, without reasoning upon it, that in that delirious dream it was his fate either to live or else to bear no life. Mrs Rushton—and this greatly surprised me—absorbed in her matrimonial and furnishing schemes and projects, saw nothing of what was going on. Probably the notion that her son should for an instant think of allying himself with an obscure, portionless foreigner, was, to a mind like hers, too absurd to be for a moment entertained; or— But stay: borne along by a crowd of

rushing thoughts, I have, I find, somewhat anticipated the regular march of my narrative.

M. and Mademoiselle de Tourville, according to the after-testimony of their landlord Mr Osborn, had, from the time of their arrival in England, a very constant visitor at their lodgings in King Street. He was a tall French gentleman, of perhaps thirty years of age, and distinguished appearance. His name was La Houssaye. He was very frequently with them indeed, and generally he and M. de Tourville would go out together in the evening, the latter gentleman not returning home till very late. This was more especially the case after Mademoiselle de Tourville ceased to reside with her father.

Among the fashionable articles with which Mrs Rushton was anxious to surround herself, was a companion of accomplishments and high-breeding, who might help her to rub off the rust she feared to have contracted by her connection with the city. A Parisian lady of high lineage and perfect breeding might, she thought, be easily obtained; and an advertisement brought Mademoiselle de Tourville to her house. Mrs Rushton was delighted with the air and manners of the charming applicant; and after a slight inquiry by letter to an address of reference given by the young lady, immediately engaged her, on exceedingly liberal terms, for six months—that being the longest period for which Mademoiselle de Tourville could undertake to remain. She also stipulated for permission to pass the greater part of one day in the week—that which might happen to be most convenient to Mrs Rushton—with her father. One other condition testified alike to M. de Tourville's present poverty and her own filial piety: it was, that her salary should be paid weekly—she would not accept it in advance—avowedly for her parent's necessities, who, poor exile! and tears stood in Eugénie's dark lustrous eyes as she spoke, was ever trembling on the brink of the grave from an affection of the heart with which he had been long afflicted. Mademoiselle de Tourville, I should state, spoke English exceedingly well as far as the rules of syntax and the meanings of words went, and with an accent charming in its very defectiveness.

She had resided with Mrs Rushton, who on all occasions treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration, for rather more than two months, when an incident occurred which caused the scales to fall suddenly from the astonished mother's eyes, and in a moment revealed to her the extent of the risk and mischief she had so heedlessly incurred. The carriage was at the door, and it struck Mrs Rushton as she was descending the stairs that Mademoiselle de Tourville, who had complained of headache in the morning, would like to take an airing with her. The sound of the harp issuing from the drawing-room, and the faintly-distinguished tones of her voice in some plaintive silver melody perhaps suggested the invitation; and thither the mistress of the mansion at once proceeded. The folding-doors of the back drawing-room were partially open when Mrs Rushton, on kind thoughts intent, entered the front apartment. Mademoiselle de Tourville was seated with her back towards her at the harp, pouring forth with her thrilling and delicious voice a French romaunt; and there, with his head supported on his elbow, which rested on the marble chimney-piece, stood her son, Arthur Rushton, gazing at the apparently-unconscious songstress with a look so full of devoted tenderness—so completely revealing the intensity of passion by which he was possessed—that Mrs Rushton started with convulsive affright, and could not for several minutes give articulation to the dismay and rage which choked her utterance. Presently, however, her emotions found expression, and a storm of vituperative abuse was showered upon the head of the astonished Eugénie, designated as an artful *intrigante*, a designing pauper, who had insinuated herself into the establishment for the sole purpose of entrapping Mr Arthur Rushton—with a great deal

more to the same effect. Mademoiselle de Tourville, who had first been too much surprised by the unexpected suddenness of the attack to quite comprehend the intent and direction of the blows, soon recovered her self-possession and hauteur. A smile of contempt curled her beautiful lip, as, taking advantage of a momentary pause in Mrs Rushton's breathless tirade, she said, 'Permit me, madam, to observe that if, as you seem to apprehend, your son has contemplated honouring me by the offer of an alliance with his ancient House'— Her look at this moment glanced upon the dreadfully-agitated young man; the expression of disdainful bitterness vanished in an instant from her voice and features; and after a few moments, she added, with sad eyes bent upon the floor, 'That he could not have made a more unhappy choice—more unfortunate for him, more impossible for me!' She then hastily left the apartment, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, had left the house in a hackney-coach.

The scene which followed between the mother and son was a violent and distressing one. Mr Rushton, goaded to fury by his mother's attack upon Mademoiselle de Tourville, cast off the habit of deference and submission which he had always worn in her presence, and asserted with vehemence his right to wed with whom he pleased, and declared that no power on earth should prevent him marrying the lady just driven ignominiously from the house if she could be brought to accept the offer of his hand and fortune! Mrs Rushton fell into passionate hysterics; and her son, having first summoned her maid, withdrew to ruminate on Mademoiselle de Tourville's concluding sentence, which troubled him far more than what he deemed the injustice of his mother.

When Mrs Rushton, by the aid of water, pungent essences, and the relief which even an hour of time seldom fails to yield in such cases, had partially recovered her equanimity, she determined, after careful consideration of the best course of action, to consult a solicitor of eminence, well acquainted with her late husband, upon the matter. She had a dim notion that the Alien Act, if it could be put in motion, might rid her of Mademoiselle de Tourville and her friends. Thus resolving, and ever scrupulous as to appearances, she carefully smoothed her ruffled plumage, changed her disordered dress, and directed the carriage, which had been dismissed, to be again brought round to the door. 'Mary,' she added a few moments afterwards, 'bring me my jewel-case—the small one: you will find it in Made—in that French person's dressing-room.'

Mary Austin reappeared in answer to the violent ringing of her impatient lady's bell, and stated that the jewel-case could nowhere be found in Mademoiselle's dressing-room. 'Her clothes, everything belonging to her, had been taken out of the wardrobe, and carried away, and perhaps that also in mistake no doubt.'

'Nonsense, woman!' replied Mrs Rushton. 'I left it not long ago on her toilet-glass. I intended to show her a purchase I had made, and not finding her, left it as I tell you.'

Another search was made with the same ill success. Mary Austin afterwards said that when she returned to her mistress the second time, to say that the jewel-case was certainly gone, an expression of satisfaction instead of anger, it seemed to her, glanced across Mrs Rushton's face, who immediately left the room, and in a few minutes afterwards was driven off in the carriage.

About an hour after her departure I called in Harley Street for Arthur Rushton, with whom I had engaged to go this evening to the theatre to witness Mrs Siddons's *Lady Macbeth*, which neither of us had yet seen. I found him in a state of calmed excitement, if I may so express myself; and after listening with much interest to the minute account he gave me of what had

passed, I, young and inexperienced as I was in such affairs, took upon myself to suggest that, as the lady he nothing doubted was as irreproachable in character as she was confessedly charming and attractive in person and manners, and as he was unquestionably his own master, Mrs Rushton's opposition was not likely to be of long continuance; and that as to Mademoiselle de Tourville's somewhat discouraging expression, such sentences from the lips of ladies—

'That would be wooed, and not unsought be won!—

were seldom, if ever, I had understood, to be taken in a literal and positive sense. Under this mild and soothing treatment Mr Rushton gradually threw off a portion of the load that oppressed him, and we set off in tolerably cheerful mood for the theatre.

Mrs Siddons's magnificent and appalling impersonation over, we left the house; he, melancholy and sombre as I had found him in Harley Street, and I in by no means a gay or laughing mood. We parted at my door, and whether it was the effect of the tragedy, so wonderfully realised in its chief creation, or whether coming events do sometimes cast their shadows before, I cannot say, but I know that an hour after Rushton's departure I was still sitting alone, my brain throbbing with excitement, and so nervous and impressionable, that a sudden, vehement knocking at the street entrance caused me to spring up from my chair with a terrified start, and before I could master the impulsive emotion, the room-door was thrown furiously open, and in reeled Arthur Rushton—pale, haggard, wild—his eyes ablaze with horror and affright! Had the ghost of Duncan suddenly gleamed out of the viewless air I could not have been more startled—awed!

'She is dead!—poisoned!' he shrieked with maniacal fury; 'killed!—murdered!—and by her!'

I gasped for breath, and could hardly articulate—'What! whom?'

'My mother!' he shouted with the same furious vehemence—'Killed! by her! Oh, horror!—horror!—horror!' and exhausted by the violence of his emotions, the unfortunate gentleman staggered, shuddered violently, as if shaken by an ague fit, and fell heavily—for I was too confounded to yield him timely aid—on the floor.

As soon as I could rally my scattered senses, I caused medical aid to be summoned, and got him to bed. Blood was freely taken from both arms, and he gradually recovered consciousness. Leaving him in kind and careful hands, I hurried off to ascertain what possible foundation there could be for the terrible tidings so strangely announced.

I found the establishment in Harley Street in a state of the wildest confusion and dismay. Mrs Rushton was dead; that, at all events, was no figment of sudden insanity, and incredible, impossible rumours were flying from mouth to mouth with bewildering rapidity and incoherence. The name of Mademoiselle de Tourville was repeated in every variety of abhorrent emphasis; but it was not till I obtained an interview with Mrs Rushton's solicitor that I could understand what really had occurred, or, to speak more properly, what was suspected. Mrs Rushton had made a deposition, of which Mr Twyte related to me the essential points. The deceased lady had gone out in her carriage with the express intention of calling on him, the solicitor, to ascertain if it would be possible to apply the Alien Act to Mademoiselle de Tourville and her father, in order to get them sent out of the country. Mr Twyte did not happen to be at home, and Mrs Rushton immediately drove to the De Tourvilles' lodgings in King Street, Holborn, with the design, she admitted, of availing herself of what she was in her own mind satisfied was the purely accidental taking away of a jewel-case, to terrify Mademoiselle de Tourville, by the threat of a criminal charge, into leaving the country, or at least to bind herself not to admit, under any circumstances, of Mr Arthur Rushton's addresses. She found Eugénie in a

state of extraordinary, and it seemed painful excitement; and the young lady intreated that whatever Mrs Rushton had to say should be reserved for another opportunity, when she would calmly consider whatever Mrs Rushton had to urge. The unfortunate lady became somewhat irritated at Mademoiselle de Tourville's obstinacy, and the unruffled contempt with which she treated the charge of robbery, even after finding the missing jewel-case in a band-box, into which it had been thrust with some brushes and other articles in the hurry of leaving. Mrs Rushton was iterating her threats in a loud tone of voice, and moved towards the bell to direct, she said, the landlord to send for a constable, but with no intention whatever of doing so, when Mademoiselle de Tourville caught her suddenly by the arm, and bade her step into the next room. Mrs Rushton mechanically obeyed, and was led in silence to the side of a bed, of which Eugénie suddenly drew the curtain, and displayed to her, with a significant and reproachful gesture, the pale, rigid countenance of her father's corpse, who had, it appears, suddenly expired. The shock was terrible. Mrs Rushton staggered back into the sitting-room, sick and faint, sank into a chair, and presently asked for a glass of wine. 'We have no wine,' replied Mademoiselle de Tourville; 'but there is a cordial in the next room which may be better for you.' She was absent about a minute, and on returning, presented Mrs Rushton with a large wine-glassful of liquid, which the deceased lady eagerly swallowed. The taste was strange, but not unpleasant; and instantly afterwards Mrs Rushton left the house. When the carriage reached Harley Street, she was found to be in a state of great prostration: powerful stimulants were administered, but her life was beyond the reach of medicine. She survived just long enough to depose to the foregoing particulars; upon which statement Mademoiselle de Tourville had been arrested, and was now in custody.

'You seem to have been very precipitate,' I exclaimed as soon as the solicitor had ceased speaking: 'there appears to be as yet no proof that the deceased lady died of other than natural causes.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Mr Twyte. 'There is no doubt on the subject in the minds of the medical gentlemen, although the *post-mortem* examination has not yet taken place. And, as if to put aside all doubt, the bottle from which this Eugénie de Tourville admits she took the cordial proves to contain distilled laurel-water, a deadly poison, curiously coloured and flavoured.'

Greatly perturbed, shocked, astonished as I was, my mind refused to admit, even for a moment, the probability, hardly the possibility, of Eugénie de Tourville's guilt. The reckless malignancy of spirit evinced by so atrocious an act dwelt not, I was sure, within that beautiful temple. The motives alleged to have actuated her—fear of a criminal charge, admitted to be absurd, and desire to rid herself of an obstacle to her marriage with Arthur Rushton—seemed to me altogether strained and inapplicable. The desperation of unreasoning hate could alone have prompted such a deed; for detection was inevitable, had, in truth, been courted rather than attempted to be avoided.

My reasoning made no change in the conclusions of Mr Twyte the attorney for the prosecution, and I hastened home to administer such consolation to Arthur Rushton as might consist in the assurance of my firm conviction that his beloved mother's life had not been wilfully taken away by Eugénie de Tourville. I found him still painfully agitated; and the medical attendant told me it was feared by Dr — that brain fever would supervene if the utmost care was not taken to keep him as quiet and composed as, under the circumstances, was possible. I was, however, permitted a few minutes' conversation with him; and my reasoning, or, more correctly, my confidently-expressed belief—for his mind seemed incapable of following my argument, which it indeed grasped faintly at, but slipped from, as it were, in an instant—appeared to relieve him wonderfully. I

also promised him that no legal or pecuniary assistance should be wanting in the endeavour to clear Mademoiselle de Tourville of the dreadful imputation preferred against her. I then left him. The anticipation of the physician was unfortunately realised: the next morning he was in a raging fever, and his life, I was informed, was in very imminent danger.

It was a distracting time; but I determinedly, and with much self-effort, kept down the nervous agitation which might have otherwise rendered me incapable of fulfilling the duties I had undertaken to perform. By eleven o'clock in the forenoon I had secured the active and zealous services of Mr White, one of the most celebrated of the criminal attorneys of that day. By application in the proper quarter, we obtained immediate access to the prisoner, who was temporarily confined in a separate room in the Red-Lion Square Lock-up House. Mademoiselle de Tourville, although exceedingly pale, agitated, and nervous, still looked as lustrously pure, as radiantly innocent of evil thought or deed, as on the day that I first beheld her. The practised eye of the attorney scanned her closely. 'As innocent of this charge,' he whispered, 'as you or I.' I tendered my services to the unfortunate young lady with an earnestness of manner which testified more than any words could have done how entirely my thoughts acquitted her of offence. Her looks thanked me; and when I hinted at the promise exacted of me by Arthur Rushton, a bright blush for an instant mantled the pale marble of her cheeks and forehead, indicating with the tears, which suddenly filled and trembled in her beautiful eyes, a higher sentiment, I thought, than mere gratitude. She gave us her unreserved confidence; by which, after careful sifting, we obtained only the following by no means entirely satisfactory results:—

Mademoiselle de Tourville and her father had escaped from the Terrorists of France by the aid of, and in company with, the Chevalier la Houssaye, with whom M. de Tourville had previously had but very slight acquaintance. The chevalier soon professed a violent admiration for Eugénie; and having contrived to lay M. de Tourville under heavy pecuniary obligations at play—many of them Mademoiselle de Tourville had only very lately discovered—prevailed upon his debtor to exert his influence with his daughter to accept La Houssaye's hand in marriage. After much resistance, Mademoiselle de Tourville, overcome by the commands, intreaties, prayers of her father, consented, but only on condition that the marriage should not take place till their return to France, which it was thought need not be very long delayed, and that no more money obligations should in the meantime be incurred by her father. La Houssaye vehemently objected to delay; but finding Eugénie inexorable, sullenly acquiesced. It was precisely at this time that the engagement with Mrs Rushton was accepted. On the previous afternoon Mademoiselle de Tourville, on leaving Harley Street after the scene with the deceased lady, went directly home, and there found both her father and the chevalier in hot contention and excitement. As soon as La Houssaye saw her, he seized his hat, and rushed out of the apartment and house. Her father, who was greatly excited, had barely time to say that he had fortunately discovered the chevalier to be a married man, whose wife, a woman of property, was still living in Languedoc, when what had always been predicted would follow any unusual agitation happened: M. de Tourville suddenly placed his hand on his side, uttered a broken exclamation, fell into a chair, and expired. It was about two hours after this melancholy event that Mrs Rushton arrived. The account before given of the interview which followed was substantially confirmed by Mademoiselle de Tourville; who added, that the cordial she had given Mrs Rushton was one her father was in the constant habit of taking when in the slightest degree excited, and that she was about to give him some when he suddenly fell dead.

We had no doubt, none whatever, that this was the whole, literal truth, as far as the knowledge of Mademoi-

selle de Tourville extended; but how could we impart that impression to an Old Bailey jury of those days, deprived as we should be of the aid of counsel to address the jury, when in reality a speech, pointing to the improbabilities arising from character, and the altogether unguilty-like mode of administering the fatal liquid, was the only possible defence? Cross-examination promised nothing; for the evidence would consist of the dying deposition of Mrs Rushton, the finding of the laurel-water, and the medical testimony as to the cause of death. The only person upon whom suspicion glanced was La Houssaye, and that in a vague and indistinct manner. Still, it was necessary to find him without delay, and Mr White at once sought him at his lodgings, of which Mademoiselle de Tourville furnished the address. He had left the house suddenly with all his luggage early in the morning, and our efforts to trace him proved fruitless. In the meantime the *post-mortem* examination of the body had taken place, and a verdict of wilful murder against Eugénie de Tourville been unhesitatingly returned. She was soon afterwards committed to Newgate for trial.

The Old Bailey session was close at hand, and Arthur Rushton, though immediate danger was over, was still in too delicate and precarious a state to be informed of the true position of affairs when the final day of trial arrived. The case had excited little public attention. It was not the fashion in those days to exaggerate the details of crime, and, especially before trial, give the wings of the morning to every fact or fiction that rumour with her busy tongue obscurely whispered. Twenty lines of the 'Times' would contain the published record of the commitment of Eugénie de Tourville for poisoning her mistress, Caroline Rushton; and, alas! spite of the crippled but earnest efforts of the eminent counsel we had retained, and the eloquent innocence of her appearance and demeanour, her conviction and condemnation to death without hope of mercy! My brain swam as the measured tones of the recorder, commanding the almost immediate and violent destruction of that beauteous master-piece of God, fell upon my ear; and had not Mr White, who saw how greatly I was affected, fairly dragged me out of court into the open air, I should have fainted. I scarcely remember how I got home—in a coach I believe; but face Rushton after that dreadful scene with a kindly-meant deception—*lie*—in my mouth, I could not, had a king's crown been the reward. I retired to my chamber, and on the plea of indisposition directed that I should on no account be disturbed. Night had fallen, and it was growing somewhat late, when I was startled out of the painful reverie in which I was still absorbed by the sudden pulling up of a furiously-driven coach, followed by a thundering summons at the door, similar to that which aroused me on the evening of Mrs Rushton's death. I seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and opened the door. It was Mr White!

'Well!—well?' I ejaculated.

'Quick—quick!' he exclaimed in reply. 'La Houssaye—he is found—has sent for us—quick! for life—life is on our speed!'

I was in the vehicle in an instant. In less than ten minutes we had reached our destination—a house in Duke Street, Manchester Square.

'He is still alive,' replied a young man in answer to Mr White's hurried inquiry. We rapidly ascended the stairs, and in the front apartment of the first floor beheld one of the saddest, mournfullest spectacles which the world can offer—a fine, athletic man, still in the bloom of natural health and vigour, and whose pale features, but for the tracings there of fierce, ungoverned passions, were strikingly handsome and intellectual, stretched by his own act upon the bed of death! It was La Houssaye! Two gentlemen were with him—one a surgeon, and the other evidently a clergyman, and, as I subsequently found, a magistrate, who had been sent for by the surgeon. A faint smile gleamed over the face of the dying man as we entered, and he motioned feebly to a sheet of paper, which, closely written upon,

was lying upon a table placed near the sofa upon which the unhappy suicide was reclining. Mr White snatched, and eagerly perused it. I could see by the vivid lighting up of his keen gray eye that it was, in his opinion, satisfactory and sufficient.

'This,' said Mr White, 'is your solemn deposition, knowing yourself to be dying?'

'Yes, yes,' murmured La Houssaye; 'the truth—the truth!'

'The declaration of a man,' said the clergyman with some asperity of tone, 'who defyingly, unrepentingly, rushes into the presence of his Creator, can be of little value!'

'Ha!' said the dying man, rousing himself by a strong effort; 'I repent—yes—yes—I repent! I believe—do you hear?—and repent—believe. Put that down,' he added, in tones momentarily feebler and more husky, as he pointed to the paper; 'put that down, or—or perhaps—Eu—génie—perhaps'—

As he spoke, the faint light that had momentarily kindled his glazing eye was suddenly quenched; he remained for perhaps half a minute raised on his elbow, and with his outstretched finger pointing towards the paper, gazing blindly upon vacancy. Then the arm dropped, and he fell back dead!

We escaped as quickly as we could from this fearful death-room, and I found that the deposition which Mr White brought away with him gave a full, detailed account, written in the French language, of the circumstances which led to the death of Mrs Rushton.

La Houssaye, finding that M. de Tourville had by some means discovered the secret of his previous marriage, and that consequently all hope of obtaining the hand of Eugénie, whom he loved with all the passion of his fiery nature, would be gone unless De Tourville could be prevented from communicating with his daughter, resolved to compass the old man's instant destruction. The chevalier persuaded himself that, as he should manage it, death would be attributed to the affection of the heart, from which M. de Tourville had so long suffered. He procured the distilled laurel-water—how and from whom was minutely explained—coloured, flavoured it to resemble as nearly as possible the cordial which he knew M. de Tourville—and he only—was in the habit of frequently taking. A precisely-similar bottle he also procured—the shop at which it was purchased was described—and when he called in King Street, he found no difficulty, in an unobserved moment, of substituting one bottle for the other. That containing the real cordial he was still in possession of, and it would be found in his valise. The unexpected arrival of Mademoiselle de Tourville frustrated his design, and he rushed in fury and dismay from the house. A few hours afterwards, he heard of the sudden death of M. de Tourville, and attributing it to his having taken a portion of the simulated cordial, he, La Houssaye, fearful of consequences, hastily and secretly changed his abode. He had subsequently kept silence till the conviction of Eugénie left him no other alternative, if he would not see her perish on the scaffold, than a full and unreserved confession. This done—Eugénie saved, but lost to him—he had nothing more to live for in the world, and should leave it.

This was the essence of the document; and all the parts of it which were capable of corroborative proof having been substantiated, a free pardon issued from the crown—the technical mode of quashing an unjust criminal verdict—and Mademoiselle de Tourville was restored to liberty.

She did not return to France. Something more perhaps than a year after the demonstration of her innocence, she was married to Arthur Rushton in the Sardinian Catholic Chapel, London, the bridegroom having by her influence been induced to embrace the faith of Rome. The establishments in Harley Street and Mayfair were broken up; and the newly-espoused pair settled in the county Galway, Ireland, where Mr Rushton made extensive landed purchases. They have

lived very happily a long life, have been blessed with a large and amiable family, and are now—for they are both yet alive—surrounded with grandchildren innumerable.

By Chas. Mackay, Esq.
LONDON SUNDAY TRADING.

ONE of the most startling spectacles to be met with in the great wilderness of London—because it is the one which comes upon the stranger most unexpectedly—is that of the Sunday Market. To the staid and sober inhabitant of a quiet country town, who has been accustomed from his youth upwards to see the Sabbath at least outwardly revered, the sight of one of these crowded places, the theatre of a vociferous and furious traffic on the morning of the day of rest, is generally revolting in the extreme. We had lately the curiosity to visit such a scene, with a view to forming some judgment as to what might be urged in its defence, and we shall now proceed to describe our impressions.

It is about eight o'clock in the morning of the second Sunday in April 1850, and we are standing at the junction of the Barbican with Chiswell Street, at the point where this line of thoroughfare is intersected by Whitecross Street, up which we have to proceed as far as Old Street Road, about a quarter of a mile, the whole extent of which is the arena of one of the most extensive markets in the metropolis.

Although the shutters of most of the shops, nearly five-sixths of which are devoted to Sunday-trading, have been down for nearly an hour, but little business has been done or is yet doing. The few customers who have already completed their purchases, and are hastening homewards, have an aspect of decency, almost of respectability; others of similar appearance are gliding about here and there, and transacting their business with all possible celerity; and it is tolerably plain to the observer that the use of the Sunday Market is not to them a matter of choice. These are probably persons who, not having received their weekly wages until a late hour, and being compelled by poverty to live from hand to mouth, have no other means of procuring their Sunday dinner than that which this market presents. It is obvious, from the expression of some countenances, that they feel the tyranny of circumstances which compels them to break in upon the time of rest. Let us at least give them due praise for the decent feeling which induces them to come at the earliest possible hour.

As we advance up the street, we see the shopkeepers busily engaged in displaying their goods to the best advantage for sale. Purchasers being as yet but few, opportunity is taken to make as good a show as possible against their arrival. We are astonished to find that the market is not confined to what might be considered by some a fair apology for it—the sale of necessary food. In addition to the shops of butchers, bakers, grocers, and provision dealers, not only are those of the slop and ready-made clothes' sellers wide open, but the linen-draper, hosiers, milliners, furniture-brokers, iron-mongers, and dealers in hardware and trinkets, are carefully setting out their windows and show-boards. Curriers and leather-sellers, moreover, have opened their doors, and are already doing a brisk trade, their shops being crowded with working shoemakers selecting the materials of their craft. Unless these poor fellows are actually at the present time working seven days in the week, it is difficult to conceive what should bring them in such multitudes to purchase their materials on the Sunday morning.

But an hour has passed away, and the street, now rapidly filling, presents a very different aspect from that which first struck our view. The shopkeepers have at length completed their arrangements, and now, standing at their open doors, and arrayed in aprons and shirt-sleeves, they begin with pretty general accord to bellow for custom. 'Buy, buy, buy!' explodes a brawny butcher; and the note is taken up by his neighbour,

and repeated by others in every direction a hundred times a minute, rapid and deafening as a running fire of musketry. It would appear as though this simultaneous appeal to the pockets of the public were a signal well known to the neighbourhood, for all the tributaries of Whitecross Street now pour forth their streams of hungry, meagre, and unwashed denizens to swell the inharmonious concert. The shrill shriek of infant hawkers pierces through the roaring din, and the diminutive grimy urchins are discerned manfully pushing their difficult way among the throng, bent upon the sale of certain trifling articles, upon the produce of which, in all probability, their chance of a supply of food for the day is dependent. 'Who'll buy my Congreves, three boxes a penny?' 'Blacking here! Here's your real Day and Martin, a ha'penny a skin!' 'Grid—grid—gridirons! Who wants a gridiron for three-halfpence?' 'Hingans—hingans here! Here's your hingans, a ha'penny the lot!' These cries, and a dozen others from a band of young urchins scattered among the multitude, form the squeaking treble of the discordant chorus that is raging on all sides. We discover as we pass slowly along that a pretty strong staff of policemen is present, perambulating continually among the mass of people, ready to disperse the first nucleus of a mob, or to quell by prompt interference the least appearance of a quarrel. It is plainly owing to their presence that the highway is passable at all, and that some degree of order is maintained amid the furious traffic that now goes on.

It is now drawing near to ten o'clock, and we are struck by the appearance and character of the present attendants upon the market as compared with those of an earlier hour. The males are for the most part the very lowest class of operatives, mingled with a still lower order of people, of whose probable occupation we would rather not hazard a surmise. We look in vain for a single one among them who has changed his working-day attire for a better suit; and the suspicion rises in the mind that nine-tenths of the whole tribe bear their entire wardrobe upon their backs. It is pretty plain that a good proportion of them have but recently been roused up from the heavy sleep of intoxication: half awake, and less than half sober, some crawl doggedly at the heels of their hapless wives in sullen silence, only broken at intervals by the involuntary ejaculation of an oath or a curse. Others, again, are altogether as noisy, and vie with the traders themselves in the loudness of their vociferations. Here one is chaffering for a pair of high-lows, and jokingly threatening to brain the shopkeeper with the heavy-armed heels unless he abate his price. There another plants heavy blows with his fist in the sides of an earthenware pan, by way of trying its metal, and, paying for it the price of a few halfpence, confides it to the charge of his ragged child, with a caution that he had better break his neck than let it fall. Here comes a couple who have completed their purchases for the day: the whole toilet of the man would not fetch sixpence at Rag-fair. Beneath a hat that should have scared the crows of a vanished generation, a shock of sandy unkempt locks shades a visage dark with dirt, darker still with the unmistakable traits of brutality; a huge brown overcoat, patched and stained in every part, indues his whole frame; his toes peep muddily forth from the fragments of what was once a pair of boots. In his bristly mouth is stuck a short and blackened pipe; both hands are firmly thrust into the side pockets of his coat; under his right arm is a loaf of bread, and under his left the half of a huge boar's head. Close behind him follows his wife, laden with a dilapidated basket, crammed with potatoes and withered turnip-tops yellow with age. Her figure is one shapeless bundle of worthless rags, stiff and nauseous with grease and defilement: bonnet she has none, but a piece of tattered muslin does duty as a cap, from beneath which her jet-black hair streams in disorder. Her pale and bloated cheeks show in fearful contrast with a horribly-contused

and livid black eye—the palpable handwriting of her loving lord. Her upper lip too has been recently gashed with a heavy blow. Panting with her burthen, and evidently displeased at some recent real or imaginary grievance, she is venting her wrath upon a miserable child whom she drags by her side, and whose hand she occasionally relinquishes for the purpose of making a sudden aim at his bare head with the street-door key which hangs upon her fore-finger; but the hapless little wretch is too well used to such endearments to be easily caught, and generally manages to parry the blow with his hands, or to elude it altogether.

We observe as we pass on that the gin-shops are now almost the only ones which are closed, and that the portion of the causeway upon which they abut, being free from the distractions of business, affords a space for loungers and gossips, who, having accomplished their purchases, love to while away an hour or two in conversation. Time goes on—and the bell of St Luke's Church, whose tall, ugly steeple, fashioned after the model of a factory chimney, looms dimly in the hazy atmosphere, tolls out to summon the worshippers to morning service. At the sound of the bell the shopkeepers step out and put up a shutter or two, leaving, however, light enough to carry on the traffic within. The trade in butchers' meat, vegetables, and other edibles, now sensibly decreases in amount, while at the same time it is despatched with greater rapidity. Parties late in the market are compelled to take what is to be had without the leisure or opportunity to exercise a choice. This is the very nick of time which the provident trader adopts to get rid of his old and worthless stock: it is said that many a tainted joint finds its way to the bakehouse, which, but for the tardiness of these lagging customers, had been made over to the dogs, or thrown away as useless; and full prices are obtained at the spur of the moment for viands that might have been purchased the night before at three-fourths of that amount.

Before the bells have ceased tolling, the thoroughfare has become tolerably passable for those who have no objection to rub shoulders occasionally with a perambulating joint of meat or basket of vegetables; but we remark that the very few persons who, living in this district, emerge from their dwellings, prayer-book in hand, bound for church, choose rather to escape from the main thoroughfare as soon as possible, and pick their devious way through by-lanes and back streets to the sacred edifice.

Now sets in the hebdomadal current of dish-laden individuals bound to the different bakers' shops, and carrying their Sunday's dinner with careful haste. It is amazing to note the number and variety of viands that dive consecutively into the darkened entrances; and one wonders how it comes to pass that each of the bearers manages to recover his own proper portion when the business of the oven is over. There are a prodigious number of them that appear, to an unpractised eye, so exactly alike, that the task of distinguishing them apart would seem hopeless to one unacquainted with the management of the mystery. A very favourite mode of insuring the variety of two courses at the expense of one baking prevails very extensively; it is managed in this way: the housewife provides a large earthenware dish, about twenty inches by fourteen, and three or four deep, having a division near the centre; the potatoes are crammed plentifully in the bottom of the larger compartment, and the modest joint rests upon them; the other division is appropriated to the pudding, in the manufacture of which we could perceive that a very considerable variety of talent had been displayed.

The bell has now ceased tolling, and the tumultuous uproar of the market subsides to a moderate murmur. Still the traffic is brisk and abundant in the interior of the shops. We remark those of the grocers and tea-dealers crammed to overflowing, and all the assistants behind the counter divested of their outer garments, and reeking with heat and hurry, weighing, measur-

ing, and packing with consummate despatch. The curriers, too, are dealing out soles and upper leathers, welts, wax, and paste, with a rapidity rarely equalled on a week-day, among the meagre and pallid crowd, who can scarcely find standing-room in front of the counter. The drapers' shops are swarming with customers of both sexes: caps, bonnets, shawls, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, change owners in a twinkling. Lads in fustian jackets are pulling about the many-coloured wares, resolved on treating their sweethearts with a morsel of finery; and smartly-dressed lasses are matching their pale faces with a strip of paler ribbon, or selecting a gaudy neck-tie for some favoured swain. The shoemakers and the marts for ready-made clothes have all a good share of encouragement, and do an amount of business in the Sunday forenoon, according to the candid confession of some of their proprietors, exceeding that of any two days in the week, Saturday excluded. This in-door traffic continues till past noon-day; and the shops are seldom finally closed before one o'clock, when the religious part of the community are returning from church. The appearance of the whole street, when the market is over, resembles very closely the deserted arena of a country fair, or Covent-Garden market after business-hours—the ground being one mash of mud and decaying vegetable matter.

We must not omit all mention of the species of literature which finds encouragement among the frequenters of the Sunday Market. Books we saw none, but good store of single sheets of all sizes, and varying in price from one halfpenny up to sixpence. All the Sunday newspapers are regularly placarded and sold; and in addition to them, there was an abundance of the blood-and-murder, ghost-and-goblin journals, embellished for the most part with melodramatic cuts, where what was wanting in truth of artistic delineation was plentifully made up in energy of action. It would seem that there is a charm in pistols, daggers, bludgeons, and deadly weapons of all sorts, with the assaults and assassinations they suggest, that is irresistible to the population of London. No matter how gross the ignorance or stupidity of a writer, so that he have but a deed of blood or violence to unfold: a murder is so delicious a morsel to the palates of a debased multitude, that it imparts a relish to the most intolerable dullness, and invests imbecility itself with the attributes of genius and talent.

The above, though necessarily brief, is, as far as we are aware, a truthful delineation of the Sunday Market. Of such localities, differing more or less in their primary features, there are five or six in the metropolis. When we take into account the demoralisation that must unavoidably accrue from the total neglect of religious duties which the continuance of this practice necessarily entails, we cannot but concur in the sentiments of those who are striving at the present moment to obtain by legal means the power of suppressing it. It is sad to learn, that though the great majority of the parties who gain most by this ill-favoured traffic are willing, nay, desirous, that it should be put an end to at once and for ever, it is yet, through the resistance of a petty minority, continued in their despite. Four-fifths of the Sunday-traders, we know from indisputable authority, would be willing to close their shops from Saturday night to Monday morning; but they are compelled in self-defence, in order to preserve their average custom, to open on the Sunday, because a few stubborn opponents persist in so doing. The evil is great in a physical as well as a moral point of view. Many of the shopmen in the district above-described, and in other places, as we have good reason to know, are confined behind the counter from seven or eight in the morning to ten at night the whole week through: to men so situated the relaxation of the Sunday is not merely a luxury, but a necessity; but from its enjoyment they are debarred by the continuance of a practice which cannot be spoken of without regret—and loss of health is the general consequence.

There has been no lack of legislation upon this subject; but it is a question whether legislative interference will effect much good. The law of Charles II., which would appear upon the face of it to be a good and efficient law for the purpose, has been found, in working, the next thing to a nullity. It levies a fine of five shillings upon the offender; but as the magistrates will not convict for more than one offence in one day, it is practically of no avail, as the profits upon one morning's business in some of the largest shops is from fifty to a hundred times that amount. Moreover, the trader can, and does, when he knows that informations are a-foot, reduce the five shillings to one shilling by taking out a summons against himself, which bars the issue of a second summons, and prevents the disgrace, as well as the expense of a hearing, as of course he does not appear to criminate himself.

We would not rashly impute the whole cause of Sunday trading to shopkeepers and hucksters. Not a little of the evil arises from a practise of paying weekly wages late on Saturday night; and to remedy this, every proper effort should be directed. Indeed, while such a practice prevails, all legislative interference on the subject would be worse than useless.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CLEVER CHILDREN?

DURING a visit to a friend in the country, I was enjoying a walk in his garden before breakfast on a delightful morning in June, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the pensive attitude of a little boy, the son of my host, whom I observed standing before a rose-bush, which he appeared to contemplate with much dissatisfaction. Children have always been to me a most interesting study; and yielding to a wish to discover what could have clouded the usually bright countenance of my little friend, I inquired what had attracted him to this particular rose-bush, which presented but a forlorn appearance when compared with its more blooming companions. He replied: 'This rose-bush is my own; papa gave it to me in spring, and promised that no one else should touch it. I have taken great pains with it; and as it was covered with beautiful roses last summer, I hoped to have had many fine bouquets from it; but all my care and watching have been useless: I see I shall not have one full-blown rose after all.'

'And yet,' said I, 'it appears to be as healthy as any other bush in the garden: tell me what you have done for it, as you say it has cost you so much pains?'

'After watching it for some time,' he replied, 'I discovered a very great number of small buds, but they were almost concealed by the leaves which grew so thickly; I therefore cleared away the greater part of these, and my little buds then looked very well. I now found, as I watched them, that though they grew larger every day, the green outside continued so hard, that I thought it impossible for the delicate rose-leaves to force their way out; I therefore picked them open; but the pale, shrivelled blossoms which I found within never improved, but died one after another. Yesterday morning I discovered one bud which the leaves had till then hidden from me, and which was actually streaked with the beautiful red of the flower confined in it; I carefully opened and loosened it, in the hope that the warm sun would help it to blow: my first thought this morning was of the pleasure I should have in gathering my one precious bud for mamma—but look at it now!'

The withered discoloured petals to which the child thus directed my eye did indeed present but a melancholy appearance, and I now understood the cause of the looks of disappointment which had at first attracted my attention. I explained to the zealous little gardener the mischief which he had unintentionally done by removing the leaves and calyx with which nature had covered and enclosed the flower until all its beauties should be ready for full development; and having pointed out to him some buds which had escaped his care, I left him

full of hope that, by waiting patiently for nature to accomplish her own work, he might yet have a bouquet of his own roses to present to his mother.

As I pursued my walk, it occurred to me that this childish incident suggested an answer to the question asked by Dr Johnson, 'What becomes of all the clever children?' Too often, it is to be feared, are the precious human buds sacrificed to the same mistaken zeal that led to the destruction of the roses which had been expected with so much pleasure by their little owner. Perhaps a few hints, suggested—not by fanciful theory, but by practical experience in the mental training of children—may help to rescue some little ones from the blighting influences to which they are too often exposed.

The laws by which the physical development of every infant, during the earliest period of its existence, is regulated, seem to afford a striking lesson by the analogy they bear to those laws on which the subsequent mental development depends; and by the wise arrangement of an ever-kind Providence, this lesson is made immediately to precede the period during which it should be carried into practice. On the babe's first entrance into the world, it must be fed only with food suitable to its delicate organs of digestion; on this depends its healthful growth, and likewise the gradual strengthening of those organs. Its senses must at first be acted upon very gently: too strong a light, or too loud a noise, may impair its sight or hearing for life.

The little limbs of a young infant must not be allowed to support the body before they have acquired firmness sufficient for that task, otherwise they will become deformed, and the whole system weakened; and last, not least, fresh and pure air must be constantly inhaled by the lungs, in order that they may supply vigour to the whole frame. All enlightened parents are acquainted with these laws of nature, and generally act on them; but when, owing to judicious management, their children emerge from babyhood in full enjoyment of all the animal organs, and with muscles and sinews growing firmer every day in consequence of the exercise which their little owners delight in giving them, is the same judicious management extended to the mind, of which the body, which has been so carefully nourished, is only the outer case? In too many cases it is not. Too often the tender mind is loaded with information which it has no power of assimilating, and which, consequently, cannot nourish it. The mental faculties, instead of being gradually exercised, are overwhelmed: parents who would check with displeasure the efforts of a nurse who should attempt to make their infant walk at too early a period, are ready eagerly to embrace any system of so-called education which offers to do the same violence to the intellect; forgetting that distortion of mind is at least as much to be dreaded as that of body, while the motives held out to encourage the little victims are not calculated to produce a moral atmosphere conducive either to good or great mental attainments. Children are sometimes met with—though few and far between—whose minds seem ready to drink in knowledge in whatever form or quantity it may be presented to them; and the testimony of Dr Combe, as well as of many other judicious writers, proves the real state of the brain in such cases, and also the general fate of the poor little prodigies. Such children, however, are not the subject of these observations, of which the object is to plead for those promising buds which are closely encased in their 'hard' but protecting covering; to plead for them especially at that period when the 'beautiful red streak' appears; in other words, when, amid the thoughtless sports and simple studies of childhood, the intellect begins to develop itself, and to seek nourishment from all that is presented to it. There exists at the period alluded to a readiness in comparison, and a shrewdness of observation, which might be profitably employed in the great work of education. And here it may be observed, that as to 'educate' signifies to *bring out*, the term *education* can only be applied

with propriety to a system which performs this work, and never to one which confines itself to laying on a surface-work of superficial information, unsupported by vigorous mental powers. Information may be acquired at any age, provided that the intellectual machinery has been kept in activity; whereas, if the latter has been allowed to rust and stiffen from disease, the efforts of the man—supposing him to have energy sufficient to make an effort—to redress the wrongs done to the boy, will in most cases be vain. That self-educated men are generally the best educated is a trite remark; so trite, indeed, that it frequently falls on the ear without rousing attention to the apparent paradox which it contains; and yet there must be some reason well worthy of attention for the fact, that so many who, in early life, have enjoyed advantages, have, on reaching manhood, found themselves surpassed by others who have been forced to struggle up unassisted, and in many cases surrounded by apparent obstacles to their rise. It is obvious that the point in which the latter have the advantage, is the necessity which they find for exercising their *own* intellectual powers at every step; and, moreover, for taking each step firmly before they attempt the next; which necessity, while it may retard the rapid skimming over various subjects which is sometimes effected, gives new vigour continually to the mind, and also leads to the habit of that 'industry and patient thought' to which the immortal Newton attributed all he had done; while at the same time a vivid pleasure is taken in the acquirement of knowledge so obtained beyond any that can be conferred by reward or encouragement from others.

From these considerations, it appears that the most judicious system of education is that in which the teacher rather directs the working of his pupil's mind than works for him; and it must be recollected that such a system, compared with some others, will be slow, though sure, in producing the desired result. Every one familiar with children must have observed with what apparently fresh interest they will listen to the same tale repeated again and again. Now, if time and repetition are necessary to impress on the young mind facts interesting in themselves, they are surely more necessary when the information to be imparted is in itself dry and uninteresting, as is the case with much which it is requisite for children to learn. The system here recommended is one which requires *patience* both on the part of parents and teachers; but patience so exercised would undoubtedly be rewarded by the results, one of which would be, that we should not so frequently see 'clever children' wane into very commonplace if not stupid men.

THE GIPSIES OF HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA.

In all parts of Hungary and Transylvania are to be found the scattered members of a wide-spread family, called Gipsies in England, Bohemians in France, Gitanos in Italy, and in Hungary and Transylvania Tzigany, Tzigányok, and, by a decree of King Ladislaw in 1496, Pharaones, which corresponds with the name of Egyptians, bestowed upon them in some other countries. Most of the rivers of Transylvania and some of Hungary contain gold; but the most auriferous is that which rises in the western mountains of Transylvania, and falls into the Maros. It is called in Hungary the Aranyos; that is, the Golden. No one makes much of his gold-seeking in the rivers but the vagabond gipsy tribes, who love any easy trade. They get at the metal in different ways: some by throwing the water and sand continually upon a woollen stuff, which catches the gold; but generally by washing the sand in a cradle, a hollowed piece of wood, called *tehenyö*. The gipsies are active and clever at this trade: they seize the *tehenyö* by the two hands, shake it gently, let the water drip, catch up more water, and go on until the gold shines at the bottom. A few minutes will wash a

handful of sand. The gold-seeking gipsies are divided into twelve bands of eighty or a hundred each. Each band has a surveyor, who accounts with a director-general, who lives at Zalathna. They are exempt from public charges. These bands have no fixed place to work in; but each tzigany works by virtue of a permit wherever he thinks proper—now in one river, now in another, but generally in the Aranyos. In return, he must pay to the tax-gatherer every year a *pizéte* of gold, which is worth seven shillings and elevenpence. If he be active, he may make three *pizétes* every week—that is, about two-and-twenty shillings—which, in that part of the world, is high wages. During heavy rains, when the torrents bring fresh gold from the mountains, much more is obtained. They are required to sell the whole of their gold to the official surveyor, and the annual amount has never exceeded twenty-four lbs., or in value about L.1400 British. Of course, with capital and industrious workmen, very different results would take place; but the gipsies are idlers, who care only to make enough for the passing day. Some are so lazy, that in the whole year they do not earn the seven shillings due to government.

Their race is found in every part of Europe, and everywhere they seem to have the same habits and the same vices. Scattered over the whole continent, and amid divers populations, they, like the Jews, preserve a national character, remaining unaffected by the movements of society around them. In their own language they call themselves Romm. Many ethnographers have thought them of Egyptian origin; but more recent investigations appear to have traced them to India. 'Recently,' says Gerando, 'the missionary Wilson, passing through Pesth, thought that the gitanos of Hungary, like those of Turkey, speak a language which approaches that of the Budsurads on the shores of the Ganges.'

The Hungarian gipsies are true to their general character. As teasing as a gipsy, as great a boaster, as great a thief as a gipsy, are Hungarian proverbs. If a theft be committed, and gipsies be in the neighbourhood, they are at once accused—generally with justice. In the villages, they dwell apart from the peasants, who have a profound contempt for them; and they recognise the authority of one of their own people, named *vayvode*, or magistrate, as the lord of the locality. They bury themselves in mud huts, a few feet above the ground, into which they dig for greater space. A whole family dwells in this horrible den, from which the smoke escapes by a hole in the roof, while black and naked children play before the door. If a horseman passes, they run after him begging, and standing on their head. The mother and father come out, the dogs bark furiously, and the horse gallops away alarmed. The gitanos are sometimes nailmakers, farriers, and brickmakers; but they are always beggars.

The gitanos of Clausenburg, the capital of Transylvania, are numerous, and chiefly dwell, with droves of dogs as wild as themselves, in a savage outskirts. Both live in hollows of the rocks, in the low huts just described, and look like the denizens of the *Cour des Miracles* of Paris, or the *Alsatia* of London. But the gitanos of Clausenburg have an aristocracy, who reside at the other end of the town, occupying two hundred houses near the ramparts. These are chiefly musicians. They form very clever bands, and go about the country playing on the Communist principle. On their return, an equal division is made, and the share of one man is often from L.100 to L.200 English. These gitanos elect a *vayvode* every two years.

'I visited,' says Gerando, the best of recent writers on Hungary, 'the house of one of the rich gitanos of Clausenburg. The master, whose name was Mótí, was the ablest musician in the country. Warned of my visit, he received me with a violin under his arm. He led me with respectful dignity into his house, where I was received by his wife—a worthy housewife, who hid her copper-coloured face under the folds of a white handkerchief. His daughters, who had adopted scarlet-

striped kerchiefs, were pretty, but they disappeared. The house of Môtî was scrupulously clean. The first room contained household utensils, distaffs, and in a large earthen pot plenty of cream. Amid the decorations of the parlour was nothing reminding one of the vagabond; while I remarked with surprise a statue of Napoleon, and another of his son. The walls were covered with pewter plates that shone like silver; while a portrait of Môtî, mythological subjects, and religious pictures, also hung on the walls. Like all his companions, Môtî was a Roman Catholic, of which he was proud, being thus the co-religionist of the emperor of Austria.

This shows that the adoption of an industrious calling will civilise, from the noble who lives by rapine to the vagabond who exists by begging. Nothing can resist the effect of honest, laborious habits.

Most of the Hungarian gitanos are less settled. They wander about, careless of to-morrow, and without remorse for their peccadilloes. They are fortunately not numerous enough to be formidable. They encamp in the open air round a fire, with dogs, some pigs, and a lean horse. If they know a trade, they work at it a while in the villages as they pass. They are blacksmiths or basket-makers, and were once fortune-tellers; but this branch of trade is falling off. They pay no taxes—the government knowing no more of them than they know of the wolves in the forests. They are generally poor, or seem so; but some have amassed riches, and bury jewels and gold in the earth beneath a tree; for as habits of industry have not taught them the wants of civilisation, they have no use for this wealth.

A traveller once saw a gitano beating on an anvil near the road. He got out of his carriage, and approached him. 'What are you making?' said the traveller. 'Nails,' replied the tzigany. 'You are not clever,' continued the stranger, 'and your nails are worth nothing. Could you make a horse-shoe nail?' The gitano showed him one. 'That is no better: look at me.' In a few minutes the stranger showed him two nails of his fashion. The gitano opened his eyes and said, '*Bine invetiati*, you are very well taught!' The stranger was Prince Lobkowitz, president of the General Chamber of Vienna, and surveyor-general of all the mines of the empire.

The wandering habits of the gitanos are not easily cured. The Emperor Joseph II. tried to attach them to the soil. Their very language was to be abolished, and they were called 'the new peasants.' But all in vain. The gitanos took care to behave so badly on the land allotted to them, and from which they dared not move without leave, that they were driven away. They had commodious houses; but they put their cows in them, and lived in a tent beside them. The children apprenticed to farmers ran away. In 1782 there were in all Hungary only 77 sessions cultivated by the gitanos, and they paid altogether only 20,000 florins of taxes. Besides those who were labourers, there were 43,787 gitanos, of whom 5886 called themselves farriers, and 1582 musicians. The number has decreased since, and they would probably be extinguished but for new arrivals from Moldavia and Wallachia. In the sixteenth century the gitanos were driven from several states of Europe. Hungary and Transylvania were more hospitable; and in the archives of the ancient Diets many articles concerning them are found.

Their taste for wandering is supported by their ability to suffer privations and fatigue. They wear the same rags during the extreme heat of summer and the bitter blasts of winter; and when others are crossing a river in a sledge, they are seen walking barefoot, with some tattered rags scarcely covering their forms. But, as above remarked, all are not so miserable. There are some who follow agricultural pursuits in that part of Transylvania called *Mezőség* who are reckoned clever reapers. Like those of Clausenburg, the Hermannstadt gipsies are well off, and enjoy life. They wear the costume of rich Hungarian peasants, choosing

in preference lively colours. Their scarlet waistcoats are covered by little round, shining copper buttons, and heavy spurs sound at their heels. The women more especially feel the effect of this wellbeing. The copper-coloured complexion gives way to a peculiar white which shows off their deep black eyes. They seem to be of two races; some having curly hair, thick lips, and copper complexions; while others are olive-coloured, with more regular features, and smooth hair. But no matter what their dress, the young gipsies are remarkable for their elegant figures.

As for their religion, when they have any, it is that of their nearest neighbours: they are Roman Catholics, or of the Greek church, or Protestants, just as it happens; but they generally choose the religion of their lord, which, according to their aristocratic ideas, must be the best. A like notion makes them select the same original country as the Hungarians. 'Our fathers came from Egypt with Arpad,'* said a gipsy one day who was learned in history. The language of the race has of course become much corrupted. A Hungarian officer taken prisoner under Napoleon, and brought to France, declared that the gipsies of Hungary could not understand those of France. Even in Hungary and Transylvania their dialect has been modified by locality; the gipsies learning the language of the place they live in, and adopting particular words.

Dancing and music are the favourite delights of the gitanos. 'Maitre Môtî,' says Gerando, 'introduced me one day to two Bohemian girls. The tallest and oldest had thick lips, fiery eyes, and an African face. She wore a dark robe; a dark shawl with flowers was wrapped round her, and a long black handkerchief shaded her face. The other wore a hussar's jacket of black velvet, a spotted petticoat, and little boots. Her hair, black as jet, was partly concealed by a gauze veil, and framing the face, brought out the whiteness of her skin. She had the melancholy beauty of most of the women of her race not degraded by misery. As soon as Môtî had preluded, they began to dance. Their gestures and steps were slow. They held each other's hands; they parted, walking one towards the other, holding out their arms, and making their veils wave, then joining again to execute some expressive movements. Môtî put down his instrument; and they accompanied their dances themselves, singing to slow time a tune of great softness and melancholy, which expressed alternately tenderness and repentance, the ringing voice of the one or the grave notes of the other being uppermost according to the sense of the words.'

The gitanos are quick and clever when they choose to exert themselves; but it is chiefly in music they excel. 'Guided only by their ears,' says Schwartzner, 'and a little practice, they attain a quickness and vigour of execution which the best masters fail to gain. They are selected in preference for table music, festivities, marriages, and other occasions when people give way to gaiety.' They rarely know a note of music, but their musical genius makes up for their ignorance, and none but the gipsies can play well the Hungarian national songs. Hungarian music is full of depth and passion. Full, solemn, and sometimes sad, it requires calm and ardent performers, who can allow the national vivacity to gleam through even the most melancholy passages. This vivacity bursts forth in rapid and animated flights, which awake enthusiasm, and show off in high relief the bold, brilliant, and hardy Hungarian character. The genius of the gitanos makes them play and sing these airs with incomparable success, not only correctly in themselves, but with variations improvised on the spot. Of course this refers to the very best artists; but if you

* Arpad was the celebrated khan of the Hungarians, who, when driven with his tribes from the banks of the Volga, towards the end of the ninth century, settled on the Theiss, and, as the ally of the Emperor Arnoul, beat the Moravians in the year 895. He gave his name to a Hungarian dynasty, which began with St Stephen in 997, and which kept the throne till the death of Andrew III. in 1301. This race of kings is known as the Arpades.

put a violin into the hand of a child, he will soon play as well as his father. Thus in every village the gipsies are the minstrels, and take the lead on every festive occasion. Besides, they alone preserve the vast number of unwritten airs which are the music of the land. When travellers stop at an inn, they are sure to come under the window and play; and one of them at Bethlen attained of late years great celebrity, especially for the seditious air of 'Rákóczy.' They one day took it into their heads to play it under the windows of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este when sent to watch the Transylvanians after a violent dissolution of their parliament. The Archduke drove them away.

Impudence and cunning are the hereditary qualities of gipsies, but the impudence of musical gipsies is excessive, a trait of character which they share with many other artists in the same line. Perhaps they are proud of their genius, and presume on it; but they are on occasion strangely familiar with the proud lords of Hungary. One day a tattered gipsy, with a violin under his arm, entered a saloon where sat in conversation two gentlemen, he being totally unannounced. He asked coolly if a concert would be agreeable, and was answered in the negative. 'Another time,' said the gipsy, and off he walked. A clever violinist of the tribe once played before a musical lord; and when he had concluded, and had been loudly applauded for his exquisite skill, he handed his violin to the nobleman, counting on shining still more by contrast. The magnate quietly took the instrument, and the gipsy was not a little mortified to find that he played as well as himself.

Ragged, vagabond, careless, confident, proud, and happy, he wanders about with his violin under his arm. Employed or unemployed, he is always the same. If asked to play, he is ever ready, and will execute anything, 'grave or gay, lively or severe,' under the scorching sun or in the pelting snow. Such is the Hungarian gipsy, child of a race which is gradually fading from the earth, and which can only be saved from extinction by losing its nomadic character and adopting the sedentary habits of civilisation.

CUVIER AND THE SWALLOWS.

In his later years the celebrated Cuvier loved to recount, the incident which first turned his attention to the study of natural history. While young, and in want, he was engaged as tutor to the children of the Count de Héricy, and with his pupils inhabited an old château in the Pays de Caus at Fiquainville. Cuvier's room looked towards the garden, and early each morning he was accustomed to open his window and breathe the fresh air before commencing the instruction of his somewhat undisciplined pupils. One morning he remarked two swallows building a nest in the outer angle of his small casement. The male bird brought moist clay in his beak, which the hen, as it were, kneaded together, and, with the addition of straws and bits of hay, formed their future home. Once the framework was completed, both birds hastened to line the interior with feathers, wool, and dried leaves; and then taking flight together into a neighbouring wood, they did not return to their nest until after the lapse of several days. Meantime some important events had happened. While the two swallows were so busily employed in constructing their home, Cuvier had remarked two sparrows perched on a neighbouring chimney, who seemed to watch the progress of affairs with much curiosity. The treacherous object of this surveillance speedily became apparent; for no sooner had the poor swallows left the coast clear, than the pair of sparrows took possession of the nest, and established themselves in it as comfortably as though it had been their own property. Cuvier remarked that they never absented themselves together from the nest; one always remained on the watch, with its sturdy bill protruded through the entrance, prepared to exclude every visitor except its mate.

At the end of the honeymoon the rightful owners returned. What was their surprise to find their nest pre-occupied! The cock flew indignantly against his dwelling, to expel the intruders, but was met by the formidable beak of the male sparrow, which quickly repulsed the unlucky proprietor with a bleeding head and ruffled feathers. Trembling with rage and shame, and his bright eye darting fire, he returned to his bride, perched on a green bough, and seemed for some moments to hold an anxious colloquy with her. Then they took flight together, and soon disappeared.

Presently the hen-sparrow returned, and her husband began, as Cuvier conjectured, to give her an animated account of his adventure, accompanying the recital with certain curious little cries, which might well pass for derisive laughter. Be that as it may, the prudent pair did not waste much time in chattering, but hastened out in turns to collect and store up a quantity of provisions. This accomplished, they both remained within, and now two stout beaks were placed ready to defend the entrance. Cries resounded in the air; crowds of swallows began to assemble on the roof. Cuvier recognised in the midst of them the expelled householders making their wrongs known to each fresh arrival.

Ere long, there were assembled in full conclave upwards of two hundred swallows. While they were chattering in a style that fully rivalled the performances of many speakers in more ambitious and celebrated meetings, a cry of distress was heard from one of the windowsills. A young swallow, tired no doubt of the long parliamentary debate, had betaken himself to the pursuit of some flies who were buzzing about the window. Cuvier's pupils had placed a snare on the sill, and the poor little bird found one of his slender legs entangled by the cruel horse-hair.

At the cry of the captive, about twenty of his brethren flew towards him, and tried to set him free; but in vain. Each effort only served to tighten his bonds, and so increase his pain. Suddenly the swallows, as if with one consent, took flight, and wheeling in the air, came one by one and gave a sharp peck at the snare, which, after repeated pulls, snapped in two, and the freed bird flew joyously away with his kind companions. During this scene, which passed within a few yards of Cuvier, and at about the same distance as the usurped nest, the tutor remained motionless, and the two sparrows never once stirred their threatening protruded beaks.

Suddenly, and swift as thought, flew a host of swallows against the nest: each had his bill filled with mud, which he discharged against the entrance, and then gave place to another, who repeated the same manoeuvre. This they managed to accomplish while two inches distant from the nest, so as to keep out of reach of the beleaguered sparrows. Indeed the latter were so effectually blinded by the first discharge of mud, that they no longer thought of defending themselves. Meantime the swallows continued to heap mud on the nest, until it was completely covered: the opening would have been quite choked up but for the desperate efforts made by the sparrows, who by several convulsive shocks contrived to shake off some of the pellets. But a detachment of the implacable swallows perched on the nest, and with their beaks and claws smoothed and pressed down the tough clay over the opening, and at length succeeded in closing it hermetically. Then were heard from hundreds of little throats cries of vengeance and of victory!

But the swallows did not end their work here. They hastened to bring from all directions materials for a second nest, which they constructed over the blocked-up entrance of the first one; and in two hours after the execution of the sparrows, the new nest was inhabited by the ejected swallows.

The inexorable vengeance was now completed. Not only were the unfortunate sparrows doomed to expiate their crime by a lingering death, but they were forced during their torments to listen to the joyful song of the two swallows, the cause of their execution. During

many days the hen rarely quitted the nest; she had laid six eggs, and while she was hatching them, her mate supplied her with insects for food. At the end of a fortnight Cuvier remarked that the cock was busy all day in bringing an enormous quantity of insects to his household; and looking into the nest, he saw six little yellow bills all gaping wide for food. From that time it became a constant source of pleasure to the tutor to watch the progressive development of the little family. Their yellow beaks became black and shining, their downy bodies were covered with smooth and elegant plumage, and they began to accompany their mother in her short excursions from the nest. The cock taught his children how to seize their prey in the air; how to fly high when the atmosphere was calm, and the flies disported themselves in the upper regions; and how to keep near the ground when a storm was approaching; for then all insects seek a shelter.

Thus passed the summer, and autumn came. Crowds of swallows once more assembled on the roof of the Château de Fiquainville. They held regular conversations, and Cuvier amused himself with trying to interpret their language. The children of the nest were placed in the midst of the troop with the other young swallows; and one morning the whole assembly took flight simultaneously, and directed their course towards the east. In the following spring two swallows, lean, and with ruffled feathers, came and took possession of the nest. Cuvier immediately recognised them: they were the identical birds whom he had watched with so much interest during the preceding year. They began to repair their dwelling, and to stop the chinks produced by the winter's frost; they relined the interior with soft-dried moss and feathers, and then, as in the previous season, set out for an excursion.

The morning after their return, as they were gaily pursuing their prey close to Cuvier's window, for they were now quite tame, and accustomed to his presence, a hawk that was soaring in the air pounced suddenly on the cock. He struck him with his talons, and was bearing him off, when Cuvier fired at him with a fowling-piece, which happened luckily to be at hand. The brigand fell into the garden mortally wounded, and Cuvier hastened to relieve his poor little friend. The swallow was seriously wounded; the hawk's talons had deeply pierced his sides, and a grain or two of shot had grazed his breast, and broken one wing. The kind young man dressed the wounds with all possible care and tenderness, and then, with the assistance of a ladder, replaced him in his nest, while the poor hen fluttered sadly round her mate, uttering piercing cries of distress. During three days she only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she brought to the cock. Cuvier watched his poor little languishing head feebly raised to take the offered food, but each day his strength visibly declined. At length early one morning Cuvier was awakened by the cries of the hen, who was beating her wings against the window: he ran to the nest. Alas, it only contained a lifeless body! From that moment the hen drooped and pined away. She never left the nest, refused the food which Cuvier constantly offered her, and, literally broken-hearted, expired five days after the death of her beloved companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the amiable and gifted mind of the young tutor. It led him to devote his leisure hours to the persevering study of natural history; and many months afterwards he related the anecdote to the Abbé Tessier, who was paying a visit at the château. Revolutionary persecution had obliged this distinguished man to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of physician to the hospital of Fécamp. Struck with the evident talent of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history to the pupils attending his hospital; and wrote to introduce him to the notice of Jussieu and Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire. Cuvier entered into correspondence with these and with other scientific men; and after some time passed in profound study, he was

appointed to fill the chair of comparative anatomy at Paris. The remainder of his glorious career is matter of history.

MR MORRIES STIRLING'S NEW METALLIC MIXTURES.

THERE are few things more remarkable than the total change of properties produced when two or more metals are made to combine together so as to form what are called alloys. This change is so marked, that it is often impossible to predict, from the known properties of the component metals, those of the alloy. We see this very distinctly in the long-known cases of brass, an alloy of copper and zinc, in all its varieties; of bronze, bell-metal, gun-metal, and gong-metal, which are alloys of copper and tin; of type-metal, a mixture of lead, antimony, and tin; and many others.

But although many useful and valuable alloys are known, when we consider the great number of simple metals—of which nearly fifty have been discovered, while at least twenty are sufficiently abundant to be applied to practical purposes; and further, that any two metals may combine in many different proportions; and lastly, that very often an exceedingly small proportion of one metal will give to another entirely new properties—when we consider these things, it is obvious that the existing alloys can form only a very small proportion of the immense number that may be obtained, many of which may probably turn out more valuable than any yet known.

Mr Morris Stirling, a gentleman thoroughly qualified for the task by a scientific education and long practical familiarity with chemistry, has, within these few years, paid much attention to the alloys, chiefly of the most important of all metals—iron. The results he has obtained are of the highest practical importance, and afford a signal proof of the truth of what we have stated—namely, that multitudes of valuable alloys remain to be discovered, and will richly reward the time and labour bestowed in such investigations.

The reader is probably aware that the best hammered or malleable iron is nearly pure iron, and that cast-iron and steel are compounds—alloys they may almost be called—of iron with small proportions of carbon or charcoal. Cast-iron contains more carbon than steel, although in both the quantity is small, varying perhaps from $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 or 5 per cent. Cast-iron is fusible, hard, brittle, unelastic. Steel is also fusible and hard, but it is much tougher, and highly elastic. Here we see the powerful effects of so small a proportion of carbon; for iron is nearly infusible, soft, and very tough, when free from carbon.

Now Mr Stirling has found that cast-iron may be rendered very tough, without losing its fusibility, by simply alloying it with a certain proportion of wrought or malleable iron. He takes, we shall say, a quantity of any species of cast-iron—no matter for the general character of the result of what kind—and has it run from the blast-furnace into moulds containing a certain proportion of scrap-iron. The pigs thus formed are then melted, as usual, in a cupola, and run into the desired moulds for castings. Thus is produced what he calls his *toughened cast-iron*. His object, in the first experiments, was to improve the inferior, weaker, or more fluid irons to an equality with the better kinds; but he did not expect the remarkable result actually obtained—namely, that all irons are thus brought to a kind of average strength and toughness *far above that of the best cast-iron*. The strength of cast-iron is measured by the weight necessary to break a bar 1 square inch in section, and 4 feet 6 inches long between the supports, when suspended to the middle of the bar. The highest result obtained by Mr Hodgkinson with the best (Blaenavon) cast-iron was 578 lbs.; but the average, as given by the same authority, is 454 lbs.

Now Mr Stirling has obtained the very high result of 868 lbs.; while Mr Rennie, using Mr Stirling's method, obtained that of above 900 lbs. Later experiments have given a still higher degree of improvement; so that the maximum increase of strength over that of average cast-iron (454 lbs.) is 120 per cent.; and that which may on all occasions be calculated on is from 60 to 70 per cent., yielding an average of about 750 lbs. as the breaking weight of an inch bar 4 feet 6 inches between supports. All sorts of cast-iron, if the due proportion of wrought scrap for each be ascertained, may be brought to this very high average of strength. Of course the improvement is, relatively to the

original quality of the iron, not so great in the best as in the inferior sorts, but even in the best it is very great. This method is not a source of increased cost, for the cost is only greater in reference to the iron used. Thus Scotch pig-iron, at L.2, 10s. per ton, when the expense of the scrap-iron, besides the royalty of the patentee, is added to it, costs, as toughened cast-iron, about L.3 per ton. But it is now 60 per cent. stronger than iron sold at L.3, 15s. and L.4 per ton.

It is not easy to estimate the importance of this discovery, which has been confirmed by many of the leading iron masters, who are now using the patent under Mr Stirling's license. For all castings where strength is required, such as beams, girders, pillars, the advantage is so great and obvious, that it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to it. We obtain, at a cheaper rate, with the same weight of casting, nearly double the strength, which, for railway bridges, &c. is an invaluable result. But further, where the actual strength is more than sufficient to resist the strain to which it is exposed, we can attain that strength by using a much less weight of metal, and consequently at a still further reduced price.

Mr Stirling has produced an admirable alloy of iron, intended as a substitute for that of copper used for bells. It is, even under the patent, one-third cheaper than ordinary bell-metal, exceedingly hard, and not more brittle. It is wonderfully sonorous, and the tone of bells made of it (of which the writer possesses two) is superior to that of any bells of the same pitch we have ever heard. It is rich, full, musical, and pure, and singularly prolonged. Messrs Mears, the great London bell-founders, have taken a license for this alloy.

The same metals, in a different proportion, yield an alloy which takes a remarkably high polish and silvery lustre, and will probably be found advantageous for speculum metal.

There is another alloy of iron with one or more of the metals above-mentioned in certain proportions, designed for gun-metal. It is made of different qualities, according to the purpose for which it is intended. The tensile strength of two of the kinds was compared with that of gun-metal made at Woolwich. The metals were cast and tried under similar circumstances. Of the Woolwich gun-metal, the average of many sorts was 11 tons per square inch; while that of Mr Stirling's gun-metals was 16 tons per square inch.

With zinc for a basis, Mr Stirling has made many alloys of admirable properties. One, with an adjunct of copper, makes excellent bell-metal. Another, with manganese besides copper, produces one having many of the qualities of gold. A third, with nickel and copper, furnishes a metal resembling silver. The second of these is found highly suitable for metal pens.

It is gratifying to consider these discoveries as the result of diligent application to experiment, and to learn that the merits of the discoverer are likely to be duly rewarded. We find that his improved irons have obtained the approbation of the government commissioners for investigating the properties of iron for railway purposes.

PUNS.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings: the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection, and calls *game*: and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in

the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

THE RIGHT LEG.

Having noticed that this limb was more frequently the seat of accidents than the left in the wards, I made the comparison accurately, at one time, of those in the house; and found that of sixteen simple and compound fractures and amputations of the leg or thigh, thirteen were in the right, and but three in the left limb. If a hypothesis were allowed, possibly the fact might be explained on the idea that it is, in this country, chiefly from recklessness and overhaste that accidents occur; the 'best foot forward' suffering the most injury.—*Dr Hartshorne, in American Journal of Med. Sciences.*

MY CHRISTIAN NAME.

My Christian name—my Christian name,
I never hear it now;
None have the right to utter it;
'Tis lost—I know not how:
My worldly name the world speaks loud—
Thank God for well-earned fame!—
But silence sits at my cold hearth—
I have no household name.
My Christian name—my Christian name,
It has an uncouth sound:
My mother chose it out of those
In Bible pages found:
Mother! whose accents made most sweet
What else I held in shame,
Dost thou yet whisper up in heaven
My poor, lost Christian name?
Brothers and sisters, mockers off
Of the quaint name I bore,
Would I could burst Death's gates to hear
Some call it out once more!
One speaks it still—in written lines—
The last fraternal claim:
But the wide seas between us drown
Its sound—my Christian name!
I had a dream for years. One voice
Might breathe this homely word
As love breathes: I had swooned with joy
Had I my name thus heard.
Oh, dumb, dumb lips! Oh crushed, crushed heart!
Oh grief, past pride, past shame!
To die—to die, and never hear
Thee speak my Christian name!
God send thee bliss!—God send me rest!
If thou with footsteps calm
Shouldst trace my bleeding feet, God make
To thee each blood-drop—balm.
Peace to these pangs! Mother! put forth
Thine elder, holier claim;
And the first word I hear in heaven
May be—my Christian name!

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PHILOSOPHY OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

THERE is hardly a subject which affords more matter of wonder to the great body of the middle and lower classes of England than the popularity, so lengthened, so firmly rooted, and so little liable to be affected by revolutions in taste and schools of art, which the Italian Opera maintains for itself amid the comparatively limited circle of its constant frequenters. That England has of late years become, if not emphatically a musical nation, at least a much more musical nation than it was, is nothing to the purpose. Long before the era of cheap concerts and music for the million, the Italian Opera stood as firmly upon its throne as now, and many a hard word its frequenters and it had to bear from that sturdy tribe of middle-class John Bulls, who would never cease from expressing their indignant and patriotic wonder that English men and women could be found to support the squalling of a parcel of Italian singers in preference to the good old legitimate drama of the land. And to some extent the same species of cant is kept up still. 'People don't go to the Opera for the music—what do nine-tenths of pit and boxes know or care about it? While as for the language—how many who pretend to be in ecstasy at a song, understand one word of the tongue which it is sung in? No, no; people go to the Italian Opera neither for the words nor the music, but just because it's fashionable; and that's all about it.'

We put it to our readers whether this is not a fair expression of very generally-entertained notions; perhaps, indeed, these pages may be perused by many who themselves hold the opinion indicated. To all such we would now address ourselves, in the hope of clearing away a very prevalent misconception by explaining what, strange as it may seem, is, to the great body of even the play-going public, a mystery—what are the less ostensible and secret, as well as the declared and avowed attractions of the Opera. Take, for example, an intelligent man, moving, it may be, in commercial or professional society, and going to the Opera once or twice in a season: why, he can know nothing of a species of social pleasure which, unfelt and even invisible to him—so quiet and little noticeable are its demonstrations—is yet reigning gaily around him. The music and the spectacle he shares in common with thousands of others, but he is still perfectly unaware that, apart from, yet not altogether unconnected with, the show upon the stage, there is to the initiated in these mysteries a peculiar charm in the moral atmosphere of the place, in which lurks the true and subtle and enduring essence of the popularity of the Opera. What that charm is we shall endeavour to indicate.

The popular dictum that people go to the Italian Opera without understanding or seeking to understand

or appreciate a note of the music, contains, like many other popular dicta, a grain of truth to a bushel of falsehood. A man may begin to haunt the Opera for other than musical pleasure—as, for instance, to see the dancing and pirouetting in the ballet; but if he possesses within him the slightest germ of taste for the beautiful in sound, that germ insensibly begins to bud and blossom. Unknown to himself, he undergoes an apprenticeship to that service of sweet sounds 'which give delight, and hurt not;' and by dint of constantly hearing the finest music in the world interpreted by the most gifted artists, he slowly, but surely, acquires a taste—generally speaking a correct one—and without understanding scientifically the construction of a single movement of the compositions which gradually steal upon his soul, and by their very loveliness breed and nurture new faculties within him, he finds himself, he hardly knows how, converted, not indeed into a very profound connoisseur, nor into a very rapturous musical enthusiast, but still into a quiet, gentlemanly amateur, with a taste formed upon the best models, and an appreciation which acts, as it appears to him, less by understanding than by a species of slowly-acquired and developed instinct. Such we take to be the musical condition of the greater portion of Opera *habitues*, springing, the reader will observe, not from any peculiar musical aptitude, but from the long habit of hearing excellent music excellently performed. There are of course numerous exceptions to the class which we have described: ladies and gentlemen who, beginning with more than the average degree of musical appreciation, think more of what passes upon the stage and in the orchestra than around them, and the converse order, who, commencing their Opera career with a musical sensibility beneath the average, continue to be more influenced by the social than the musical pleasures of the lyric theatres. As a general rule, however, we repeat that the London operatic public forms a good-natured but perfectly discerning and competent tribunal upon the art questions which are laid before it. Educated by better *artistes* than the operatic publics of Vienna and Berlin, and less apt to be carried off their legs than the volatile and easily-stirred public of the Salle Favart at Paris, there is not a lyric artist between Messina and Prague who does not look upon a London engagement as one of the great prizes of his profession, and who does not face a London public with a nervousness of which he would have felt little in Germany, Italy, or France.

But, all this admitted, the question still remains—why do people of the higher classes in London choose to go through that novitiate which makes them the competent judges which we believe them to be? The superficial reply will be with ninety-nine people out of the hundred, because the Opera is fashionable. Now a thing may be fashionable for a season without any very sen-

sible cause: but nothing is fashionable for a century unless there exist some very good reasons for it.

In one important respect the Opera, in its rules and observances, and indeed its very nature, differs from all other places of public amusement whatever. It is a place to which people every night resort with different reasons, and from different views. If a man goes to a theatre, he is understood to go to see and hear the play; and theatres are arranged and their rules settled accordingly. So, if a man pays his money at the door of a lecture-room, or an exhibition-room, or a concert-room, he finds everything arranged so as to facilitate the ostensible purpose of his coming, and that ostensible purpose only. With the Opera this is not the case. The casual visitor arrives early, rushes jostlingly along the passages to his place, and sits there, just as he would do in Drury Lane or the Lyceum. Not so the habitué—and he it remembered an Opera is supported in by far the greatest degree by habitués—who pays not for any single night's entertainment, but for the constant run of the house. He never seeks to rush in pell-mell with the first eager group of kickers at the outside door: his place is comfortably secured for him; or, if he chance to have none in particular, he knows that a score of friends can accommodate him; or perhaps he never intends to sit down at all. He goes to the Opera for a musical and social lounge; to see and be seen; to talk and be talked to; to wander from box to box; to pay his respects to one family in the grand tier; to hear the news of Mrs So-and-so's party in the first tier; to inquire about the pic-nic which is fixed for next Wednesday at a sure source in the second tier; to learn the latest political or social chit-chat as it flies about the lobbies, or to become informed of the tittle-tattle of the *coulisses*—how the new opera 'goes' at rehearsal; how the management quarrelled with Madame So-and-so, and how she could not be induced to sing until half an hour before the rising of the curtain; how Mario is to be especially great in the *aria* of the first act; and how Grisi will 'be safe' to make a real *furor* in the delicious cabaletta of her cavatina in the second. Let us not here be misunderstood. The music is not suffered to pass unheeded during the continuance of all these shreds and fragments of gossip talk. A degree of modified attention is bestowed even upon the more level and uninteresting passages; and as soon as one of the 'points' of the evening arrives—the *aria* or the chorus—there is not a sound from all the vast *encinte* intervening for an instant between listening ears and the sparkling tide of music.

It is thus, then, as a delightful evening lounge—as a place where one is pretty sure of meeting with scores of acquaintances—as a sort of social 'Change, performing, indeed, to some small extent the functions of a club, and improving upon these functions, inasmuch as it admits of the presence of ladies—that the Opera fulfils its mission and maintains its popularity. The music is a fundamental, but not the absorbing feature of the entertainment. It is possible to hear, ay, and to enjoy music, even while a low-toned conversation is being kept gaily up. It has its sensuous as well as its purely intellectual delight. To relish a play, especially a play pretending either to elevated poetry or keen wit, individual attention is requisite. Once or twice heard, however, the interest palls, and the intellectual pleasure abates. Not so in music: the most scientific and intelligent judges are always shy of pronouncing any decided opinion upon an elaborate operatic work after a single hearing. And so far as the more general public

goes, it is only after many repetitions that the intellectual beauties of the music become manifest; while the sensuous pleasure produced by rich harmony and graceful melody prevents these repetitions from becoming tiresome or monotonous. The reader will then perceive how well fitted music, as played in great operatic establishments, is to lay the foundation of a half-sensuous, half-intellectual gratification, upon which a pile of independent social pleasure is erected.

So much, then, being premised, let it be remarked how admirably fitted for all the purposes in view are the construction and regulations of the Opera. A great point to secure in a place of favourite social resort is perfect facility of communication; this theatres do not, and ought not, to afford: the Opera ought, and does. The whole house—excepting the galleries, which are not intended for the classes on whom the establishment more especially depends—is flung open for the free circulation to and fro of visitors. You call at a box precisely as you do at a house. You meet your friends in lobby and saloon precisely as you do in street or park. The whole tone and atmosphere of the place is less that of an exhibition where any one comes to see or hear, than that of a social neutral ground where persons moving in certain classes of society come naturally together, and mingle in easy and unrestrained intercourse. The art of conversation, Talleyrand said—not as he explained it, that of argument on the one hand, or mere puerile small-talk upon the other—was lost in France with the great Revolution. We doubt whether it ever flourished to any great extent in England; but there can be little doubt that the atmosphere of the Opera nurtures as fair specimens of pleasant conversational airiness as can be met with under the skies which bend over our island. In clubs the talk is apt to get cliquish and professional; at dinners to be noisy and over-hilarious; at evening parties to be conventional and puerile. At the Opera men of all classes meet on common ground—men of politics, men of law, men of science, men of literature, men of art, men of fashion. The conversation of the politicians, the savants, the authors, the artists, the dandies, each taken as a class, would probably be excessively technical or excessively inane; but mingled together, it becomes racy, amusing, and sparkling; and it is this sort of talk, this whirlpool of chat, gossip, information, and anecdote constantly buzzing and humming in lobby, and alley, and box, which, backed of course and supported by the music, gives that particular charm which the Opera habitué enjoys with such keen relish.

Let us, gentle reader, make the tour of the house together, and listen to what we can pick up. We lounge round the back of the pit, saunter through the little slice of Fops' Alley left to us; or, if we be at the Covent-Garden Opera, proceed on the fall of the drop-scene to the swarming passage behind the pit tiers of boxes. Here the habitué is surrounded by familiar faces—dandies, artists, journalists, *hommes des lettres*. Listen to the scores of rapid, animated conversations, or rather bits of conversations, working and fermenting all round:—

'Other house full to the doors: people standing all round the pit.' 'Odd fracas that at the So-and-so Club.' 'Ah! I'll tell you the true history of that affair.' 'Wasn't that an introduced aria in the third act?' 'To be sure—from the *Zauberflöte*.' 'So Peel said to-day: I had it from the best source.' 'What did you say was to be the name of Mr Such-a-one's new book?' 'Quite remarkable; what good voice he is in, and only arrived

from Milan in time for to-day's rehearsal!' 'So you see, if ministers can't whip in their men in time for the division——' 'Certainly Mario took that note bright—the high C: the *ut de poitrine*, which was Duprel's great point.' 'So, upon this, the duke wrote immediately to Madlle——' 'But I know positively that Meyerbeer has engaged to write a grand opera for the Académie.' 'Gone in his yacht to the Mediterranean.' 'Not a bit of it; the article was written by quite another person.' 'Brilliant bit of fore-shortening that certainly.' 'They do say at the clubs that the committee will make no report.' 'Seen So-and-so to-night?' 'Yes—left him at the French plays.' 'Grisi very good in the last act.' 'Capital story of old Rogers.' 'Got back from Paris to-day: Garcia will be here.' 'Too high for his voice: Costa transposed it.' 'Quite different from Pasta's style.' 'Dozelli was the original.' 'You don't say so—eight black balls?' 'The old duke in his box.' 'New novel—undoubted hit.' 'Contralto no go.' 'Said so.' 'Admirable in the upper notes.' 'Rehearsal went without a hitch.' 'Capital! ha, ha!' And so forth in this style a quick patchy mosaic-work of talk kept up by hundreds of the most knowing men of the world, and the most *spirituelle* of artists and men of letters in London. Now, to make such a style of conversation possible, it is obvious that the same people must continually be in the habit of meeting upon a common ground. For the higher-class of theatres it is calculated that there are about fifty audiences—that is, that after a piece has been performed fifty nights, the number of persons likely to go to see it once will have been exhausted, and the audiences will begin to fall off if not reinforced for a time by the smaller number who are likely to go to see an average piece a second time. Thus a drama of fair attraction comes, in the ordinary course of things, to the close of its run. With the Opera it is very different. In no small degree, week after week, its audiences are the same. The casual visitors contribute a comparatively small amount to the treasury. It is, in fact, to the subscription list, to the regular rents paid by theatrical situarians, and for which they become entitled to let out certain boxes for what sums they please, that the management chiefly looks for reimbursement. The expenses of the Opera, therefore, being immense, and the circle of contributors to them limited, it is obvious that the Italian Opera must be an expensive luxury. But the fact is, that its peculiar advantages are incompatible with cheapness. Throw the Opera open to the general public, and as a place of familiar social intercourse it is ruined at once: its peculiar feature, in fact, being the number of conversable people whom you know and by whom you are surrounded. The introduction of audiences completely varying every evening must necessarily annihilate the very main source of its attraction.

And now here again comes in a feature in operatic philosophy which is of first importance. There are two general classes of habitués. The first and larger is composed of the subscribers, and by them of course the whole musical fabric is, so far as money goes, supported. But a long-existing custom decrees that free *entrée* shall be accorded to a certain proportion of gentlemen connected with literature, art in its chief branches, and journalism. These form the second and numerically minor class of habitués; but to the haven of talent and sparkling *esprit* which they introduce, no slight part of the pleasant conversational tone so characteristic of the Opera is due. Relieved from their desks, their pianos, or their easels, the Opera is the grateful focus to which they love to converge—there to retail the literary and artistic gossip of the day, to hear and chat over the hundred incidents, anecdotes, and *on dits* of the studio, the clubs, the *coulisses* of the theatres,

the lobbies and committee-rooms of THE House—in short, all that relates to what the French call the *causeries des salons*. The peculiar conversational tone—light, airy, yet intellectual—thus engendered, and made more bewitching still as it floats from box to box, receiving the graceful or *piquante* contributions of clever and accomplished women, forming that grand source of operatic gratification—other than the music—to which we have so often alluded, and in the charms of which lies the true secret of the permanent popularity with certain classes of society of the Italian Opera. To the privilege of admission to this species of intellectual and social enjoyment no man can aspire without certain qualifications—either that of wealth, intelligence, and social position, on the one hand, or that won by the intellectual power which elevates its possessor to the rank of a literary or artistic notability of the day on the other. Many a curious political secret has been whispered, many a brilliant article has been quietly concocted, many a successful literary enterprise has been first discussed, with the voices of Grisi, Lind, or Garcia ringing in the ears of the interlocutors. And in another world than that of journalism or letters—that mystic yet threadbare, that puerile yet powerful, that silly yet that magical circle of the *crème de la crème* of English aristocracy—how many a scandal has been born, how many a match has been discussed, how many an alliance of pride on the one side and gold on the other has been arranged, while the rich air quivered with the audible genius of Rossini or Mozart, and the hum of applauding amateurs drowned the low, eager tones of passion or of interest!

In the Opera, then, it is that these two worlds—that of aristocratic exclusiveness upon the one hand, and literary and artistic exclusiveness upon the other—draw mutually nearest on a common and neutral ground. There, within that charmed circle of yellow or crimson festooned boxes, gather night after night the glittering vanguard of English social, literary, and artistic celebrity. The casual visitor from the country, who makes a point of hearing the *prima donna* of the day—the Londoner who occasionally drops in to listen to a favourite opera, if he be a musician, or to applaud a favourite dancer, if he be an admirer of the dumb beauty of motion—are aware of but one-half of that which is going on around them. With their eyes rivetted upon the stage, they know nothing of the thousand interludes continually playing before the curtain. Knowing only what the management or the librettist chooses to tell them, they are unskilled to connect half of the phenomena of the evening with these faintly-whispered reports of operatic diplomacy which the initiated see indicated or echoed in an unexpected hoarseness or the excision of a particular aria—with eyes and ears, in fact, keenly and widely open, they sit as did the sultan in the 'Arabian Nights,' delighted with the song of the birds, but utterly unwitting the double pleasure which belonged to his vizier, who not only heard the sensuous music, but whose initiated organs understood the secret meaning of 'every twitter of the grove.'

Such, then, faintly indicated, are one or two of the secret influences—for secret to the mass of the public they undoubtedly are—which make the Italian Opera the formidable rival which it proves itself to all places of indigenous amusement. The mistaken views and semi-enmity with which it is regarded by many clever and patriotic people in their respect for our own legitimate drama, are founded upon a necessity which frequently compels them to see but half the picture. The vague, and, in fact, nonsensical charge against the common sense of the country, that a small but highly-intelligent and refined portion of the community would persevere in going to a place of amusement which afforded them no entertainment, merely because it was, in vulgar phrase, 'fashionable,' fades away in an instant before a perfect knowledge of the case. People go to the Opera just because, after a certain fashion which they like, they are more amused at the Opera

than elsewhere, and probably because, the higher and more perfect becomes our civilisation, the less inclined we are to trust altogether to others, instead of in some degree to ourselves, for our entertainment. A. B. R.

THE FIRST SLEEP.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

LITTLE Emily Mansell was a great pet with her Aunt Hamilton; and as she had no mother, and Mrs Hamilton no child, it always brought high enjoyment to each whenever Emily's papa allowed her to go on a visit to her aunt. Indeed this happened pretty often. Mr Mansell was agent to a nobleman whose estates lay in different parts of the country; and as he was frequently obliged to go from home, on those occasions little Emily was mostly intrusted to Mrs Hamilton's care.

It was always a holiday time: feasting, petting, playing; every wish ungratified in her own quiet home was sure to find indulgence at her aunt's; or rather wants and wishes were excited and gratified there which never entered her little brain when more suitably employed, and which always sent her home listless and dissatisfied, until in healthier occupation their memory wore away. Mrs Hamilton was a gay and thoughtless person; her house mostly full of company, much vanity and flattery going on; and Emily, even though a little child, coming in for a share, and delighting in it so much, that it would have puzzled any one to identify the saucy little prattler dressed out with curls, ribbons, and laces in Mrs Hamilton's drawing-room with the gentle, loving child that used to read so quietly in her father's study window, looking up now and then to see if his letter were finished before she ventured to interrupt him even with a question.

She is in the window here too, but her little tongue is rattling on: no fear of interrupting important business now; no one better engaged than in listening to her trifling. At last the quick remark and the merry laugh die away, and in an impatient tone little Emily exclaims for the twentieth time that evening, 'Why doesn't Davy come?—what is keeping him, Aunt Caroline?' And again she turns fretfully from the oft-repeated soothing answer—'He is coming, darling; he will be here just now.'

Davy was the carrier who brought the supplies once a week from a large town some distance off. He was in especial request this day, as he was to have been the bearer of some toys, a large cake, and sundry other matters in honour of Emily's birthday; but the evening wore on—no Davy appeared: Emily had to do without her toys, and the assembled guests without their cake. It was hard to tell whether Mrs Hamilton or Emily—the old child or the young—was most disappointed; but the latter certainly testified her vexation in the more disagreeable manner: lingering in the window, refusing to be comforted until the last faint ray of daylight went out, and then rebelling against bed to cry herself to sleep on the sofa.

But she was asleep—soundly and sweetly too, as only childhood sleeps—when the rolling sound of wagon wheels made her aunt start up, joyfully exclaiming, 'Here is Davy at last; I am so glad little Emily stayed up after all!'

'She is fast asleep now; surely you will not think of awaking her?' exclaimed one of the more considerate members of the party.

'Ah, wait a while,' was the reply, with a mysterious smile.

Bells were rung, orders given; not only did a tray make its appearance with the desired birthday-cake, fruit, wine, and other materials for supper, but also the box with the expected presents, which was carefully laid on a table hard by.

'It is almost a pity to awake her,' whispered Mrs Hamilton, half relenting, as she bent over the calm, unconscious little sleeper; 'and yet it would be a still

greater pity to open the box without her, or to cut the cake without giving her a share.'

'Then let the box wait till morning,' rejoined the former speaker; 'and as to the cake, I think its size defies us all: no danger of Emily's share. You surely would not give it to her at this hour?'

'Oh, but she ought to see it whole; she would admire it so much. And as to the box, I am longing myself to open it. Besides, she must be awakened to be carried to bed.'

And Emily was awakened. Sleepy and bewildered, for a long time she did not understand what any one was about; and when at last she did, her admiration of the external ornaments of the cake was quite swallowed up in a desire to appropriate some of the interior. 'You hungry little thing!' exclaimed her aunt, quite disappointed; 'but they are always so when awakened out of their first sleep.'

On this excuse a large slice of the cake was bestowed; and by the time it was demolished, Emily's eyes became accustomed to the lights, and she began to look about her as sprightly as ever. She spied the well-known blue box, and for the first time comprehending the full extent of her good fortune, exclaimed, 'Ah! Davy is come at last!' as she sprang towards it, and impatiently tried to turn the key.

The company, who had also been engaged in discussing the merits of the cake and wine, now turned for fresh amusement to the box, and to Emily's eager expressions of delight as new doll, and gilded book, and painted coach were successively drawn out, inspected, approved of, and ordered to lie on the table. The 'what else?' died away; all the promised treasures were displayed in goodly range, yet still Mrs Hamilton kept her hand on the lid of the box, smiling at her little niece, as if doubtful whether to disturb her fulness of content even by fresh enjoyment; at last, yielding to her own impatience, she drew out the crowning gift—a real birthday suit, in which Emily was to have figured that day had not Davy's wheels tarried on the way so provokingly.

'Oh how beautiful!—how tasteful! Do try it on—let us see it at once,' resounded from every lip. Emily, at first unwilling to leave her toys, was bribed by another slice of cake; robed in state, admired, held up to the mirror to admire herself, until her little head, half turned with excitement and vanity, she more than entered into the spirit of the hour, and strutted up and down the room, nodding her plumes, and shaking out her flourishes to show them off.

But people will tire even of the best sport: the guests found it time to withdraw; and full time did Aunt Hamilton at last think it for little Emily to go to bed. Not so with the little lady herself: quite fresh from her sleep, she was fully awake to enjoyment now; the moments given to her new dress had been stolen from her toys, and back again she flew to them with renewed avidity when the admirers of the former had departed. In vain her aunt remonstrated, showed the hour, threatened to put out the candles; Emily coaxed, and cried, and lingered, until at last a third slice of cake won her over, and poutingly she retired as the clock struck twelve.

She tossed and turned on her pillow; felt as if she never should sleep again; thought of her toys, her fine dress; longed for the morning light; then when it did at last steal in through the chinks of the shutters, she found it pained her eyes, and turned them away; then her head grew hot and heavy, and she longed to sleep, but could not; and thoughts of company, and toys, and bright lights, all mixed confusedly together, until at length she was dropping into a sort of troubled doze, when Susan came to the bedside to say it was time to get up. For a moment she felt inclined to disregard the summons, but then the recollection of all she had to look at by daylight returned, and raising herself languidly, she dressed with many a yawn.

'This comes of last night's doings, Miss Emily,' said

Susan reproachfully: 'I hope 'twill be long again before you are awake in such a way out of your first sleep.'

'Indeed I hope so too, Susan,' replied the little girl in a contrite voice; 'for I could not sleep again when I wanted, and I feel—oh so weary—so sleepy now!'

But when night came again there was no quiet rest for Emily: the disturbed hours of the night before; the excitement, and, above all, the rich cake, had done their business; and there she lay tossing, hot and feverish, worse and worse, as the hours rolled on. For many a day she lay thus, her loving father, her indulgent aunt, her faithful Susan, watching in turns beside her; for many a day, with vain regrets and sinking hope, they promised themselves and one another that, if restored to them again, she should be more judiciously treated. She was at length restored, and, unlike most 'vows taken in pain,' the resolution was kept.

Circumstances favoured her father's wish to remove his little Emily for the present from her too indulgent aunt. His employer had an Irish property which he desired to place under Mr Mansell's management, and as constant personal superintendence was necessary, he agreed to fix his residence there. Emily's severe illness, as is often the case in youth, had altered both her character and constitution: her mind matured and expanded as rapidly as her bodily growth. Living chiefly with her papa, and talking much with him during her weeks of convalescence, she felt—perhaps for the first time—how precious she was to him; how dearly she loved him; and it was with a sense of indescribable delight she heard her father say, that though leaving much to which he was attached, removing from familiar scenes and friends, he was sure he should never feel lonely with such a companion as his 'good little Emily.'

Soon she dearly liked their Irish lodge, with its roses, its lake, and its wild mountain view; their Irish Molly too, with all her endearing epithets and eloquent histories—their English servants had been dismissed, 'not pulling well with the natives,' and Molly took a pride as well as pleasure in verifying her retort that 'they were no loss.' One English lady, who had the care of Emily's education, alone remained in addition to the family; and she judiciously led her little charge to appreciate all that was admirable, as well as merely amusing, in the national character, so that the jibes and supercilious airs which had given so much offence in the domestics, were soon forgotten in the unaffected interest and cordiality testified by the other members of the family.

Thus time wore on for three, or nearly four years; during all that while Emily had been blessed with uninterrupted health. According to the old maxim, she lay down with the lamb and rose with the lark, and had probably forgotten what it was ever to awake out of her first sleep till the morning dawned. She had grown as rosy-cheeked and as merry as any little Irish lass; as obliging, as intelligent, able and ready to help herself and those about her; and though, in one solitary visit, Aunt Hamilton declared she would be spoiled for a fine lady, she was obliged to admit that she promised to turn out something better still.

It was Christmas, and Mrs Blandford, Emily's governess, had gone to spend the holiday weeks with her relatives. Emily—full of importance, trying to follow all her friend's directions, to fill her place and her own at this busy season—had at last gone to rest, tired yet happy, and was fast asleep in her little white-curtained bed in the dressing-closet outside her father's room. It was there she had always slept, and it was his nightly habit, as he passed through it to his own, to pause a moment beside his little daughter with a whispered prayer and a soft kiss on her cheek, which, though it never unclosed the eyelids, was acknowledged even in sleep by a half-formed smile.

This night the pause was longer, the prayer more fervent; sorrowful thoughts were busy in his heart—the preponderance that the little evil often assumes over the much good—and in the disappointment and annoy-

ance of a recent instance of ingratitude, he felt as if all the time he had spent, all the benefits he had conferred, were at once swept away. We all have had such moments. Well for us not to be quite solitary then; and with a yearning for companionship, Mr Mansell still lingered, half-tempted to call up the life and expression of those sweet, tranquil features, and hear one more loving 'good-night' before he retired to rest.

After long trial and forbearance, he had found himself compelled to bring ejectments against some refractory tenants. They still kept possession; and warnings and threats had been mutually exchanged. At this point Mr Mansell had paused, still reluctant to proceed to forcible measures; and mistaking his indulgence for timidity, a threatening notice had been sent him on the previous evening, with the usual hieroglyphics of a coffin and death's head, warning him to drop his proceedings or quit the country.

Well-intentioned, judicious, and popular, this was the first resistance he had met with, and he felt it most sensitively; almost ready to arraign himself for a state of things which too often forms the rule instead of the exception. Musing thus, he lingered, as we have said, by his child's bedside, his feelings gradually calming down under the unconscious influence of the peaceful slumberer. At last, as he turned away, the movement, or the light of his candle, awoke her suddenly, and her opened eyes rested full on her father's troubled face.

'What is the matter, papa?' she exclaimed, even at a glance comprehending that he did not look like his usual self. 'Are you ill? Is any one ill? Am I wanted?' and pushing back her bright curls, she started from her pillow, and gazed with a look of alarm into her father's face.

'No indeed, my poor child; what a shame for me to awake you! I am nearly as bad as Aunt Caroline long ago, though, unlike her, I have nothing pretty to show. Good-night now; go to sleep again,' and with another kiss he would have passed on, his own heart lightened by the little interruption to his thoughts, had not Emily thrown her arms round him, and detaining him, whispered—'Something was the matter, my own papa; I saw it in your face. I think I saw it in my sleep. Were you tired, or sorry, or angry? Which was it, papa?' and her eyes fixed earnestly, as if involuntarily reading his heart.

'Angry! Was it with you, Emily?' and quickly the inquiring gaze brightened off into her own sweet confiding smile, as she looked rather than said how far such an idea was from her thoughts. 'Then with whom, my own child? What could put such a thought in your little head? Do you often see me angry?'

Another smile, and a deprecating wave of the head; and the colour mantled on her cheek as she playfully answered, 'You know I gave you choice of three reasons—tired, sorry, angry. Why, papa, why did you fix on the most unlikely and the worst?' And again the searching eyes were raised a moment to his face, the colour deepening to crimson as almost as quickly she looked away.

'There is something in your question, Emily,' said her papa gravely, laying down his candle, and seating himself by her bedside; 'for once you are right in everything: I am tired, sorry, angry; but again, what put the notion into that sleepy little head?'

'Oh, papa! indeed I am wide awake.' Then seeing her father smile, she added quickly, 'Don't I know your face too well? Couldn't I read its passing thoughts, even if I never had the key?'

'Well; and the key?' inquired her father, still smiling.

She answered earnestly, 'Papa, you will think me very foolish; perhaps very vain. Indeed I did not mean ever to have spoken of it; but now,' added she, brightening up, 'now that you have made your little confession, I may make mine; now that I know you are already anxious, I need not fear to make you so—for I do believe it is all about the one same thing. You

know old Norry Flaherty that has had "the rheumatics" all the winter? I was giving her some flannel along with the others yesterday; but she looked so old and weak, I made her wait to get a warm bowl of coffee—she delights in that. When she was done, she rose up and wished me all kinds of blessings, then turned and said something in Irish to Molly, which, from the changing expression of her face, and a word which I could understand here and there, surprised me a good deal. The moment she was gone, I asked Molly what she had said: she coloured and hesitated'—

'Something like yourself, my little Emily, just now.'

'Yes, papa; do not laugh at me: this is a serious matter. The more Molly hesitated, the more anxious I was to know. At last she said—you know, papa, it was Mrs Flaherty said this—that I was an angel to the poor, and your guardian angel too; that was the kind part of her speech. But when I asked Molly what made her eyes flash, and insisted on knowing, she told me—the words were, "Even that cannot screen him for ever!"'

'You should have mentioned this to me at once, Emily,' said her father gravely.

'Oh, papa, it only happened to-day; and indeed I was so busy, it passed out of my mind until I saw your look just now. Besides,' added she hesitatingly, 'I did not know, papa, how far it might be right in a little girl like me to talk of your business even to yourself; and it seemed as if the best thing I could do was to bury it in my heart, and try to be more and more to you—like what the old woman said.'

Her father kissed her tenderly, laid her head on the pillow, smoothening down her curls, as he had used when she was a fairy child; then yielding to the desire for companionship that had first detained him at her bedside, he continued talking for a while, gradually warming into confidence, and, half-forgetful of the youth of his listener, entering into a detail of his present feelings and position. At length, noticing her rapt attention, he added, 'Feel no uneasiness, my child; I am fully equal to this crisis, though grieved to seem aught else than the benefactor of the people over whom I am placed. You have successfully aided me in this object, and for that reason deserve my confidence, young as you are. The trust I now repose in you—the trust you have in me—will fortify your mind against any of those obscure hints or threatenings, even as it has relieved my mind to unburthen it to my child.'

Emily listened to her father's words with a proud and happy heart; his parting recommendation to go to sleep at once was in vain; she vainly tried to follow his advice, and once again in her life tossed and turned on a sleepless pillow. A former foolish night came back to her recollection to fill her heart with thankfulness that it was so different now: no feverish symptoms, no reproachful thoughts, now troubled her unrest. Sleepless indeed she lay, but quietly self-communing; and when the morning light convinced her that any further efforts at rest were fruitless, she sprang from her bed almost as much invigorated as if that rest had never been disturbed.

Her father seemed pleased at her bright looks, but made no farther allusion to their last night's conversation; and though Emily felt as if it had drawn them together by a redoubled tie, she spoke no word either of the projects that had occupied her sleepless hours, and was now filling her young heart. Her morning duties over, she summoned the light-hearted Molly to bear her parcels, and accompany her in one of her annual Christmas rounds. One by one she visited the cottages, where her presence always brought sunshine—commending, reproving, encouraging, as the case might be, but uniformly leaving the impression, 'Sure she is for our good.'

At last she reached old Norry Flaherty's door, and though the usual kindly welcome was for once unuttered, she unhesitatingly stepped in. A significant look was exchanged between the old woman and her

slatternly daughter-in-law as they both turned their glance on the husband of the latter, who lay drowsily stretched on a settle near the fire. Emily was accommodated with a chair; Molly stood by; and the first greetings over, the old woman turned somewhat angrily to her son, reproving him for 'never offering to stir, and the young lady to the fore.'

The man lazily opened his eyes, as if he had perceived her for the first time; but before he had time to growl out an answer either of resistance or apology, Emily's sweet accents had intreated him not to disturb himself, adding that he seemed tired, not ill, she hoped.

The young man could not resist this; he gathered himself up, and assumed a more respectful, but still listless attitude, leaning against the post of the door. Emily turned a little towards him, but continued her conversation with the two women, until she had said all she wished, and bestowed her little Christmas gifts for themselves and the children. Flaherty still maintained his position, apparently occupied with the outward prospect, whistling now and then, but listening with curiosity all the while, as was evidenced by the impatient jerk of his shoulders as his mother reiterated blessings on their young visitor, and his sudden attention, as she went on to say, that indeed they did not expect any such favours just now.

'And why not, Norry? Why should you think I would forget any of my old friends?'

'Oh yea! miss, it isn't for me to say; but by reason of the master's doings, we know our welcome is wore out, and sure you and he are all as one.'

'So we are indeed, Norry,' replied Emily warmly, and with a little touch of her new-born confidence; 'one in heart and mind. All that he does is right in my eyes, and I never take a step disapproved of by him.'

'Wisha, we knew it,' drawled the younger woman coldly, throwing another meaning glance from her mother-in-law to her husband.

'Come, Miss Emily; we'll be late,' interposed Molly, evidently not much in love with their reception; and suiting the action to the word, she took leave of the inmates, and passed out through the door. Emily lingered a moment yet before she obeyed her hint; then, as if her mind were at once made up, she also rose and took her leave. She paused a moment on the threshold as the man politely made way, and allowed her eyes to rest on the wild but noble view stretched out before them in the golden light of the declining sun. He followed her admiring gaze, caught her involuntary exclamation of delight; and as if the conviction that one in a class so superior to himself could yet have feelings in common with him, in a degree unlocked his heart; he muttered in a low yet not disrespectful tone, unconsciously adopting the sentiment of a far greater personage, "'Tis a place worth fighting for!'

Emily turned her sweet face towards him with a pained and wondering expression, as she answered, 'Surely, Flaherty, it is a place worth loving; but who could ever think of fighting in the face of such a view of the works of God? It makes the heart glow indeed, but it is with love to Him and all the creatures he has made.'

'That's as young ladies think,' replied Flaherty with a cavalier yet not uncivil air.

'Is it not as Christians think?' replied Emily with unvarying sweetness; 'a thought prompted especially at this blessed time, when the Lord of all came to bring "peace and goodwill amongst men."'

Her hearer shifted his position uneasily, his countenance seemed to grow more gloomy, but he continued silent. Emily went on, 'Such would be my first thought; but the next, next to loving the place, my thought would be, it is worth working for too. You may say to this also, Flaherty, that it is a young lady's thought, spoken of what she has no experience; but I, even in my own way, never got anything worth having without working for it first, and then I always found the enjoyment was doubled.'

'Work! wisha, we work like slaves, and where's the good of it?' burst impatiently from her listener. Emily's eyes rested for a moment on his indolent lounging figure, his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth; then turned to the neglected garden, the disjointed footway, the broken thatch. He understood her glance, and moodily muttered, 'It was not always so.'

'No, surely,' replied Emily with much animation; 'even I can recollect it so different when this time two years I was here. Do you remember, Michael, you were digging that square for the early cabbages, the little boys weeding the right-hand border, Mary was making up a nice pink frock for the baby, and old Norry—she had no rheumatism then—she was spinning away in the sunshine at the door? Have not I a good memory now?'

The women had drawn near within the cottage, and low exclamations of mingled wonder, pleasure, and regret accompanied her words, but they did not interrupt the conversation. Michael's lip quivered, and after a moment's silence, he civilly replied, 'And I have my memory too, miss, or maybe matters would be worse with others before now!'

'Do you know, Michael, I have heard that already?' replied Emily frankly. Then, unheeding his startled look, she continued, 'You will hardly think I remained awake nearly the entire of last night thinking of you and yours—not with fear'—added she, replying to his glance, 'but planning, and at last hoping to do you some good.'

There was no doubting her simple earnestness; Michael implicitly believed her, nor even thought it strange that one like her should take an interest in his fate. She continued, 'This prospect is surely glorious, this home very dear, but sin and sorrow changed even Eden itself. You have suffered much, you have erred much, Michael: I do not say which has caused the other, but the effects of both are plain, and it will be hard to efface them here. In another land it would not be so; in a land where so many of your countrymen—and not the worst of them—are going: new companions, new habits, new fortunes may await you there. This was my thought last night, prompted by something I had heard. I thought to speak to Norry to-day, but am twice better pleased to meet yourself; for, Michael, if you wish to make up your mind to emigrate, I will ask papa to give you the means, and though, indeed, 'tis all my own idea, I am sure he will not refuse.'

Michael's countenance, which had been gradually softening, again assumed its determined expression, imagining himself called on at once for a decision; but Emily hastened to add in still kindlier tones, 'Take time to consider; then come down to me: whatever you decide on, at anyrate we sha'n't fall out;' and then with a gesture of farewell she hurried away.

Molly had been an admiring witness of her young mistress's persuasive powers, and many a glance exchanged between her and the two women over Emily's shoulder showed their mutual appreciation of her proposal. They knew well that Michael had no other chance against the bad associates and bad practices into which he had fallen; and to see him break with them completely, before he was driven to some lawless act, was a blessing almost beyond their hopes. The result may be anticipated: Michael and his brothers, thinking they had at last a favourable opening through the young lady's ear, made one effort more to obtain the terms they wished; but finding that out of the question, they yielded to Emily's advice, sanctioned by her father's approval. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to him: he wished to make examples, not victims. Those who were still able to retain their farms redoubled their exertions to become good tenants, while the others, furnished with sufficient funds, were borne by the next spring breezes in safety across the Atlantic; there, turning over a new leaf, they have every prospect of succeeding, as they never would have done at home.

A few months more brought a visit from Aunt Hamilton, when this instance of Emily's diplomacy was nar-

rated with affectionate pride by her father. He had scarcely concluded, when his sister abruptly replied, 'Richard, you ought now to think of sending Emily to school!'

Mr Mansell opened his eyes very wide as he echoed her words, 'To school? What! part with my darling companion now that she seems, if possible, doubly dear?'

'Yes, for that very reason. Do you remember long ago how bitterly we repented awaking her too early? You are doing the very same thing now yourself.'

'Ah, yes! I remember,' replied the father, recovering from his start with a long sigh of relief. 'I awoke her once too. But the result was completely different. Be assured, my dear Caroline, that everything depends on the awakening cause. Let us only show reason good, and all will be well, even though we may seem inopportune to arouse them out of their First Sleep.'

DR CARPENTER ON ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

ALTHOUGH alcoholic liquors and their effects on the human system have been the subject of investigation among medical authorities for many years, the public will no doubt put a high estimate on a new report by a physiological authority of such repute as Dr Carpenter. The work before us* is a prize essay, which gained that distinction (with one hundred guineas) in a competition where fifteen writers entered the field. The author first expounds the influence of alcohol on the physical, chemical, and vital properties of the animal tissues and fluids, and shows by many incontestable proofs that this influence is of an evil character, rendering the phrase *intoxication* peculiarly appropriate etymologically, seeing that it implies simply poisoning. Among its effects on the health of the human subject we are particularly struck by its concern with the filling of our lunatic asylums. In returns from 98 such institutions in England and Wales, it was found that out of 12,007 cases, no fewer than 1799, or nearly 15 per cent., were set down to the score of intemperance, besides 551 more attributed to vice and sensuality, 'in which excessive use of alcoholic liquors must have shared.' 'In pauper lunatic asylums, the proportion of those who have become insane from intemperance is usually much larger than it is in asylums for the reception of lunatics from the higher classes, among whom intemperance is less frequent, while causes of a purely moral and intellectual nature operate upon them with greater intensity.' One curious particular is worth notice, that Dr Hutchison of the Glasgow Asylum found an increase in the proportion of lunacy from drinking during the years 1845 and 1846, in consequence, as he thought, of 'the excitement in which the community was kept by that universal spirit of gambling which seized on society like an epidemic mania'—there being 'a great connection between general excitement and a craving for stimulants.'

The London coal-heavers, ballasters, and draymen, will drink as much as two gallons of porter daily, and even spirits besides, and they usually have an appearance of great bodily vigour—so long at least as their labour is carried on in the open air; but their constitutions break down early, and when they sustain an inflammatory attack, or any local injury, it is exceedingly apt to run on to a fatal termination, 'in consequence, it is evident, of the deficient plasticity of the blood, the low assimilative power of the solids, and the general depression of the whole vital energy, resulting from habitual over-excitement. Fox-hunting squires, who spend the evening over the bottle, are also notoriously bad subjects for medical or surgical treatment, owing to the imperfect condition of their nutritive functions. In remarkable contrast to these—the dray-

* On the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease. By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., Examiner in Physiology in the University of London. London: Gilpin. 1860.

men and ballasters—are those trained to pugilistic encounters, 'the latter having been brought to a condition of the highest possible health by active exercise, abundance of nutritious food, occasional mild purgation, and either entire abstinence from fermented liquors, or by the very sparing use of them.' 'Men thus "trained" recover with remarkable rapidity from the severe bruises which they are liable to receive.'

The effect of stimulants in predisposing the body to endemic diseases and pestilence is now universally admitted among medical practitioners. A curious illustration is here given. When cholera visited Manchester, the nurses in the hospital were allowed to go home after working six hours. They took the disease, and died of it in such numbers, that fears were entertained of the failure of the supply. 'It was found that they were much given to alcoholic potations (with the idea, probably, of increasing their power of resisting the malady) during their leisure hours; and they were therefore confined to the hospital, and debarred from obtaining more than a small supply of alcoholic drink; after which not a single fresh case recurred amongst them.' At the visitation of the cholera to London in 1849, it was found, in the establishments where numbers of men were employed, that the victims were chiefly the men addicted to drink.

The general benefit to life arising from sober habits is acknowledged as a principle of action in the conducting of life-assurance business—only men of sober habits being received. In consequence of the selection of lives for insurance, with such limits as general healthiness and temperance, mortality is in lower proportion among the assured than in general society. 'Thus at the age of 40 years, the annual rate of mortality among the whole population of England is about 13 per 1000; whilst among the lives insured in life offices it is about 11 per 1000; and in those insured in friendly societies it is about 10 per 1000. Now the average mortality for all ages between 15 and 70 years is about 20 per 1000; whereas in the Temperance Provident Institution, after an experience of eight years, and with several lives above 70 years of age, the average mortality has been only 6 per 1000, up to the present season, in which it has undergone a slight increase from the cholera epidemic. It is worthy of remark, however, that although many of the insurers in this office are of the poorer class, whose condition and employments expose them much more than the middling classes generally to the endemic causes of cholera, no more than 8 have died of this disease out of the total of about 3500 insurers. As a means of farther comparison, the following table may be subjoined, in which the mortality of the insurers in the Temperance Provident Institution, for the first five years, is compared with that of the insurers in other offices during the corresponding period of their existence:—

A issued 944 policies, and had 14 deaths; being equal to 15 per 1000.	
B ... 1901 27 14 ...	
C ... 838 11 13 ...	
D ... 2470 65 26 ...	
TPI ... 1396 12 7½ ...	

During the sixth year of its existence, only two deaths occurred out of the whole number of insurers in the Temperance Provident Institution, by which its annual average of mortality was reduced still lower.'

In the Indian army the mortality is less among the officers than among the men: the former are now generally abstemious, while the latter generally indulge much in liquor. Temperance societies were at one time making vigorous progress, and effecting much good among the troops in India, when an order arrived for putting them down, because of a jealousy at headquarters as to any organisation but the regimental. A medical officer stated, within a month of the arrival of this order, that he had forty cases of delirium tremens in his own regiment. The rule of the service was to serve out two large drams to the men every day. A soldier took his dose in the morning when the thermometer

was ranging from 70 to 90 degrees; it increased his thirst, and sent him to drink more during the day. Hence it is not surprising to hear of an artillery sergeant testifying that out of 100 men under his command he has had eight in strait-jackets at one time. The general healthiness of the native over the British troops is well known. We might suppose it to be owing solely to the better adaptation of the former to the climate. With this theory, however, it is not easy to reconcile the fact, that in the Madras presidency the mortality has been found lowest among the Europeans. It is found, on inquiry, that in the Bombay presidency, where mortality is comparatively small among the natives, the habits of these are abstemious as to both animal food and liquor; while in Madras, the native troops, being chiefly Mohammedans or Hindoos of low castes, live very much in the same manner as Europeans. The inferior mortality of the British troops in Madras, as compared with those in Bombay, is attributed by Colonel Sykes to the difference of their habits—the Bombay troops indulging largely in rum, while those of Madras use porter, and only a small quantity of arrack, which is a less noxious spirit. When, in addition to these facts, we learn that the average daily per-centage of the soldiers belonging to temperance societies in the hospital was 3·65, in contrast with 10·20, or nearly triple, of the other men, we cannot doubt that drinking spirituous liquors has much to do with the higher mortality of the troops in India. A temperate regiment, the 84th, in an unhealthy station, lost only two-fifths of the average of the garrisons in healthy stations during a certain space of time.

There are many facts, some of them the result of direct experiment, to show that men who abstain from alcoholic liquors can do more work, and better sustain exposure to cold, than others. Out of twenty-three millions of bricks made at a work in 1841, the average per man made by beer-drinkers was 760,269, whilst the average for the teetotallers was 795,400. The beer-drinking athletes of our London docks must not boast of being at least stronger than they could expect to be without liquor; for the porters of Constantinople, who are accustomed to carry far heavier loads than English porters, never drink anything stronger than coffee.

Leaving the reader to consult Dr Carpenter's volume for much illustration of the same kind, we would devote the remainder of our space to what we think an important question connected with the subject of alcohol.

To quote Mr Tremenhere, of the Commission on the Mining Population—'A remarkable and most satisfactory instance of a successful attempt to put a check upon the indulgence in ardent spirits has occurred at the iron-works of Messrs Houldsworth of Coltness, employing about eight hundred colliers, miners, furnace-men, &c. Much loss and annoyance had frequently been occasioned by the negligent or wilful misconduct of workmen under the influence of this habit; and the Messrs Houldsworth, having in vain endeavoured to put an end to it by persuasion and advice, resolved to do what they could by removing the temptation. They accordingly, about three years ago, forbade the sale of spirits at the store, and at the inn at their works, and ordered that the furnace-men should not be allowed to drink spirits during their hours of labour. These men had been accustomed to drink four or five glasses of whisky during each "shift," in addition to what they might choose to drink at their own homes. They remonstrated strongly, and affirmed that it was impossible for them to do their work without this quantity of whisky. They were not long, however, before they found their error: they now drink nothing but water during their work, and tea and coffee at their meals; what they spent in whisky they now spend in wholesome or nutritious food; they allow that they do their work better, and that the change has been a great blessing to themselves and their families; and that it is the best thing that ever happened to them. I was

afterwards informed that among the colliers and miners there was a marked improvement from the same cause.

A similar check, as is well known, has been given to indulgence in liquors in merchant vessels, particularly in those of America, and various good effects have resulted. The question has consequently been suggested to us—Is there anything in the circumstances of the public at large to prevent a government from giving the same check to drinking among its subjects which the master of a work or of a vessel imposes on those immediately under his control? The thinking part of our community are fully sensible of the fatal effects of the use of alcohol in our state—that it demoralises our humbler class of people, fills the jails and work-houses, and, by leading to a general impoverishment of the working-people, helps greatly to create that violent contrast of condition between classes which is now found to be a source of so much danger. Society sees these things, but despairs of a speedy remedy. Some talk of a diminution of the number of licenses; others call for more education: very good expedients in their way, but of most unsatisfactory slowness of operation. We feel far from convinced that a speedy remedy is out of hope. A check to the manufacture and sale of spirits would of course be a measure of some difficulty, but we cannot believe it to be totally impossible; and we think the difficulty would be worth encountering for the sake of the expected benefits. There is, if we are not mistaken, at least one state of America where the restrictions on liquor amount nearly to a prohibition of its existence; and if this can be done under the weak executive of our transatlantic friends, why should it not be effected by us? Say that our public is not ripe for such a measure—let a few energetic individuals combine to work upon them through the pulpit, the platform, and the press. The powers of a Peter the Hermit are not copyless on the face of modern Europe; the human heart has all the predispositions which it ever had. The desire for the measure, or at least its results, exists already: all that is required is a conviction of its practicability. After seeing so many wonderful results produced by 'agitation,' we certainly, for one, could not despair of seeing this also.

BORAX LAGOONS OF TUSCANY.

IN a mountainous district of Tuscany, lying about twenty miles west of Sienna, are situated the extraordinary lagoons from which borax is obtained. Nothing can be more desolate than the aspect of the whole surrounding country. The mountains, bare and bleak, appear to be perpetually immersed in clouds of sulphurous vapour, which sometimes ascend in wreathed or twisted columns, and at other times are beaten down by the winds, and dispersed in heavy masses through the glens and hollows. Here and there water-springs, in a state of boiling heat, and incessantly emitting smoke and vapour, burst with immense noise from the earth, which burns and shakes beneath your feet. The heat of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the lagoons is almost intolerable, especially when the wind blows about you the fiery vapour, deeply impregnated with sulphur. Far and near the earth is covered with glittering crystallisations of various minerals, while the soil beneath is composed of black marl, streaked with chalk, which, at a distance, imparts to it the appearance of variegated marble. As you proceed, you are stunned by the noise of constant explosions, which remind you that you are traversing the interior of a mighty crater, which in past ages was perhaps filled with a flood of liquid fire.

Borax was first brought to Europe, through India, from Tibet, where it is found in a mountainous region, resembling in character the district of Tuscany we have described. If we except some doubtful specimens, said to have been discovered in coal-pits in Saxony, we may assert that the mineral is found nowhere else in Europe, or that the territories of the Grand Duke enjoy

a natural monopoly of the article, which, with the growth of the manufacturing system, is coming more and more into use every day, especially in France. In former times, when the value of the lagoons was not understood, the hollows and gorges in the mountains where they are situated were regarded by the superstitious peasantry as the entrance to hell. Experience taught them that it was in many respects a region of death. Whatever living thing fell into the lagoons inevitably perished, for the devouring acid almost in a moment separated the flesh from the bones. Cattle were frequently thus lost, and the peasants themselves or their children sometimes encountered a similar fate. A celebrated chemist, engaged in making experiments on the impregnated water, accidentally fell into a lagoon which he himself had caused to be excavated, and perished immediately, leaving a wife and several children in indigence.

For many ages no use was made of the boracic acid, and the whole district containing it—altogether about thirty miles in length—was dreaded and shunned by the inhabitants. Many inducements were vainly held out to the peasantry to cultivate the lands in the neighbourhood, which might generally be obtained for nothing. From time to time a few adventurous families would take up their residence near Monte Cerboli, and bring a few fields into cultivation, leaving, however, more than nine-tenths of the land fallow.

About the middle of the last century, Hoefer, who is described as apothecary to the Grand Duke, first detected the presence of boracic acid in the lagoon Orcherio, near Monte Botardo. Masgagin, a professor of anatomy, found the mineral in a concrete state in several streams issuing from the lagoons, and suggested the propriety of establishing manufactories of borax. As late, however, as 1801, in consequence of the failure of numerous experiments, Professor Gazzeri arrived at the conclusion that the quantity of acid contained in the water of the lagoons was too small to render the working of them profitable. But this opinion was based on the old practice of attempting the extracting the mineral by the use of charcoal furnaces. It was M. Larderel who introduced the improved method of employing the hot vapours of the lagoons themselves in the elaboration of the acid, and may be said to have invented the present method, which will probably go on improving for ages.

The system of the Chevalier Larderel, now Comte de Pomerance, displays at once great ingenuity and courage. The *soffioni*, or vapours, having been observed to burst forth with more or less vehemence in various parts of the mountains—which, fortunately for industry and commerce, are copiously irrigated with streams of water—the idea was conceived of forming an artificial lagoon on the site of the most elevated vent. A large basin having been excavated, the nearest stream was turned into it. The burning blasts from below forcing up their way through the water, keep it in a state of perpetual ebullition, and by degrees impregnate it with boracic acid. Nothing can be more striking than the appearance of such a lagoon. Surrounded by aridity and barrenness, its surface presents the aspect of a huge caldron, boiling and steaming perpetually, while its margin trembles, and resounds with the furious explosions from below. Sometimes the vapour issues like a thread from the water, and after rising for a considerable height, spreads, and assumes an arborescent form as it is diluted by the atmospheric air. It then goes circling over the surface of the lagoon, till, meeting with other bodies of vapour in a similar condition, the whole commingling, constitute a diminutive cloud, which is wafted by the breeze up the peaks of the mountains, or precipitated into the valleys, according to its comparative density.

To stand on the brink of one of these deadly lakes, stunned by subterranean thunder, shaken by incessant earthquakes, and scorched and half suffocated by the fiery pestilential vapour, is to experience very peculiar

sensations, such as one feels within the crater of Vesuvius or *Ætna*, or in the obscurity of the Grotto del Cave.

Another lagoon is scooped out lower down the mountain, the site being determined by the occurrence of soffioni; and here the same processes are followed, and the same phenomena observable. The water from the lagoon above, after it has received impregnation during twenty-four hours, is let off, and conducted by an artificial channel to the second lagoon; and from thence, with similar precautions, to a third, a fourth, and so on, till it at length reaches a sixth or eighth lagoon, where the process of impregnation is supposed to be completed. By this time the water contains half per cent. of acid, which Professor Gazzeri considered far too little to repay the expense of extracting it. From the last lagoon it is conveyed into reservoirs, whence again, after having remained quiescent a few hours, for what purpose is not stated, it passes into the evaporating pans. 'Here the hot vapour concentrates the strength of the acid by passing under shallow leaden vessels from the boiling fountains above, which it quits at a heat of 80 degrees Reaumur, and is discharged at a heat of 60 degrees (101 Fahrenheit).'

The evaporating pans are arranged on the same principle as the lagoons, though in some cases almost four times as numerous, each placed on a lower level than the other. In every successive pan the condensation becomes greater, till the water at length descends into the crystallising vessels, where the process is completed. From these the borax is conveyed to the drying-rooms, where, in the course of a very few hours, it is ready to be packed for exportation. The number of establishments has for many years been on the increase, though about twelve or fourteen years ago they did not exceed nine. Nothing can be more fallacious than the opinions formed by hasty visitors on matters of this kind, which are susceptible of perpetual improvement. When the produce was from 7000 to 8000 Tuscan pounds per day, the manufacturers were supposed to have reached the maximum, because all the water of the mountains was supposed to have been called into requisition. Experience, however, is perpetually teaching us new methods of economy; and though it would a priori be impossible to say by what means this economy is to be effected, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt that the manufacture of borax in Tuscany will hereafter be carried to a degree of perfection greatly transcending the expectations of those who formerly wrote on the subject. One of these observes the atmosphere has some influence on the results. In bright and clear weather, whether in winter or summer, the vapours are less dense, but the depositions of boracic acid in the lagoons are greater. Increased vapours indicate unfavourable change of weather, and the lagoons are infallible barometers to the neighbourhood, even at a great distance, serving to regulate the proceedings of the peasantry in their agricultural pursuits.

As the quantity of boracic acid originally contained in the water of the lagoons is so very small as we now know it to be, we can no longer wonder at the opinion formerly entertained, that it did not exist at all. After five or six successive impregnations we see it does not exceed half per cent., which, estimating the quantity of borax at 7500 pounds a day, will give 1,500,000 Tuscan pounds, or 500 tons, of water for the same period. By the construction of immense cisterns for the catching of rain water, by the employment of steam-engines for raising it from below, and probably by creating artificial vents for the soffioni, the quantity of borax produced might be almost indefinitely increased, since the range of country through which the vapour ascends is far too great for us to suppose it to be exhausted by the production of 7000 pounds of borax a day. Science in all likelihood will bring about a revolution in this as in so many other manufactures, and our descendants will look back with a smile on our hasty and unphilosophical decision.

We are without information on many points connected

with the population of those districts, to throw light on which it would be necessary to institute fresh investigations on the spot. The lagoons are usually excavated by labourers from Lombardy, who wander southward in search of employment in those months of the year during which the Apennines are covered with snow. They do not, however, remain to be employed in the business of manufacture. This is carried on by native Tuscan labourers, who occupy houses, often spacious and well built, in the neighbourhood of the evaporating pans. They are in nearly all cases married men, and are enabled to maintain themselves and their families on the comparatively humble wages of a Tuscan lira a day. It would have been satisfactory to know the number of the Lombard navigators from time to time employed in excavating the lagoons, as well as of the native labourers, who carry on operations after their departure; but we may with certainty infer the successive appearance of fresh soffioni on the sides of the mountains from the perpetually-recurring necessity of excavating new lagoons. Again, from the immense increase of borax produced in former times we may safely infer its increase in future. The quantity obtained was quadrupled in four years by superior methods of extraction, by economy of water and vapour, and other improvements suggested by experience. There can, therefore, be no doubt in our minds that similar improvements will produce similar results. In 1832, about 650,000 Tuscan pounds were obtained; in 1836, 2,500,000.

We quote the following suggestion from the observation of a traveller:—'It appears to me that the power and riches of these extraordinary districts remain yet to be fully developed. They exhibit an immense number of mighty steam-engines, furnished by nature at no cost, and applicable to the production of an infinite variety of objects. In the progress of time this vast machinery of heat and force will probably become the moving central point of extensive manufacturing establishments. The steam which has been so ingeniously applied to the concentration and evaporation of the boracic acid, will probably hereafter, instead of wasting itself in the air, be employed to move huge engines, which will be directed to the infinite variety of production which engages the attention of the industrious artisans; and thus in course of time there can be little doubt that these lagoons, which were fled from as objects of danger and terror by uninstructed man, will gather round them a large intelligent population, and become sources of prosperity to innumerable individuals through countless generations.'

Whoever has travelled through Tuscany, will everywhere have observed that the peasants live in better houses than they do anywhere else in Europe. Some one has said that nearly all their dwellings have been built within the last eighty years, an observation which in itself shows the substantial nature of their tenements, for where else will a peasant's house last so long? In the secluded mountain valleys, where agriculture supplies the only employment of the industrious classes, you sometimes meet with very ancient cottages, built quite in the style of the middle ages, with an abundance of projections and recesses, all calculated to produce picturesqueness of effect. The modern houses, more particularly in the district of the lagoons, are constructed more with reference to comfort than show, the object being to secure as much room and air as possible. In most places a garden is attached to every dwelling; and where trees will grow, a large linden or chestnut stretches its large boughs lovingly about the corner, and sometimes over the roof, of the dwelling. Under this the peasant and his family sit to enjoy themselves on summer evenings. Not to be entirely idle, however, the father is usually engaged in weaving baskets, while the children amuse themselves with cleaning and preparing the twigs; the mother, often with a baby in her lap, applies herself to the reparation of the family wardrobe; and the whole group, especially when lighted up by the slanting rays of the setting sun,

presents to the eye a picture not to be equalled by Dutch or Flemish school.

In other respects the peasant of the lagoons aims at an inferior standard of luxury. His house is by far the finest portion of his possessions. The style of furniture, though comfortable, is inferior; and in the matters of dress and food the most primitive theories evidently prevail. Here, however, as in most other parts of Europe, we behold the extremities, as it were, of two systems—the one which is going out of date, and the one which is coming in. Much bigotry is no doubt often displayed in the attachment of some persons to old habits and customs, not otherwise valuable or respectable than from their mere antiquity; but in several parts of Italy the advocates of novelty are seldom in possession of so much comfort as they who abide by the habits and customs of their forefathers. These for the most part are content with the coarse manufactures of the country, which, rough and uncouth in appearance, supply the requisite warmth, and are extremely enduring. On the other hand, the imported goods within the reach of the poor, though gay, and of brilliant colours, are too often of the most flimsy texture, and melt away from about the persons of the wearers almost like vapour. The two classes of peasants view each other with secret contempt; but the old fashion is rapidly dying out because it is old, while the new chiefly triumphs perhaps because it is new.

A native, when questioned on the subject of the recent innovations, observed that the lower classes of the population would have the means of providing for their necessities if they were not so eager after luxuries. The females are given to expensive dress, which deprives them of the means of supplying themselves with more necessary articles. The gluttony of the artisans has become proverbial amongst us: what is not spent in finery in dress is consumed in pampering the appetite. In consequence of the prosperity of the straw trade, which lasted from 1818 to 1825, luxury spread throughout the country; and it would excite a smile, were it not a subject for regret, to observe the country-folks in embroidered stockings and pumps, with large velvet bonnets trimmed with feathers and lace; but in their homes they, as well as the artisans in the town, are miserably off; and they who are even genteelly dressed when abroad, have rarely more than a miserable palliasse for a bed at home. Deprived of the advantages of the straw trade, the situation of the country-people, especially those of the mountainous parts, is very distressing.

But this and similar causes operate much less on the population in the district of the lagoons than elsewhere; and indeed it may almost be said that these persons for the most part offer a striking contrast with their neighbours. Notwithstanding the nature of the vapours by which the air they breathe is impregnated, they are said, upon the whole, to be healthy and long-lived; and their regularity of employment, the goodness of their wages, and their constant residence on the same spot, with many other causes, combine to render them one of the most thriving sections of the Tuscan population. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that we want several data for correctly appreciating their condition, and these could only be supplied by one who should remain a long time among them. The owners and conductors of the works are too much absorbed by the love of gain to pay much attention to the state of the labourers, who, as in most other parts of Italy, lead a retired life, and are reserved and shy of communicating with strangers. On ordinary topics they will converse with you freely enough, but the moment you allude to their domestic concerns, they shrink into themselves, and decline entering into explanations. This, however, they usually do in the most civil manner, affecting stupidity, and carefully avoiding the least appearance of rudeness. Even in the neighbouring towns and villages, the labourers of the lagoons are little known; and the produce of their manufacture, though exported to France and England, attracts little notice to the country itself,

except among those who are engaged in its production. This will account for the very little that is popularly known of the borax lagoons of Tuscany, or of the race of peasants by whom they are rendered profitable.

WORDSWORTH AND HIS POETRY.

Among the poets, as well as other literary characters of the last twenty years, death has vindicated his vocation. Within that term the public has lost Scott, Hogg, Crabbe, Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Barton, Elliott, Bowles, and Wordsworth. Moore remains in a very precarious state of health; Rogers and Montgomery—the former at eighty-eight, and the latter at seventy-nine—are still living and well, but, from their advanced years, naturally approaching fast the term at which the destined return of humanity to its primary elements is inexorably assigned by the covenant of existence. Wordsworth died at Mount Rydal, his residence, near the head of Windermere Lake, on the 23d of April last, after an indisposition of considerable duration. He had just entered upon his eighty-first year, having been born on the 7th of April 1770 at Cocker-mouth in Cumberland, where his parents resided, respectable persons of the middle class of society.

When young Wordsworth was old enough for instruction in the dead languages, he was placed at Hawkeshead grammar-school, then under the mastership of Dr Wordsworth, a relation of his family. He was distinguished for attention to his duties, and was observed to be very partial to the study of the classics. He wrote verses at an early age. When a youth of eighteen or nineteen, he produced a poem entitled 'An Evening Walk, Addressed to a Young Lady,' which appears in his published works. In 1793, soon after he had graduated at St John's College, Oxford, he committed to the press 'Sketches in Verse taken during a Pedestrian Tour through the French, Swiss, and Italian Alps.' These pieces, though deficient somewhat in harmony, showed strength, a command of vivid imagery, which, if not well defined in outline, was full of warmth, and breathed the true spirit of poetry. This undefinedness belonged rather to that tendency to generalise which is often found in young writers, than to peculiarity of diction. In this regard no one was ever freer from error than Wordsworth, his fault lying rather in an opposite direction, and his style being remarkable for simplicity, sometimes even to meagreness.

In 1797 Wordsworth went with a favourite sister into Somersetshire, where he became a sojourner about two miles from Coleridge, who lodged at Nether Stowey. The name of his residence was Alfoxton, and it was there that the first interview between the two poets took place. Alfoxton was an old house amid the Quantock Hills. It was surrounded by tranquil and delightful scenery. It belonged to a gentleman, then a minor, named St Aubyn. Here, almost from the time he left the university until he went to his permanent residence among the English lakes, he continued to reside. He paid, indeed, a short visit to Germany during that time in company with his sister and Coleridge. He visited Klopstock at Altona, and was the only one of the party who could converse with the venerable German, Coleridge not speaking, and scarcely able to read, French then or afterwards, and though reading German, by no means able to use it in conversation. Wordsworth, therefore, then young and enthusiastic, had the conversation with the aged and feeble poet wholly to himself. This excursion to Germany was principally confined to the Hartz Mountains, and to their immediate vicinity. A year in France, and a sojourn some short time in Dorsetshire, comprised the whole of the movements of Wordsworth until he settled down finally among his native mountains.

It was at Alfoxton that Wordsworth's peculiar ideas respecting poetry seem to have been developed, and there he put them into practice in his first edition of the

'Lyrical Ballads.' It is said, on the authority of Coleridge, that the idea was started after several conversations between himself and Wordsworth, that by way of experiment, a series of poems might be composed of two kinds. In one portion the incidents and agents were to be partly supernatural, and the affections were to be interested by the dramatic truth of the emotions that would result from such circumstances, supposing them real. In the other, subjects were to be rigidly selected from common life, in regard to incident and character. Coleridge was to direct his attention to the former, the supernatural or romantic part of the undertaking, and Wordsworth was to endeavour to give novelty and interest to common things, and excite the feelings, by leading the mind from customary views to those familiar objects of which mankind in general did not seem to have a right apprehension or feeling. Coleridge was notoriously idle, and went to work slowly, having only written his 'Ancient Mariner,' and planned the 'Dark Ladie' and 'Christabel' in his mind, before Wordsworth had produced a number of compositions for his part of the work, somewhat heterogeneous, but composing the volume called the 'Lyrical Ballads,' the second edition of which, in two volumes, contained a preface of considerable length by Wordsworth, explanatory of the design, and contending for the extension of that style of poetry. He was, in short, for rejecting all phrases and forms of style not included in the language of 'real' life. This dogma, positively advanced, was to be his own guide, and the only guide he would permit to others, whom he summoned to pay due allegiance to its rules. It was not a reform in poetical diction for which alone he contended—he would have the language to be really that of the subject or object concerned, even of the lowest rustic life; and yet in his 'Lyrical Ballads,' designed to realise this idea, he did not himself use the words which the persons he describes would have used, and he therefore outraged his own theory. He thus differed wholly from the great Bacon, who says that poetry accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind; in other words, uplifts us in our expectations, its very essence being to give us those gratifications in fancy which reality denies. It is not the verisimilitude in description of what all see that is enough for poetry. Wordsworth contended that the 'real' language, which is nowhere to be found the same in two districts of any land, should be for standard use. He did not, because he could not, adopt it himself. The language of cultivated society does not differ from the best of our prose writers more than Wordsworth's own language did from that of the persons introduced into his writings. He asserted, too, that there 'neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition.' This it is as difficult to reconcile with truth as the former dogma, and without something better than mere assertion, we can hardly assent to the sacrifice it demands of almost all the past poetry of England. Surely if reading and talking exhibit essential differences of language, poetry and prose may be allowed to do so. In poetry we travel from the realm of fact into that of imagination; and there is a certain fitness of language adopted in one which in the other would be out of place.

There was a singular tenacity in his adhering to a theory, of which his own efforts should have convinced him of the impracticability. He seemed to have had a morbid feeling of disappointment at his failure in establishing the doctrine with which he set out in his poetical career. He afterwards lived in the pride of his own solitude; and intermingling with lowly phrase and homeliness of subject beautiful thoughts and feelings that did honour both to his heart and fancy, he became a poetical exclusive. Milton he was inclined to admit to his Lake-feast, but scarcely any other poet; and to Milton he would sometimes compare himself, and tread beneath his feet all the other sons of Parnassus. There was something Quixotic in his personal appearance, and in his stately, tall contour. His

countenance was saturnine, calm, contemplative, and good. His features were of the better order, speaking after Lavater. His smile was pleasing, and he had a sonorous voice, which told well when he repeated his own poetry, which he did with excellent effect. He was a sincere lover of truth; his superiority to complying men of the worldly stamp was seen at the first glance. At certain times his appearance had more of originality about it than at others. Many years ago he might have been met, in his solitary rambles about the country, in a huge, broad-brimmed beaver, a gray russet jacket, and pantaloons or trousers of the same, his gait somewhat pompous, and indicative of a mind above the common reflected in the outer man. His spirit was pure and benevolent, abstracted from the customary objects of people in general, and given up to nature in its calmest as well as in its more beautiful and terrible aspects; so that the commonest weed, or the lowliest things of nature or humanity, were really to him of equal interest with the sublimer objects of the elemental universe.

There was, it is true, little virtue in his contempt for all but his own notions of poetry: a species of egotism unworthy of his genius. By him the poets of the last century, and almost all of the preceding centuries, were disclaimed: Chaucer and Milton he could tolerate. It is doubtful if he comprehended Spenser, and whether he had not even a contempt for him; and it has been said by some that he had little sympathy with Shakspeare. Dryden and Pope were out of his pale of endurance; nor did he spare his cotemporaries high or low. This feeling may be illustrated by an anecdote of his treatment of James Hogg, whose peasant origin and vernacular idiom might have served for Wordsworth's own 'Michael the Shepherd.' Hogg being at Mount Rydal, where Professor Wilson, Lloyd, and some other literary men were then, all of them were admiring a beautiful nocturnal arch, when Hogg said, 'Hoot, it is neither mair nor less than just a triumphal arch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets.' Wilson exclaimed, 'Eh—eh—not amiss!' But Wordsworth, turning round, and addressing one of the party near him, said, 'Poets! what does the fellow mean? Where are they?'

To resume: the next publication of Wordsworth consisted of some poems, which came to a second edition in 1815. In the year 1809 he wandered out of his way to no purpose in writing a political pamphlet to arouse public feeling against France. This bore the title of 'Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal to each Other.' It was little noticed. In 1814 the first part of the 'Excursion,' a poem descriptive of country associations, appeared, which proved a failure, falling almost stillborn from the press. There were great expectations raised about this poem, but there was not sterling metal sufficient to balance the weight of alloy it contained. The characters were destitute of all interest, rustic in everything, and where the author's own beauties gleamed through, the breaks were few and far between. It was observed by a writer of genius who knew the author, that 'the effect was like being ushered into a stately hall, and invited to sit down to a splendid banquet in the company of clowns, and with nothing but successive courses of Norfolk dumplings served up.' Wordsworth, disdaining any lesson from the experience of the past in carrying out his theory, and in attempting to prove that the more interesting parts of the best poems are strictly but the language of prose, felt disappointed at this want of success. Still, while the phraseology he adopted was not the 'real' language used in life, as he intended it should be, adding great simplicity to clearness of expression in his poems, he so far did good by his example; while in other senses his efforts tended to repress rather than extend that ideal attraction which has ever been considered the charm of poetry.

In 1815 Wordsworth published the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' followed by 'Peter Bell,' 'The Wagoner,' and 'Sonnets to the River Duddon.' Other poems appeared subsequently. In these the poet did not abandon an

iota of his theory. There were more of his better thoughts in them, all partaking of that character of 'association' of which he may be called the poet. This is the true attraction to his admirers, and not the attempt at realising what he alone fancied possible. His love of nature was intense in its broad features and most expansive character, as well as in its details, but the wider field was most congenial to his muse. His homely thoughts and minutenesses were out of keeping with his depth of thought, like flies in the surrounding amber.

Wordsworth, living near his birthplace in the country of his family and its alliances, drew Coleridge out of Somersetshire in the same direction, and Coleridge attracted Southey. The latter had no opinion in common with Wordsworth in respect to his poetical theory. These two poets had a natural distaste for each other, which they did not conquer till 1815. Southey neither thought deeply nor comprehensively enough to suit Wordsworth, and the proud dogmatism of the latter, his want of affability, and haughty bearing, were more than Southey could tolerate. Wordsworth at first resided at Grassmere, whence he removed to Rydal Mount near Ambleside; Southey and Coleridge were at Grata, thirteen miles distant; Charles Lloyd lived at Brathay, not far off; and Dr Watson, bishop of Llandaff, at Calgarth.

Wordsworth, while at Grassmere, wrote a paper for Coleridge, who was then publishing 'The Friend,' *On the Principles Concerned in the Composition of Epitaphs*, which was excellent of its kind. He had received early, through the interest of the Earl of Lonsdale, the appointment of distributor of stamps for the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, a lucrative post; and upon the death of Southey he was crowned with the anomalous laurel. In consequence, and as in duty bound, he wrote an *Ode to the Queen* on her visit to Cambridge; but, like all other effusions of the same character, it has little merit or likelihood. He married Miss M. Hutchinson of Penrith in 1803, by whom he had issue. A daughter preceded him to the grave not a great while ago.

The poet's life being spent, not in the way of the world, but in the heart of the lake country, apparently unemployed, he might have observed on those who censured his retired life, as a brother poet who preceded him did—'How various his employments whom the world calls idle!' He climbed the mountains and threaded the valleys of the north, to admire, love, and venerate a thousand attendant beauties which common observers never perceive, to build upon them lofty ideas, or to associate them with the deep things of the heart, and multiply their images. He had no preference for what the world esteems its best pursuits: he thought them vanity. He was a lover of solitude, because the deeply-thinking spirits of all time have loved it—those who could smile at low ambition, and ask no favour of a monarch but to stand out of the sunshine. He could not, with the common flock, follow the leader's bell. Simple feelings, however, described in homely language, are within the colloquial range of the common race of mortals; and hence Wordsworth, while estimated by a few for the beauty of the thoughts scattered up and down among his household truths, is read by more because his language is within the compass of the lowest stamp of intellect. But he expected more praise, a more extended command of homage, than he received; and while disdaining show and external aid, while rearing his fabric upon the basis of humanity, he was unreasonable enough to imagine that the multitude, which vegetate only upon the tinsel and glitter of appearances, would make an idol of him who disdained their idols. His muse knew none of those things, because he looked only to what existed in the simplicity of our humanity, as well as in nature divested of extrinsic garb. To him the mountain daisy, for example, was a source of poetic inspiration—not for its own sake only, but as a peg upon which to hang a tale that the poet had lost a sailor

brother who was fond of daisies, and when he came on shore, admired them. He was drowned, and the daisy was to 'sleep and wake' upon his grave. This occupies seventy lines, not marked by brilliance of imagery, or depth of thought, or novelty, or aught of pathos; but merely by simplicity. The comparison of this poem with Burns's 'Mountain Daisy' will show what is intended by this remark—namely, the peculiarity of Wordsworth's levelling system of poetry, the language of which, he contended erroneously, differed nothing from prose. Burns keeps to his subject in the natural order of things; and if he alludes to aught besides, the allusion is in the way of comparison, or secondary to the object addressed. There can be no question which of the two poems is most touching.

Wordsworth is not, in strictness, the descriptive poet of nature; but he draws from nature the ground of the associations which strike him, and which he dresses up for his purposes in accordance with his peculiar doctrines. He is the Crusoe of his own region of musings, the solitary who discourses with himself, and records, not that which may be most meet to affect others, but that which his own source of inspiration incontinently pours forth, and of which he expects others to feel the force like himself: nor does he regard whether his theme be high or low, mean or lofty. He asks nothing, and affects to give nothing derived from external pomp, and that which the world calls 'great'; but he seeks rather that which is innately so, taking no bias from received opinions, which he feels are as often false as true. He is proud of showing that in his view the vulgarest things are really great and interesting; rendered vulgar by habit, but in reality possessing beauty, which he is happy to draw out to the light of day, or to elevate by association. With him all past ideas in connection with poetry are to be discarded—all inherited predilections, all learning and the arts, all the predispositions and superstitions, and vested rights, and pomp and circumstance inherent in it through bygone days. The era of his school is to commence anew from the root of the poetic art. A beaker must be swallowed of the water of Lethe in regard to all but the new theory, and there must be a hecatomb of the poets of all ages, offered up by his disciples, out of the ashes of which is to arise the verse true alone to nature—the enduring perfect edifice of plain Tuscan, made contemporaneous with existing things. No graceful foliage is to decorate the capitals of his columns, not a volute nor a metope; in other words, of the five orders, four are to be rejected for their refinement's sake. He will have nothing but himself. All must flow from his own invention; and when the subject is unworthy of his own genius, he will raise it to the common level; but this must be his own work. Thus any subject within the scope of observation may be rendered fit for the object intended. The arid soil may be rendered fruitful, and the Saharan desert rich with wholesome vegetation. But there is to be no aggrandisement, no accommodating the shows of things to elevated or exaggerated ideas. The roses of Pæstum are not to breathe more fragrance than the dog-rose, nor are the eyes of the lover's mistress to be more bright and beaming in verse than in reality. The 'line' chosen thus by the poet is of course in his own taste, and would not be questioned, but that he would have it be the law for others. It was this spirit, generated by wounded pride, and the feeling—though he was sustained by more friends in the press, acting continually upon the public mind in his behalf, than any poet ever had before—that he was not where his ambition placed him: it was this spirit which probably carried him farther than he would otherwise have gone in the upholding the rules he laid down in poetry.

These rules were not assented to by his friends. Coleridge has left a record of his difference of opinion with Wordsworth about them. Southey declared openly that they were erroneous. Those opponent opinions, and the failure of 'The Excursion,' seem to have made the poet resile upon himself; cherish the solitary re-

veries that strengthened the exercise of his system, out of the feeling that his views were undervalued in their merits; not considering the gigantic character of the change he was attempting to effect, and how very slowly the best innovations are received by the public. He had imagined, too, that the general heart beat responsive to his own, while in the existing artificial state of society the minds of men had become less and less responsive to nature's truth. The wild rock, the rugged glen, the misty mountain, the aerial lark, the seasons, the shattered oak, the wild down, the ragged beggar, the storm and its ravage, down to the very weed which grows beneath the mouldering wall—all these, however interesting and valued by the poet, are disdained by the world of bustle and petty contention. It can see nothing in such objects—they are 'foolishness to the Greek.' It is among those alone who dwell in the bosom of nature, who live as Wordsworth lived, and think and feel as he thought and felt, that he will be duly estimated, let others pretend or affect to understand him as they may. Wordsworth, therefore, can never be a popular poet. He possesses none of the attraction upon which popularity is founded. He is too plain, tedious, and unexciting, or else too deep and philosophic. There were evidently two periods in the style of his poetry, in neither of which did he carry out fully his own principles. His later style is evidently a change towards that which he condemned. It is classical, polished, sober in colour, sweet, and well finished. C. R.

[Agreeing with C. R. in the general estimate he has given of Wordsworth and his poetry, we think that there is one thing overlooked, or not rightly seen—the personal feelings of the poet as represented in his verse. To us it seems that the peculiarity which most distinguishes Wordsworth from other poets is his deficiency in genial feeling as an individual man. In him, we have been assured by his associates, the quality called kindness of heart scarcely appeared, even where it might have been most expected. In dealing regarding his writings, a spirit was generally shown very unlike what might have been expected of one who seemed to have given up the common pursuits of the world. He was also, as is well known, exceedingly vain and egotistical in his social appearances. In these features of his personal character we read the grand defect of his verse—heart. The whole show is intellectual: it excites not a tear, scarcely moves a sigh. We believe that it is for this reason mainly that it can never be widely popular. It is instructive to find such a man distinguishing himself by flying to solitude—a field of existence where egotism may be indulged, but which in its very nature precludes true, that is active, benevolence. We must deem it somewhat strange that the fact of the hermit-tendency being essentially a selfish one, has not yet been generally seen and acknowledged.—Ed.]

EMIGRATION NOTES.

NO. I.

EMIGRATION to the colonies, and also to the United States, goes on this year with increasing speed. Numbers who never thought of quitting home are now on the move, and with good hopes of success. New Zealand and Port-Philip—the latter now to be called Victoria—seem to be growing in favour, and to one or other of these settlements our own feelings would incline; preference probably being given to New Zealand, as most suitable in point of character—most like dear Old England.

Among the schemes proposed to aid the emigration of parties straitened for want of means, are several for furnishing loans by societies of capitalists. One of these plans—by Mr Frederick Hill, we believe—consists in establishing a joint-stock company, to lend small sums to emigrants on their personal security; the loans to be repaid when the borrower has realised means in the new scene of labour to which he has

transferred himself. The company is to charge such interest for the loans as will induce capitalists to subscribe to the funds. We fear that this scheme proceeds on too favourable an idea of human nature. When a loan is to be made, it is usually deemed necessary that the lender should have not merely grounds of faith in the borrower's honesty, but some security against an opposite contingency and the common accidents of fortune. In the present case, even legal recourse, in the event of a failure to repay, is wanting, for the attempt either to discover the whereabouts of the individual, or to prosecute him if found, would be ridiculous.

A somewhat more hopeful scheme is that suggested by Mr Wyndham Harding in a late number of the 'Spectator.' It is said to be similar to a plan already carried out to some extent by that untiring friend of emigrants, Mrs Chisholm. To quote from the paper in question—'It is called "The Family Colonisation Loan Society," and relies entirely on the family tie. The working is this:—A number of families, say, for example, five, wishing to emigrate, and knowing each other, form themselves into "a group," and come to the society with all the money they can scrape together. The society lend them as much more, taking the joint and several security of one or more of each family. By this means the first batch are shipped off; the remaining number of the families staying behind in pledge, as it were. As soon as satisfactory advices are received from the colony of the first batch of emigrants, and a part of the society's loan is repaid by them out of their earnings, a second batch is sent out, the rest still remaining behind in pledge; and so on, until the last remaining portion of the group are despatched.'

'From careful calculations, which have been revised by Mr Neison the actuary, a whole group of five families, which can get together on the average £112 a family, may be got out to Australia in this way in three batches, and in three years at most; the society only risking their loan to the first batch of emigrants. This is the plan, and it is in actual working. Eighty families are forming themselves into groups; they are prepared with £1260 of their own money; and if the society meet with the support it probably will, the first batch will sail in June. The experiment of self-supporting emigration which you have so often advocated is now about to be made, and that under the wise and gentle guidance of Mrs Chisholm, assisted by men of such character and ability as Mr Vernon Smith, Lord Ashley, Mr Monsell, Mr Tidd Pratt, and Mr Neison. On Saturday last (May 4), the first band of intending emigrants mustered at Mrs Chisholm's, and were addressed by Mr Vernon Smith and Lord Ashley. The feature of the Family Loan Society is, that as people help themselves, and no further, does the society help them.'

We like this plan of Mrs Chisholm's much better than any other which has come under our notice. Still, we think it susceptible of improvement. We quite agree with Mr Hill in thinking that any plan, to be of permanent and general application, must rest on the commercial principle. In a word, the exporting of emigrants must be a matter of trade, on the ordinary calculations of profit. Keeping this principle in view, we can see no reason for confining the security for loans to family relationship. The society would indeed require to be composed of persons mutually acquainted, and thoroughly assured of each other's integrity. Members of the same religious congregation, for example, might have a good chance of striking out a practicable scheme for mutual benefit. We merely, however, throw out these hints for consideration. Unfortunately, the classes best adapted for emigration have little reliance on the integrity of each other—a circumstance often fatal to schemes of mutual improvement in which money is concerned. An instance of this consciousness of insecurity came lately under our notice. We were waited on by six individuals belonging to the operative class in Edinburgh. They wished to save and lay aside

money by instalments for the purpose of emigrating in a body. They could not save as individuals, because they would constantly feel a craving to break on the money they had collected; and they could not venture to club their savings, as they must necessarily repose confidence in one of their number. Placed in this dilemma, they wished us to take entire charge of the fund, and give it up to them at a certain time when they came in a body. We entered on the trust; the parties paid in their savings regularly; and when the required sum was collected, the depositors unitedly reclaimed it, and, as we believe, emigrated to Canada. This little incident affords a melancholy insight into the condition of the working-classes, who, for want of mutual co-operation in money matters, let slip a thousand opportunities of improving their position and circumstances.

It seems tolerably evident that, after all that loan societies can effect, emigration on a general scale must depend on individual earnings and self-denial. With reasonably steady employment, and emigration as a clear and definite object set before him, the mechanic, ploughman, shepherd, or any other member of the industrious orders, has only himself to blame if he realise not the means of transporting himself and family to even the most distant of our colonial possessions, in almost any one of which there is, with industry and self-denial, 'a world to be had for the winning.'

According to late accounts, emigrants of all classes, on arriving in New York, are exposed to serious imposition and annoyance from persons who waylay them on pretence of rendering advice and assistance. An English gentleman, who gives his name, has written to the editor of the 'Times' on the subject, and his account of affairs on landing is so important to intending emigrants, that we transcribe it into our pages:—

'I arrived last week by one of the London liners, having 178 steerage and twenty cabin passengers on board. As soon as the health officer had left the ship, we were boarded by a swarm of touters for the various boarding and conveyance houses, steam-boats, and railways, and a scene ensued which defies description. The violent behaviour, foul language, and contradictory statements of these men quite bewildered the unfortunate emigrants; and their confusion was complete when, on reaching the wharf, a crowd of carmen and porters joined the throng of "runners." It was almost impossible for even the cabin passengers to free themselves from the importunities of these men, and had I not received the greatest assistance from the officers of the ship and the custom-house (of whose courtesy I cannot speak too highly), I am certain my own luggage would never have reached the truck in safety, the ships between us and the wharf, as well as the wharf itself, being crowded with persons of the lowest class and character. Of the subsequent fate of the majority of the emigrants I cannot speak from observation (though I am informed that they are generally plundered most cruelly); but for the following I can vouch, having been the means of exposing and preventing the imposition:—A gentleman proceeding to the Western States with his family, was charged L.5, 11s. for the cartage of his goods from the ship to the canal boat (less than two miles), the same things having been removed from the Regent's Park to the London Docks for 30s. This claim was enforced with such violence, and accompanied by such threats, that it was with difficulty I persuaded the parties concerned to allow me to take the responsibility on myself, and bring the man before the police authorities. On doing so, his claim was reduced to L.2, 10s.; but I am threatened with personal vengeance and a legal process for the recovery of the whole amount, and was subjected to such insult and threats (even in the police-office), as would, I am certain, have deterred many people from carrying the matter out. I may add, that another fellow-passenger, with but little luggage, which was not removed a mile, was charged L.1, 7s., which was reduced in the same

way to 5s. 6d. There is an excellent society here, supported by the principal merchants, which supplies every information gratis to emigrants proceeding to all parts, and endeavours to obtain them employment; it is named "The British Protective Emigrant Society;" but it is out of its power to assist the greater part of those who most need its assistance. Other societies imitate its circulars, &c. and the runners of course do all they can in their power to prevent emigrants from applying there at all. To the secretary, Mr C. H. Webb, I am much indebted for his courtesy and information, and have learned from him that not one of the 200 persons who accompanied me from England had found his way to the office of the society.'

A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant fore-castle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

'How cool and clear it looks,' said a tall, powerful young seaman; 'I don't think there are many sharks about: what do you say for a bath, lads?'

'That for the sharks!' burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group: 'we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner.' In about half an hour the dinner-bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of Leigh: they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

'You no swim to-day, Ned?' said he, addressing me. 'Feared of shark, heh? Shark nebbie bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like debbel.' I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice in-board cried out, 'A shark! a shark!' In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us: each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

'Well done, Ned!' cried some of the sailors from the fore-castle. 'Go it, Sambo!' cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting, 'A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!'

'Lay aft, and lower the cutter down,' then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

'Swim for God's sake!' cried the captain, who was now on deck: 'he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God's sake!' My heart stood still: I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain: the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

'Swim, Ned—swim!' cried several voices; 'they never take black when they can get white.'

I did swim, and that desperately: the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move: the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

'He sees you now!' was shouted; 'he is after you!' Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship: fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

'Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!' was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time: a slight struggle ensued: I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.

MUSICAL INSECTS *versus* MUSICAL FISHES.

'*Cabramatta*, or *Cabra*-pool, is the appropriate and descriptive name of a chain of ponds abounding with the *cabra*, an insect of the *teredo* family, resembling in appearance the contents of a marrow-bone, which insinuates itself into the hardest timber under the water, and of which the aborigines make many a delicious meal.'—*Lang's New South Wales*. Respecting this *cabra*, a settler from New South Wales relates that in crossing the — river one evening he heard a musical sound, as of a piano or Æolian harp: starting to hear such a sound there, he said to the boatman, 'Do you hear that music—who keeps a piano over there?' The boatman rested on his oars, when the musical sounds were more distinctly heard, and he being familiar with them, said it was the *cabra* in the dockyard, a passenger at the same time remarking that the *cabra* must have got into the boat, the sounds were so distinct. On quiet evenings, at the water-side, the settler in New South Wales has heard these musical sounds issuing from the water; and what an interesting piece of nature's music is this wherewith the future Australian lyre may connect a thousand beautiful associations! It may perhaps be asked if this is not another explanation of the idea of musical fishes, as mentioned in an article in 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,' vol. vii., new series, p. 207? The *cabra* is supposed to cause these musical sounds in the process of boring. This is not unnatural nor unlikely; there are other instances of diminutive animals and insects causing considerable sounds and noises by the natural processes of boring, digging, flying, &c. The *death-watch*, when it gets into an old-timbered house, will sometimes keep up in a room a loud and incessant ticking; and when the insects are numerous, the ticking will proceed from several different parts of the room at the same time. Heber, in his journal in India, mentions a species of *death-watch* whose sounds resemble the bubbling of water:—'In my cabin there was a noise exactly like the bubbling up of water through a narrow crevice. On inquiry, I was told that it was a sort of cricket, or Indian *death-watch*, which always emitted this sound.'—*From a correspondent*.

THE WISE PERSIAN.

Murad Achmet Alec was the only man I ever heard of who fully appreciated the contingency of not being always able to find himself. Murad resided in a distant country place, but not so distant as to prevent his coming to Ispahan at least once every year. The Persians are reputed to

be a quick-witted generation, but whether Murad had the misfortune to be in advance of his age, or behind his age, I really cannot take it on me to determine; this alone I dare certify, that quickness of parts was never laid to the charge of Murad Achmet Alec. To Ispahan, however, Murad came; and on the very first night he passed in the capital, he was unlucky enough to lose a valuable ass on which he was accustomed to ride. At break of day (having discovered his loss) Murad appeared in the principal bazaar, crying out—'My ass is lost! Alas! my ass is lost! Blessings on protecting Allah, I was not on its back! for in that case, oh men of Ispahan! should I not myself have been lost also?'—*Dublin University Magazine*.

THE DREAM.

WHEN night's sable wing shades the hour of repose,
And the bright stars of heaven are watching the earth,
And Fancy a pilgrim to Fairyland goes,
To give to her brightest creations their birth:
I dreamt that I roamed in a far-distant land,
Where the orange-tree grows, and the green myrtle waves,
And bright pearls are strewn on the gold-coloured strand,
Whilst the purest of gems star its emerald caves.

In the evergreen bowers of that Orient clime—
Most gorgeous in plumage, and lovely in song—
Were golden-winged birds whose sweet voices kept time
To the voice of the waters that murmured along.
Every bright hue that rainbow or sunset has shown,
Every perfume the light wings of Zephyr can bear,
Every sweet tone that music can claim as its own,
In the fulness and freshness of beauty were there!

These stole o'er the sense like the balm of the rose,
Or the bulbul's sweet song when his own love he sings,
But no one was there to whom hearts might disclose
The emotions called forth by such beautiful things.
And I felt that in Paradise bliss might not be,
If Love did not form its most exquisite flower,
But on earth every spot were celestial to me,
If my Mary were there to lend joy to the hour.

J. C.

SCANDINAVIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

The whole race of *Underground People*, the dwarfs excepted, live chiefly by grazing cattle. When the sheplings are deserted by their human brethren at harvest-time, they move over to them. Whole troops of these little gray men may often be seen at night-time employed in their pastoral avocations, driving before them numerous herds of cattle, while the females of the race carry milk-pails upon their heads, and children in their arms. To assist them in guarding their flocks, they have black dogs, which in Telemak are called *Huddebikiar*—that is, cattle-keepers. They live, moreover, in much splendour within the hills and mountain-tops, having fine houses, rich furniture, vessels, and other articles of silver, and, what seems strangest of all, they possess churches. In almost every point they resemble mankind; they are exceedingly social amongst each other, and hold good living in very Christian-like estimation. Yule-tide is a time of high festival with them. They marry, moreover, and are given in marriage, and celebrate their weddings in high style, especially if the bride happens to have been abducted from the earth—a little peccadillo to which they are much inclined. On these occasions they invite their friends to the bridal, which always takes place upon a Thursday, and about the hour of midnight, when they set out for church with mirth and music. We are told how a peasant from the west once fell in with a procession of this kind, and, but for his prudence, had, like Tom of Coventry, paid dearly for his peeping; for the deceitful bride took the wreath from her head, and held it out to him with a smile that it was no easy matter to resist. Fortunately for him his fears were too much for his passion, and he thus escaped being carried off by the elves, which would infallibly have been the case had he yielded to the temptation.—*St James's Magazine*.

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'He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day'—

or the author of the equally well-known saying, 'Let me make a nation's ballads, who will may make its laws'—or 'the reason why the nine of Diamonds is called the Curse of Scotland.' We should like to see him taking a wider range, because there are some profoundly abstruse questions, of neither a literary nor a historical character, on which light is not less desirable.

Ever since we were very little children, and more particularly then than now, we have heard of a personage called the Pig-faced Lady—a wonderful personage, the daughter of a man of large fortune, highly accomplished, and of the most amiable dispositions, but who, having unfortunately been born with a head and face like a pig, was necessarily sequestered from society. It was understood that this lady had every elegance furnished to her—she ate her food out of a silver, if not a gold trough—a human physiognomy, however plain of its kind, was the sole thing wanting to render her situation in life enviable. She lived in certain apartments of a magnificent house, attended by a set of servants, none of whom, however, ever saw her face, as she studiously concealed it under a thick veil. Her father, having no other child to whom he might leave his fortune, was anxious to see her married; but the difficulty raised to this by her monstrosity of aspect was very great, and it was considered doubtful if a suitable swain would ever be found. Now we want to know who this Pig-faced Lady was. Who were her parents? Where did she live? When did she live? Did she ever meet a youth willing to accept her as his wife? Was she ever really married? Was her fortune paid? And did the match turn out well? Has she ever been heard of as an old lady? Supposing that no one can answer these questions any more than ourselves, will some 'oldest inhabitant' of this great island inform us if he heard of the Pig-faced Lady in his youth, as we have heard of her in ours? Perhaps some gentle-

man not so very old can tell when the Pig-faced Lady was for the first time heard of. If so, let him communicate all besides that he knows about her. Let us have a biography of the Pig-faced Lady if possible.

There is another person of interesting character, of whom we did not hear till a much more recent period. This was the gentleman of large fortune who was understood to go about the country as a player on the bagpipes for a wager. He was, as we all know, to do so for three years, wearing the usual garb of a strolling musician, or else forfeit a large sum which he had staked. We never chanced to see the gentleman; but we heard that he now and then turned up in one of the minor towns, to the great admiration of the worthy inhabitants, especially those of the more impressionable sex. A tall handsome figure he was, with the unmistakable air of a gentleman shining through a mean garb. His playing was charming. Every one observed the silver ornaments on his pipes, and that he himself wore a handsome diamond ring. He only appeared in the dusk for about an hour; but when it was known who he was, he never failed to reap a rich harvest—for somehow it is far more pleasant to give to those who do not want than to those who do. It was always understood that he thereafter retired to the best hotel in town, was disrobed by his servant, and then indulged in all the luxuries which a gentleman may be understood to have a taste for. Now we should like to learn from some contributor to the 'Notes and Queries' who this mysterious gentleman was, and all about him. Was there such a gentleman at all? Was he really a man of fortune engaged in a frolic, or was he some one who found it equally profitable to assume the character? Who can testify to having ever seen him, or any person bearing the appearance? Supposing that he can be substantiated, it would be particularly obliging if any one can tell us whether he gained his bet or not, and, if he did, how much he gained by it and by his collections as a musician?

There is a remarkable person of more recent date than either of the preceding. If we remember rightly, she came into the field very soon after the Gentleman-Bagpiper ceased to be much spoken of. We allude to the lady who was to be married whenever she could exhibit a million of used postage labels. In this case we seem to make a nearer approximation to a real personage than in the other two, for we have ourselves several times been intreated for used labels by young ladies who professed to be gathering in behalf of the principal party. While this is true, there is nevertheless much obscurity about the affair, as, to the best of our recollection, no one of these fair agents ever could pretend to a personal acquaintance with the principal. She had only been asked to gather by a friend, who was herself gathering for another person, who was

gathering for another, and so on; thus placing the marriageable lady at the end of so long a vista of deputed powers, that her very existence came to be a matter of uncertainty. For anything we can tell, however, the lady of the million of labels may have lived in the next street. We may have met her, and handed her down to dinner without knowing that she was the true and genuine heroine of this extraordinary contingency. What we wish to make out is—first, her reality, her being, as the Antiquary said of the Hawes Fly, *in rerum naturâ*; second, the fact of her marriage. Did she win the battle of the stamps? Did Victoria set a million of seals upon her nuptials? If she be not a mere myth, somebody must be able to pronounce upon her and all her antecedents and belongings. Will that somebody, then, be so good as communicate to us all proper particulars—as, what led to her single blessedness being made terminable on so singular a result? What sort of person was the swain who proposed a condition so irrelative to the usual requisites of matrimony? Did the marriage take place, and turn out well? We do not know if we are entitled to push our queries any farther; but perhaps it might be as well to add the number of children, if any, merely because it may help to establish the objectivity of the lady. Anything, in short, to take her out of the mythic condition in which she now rests in our minds.

It will occur to the graver of our readers that these are questions of little or no importance in themselves, and some will be inclined to ask why we agitate them in this formal manner. We can only say, in answer, that we have always felt a painful dissatisfaction with the ignorance under which we lay regarding them, and this feeling we are naturally anxious to supersede by the pleasure of knowledge. It is really nothing to us whether the Pig-faced Lady ever breathed, or ever got married; the Lady of the Labels is equally to us in the condition of Hecuba; and so is the Gentleman-Bagpiper. But it is not of little consequence to us that we have heard hundreds of allusions made in conversation to these personages without being able to decide whether they were to be considered as realities or as myths. We do not like to be in the dark about anything, not even the most trivial. Perhaps, too, there may be some solid advantage to be gained by the decision of these questions; for, please to observe, if the persons turn out to be ideal, it will show how mythic ideas are continually arising even at this day in the midst of all our boasted lucidity of knowledge, and all our high-wrought civilisation; while, if, on the contrary, they are realities, it may be held deducible that the early tales of nations are less fabulous than the school of Niebuhr supposes. For all of these reasons, then, we launch our queries, with the most earnest solicitude for suitable and satisfactory replies.

ARTHUR LEAVESLEY,

OR THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

ONE wet and dismal November evening, a traveller might have been observed to leave the quay, where had just arrived one of the passage-boats from a little distance; for it was before the days of all-assisting steam. The passenger alluded to was of herculean stature, and had he been less closely wrapped up, might have been admired as a model of manly strength and beauty. But the rain poured in torrents, and he was enveloped in an ample Spanish cloak, while a sealskin cap was drawn closely round his face. The streets through which he had to pass were nearly deserted, and the shopkeepers, expecting little custom on such a night, were slowly beginning to shut up. A porter conveyed some luggage on a truck, beside which, avoiding the pavement, the traveller walked in silence with gigantic strides. They reached a sequestered building, large and melancholy-looking, shut out from the surrounding waste ground by lofty walls. Here the gentleman rung, and waited a short space very impatiently, as might be guessed from

his frequently stamping with one foot. At length, just as he had stretched forth his hand to ring again, a man appeared, who received within the gate the stranger's large and heavy trunk, together with a hat-box. The street-porter was then discharged, and the visitor, or inmate, or whatever he might be, followed his luggage into the building.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when he again issued forth in search of another porter with a truck; and as the man who lately served him had been resting under a neighbouring gateway, he came forward, and was again engaged, his employer not recognising him. Perhaps—indeed it seemed most likely—his thoughts and attention were too much absorbed in his own concerns. The hat-box and trunk—the latter not in the slightest degree lightened, though the man thought to himself it contained a load of a different description—were replaced on the truck, and their owner led the way to one of the newest and most genteel quarters of the city. Once or twice they met the watchmen, now engaged in their midnight rounds, with whom the passenger exchanged a courteous good-night, as he continued to stalk close by his property through the midst of the flashy streets. Arrived at the lodgings he intended to occupy, and where, it would appear, he was expected, he was promptly admitted by the landlady, and he himself assisted the porter to carry his luggage up stairs. It proved no easy task, even with the help of the owner's extraordinary strength; and when it was accomplished, and the porter was asked his fare, he boldly required at least double what he was entitled to. His employer was about to demur, but the fellow casting a significant glance towards the heavy load just deposited, the gentleman at once paid the demand. The man, it ought to be said, had only ventured an experiment, as many of his class are accustomed to do; and having succeeded beyond his hopes, his tone changed to profound respect, as, thanking the donor, he muttered something about the lateness of the hour and the state of the weather in excuse for the high charge. He then took leave, with the tacit understanding that he was not to make the subject of his midnight fare a topic of conversation.

The newly arrived, whose name was Arthur Leavesley—or Leslie, as it is now more generally written, though our hero preferred its ancient form—divested of his wet accoutrements, was a strikingly handsome man, somewhat under thirty; and though his attire aimed not even at neatness, no one who saw him could doubt that, by birth and education, he was a gentleman. Amid much bland insinuation of manners, however, might be detected a blunt eccentricity and a reckless hauteur which evinced a mind undisciplined, and perhaps a character far from stainless. With his landlady he seemed to be on very familiar terms, for he carried on with her a short but evidently important consultation. She, too, was young and good-looking, but considerably careworn, and was habited in respectable and deep mourning. In fact she was a widow, yet, from her appearance, could scarcely be mistaken for one of those who may be called 'widows indeed.' She placed some hot brandy and water before her lodger, and soon afterwards left him to betake himself to what might have been supposed needful repose. In the morning his bell rung early; he was in bed, and complained of being ill. The landlady attended assiduously to his wants, and begged he would send for medical advice. This Leavesley obstinately refused to permit, and to her other inmates she feelingly lamented the circumstance. The patient appeared to get worse, and after a fretful, restless day, he began to rave; the poor woman, kindly disposed towards him as it would seem, prepared to watch by him, and at length she thought he slept; but ere the dull morning again dawned, she perceived he was insensible. Then she sent for a doctor, who soon arrived, and was shown into the sick-room. Near the bed stood the anxious-looking widow—the only attendant. The doctor advanced and spoke, and as the woman shortly explained

the patient's state, he drew aside the heavy curtain. A single glance—a hurried touch on the cold, still brow—

'My good woman, your lodger is dead!' said he solemnly.

'Dead!' echoed the woman in a horror-stricken tone.

The gentleman put a few professional questions, the replies to which satisfied him that she had not been to blame. He then recommended her to communicate with the friends of the departed, if she knew where they were to be found, and took his leave.

The first thing the landlady did was to order a coffin; and she desired it might be made several inches longer than the body—though her lodger was a very tall man—stating that in the intervals of his short delirium he had made her promise that some papers, on which he put a particular value, should be buried with him.

It was done. He had been a stranger in the place; but the woman procured a few respectable neighbours, to whom his person was not altogether unknown, to attend the funeral. The death was immediately notified in the principal newspapers, and a few days afterwards a plain but neat head-stone was raised to mark his resting-place. His very few effects awaited the commands of his friends when they should discover what had occurred, and there were barely sufficient funds in his desk to defray the necessary expenses, however simple the arrangements had been. So another stilly sleeper was left in the strangers' cemetery, to await the last call that shall awake the dead.

But were there no mourning relations—no widowed one to weep his sudden fate, cut down in his life's prime, 'unappointed, unannealed?' We shall see. The grave-stone had hardly been raised over the stranger's turf, when another traveller reached the same busy city by the same conveyance, and by one of those coincidences not unusual in everyday life, he met with and engaged the same porter we have before mentioned to convey his small portmanteau to one of the hotels. It happened that their way lay through the street in which Leavesley had lodged, and the gentleman chanced to observe this. He then took a card from his pocket-book, and having stopped at No. 11, he said to his porter, 'Remain here a few minutes; I have an inquiry to make, and I may as well do it now in passing.' He rung, and asked for Mr Arthur Leavesley.

'Oh, dear me!' sighed the woman who appeared; 'he is dead and buried ten days ago.'

'Indeed!' was the rejoinder, but not in a tone like that of either grief or surprise. 'I wish to see what property or papers he may have left.'

'Certainly, sir. You come from his friends I suppose?'

'Friends or foes, as the case may be. I am a solicitor on behalf of his creditors.' And he handed his card.

He was shown to the room, which was yet unoccupied, and some keys were given to him. The great trunk was there. It contained heavy old ledgers and day-books, useless music and papers; and they all had an unaccountable musty smell. Nothing of the least value appeared; but the visitor placed seals on all the repositories.

As this gentleman turned from the door, he spoke some civil words to the porter in the way of apology for having detained him. Courtesy and consideration towards dependents are very rarely thrown away. The man, won by his present employer's urbanity, respectfully said, 'Did I understand, sir, you were informed of the sudden death of a gentleman who lately lodged in that house?'

'Yes, indeed I was,' replied the traveller; 'and a sad business it is.'

'Dear, dear! Could it be he, I wonder, taken off so soon, and hale and strong as he appeared? Was he a remarkably tall man, if you please, sir?'

'He was uncommonly so,' said the gentleman, now considerably interested. 'Do you happen to know anything of him?'

The man, who before had had his own suspicions, now debated with himself whether he ought to tell all he knew or not. While he yet hesitated, his employer mentioned, so far as he thought prudent, the reasons for his inquiries about Leavesley, and these settled the matter. The ulterior proceedings were singular, and resulted from the guessings of the shrewd lawyer, consequent on all he had heard. The fact was, Arthur Leavesley had, by contravention of the laws, rendered himself amenable to justice, which accordingly had stretched her iron hand to grasp him. He was an only and a spoiled child, whom early and blind indulgence had rendered first selfish, then headstrong, and finally profligate; till gaming, swindling, and forgery, wound up the dark catalogue of his vices.

A day or two after the last scene we have recorded, a small group of persons were gathered round the grave whose head-stone bore the name of Leavesley. There were present the acute lawyer, the intelligent street-porter, the medical practitioner, and the necessary officials. The earth was removed, the coffin laid bare, and opened, and a reverent pause ensued. Even to the stoutest heart there is something awe-inspiring in the presence of mouldering mortality brought to light again from the bosom of the tomb. When a silent but sufficient examination had been made by all present of the now offensive remains, each expressed his conviction.

'This is not the gentleman whose trunk I carried, first to, and then from, the Fever Hospital; his hair was jet black; this is sandy-gray,' said the porter.

'This is the corpse I saw on the bed in No. 11, C—Terrace,' said the doctor.

'This is not the person I seek,' said the lawyer. 'The body is several inches shorter than the coffin, which has been filled up with waste paper. As I suspected, this body has been procured from the hospital, ostensibly for surgical purposes, and then buried as Leavesley, in order to facilitate his escape, and for some other reasons not so evident.'

In corroboration of these opinions, another porter was found, who deposed that he had carried Leavesley's pretended luggage from his lodging to the Canal Company's Office on the same day we first met with him, so that, in fact, he had never at that time been absent from the town. A nurse and under-surgeon of the hospital identified the buried man. The landlady of No. 11 was also officially examined, without whose connivance, and indeed active co-operation, the cunning farce of the deathbed and burial could not have been attempted. She steadily refused all explanation with a calm self-possession worthy of a better cause; and as she shortly afterwards left the place, and could not be traced, the felon's pursuers were at fault for a time.

While these scenes were transacting in one part of the kingdom, a fair, young, deserted wife was pining in that sickness of the heart, so hard to bear, resulting from disappointed hope and outraged tenderness. Rosa Kearney was a lovely Irish girl. Her face and form were fresh and heart-gladdening, while the impressiveness and enthusiasm of her country glistened in her dark eye, and graced every gesture. She was Arthur Leavesley's pet cousin, and he won her warm heart even in girlhood. Little wonder, though more the pity, none of his youthful follies could detach from him her faithful affection. Neither the warning of friends nor the occasional misgivings of her own gentle spirit sufficed to save her from the gulf of misery, the depths of which, strong in woman's self-devotedness and trust, she had resolved to brave with him. If any one could guide the mistaken wanderer back to rectitude and peace, could it be other than she—his own early loved, early betrothed? So she wedded Arthur before she was nineteen, and for a while all the hopeful young wife's dreams appeared to be realised. Selfishness and prodigality, however, too soon reassumed the pilotage which the hand of love had held so lightly. Rosa, after much meek endurance of waywardness, neglect, violence, and at length desertion, was prevailed on to accept of a secluded cot-

tage, and small separate allowance, in a district of the south-west of Ireland, from her elder brother, the only one of her family who had not abandoned her to her self-chosen lot. One comfort she had to sweeten her bitter cup—an infant son, whom she nursed with even more than the usual fond care of a mother for her first-born, since in him was concentrated much of the love her husband spurned so recklessly. Another treasure she possessed in the unbought attendance of her own proverbially-attached Irish nurse. With her Rosa determined to live alone in their peaceful retreat, and she would not suffer its locality to be concealed from her erring but still loved husband; because she ever hoped for his eventual reformation, and continued to dwell on the idea that, if world-forsaken or heart-stricken, he might feel that there was one home and one bosom where he would be welcome.

How would such a being bear the tidings that now awaited her! Her brother and his wife, having been informed by the newspapers of the circumstance of her husband's death, which to them could appear only in the light of a merciful relief, hastened to the only one who would mourn for him: after a little very awkward preparatory circumlocution, the fact was communicated, as gently as possible, to the youthful wife. When the first shock was over, her pitying friends implored her to return with them to their home, which was only about fifteen miles distant; but she begged softly, yet earnestly, to be left alone, and promised to be calm, and console herself with the child. Affectionate as they were, she felt they could have no sympathy with her; and knowing the firmness, as well as the tenderness, of her character, her relatives at last consented to leave her.

After a few days, the new-made widow assumed the befitting and melancholy garb she had caused Judith to provide for her; and the first time she caught a glimpse of herself in her mirror, she turned sickening away, again to weep bitterly, as she remembered Arthur to have said, in one of the eccentric moods that had so often alarmed her, 'How well, Rosa, you would look in weeds!'

Mrs Leavesley's neat cottage and spacious garden were surrounded by a high wall with a close gate, which was locked early every afternoon. The low French windows, which opened into a veranda overgrown with roses and clematis, were also guarded at night by strong outside shutters, and the door by a powerful chain. There was no particular cause for alarm at that time from the state of the now unhappy sister island; but the place was lonely; two timid females lived there without protection, and they felt their wished-for seclusion more complete when all due precautions against disturbance had been taken. How much the greater, therefore, was their surprise and alarm when, one evening, about a week after the last blow to Rosa's hopes had befallen, as she was reading her usual evening portion of Scripture to her nurse, and the little boy slept in the adjacent room, they heard two or three low knocks at the cottage door. The hour was late, the windows were closely curtained, and no glimmer could possibly penetrate the murky darkness without to guide any wanderer to their abode. But the murmur of the reader's voice, low and soft as it was, had doubtless encouraged some one within their premises to expect admission. Yet how came any one there? For what purpose at such an hour? They listened breathlessly. Rosa, weakened by her grief, felt for a few moments almost overpowered by apprehension; she exchanged a few whispered sentences with her faithful and more courageous attendant, while the knocks were repeated a little louder, but still with evident caution.

Judith, therefore, went to the door, and asked who was there? A man's voice, in a suppressed tone, answered he came with a message for Mrs Leavesley. Unwilling to betray distrust, and yet resolved on caution, the servant, on a signal from her mistress, who stood with a light at the entrance of the chamber where

her child rested, opened the door, but kept on the chain. Judith could not see the man, for he stood in the thick gloom of the night, but he repeated an urgent request to deliver his message to the lady herself. Rosa, then, setting down her light, approached the partially-opened door, into which the cold wind rushed with a mournful howling; and it may be imagined she scarcely retained her senses when she recognised a long-loved voice whisper, 'Rosa, it is your poor, good-for-nothing husband; will you give him shelter?'

Did she hear aright?—was she in a dream?—or was it not rather a skilful imposture? Blessings on the confiding faith of woman! Rosa stopped not even to ask herself one such question. She opened the door, and Arthur indeed, disguised, and shabby, and travel-soiled, and miserable, stood under her roof, and in the holy presence of the wife he had outraged and injured. His former reckless effrontery was gone, and he seemed abashed and ashamed. Rosa's love had been long-suffering and all-enduring. At first she knew not what to expect of horror, but she saw at a glance that the threatened stroke could be no common one; and it were too much perhaps to say that most of her ill-requited affection yet survived the grave in which she had believed its object to be laid, and still she pitied, and once more she forgave. The cottage door was quickly secured, the wanderer was refreshed, and the wife was told of the danger he was in—of his belief that his pursuers had traced him, and his anxiety to reach the neighbouring seaport, whence he might have a chance to escape abroad. How breathlessly Rosa listened! how she strove to still the tumult of her ideas, and brace her energies to meet the exigency!

After all his humbling revelations, the wearied man slept on the sofa—he had not even asked to see his boy; and Rosa—

'Such hours are women's birthright'—

watched and prayed beside him. Judith had gone to bed; the light was extinguished, that the outcast might rest more undisturbedly; and amidst the deep stillness Rosa very soon fancied she heard on the gravel before the cottage stealthy steps. Arthur had leaped the high wall, and few men could perform such a feat unassisted. The wind at times whistled, and then moaned dirge-like among the leafless trees; but the anxious wife ere long became painfully convinced that the home-covert would not long avail the hunted deer. The cottage was so small—containing only two rooms and a kitchen—it afforded no hopeful place of concealment. Beneath the thatch? Ah, that was so obvious! Disguise was equally hopeless—his stature so rare, and so conspicuous. There was a great old-fashioned clock that stood in a dark niche just outside the parlour door; might it not be moved a small space, and a hiding-place found behind it? It might be tried; at all events it was the sole, slight chance. Amidst these sickening thoughts and plannings a few torturing hours passed, and the wintry sun of December was hardly visible, when knocks for admittance were again heard. The old woman looked as cross as possible on the early guests; but of course was quite respectful when informed by one of three men whom she saw that they sought a felon, who was supposed to be there concealed from justice. Judith assured them, with an unconcerned tone admirably adapted for the occasion, that 'they were heartily welcome to search the little dwelling—it would be no tedious or difficult task—but she wished them to wait her mistress's time of rising, who was in deep trouble, poor young *craythur*, for the loss of a good husband!' With a broad sneer at this last figure of speech, the men consented to wait a little; and ere their patience had been too much tried, they were shown into the room where Rosa's solitary breakfast was delicately laid out, and herself giving her little boy his morning meal. Her wan, lily-like loveliness, her newly-donned widow's dress, her graceful calmness and dignity, evidently awed the rough visitors. One of them espe-

cially, who appeared the superior, gazed on the girlish-looking figure before him with deep commiseration. He chanced to have a young sister in declining health, and he thought she resembled Rosa; with that thought came memories of home and its sanctities, which for the moment chased present harsh duty from his mind; and ere leaving Rosa's presence, after a cursory look over the apartments, this person said in a respectful manner, 'Madam, we regret to be obliged to do our duty so strictly, but a considerable reward is offered for him we seek.' Then lowering his voice till it became a murmur, inaudible to all but her he addressed, he continued, 'A watch will remain outside for a time; when the way is clear, you will receive by post a blank envelop.' He glanced significantly towards the clock; and while the blood rushed to poor Rosa's brow, she could only command a look and gesture of unutterable gratitude as he departed to superintend a fruitless search in the garden and outhouses.

What an ordeal had this scene proved to the faithful wife! In extenuation, however, of the officer's apparent dereliction of duty, we may here explain that the principal sufferer by Leavesley's guilt, having once felt himself under no small obligation to the criminal's mother, had given a confidential hint that he would not be much disappointed if the fugitive escaped.

For several succeeding days Rosa concealed her undeserving husband under her roof. The paucity of her visiting acquaintances made the task more easy, yet the conflict of feeling during the anxious interval strewn her dark tresses with many a gray hair. It was not fear of detection, or any personal terrors, that were the bitterest ingredients of the cup prepared for her, but the too obvious truth forced on her mind, that the being with whose lot her own had been so fatally linked was still the same mean, selfish, and exacting character he had ever been. Had she witnessed, or could she have awakened, one repentant sigh or word, her sorrows had been mitigated, and she would have readily even shared his exile; but this was far from his thoughts: he even dared to look with cold-blooded complacency on Rosa's widow's habit and grief-worn frame.

On one of the days of Leavesley's concealment, Rosa walked abroad with her little boy. The sun's beams were cheering, though the air was wintry, and the infant Eugene was just trying his first tottering steps alone. At the top of the lane that led to her dwelling she saw the surly minion of justice deputed to watch over her premises, and would have passed on, as if unconscious who he was; but he hung a little on one side, and looked on her with an eye so penetrating, that she at once repented having left the house, and felt her best plan was to speak.

'Good-morning, friend!' she said as cheerfully as she could, though, in spite of every effort, her voice trembled. 'I hope your employers will soon relieve you from a very bootless, and, it must be, a very ungracious task. Would you not step to the cottage and get some refreshment?'

The man, totally subdued by her sweetness and kindness, thanked her respectfully, and patted and praised her beautiful child. Involuntarily she would have withdrawn him from the touch, but restraining herself, she continued her short stroll, and soon returned to find all things as she had left them.

One obvious anxiety weighed heavily on Rosa's mind: Leavesley trusted to her to raise a small sum of money to assist his escape, without which, indeed, all present precautions were fruitless. But Rosa had nothing she could call her own. Everything of any value she possessed had been before relinquished to supply one who scrupled at no means to provide for his own worthless indulgences. The little plate in her present abode had been provided by her for her use, and no sophistry could prevail on her to appropriate it as hers. The only plan within her reach, however, she had resolved to try, and only waited the opportunity—it was successful, because the plea was meek and self-denying,

and the friend she appealed to was generous and unsuspicious; and thus it was:—Rosa's warm-hearted sister-in-law came to visit her, as was usual with her. This had been foreseen, and the fugitive was hidden in a closet, of which his wife kept the key. Mrs Kearney repeated her own and her husband's anxious desire that her gentle, heart-broken sister, should give up housekeeping, and, with her nurse and boy, occupy apartments in their large family dwelling. Rosa promised that she would at all events pay them a long visit after a fortnight or so. It required some vigilance to guard the conversation from wandering to the past; and little did her sister-in-law suspect that the complaining wife was privy to the sad and disgraceful reports that had lately reached them, far less could she have any idea of the actual truth.

After an hour's interview, Rosa summoned courage to make her request.

'Ellen, dear,' she falteringly began, 'I can hardly bear to ask it, but some embarrassments I cannot avoid press on me just now—could you lend me fifteen or twenty pounds? I hope to repay you soon. When our uncle's little legacy becomes due, I shall have the means, you know'—

'Why make apology for so easy a matter as that?' interrupted Mrs Kearney with affectionate frankness. 'You must have had additional expenses in your mourning. I will send it to you to-morrow.'

'Oh, thanks from the bottom of my poor heart!' sighed the relieved Rosa, while there was an unseen listener cursing her stupidity and obstinacy that she had not asked double the amount.

It may be believed that the wife, faithful, unflinching as she was, expected anxiously the promised signal. One morning the ground was covered with snow, and a letter lay on the breakfast-table, addressed in an unknown, but evidently disguised hand; with trepidation, she found it was 'a blank envelop.'

The succeeding night came on dark and thick, but the escape must be attempted. The faithful Judith guided the fugitive by a back way out of the village. Providence was pleased to give the wretched wanderer one more chance. A heavy fall of snow obliterated all trace of departing steps, and otherwise screened his progress; and on the third day a country lad put into Mrs Leavesley's hands a bit of soiled paper, on which were scrawled these words, 'On board the *Donna Juana* for Valparaiso—blessings on my angel wife!'

Thus was the tie between Arthur and Rosa severed for ever; but that scrap of paper was buried with her. Were this little story a fiction, it would not be concluded without recounting Leavesley's reformation, and his wife's reward in his future devotedness; but in real life, we believe a course of profligacy like his rarely ends thus favourably. Let the youthful, the innocent, and confiding beware how they peril their happiness on the forlorn-hope of reclaiming one who commences life by learning only to live for himself.

Having finally accepted of a home with her brother, it was some months ere Rosa could make any inquiries about the vessel Leavesley had embarked in. It never reached its destination! and the weeds Rosa had continued to wear, though only a widow in heart, were now indeed felt to be but due mourning for the dead. Her friends never knew aught of the fate of one whose memory they strove—and, as far as they were concerned, successfully strove—to bury in oblivion.

A little farther explanation will perhaps be acceptable. On the marriage of the young pair, a moderate but suitable jointure had been secured to Rosa over an entailed family property of the husband's. In the midst of his disgraceful necessities, it became an object of Arthur to procure the resignation of this deed from his too tender and facile wife. Her brother's care alone prevented the accomplishment of this purpose. Hence some of the violent scenes towards the unoffending wife: hence also the plan of the pretended death; for the elder Leavesley, who still lived, but had disowned and

discarded his son, would then be obliged to pay half the rent-charge to the widow; the rest would only accrue to her at the old gentleman's decease. Arthur then felt sure he should frighten or cajole Rosa into his measures, and receive from her supplies she could only have at her disposal subsequent to his death. This was the object—and no lingering tenderness of a better nature—of his last visit, and, alas! it is to be feared, the object even of his last note, tenderly as it was cherished.

After a time, Rosa regained—what the virtuous and self-denying seldom lose, except temporarily—her peace of mind. Her son was carefully brought up, and became everything she could desire. Cognisant of the painful cloud that had darkened his father's character and fate, he resigned the patrimony that had become his to discharge all the unlawfully-incurred obligations; and afterwards, in another hemisphere, strove, by a strenuous course of industry and good conduct, to earn for himself a name which his children might inherit without the blush that had so often crimsoned his own cheek. His mother now left him; and it was not till she had seen a young group of her Eugene's offspring rising around her that he at last closed her eyes. But even up to that solemn moment did thoughts of the wife's duty she had performed to her once-loved but unworthy husband recur, 'like the memories of joys that are past, pleasant though mournful to the soul.'

SOCIETY AMONG THE LEVANTINES.

THROUGHOUT Syria and Lower Egypt there is a particular division of the population known under the name of Levantines, which signifies those Christians of Eastern origin who live scattered in small groups among the Moslems. In manners, customs, and appearance, these people are scarcely distinguishable from their neighbours, and, with the exception of the leading tenets of their creed, there would seem to be very little in their minds or morals which they do not possess in common with the followers of Islam. Yet upon a near approach you discover many differences. Externally under the influence of the general public opinion of the country by which in many things they are compelled to conform with what their masters ordain, they cherish among themselves a subordinate public opinion which, though powerless so far as the Osmanlis and Arabs are concerned, acts with irresistible force within the narrow circle of its operation.

Of this small section of the population of Western Asia comparatively little is known in Europe. Travellers habitually disdain to associate with oppressed and ignoble races, whose peculiarities are supposed to offer little that would repay research. But this is founded in error. Taking our stand upon the peaks of Lebanon, and looking around us towards the east and towards the west, towards the north and towards the south, our eye can scarcely alight upon any community, however small, whose institutions and manners are not more deserving of study than those of the common masters of the country. Whatever the Turks were formerly, they have now almost ceased to be an interesting people. The same remark cannot of course be applied to the Arabs; but most of the extraordinary sects found in Syria or Egypt are of Arab origin; and precisely the same mental qualities which have invested Islamism in several countries of Western Asia with so many charms, have diffused an atmosphere of poetical superstition over the intellectual world of the Levantines, and of all those other sects, whether Christian or Mohammedan, which still lurk in obscurity among the Syrian mountains, or develop their strange ideas in the great cities of Egypt.

Most historians or travellers who have written on Asiatic Turkey have glanced more or less obscurely at the communities to which we allude: the Kadmoossims, the followers of Hakim Beamrillah, the Yezides, the

Ismailieh, the Ausarians, the Druzes, and other nests of heretics or pagans found in those regions. But who has yet penetrated into their inner life? Who has lived familiarly among them, and delineated with anything like authority their manners, opinions, and secret institutions? Nearly all that is popularly believed of them rests on rumours, in the highest degree vague and uncertain, though probably sufficient materials even now exist for unveiling the characters, manners, and mental idiosyncrasies of all these wild races.

Mr Bayle St John has proved, by a volume just published,* that some at least of these obscure communities are accessible to European curiosity. Arriving at Alexandria in the summer of 1846, and perceiving that there was nothing to be gained by associating with the Franks, he determined to acquire a knowledge of the Arabic, and to live almost exclusively among the natives. Perseverance might probably have opened to him the interior of a Moslem family, for, though prejudiced and bigotted, the Arabs are still a sociable people; but circumstances directed him towards the Levantines. Becoming acquainted with a Syrian family whose fanaticism had been in some degree mitigated by intermarriage with an Italian, he was admitted, as it were, behind the veil, and for two years lived habitually in an Eastern harem.

Possessing great powers of observation, and the talents necessary to record his impressions, he immediately set himself about keeping a journal, in which he chronicled his remarks, the stories and anecdotes he heard, and the accounts which one family or individual gave him of another. In this way his materials rapidly accumulated; for when on terms of familiarity, no people in the world are more communicative than the Orientals, who may literally be said to have no secrets from those whom they like. Mr St John, with singular felicity, takes us along with him in his experience, makes us thoroughly acquainted with Sitt Madoula, the widowed mistress of the family, with her son Iskender, her beautiful niece Wardeh, her relative Om Barbara, her intimate acquaintance Sitt Sopho, and even her slaves, Zara, Hannah, and so on. As might have been expected, the introduction of a Frank into the interior of a Levantine family could not be accomplished without much scandal. The priests were alarmed lest some rays of knowledge from the West should melt away the foundations of their empire; strange suspicions were excited in the minds of relatives lest the Sitt should conceive the dreadful design of uniting the beautiful Wardeh with the heretic from Frankistan. Other terrors, more shadowy and indefinite, shook the whole body of Levantine society in Alexandria, and a prodigious system of diplomacy was set on foot to defeat the Machiavelian policy of Sitt Madoula; but, in her way, this lady was quite a philosopher, having emancipated herself, partly perhaps by the aid of her deceased husband, from the tyranny of ecclesiastical influence, and acquired the rare courage to think, on some points at least, for herself. Besides, her son Iskender had conceived a friendship for the young Frank, and the Sitt being, above all things, an affectionate mother, set the inclinations of her son considerably before the wishes of the priests, and determined to act on her own independent convictions.

The history of these transactions, negotiations, and intrigues, is given with much naïveté and humour by Mr St John, but is unsusceptible of abridgment, because all the point consists in exhibiting at length the immense waste of ingenuity employed to accomplish nothing at all. By degrees, every obstacle having been removed, the traveller finds himself in his new residence, of which he took possession on the eve of the Ramadhan. As this belongs exclusively to Mohammedan life, we shall here enter into no description of it, though we happen to have witnessed it ourselves in the

* *Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family.* By Bayle St John. Chapman and Hall. 1850.

most interesting portion of the Nilobe Valley. On the occasion of adding a new member to the family, the Levantines of course could not avoid some small extra display of hospitality. It conveyed, however, no false ideas of their manner of living, for we may observe at once, that up to the latest day of his residence, Mr St John found Sitt Madoula and her family kind, affectionate, and disinterested, infinitely more desirous to render his residence agreeable than to convert it into a source of profit for themselves. Be this remembered to their credit especially, as all their goodness may be said to be spontaneous, since it is based on no artificial system of instruction, and derived from nothing external to themselves.

Being desirous of observing all the great features of Eastern life, Mr St John, on hearing the announcement of the commencement of Ramadhan, was desirous of going forth and mingling with the Moslem crowds; but to this Sitt Madoula objected, observing that his first supper as one of the family was preparing, and that he must not leave the house! 'Halil Adin, who, from having been a servant in the house, had become a small shopkeeper in one of the bazaars—*alias*, in the language of the country, a merchant—came into supper, and we three—I, he, and Iskender—sat down at a little round table crowded with messes. Soup in a pie-dish in one corner; a bowl of *melookekeh* (a glutinous kind of herb) in the middle; a plate of radishes supported on the edges of these two; a plate of *thababs*, or small pieces of mutton broiled on skewers here; a dish of rice there; flat cakes of bread thrust into every vacant place, with numerous limes, which are squeezed over every mess; three clean plates, one knife, four forks, two spoons; glasses placed on chairs by our sides, with some extra dishes; Sitt Madoula, stumping about on her stilt-like clogs to see that everything was right; Wardeh standing in the doorway with a water-cooler resting in the palm of her hand, ready to give us drink, and casting the beams of her bright eyes upon us; Ali lazily squatting down in the gallery outside; Hannah, the maid, endeavouring to be generally useful. Such were the elements of the scene as I remember it. I must not forget that Halil was famous as an enormous eater, and that the great joke at table was to count and exaggerate the number of bread-cakes he devoured. A few words of grace were rapidly uttered before and after the meal, during which water was the only drink. The Levantines eat very fast, start up as soon as they have done, and have water poured over their hands, which they also sometimes rub with lemon-juice, and then smoke.

To give some idea of the other inmates of the house, we turn back a little, and extract a passage from Mr St John's description of his first visit to the Sitt:—'In the first place, Sitt Madoula was a comely dame of thirty-seven, with dark eyes and jet-black hair, somewhat carelessly arranged in front, and surmounted by a small tarboosh or red cap. Behind fell a profusion of small tresses, mixed with an immense number of oval-shaped gold spangles, hung upon plaits of braid. A kind of pelisse split down the sides, with long tails tucked up into her shawl in a not ungraceful manner, and large loose trousers, formed the principal articles of her costume. We could see also a coarse gauze chemise, beneath which her bosom, raised up, and pressed together, appeared in great prominence. The ancient beauties of Egypt do not show so much shoulder as their counterparts in Europe, but they are still far too liberal in their exhibitions. Sitt Madoula, who was hovering between the two seasons, was more moderate in her costume than most others I have seen.'

Of the other members of the household we have the following sketch:—'A lachrymose-looking old lady, whose short legs, encased in white stockings—Sitt Madoula was barefoot—could be seen up to her knees as she sat for comfort on the floor, was always mentioned as Om Barbara—the mother of Barbara—which said Barbara was a laughing, saucy-looking, and little Levantine beauty, with her hair decked out with pearls, in

addition to the customary stream of braid and gold spangles behind. A tight rose-coloured satin vest showed off her fine shape; and being open in front, gave one ample opportunity, despite the feigned protection of a thin gauze chemise, of ascertaining the delicacy of her skin. She sat on the divan, in the midst of a perfect cloud of strawberry-patterned muslin trousers, from beneath which her small pretty feet, encased in yellow morocco slippers, just peeped forth. We had taken this family party quite by surprise, or else this dangerous little person would have been packed off into another room. She had been urged to go by her husband and others, whilst we were fumbling in the dark passages below and the staircase; but curiosity and wilfulness had induced her to hold out until it was too late. A young girl, who peeped in once or twice, had been taken by the shoulders and turned out on the very first announcement that the Franks were coming. I had afterwards ample opportunities of observing the half-and-half manner in which the Christian natives of the East imitate the harem regulations of the Moslems. An Englishman, as a Frank, and, above all, as a heretic, is more especially tabooed. Among their own race comparatively little restriction exists, most women showing themselves to whomever the husband invites to the house. In public, however, they always appear veiled, though less closely than the Moslems; and in church they invariably sit in a gallery shut in with lattice-work, too close for the curious eye to penetrate!'

No one can have lived for how short a time soever in the East without having observed the beauties of the cities by night, which invariably suggest to the imagination the idea of an unreal world beheld in a dream. At times, in Alexandria, the atmosphere puts on a European character, with pale fleecy clouds and an obscure moonlight. But farther south, especially within the tropics, there is a glowing richness in the night-scenes not easily conceivable or credible in the north. We remember to have come once by night upon a city of ruins, where bath and palace, mosque and minaret, cottage and caravansera, were mouldering beneath the slow touch of time. Heaps of hewn stones were piled up in various places, where war or earthquake had hurled some grand fabric to the dust, while here and there feathery mimosas and tremulous willows waved over the ruins in the delicious night breeze. Below, at a short distance, rolled the broad Nile, while the bright moon silvering the whole, and rendering it half-transparent, gave all we saw the appearance of a picture rather than of a reality.

In summer nights especially, when the wind blows from the desert, Alexandria itself is overhung by a sky of tropical purity. It is then delightful to walk abroad, to visit the deserted cemeteries, and climb the mounds, or stroll along the sea-beach. This, however, is a pleasure almost unknown to the Levantines, who, addicted to the early opening of shops, retire to bed shortly after nightfall, that they may be up in the morning with the lark. But Mr St John, by no means a Levantine on this point, describes his night rambles in Alexandria in a very picturesque manner. 'Usually,' he says, 'in my night rambles I found all silent and lonely. As soon as darkness begins to set in, the streets become rapidly deserted; women especially disappearing as if by magic. Some movement of the population continues for about an hour and a-half more; but after the gun fires, it is rare to meet a person even in the best inhabited streets; their aspect then became to me peculiarly picturesque. The forms of the houses are infinitely varied, and it is uncommon to see a single line that is horizontal or perpendicular; the terraced roofs are broken up with kiosks and sheds; the fronts are crowded with projecting windows, that seem to weigh the buildings on either side forward so as almost to make them touch. In some cases a pair of lovers might kiss from balcony to balcony; at others there is a little angular open place before a small mosque, with the scalloped parapet of its terrace and its light minaret faintly defined against

the sky—that is to say, even on starlight nights, when most of the streets seemed mere black defiles. When the moon shone, it was perfectly marvellous to see the distinctness with which every object manifested itself, even to the delicate tracery of the loftiest pinnacle; and how the reflection of the white walls aloft threw down a pale light into the gloomiest passages. In the ruined streets I often stopped to watch the moonbeams working their way in silver streams through broken walls and unlatticed windows, and giving a thousand fantastic shapes to uniform heaps of stones and wood-work.*

Of the population which circulates through these streets by day, few in common conversation speak of the picturesque. Their lives are spent in money-making; but when they come to erect a mosque, or build a house, or lay out a garden, their innate sense of the beautiful leads them to make a profuse display of what we call taste. Meanwhile, nothing can be more disjointed than their minds. They have no correct ideas of anything: no logic, no metaphysics; no power whatever of distinguishing between the possible and the impossible. What they excel in is faith. They can believe anything; and it may be observed that even Europeans who live much among them irresistibly acquire something of their credulous habit of mind.

Here, in Western Europe, we affect at least to entertain a profound reverence for truth. But in the East lying has been by many writers declared to be a virtue, because it is often the only shield which the weak have to interpose between themselves and ruin. The rulers of the earth endeavour to appropriate to themselves the whole gains of the industrious. The latter, as a matter of course, seek to outwit them, and a vast system of mental and moral tactics is called into play on both sides. Power has obviously less need of disguise and concealment than weakness, and therefore the Turks have obtained a better character for speaking the truth than the races subject to their sway. But their proceedings forcibly remind one of the witty sophism of Butler—

'He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he who for convenience takes it.
So how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?'

If, however, like other people, the Orientals had an original bias towards truth, bad government has long ago cured them of it. They have now come to attach a sort of mysterious dignity to lying, especially the Levantines, who, oppressed, insulted, and plundered by the Turks, take refuge in the petty arts of untruth and iniquity for self-defence. Mr St John observes that 'the natives of Egypt believe that there is great virtue in a lie; so that if dyers, for example, find that their dye in the vats take in an inferior manner, they think it incumbent on them to spread some report the most unfounded and absurd possible. If it obtain credit, the evil they complain of is at once remedied. I find in my journal the following specimen:—About ten days past the report came in that the inhabitants of a certain village were turned into black stones. All the Mohammedans, and most of the Levantines, believed in it; and it was currently stated that Said Pasha had set off at once to examine into the matter. Yusuf Id, however, who is a sagacious man, remarked that a courier just arrived from the neighbourhood knew nothing of these facts, which was a presumption that they were incorrect. The hoax was soon afterwards traced to the dyers.

'It is not, however, one class of people only who believe in the magical efficacy of lying. If a man has two wives, one of them will somehow, in connection with a sorcerer, write a magic incantation to monopolise all his love, and cause the other to be neglected. The forlorn one has no other means to destroy the charm than to tell some horrible lie, and get it to be believed either by her husband or the public. In case of success, she is instantly reinstated in her rights. The Christians

have the same abominable superstition, and one morning I remember that Iskender came and swore most solemnly that he was going to Rosetta to collect some debts. The object was to remove a spell which had prevented him from effecting any important sale for three days—as I believed him, at least for a moment. It seems he was fortunate, and made a profit of ten dollars before I gave him a visit in the afternoon.'

Mr St John's volume is full of stories and anecdotes, some of which illustrate the character of the Moslems as well as those of the Eastern Christians. In general, the former are the interesting and poetical people, being under the influence of more stirring beliefs and wilder and more original superstitions. In moral principles also they are perhaps superior, because they obey more strictly the injunctions of their faith. Still, the difference is not very great, as Mr Bayle St John, after carefully summing up the whole affair, admits.

From our observations and the passages we have selected, it will be obvious that Mr St John's volume is full of interest, and contains a striking picture of an extremely peculiar phase of Eastern society. Some of the stories introduced are scarcely inferior to those in 'The Arabian Nights.' The style is easy and elegant, simple for the most part, but occasionally glowing with imagery. Few populations of the East have had so much justice done them as the Levantines in this volume, which is superior in interest and value to the same writer's visit to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

SYDNEY SMITH'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.*

The Royal Institution is an establishment situated in Albemarle Street, London, and is well known as containing professors of several of the sciences, who deliver lectures and carry on researches within its walls. It is a subscription institution, and is supported by the nobility and gentry of the metropolis. The fame of Davy, Young, Faraday, and other illustrious professors, has made its name familiar wherever physical science is known.

In the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, the Rev. Sydney Smith delivered short courses of lectures on the human mind, choosing a different subject in each successive year; and the whole of the three courses are now reprinted from the notes, and given to the world as an additional contribution by their celebrated author to the instruction and amusement of the reading public. As no other work of his makes any approach to a systematic exposition of the laws and workings of the human mind, these lectures have the aspect of an entirely fresh composition. The public were by no means prepared to find Sydney Smith becoming a rival to Reid and Stewart, or to hear his name classed among the writers necessary to be known to the student of metaphysical science. Yet such is the fact; and it may be fairly asserted, that so long as the writings of Adam Smith, Reid, Campbell, Stewart, Brown, or Alison, continue to be authorities in this department of science, it will be worth while to read along with them the expositions furnished by this renowned laughing philosopher.

The courses comprise the subjects of the Understanding, Taste, and the Active Powers, following the divisions adopted by Reid and Stewart. The subdivisions of the two first are very much in accordance with those writers; but in the last branch, the active powers, the author boldly takes wing in an independent flight of his own, being dissatisfied with Reid's excessive multi-

* Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, Delivered at the Royal Institution in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. London: Printed for Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, Paternoster Row. 1850.

plication of the separate powers and faculties of the mind. All through, he attempts the reduction of the phenomena to as few first principles as possible; but it is only in the treatment of the Active Powers that he may be said fairly to overdo the thing, and to contribute fresh confusion, instead of new light, to a difficult subject. He sees nothing in any of the passions, affections, desires, loves, and hatreds of humanity, but the consequences of one or other of the two facts recognised under the names of the love of pleasure and the dread of pain.

The merits and recommendations of a metaphysical book, as of any other scientific book, may be very various. There may be a positive advance made towards clearing out and ascertaining the first principles and fundamental ideas lying at the root of the well-known but ill-understood phenomena of the mind; in other words, the work may be eminently philosophical by being successful in its simplification and analysis of the facts of the subject. Or the recognised facts and appearances may be brought together, classified, defined, and illustrated, by interesting examples, without any attempt being made to reduce them to their component first principles, or most simple elementary facts; the operations of memory, reason, imagination, taste, beauty, affection, conscience, may be all detailed and bodied forth in instances, and the writer refrain all the time from endeavouring to reduce these several compounds into their primitive constituents; he may do his utmost to improve our acquaintance with these powers as they appear to the ordinary human eye, without feeling himself able to seize the Creator's point of view, which would represent the ultimate strings that set the whole in motion. Moreover, without much of clearness in the delineation of the various faculties even thus grossly taken, a writer may make an interesting book by stringing together a number of striking facts, incidents, and pictures of human nature and human life; or by bringing out into relief some vein of feeling or sentiment, as is done in histories, poetry, and romance, and call his book a work on the human mind. A powerful and richly-cultivated mind arrests our attention in almost any way that it chooses to exercise itself; even if it should fail in its professed aim, it succeeds in something else; and it is not every reader that complains of a work pretending to be scientific that it is in fact poetical or romantic.

If, then, a work on the mind may be an analysis, a delineation, or a string of interesting pictures, allusions, and discussions, the reader may ask which does the present fall under? The reply, according to the best of our judgment, and as well as a few words can describe a complex thing, is, that it is a tolerable analysis, a splendid delineation, and a rich mine of amusing and inspiring pictures and incidents of the kind already well known to the world through the other writings of the author.

If we consider that nearly half a century of active thinking has elapsed since these lectures were written; that the author, although a man of very high ability and intelligence, was not pre-eminent in analytical faculty; that he had not studied the subject for any great length of time, or with much undivided attention—we shall not expect his work to be of much value at the present day as an accurate analysis or strict scientific resolution of the complicated problems of human nature. Any one taking it in this light would only become more ignorant, by being made more mistaken, by its perusal. The exposition of the senses is worth nothing in a scientific point of view, and the analysis of the active powers is worth less than nothing, and does not even deserve the compliment of a refutation.

But of such merits as the book has, which are neither

few nor small, we shall now present a few specimens to the reader, who will no doubt expect to be treated, in preference to all other things, to some fresh examples of the irresistible comic creations that have so often set the world in a roar.

The first three lectures are occupied with the history of moral philosophy; and although, as a history of philosophy, nothing could well be less deserving of attention, yet, as a string of rich and racy pictures and illustrations, few histories can compare with it. Here, as everywhere, he brings the subject thoroughly within the comprehension of the most ordinary reader; and if it is intrinsically dry or dull, he adds an interest to it from his inexhaustible fountains of wit and richness of composition. Take the following remarks on Socrates as an example:—'The slight sketch I have given of his moral doctrines contains nothing very new or very brilliant, but comprehends those moral doctrines which every person of education has been accustomed to hear from his childhood; but two thousand years ago they were great discoveries—two thousand years since common sense was not invented. If Orpheus, or Linus, or any of those melodious moralists, sung, in bad verses, such advice as a grandmamma would now give to a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues and altars were erected to his memory. In Hesiod there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces; and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of Pythagoras and Mrs Trimmer—both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore, to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind from the pernicious subtleties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings to the practical rules of life—he was the great father and inventor of common sense, as Ceres was of the plough, and Bacchus of intoxication.'

Equally amusing is his account of the chequered reputation of Aristotle:—'Whoever is fond of the biographical art, as a repository of the actions and the fortunes of great men, may enjoy an agreeable specimen of its certainty in the life of Aristotle. Some writers say he was a Jew; others that he got all his information from a Jew—that he kept an apothecary's shop, and was an atheist; others say, on the contrary, that he did not keep an apothecary's shop, and that he was a Trinitarian. Some say he respected the religion of his country; others that he offered sacrifices to his wife, and made hymns in favour of his father-in-law. Some are of opinion he was poisoned by the priests; others are clear that he died of vexation, because he could not discover the causes of the ebb and flow in the Euripus. We now care or know so little about Aristotle, that Mr Fielding, in one of his novels, says—"Aristotle is not such a fool as many people believe, who never read a syllable of his works."

The following passage expresses with great force the growth of our intellectual capabilities by exercise and habit:—'What a prodigious command, for instance, over all those associations which are productive of wit, must the head wit of such a city as this or Paris have acquired in twenty years of facetiousness—having been accustomed, for that space of time, to view all the characters and events which have fallen under his notice with a reference to these relations! What an enormous power of versification must Pope have gained after his translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey!" so that no combination of words or inflection of sounds could possibly have been new to him; and he must have almost meditated in hexameters, and conversed in rhyme. What a powerful human being must that man become who, beginning with original talents, has been accustomed, for half his life, to the eloquence of the bar or the senate! No combination of circumstances can come before him for which he is unprepared: he is always ready for every purpose of defence and attack; and

trusts, with the most implicit confidence, to that host of words and images which he knows, from long experience, will rise up at any moment of exigence for his ornament and support.

His first course, comprising the Intellect, comprehends two vigorous lectures on the conduct of the understanding, full of good sense and powerful exhortation, and concluding with a panegyric upon the love of knowledge, which sounds fresh and animating, in spite of the millions of addresses on the subject delivered during the succeeding six-and-forty years. And we can remark through the whole of this work an intense sentiment in favour of the pursuit of knowledge, which must be set down as a leading characteristic of the mind of the author, although only one of the ordinary consequences of a superior intellect.

The second course, which comprehends Wit and Humour, Taste, the Beautiful and the Sublime, is full of the most interesting and enlivening delineations, and is in many parts of its analysis successful and happy.

That Sydney Smith should be entertaining on wit and humour, we expect as a matter of course. Other expounders must cull and select their instances of these qualities: he can both cull and create. Incongruity, according to him, is the chief ingredient in the ludicrous; and he is no doubt correct so far as the term incongruity is itself definite; but as all sorts of incongruity are not witty or humorous, some special limitation or qualification must be put upon the term. Here is one of his examples:—'As you increase the incongruity, you increase the humour; as you diminish it, you diminish the humour. If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here every incident heightens the humour of the scene—the gaiety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage!'

Under taste he requires to discuss the influence of association in making things agreeable that are not so intrinsically. But association cannot explain all cases of agreeable emotion. 'That there are some tastes originally agreeable I think can hardly be denied; and that Nature has originally, and independently of all associations, made some sounds more agreeable than others, seems to me, I confess, equally clear. I can never believe that any man could sit in a pensive mood listening to the sharpening of a saw, and think it as naturally agreeable and as plaintive as the song of a linnet; and I should very much suspect that philosophy which teaches that the odour of superannuated Cheshire cheese is, by the constitution of nature, and antecedent to all connection of other ideas, as agreeable as that smell with which the flowers of the field thank Heaven for the gentle rains, or as the fragrance of the spring when we inhale from afar "the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."'

In discussing the beautiful, where he is, as usual, the opposite of everything that is dry or abstruse, he considers the effects of the various ingredients that enter into beauty; but he cannot agree with Burke as to the admissibility of *smallness* as an ingredient. 'If smallness were one cause of beauty, we should have remarked it in the great mass of amatory poetry, which has been accumulating since the beginning of the world: the lover would have told his mistress, from time immemorial, that she was so short, that she could walk under his arm; that she weighed less by twenty or thirty pounds than any other beauty in the neighbourhood;

that he solemnly believed her only to be five feet; and he would have diminished her down by elegant adulation to think as lowly of herself as possible.'

The effects of utility and adaptation to ends in exciting the emotion of beauty he exemplifies by the following case:—'Go to the Duke of Bedford's piggery at Woburn, and you will see a breed of pigs with legs so short, that their stomachs trail upon the ground; a breed of animals entombed in their own fat, overwhelmed with prosperity, success, and farina. No animal could possibly be so disgusting if it were not useful; but a breeder, who has accurately attended to the small quantity of food it requires to swell this pig out to such extraordinary dimensions—the astonishing genius it displays for obesity—and the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body, and to agglomerate on those parts which are worth ninepence a pound—such an observer of its utility does not scruple to call these otherwise hideous quadrupeds a beautiful race of pigs.'

The feeling of the sublime has been much more successfully analysed than the far more complex feeling of beauty; and on it our author is to a great degree scientifically correct, as well as pictorially brilliant. His illustrations of the sublime, both natural and moral, are well chosen and grand. One of them is worth quoting:—'Everybody possessed of power is an object either of awe or sublimity, from a justice of peace up to the Emperor Aurengzebe—an object quite as stupendous as the Alps. He had thirty-five millions of revenue, in a country where the products of the earth are at least six times as cheap as in England; his empire extended over twenty-five degrees of latitude, and as many of longitude: he had put to death above twenty millions of people. I should like to know the man who could have looked at Aurengzebe without feeling him to the end of his limbs, and in every hair of his head! Such emperors are more sublime than cataracts. I think any man would have shivered more at the sight of Aurengzebe than at the sight of the two rivers which meet at the Blue Mountains in America, and, bursting through the whole breadth of the rocks, roll their victorious and united waters to the Eastern Sea.'

Two lectures devoted to the faculties of beasts are highly creditable to the author's sagacity and boldness. At a time when it was usual to attribute instincts exclusively to the lower creation, he came forward and maintained the existence in them of the same kind of intellectual operations as we find in man, and produced the most indubitable examples of brute memory and reasoning. He also exposes, in a vigorous strain of mixed eloquence and humour, the childishness of our entertaining any jealousy of the brutes, or any fear that the distinction between us and them will be obliterated by such an admission. Without derogating from the superiority that man derives from his mental endowments, he illustrates, in the most entertaining fashion, the advantages we gain by our other peculiarities, such as length of life, gregarious nature, stature, and the capabilities of the human hand. 'If we lived seven hundred years instead of seventy, we should write better epic poems, build better houses, and invent more complicated mechanism, than we do now. I should question very much if Mr Milne could build a bridge so well as a gentleman who had engaged in that occupation for seven centuries; and if I had had only two hundred years' experience in lecturing on moral philosophy, I am well convinced I should do it a little better than I now do. . . . A lion lies under a hole in a rock, and if any other lion happen to pass by, they fight. Now whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress.'

In commencing his third course, on the Active Powers, he reverts again to the great practical subject of the conduct of the understanding, and discusses the ways and means of intellectual improvement. Dissertations of far less merit for sound sense, discrimination,

and powerful manly expression, have passed for wisdom on this subject; but we cannot afford more than a single quotation, containing an advice to any young men that may have fallen into the bad habit of contradicting:—'I would recommend to such young men an intellectual regimen, of which I myself, in an earlier period of life, have felt the advantage; and that is, to assent to the two first propositions that they hear every day; and not only to assent to them, but, if they can, to improve and embellish them; and to make the speaker a little more in love with his own opinion than he was before. When they have a little got over the bitterness of assenting, they may then gradually increase the number of assents, and so go on as their constitution will bear it; and I have little doubt that in time this will effect a complete and perfect cure.'

Although we consider the resolution of the whole of the active impulses of man into mere feelings of pleasure and pain, or into products growing out of these, as very indifferent science, yet the author's exposition and delineation of the affections, passions, desires, and habits, makes very good reading. If, for example, his explanation of the emotions of tragedy is not very philosophical, his illustrations of it are very acceptable:—'I have no doubt that to an Indian audience the loss of a piece of venison might be the basis of a tragedy which would fill every eye with tears; but, on the contrary, they might be very likely to laugh to hear a man complain of his wounded honour, if it turned out that he had ten days' provision beforehand in his cabin.'

The work concludes with a passage of powerful eloquence on the influence of the passions. A portion of it is all we can make room for:—'The passions are in morals what motion is in physics: they create, preserve, and animate; and without them all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyramids; love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes the very foundations of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the soul to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together—all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, that we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions shaking his frame, dissipate all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rend in pieces that cobweb veil with which fashion hides the feelings of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings; and, as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, Æneas saw the gods themselves at work, so may we, when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agents of God!'

The tendency of a perusal of the whole book is to confirm our previous impressions of the author's character, and perhaps to enlarge our notions of his scientific and metaphysical capacity. Although a man of powerful intelligence, the addition of equally powerful feelings prevented him from being a dry and subtle intellectual machine. He had a warm and generous nature, shown to the general public in his love of liberty, and his intense hatred of everything intolerant and bigotted. His love of knowledge, modified by strong human sympathies, made him an extensive reader of poetry, histories, travels, and delineations of mankind; of all which he could avail himself reproductively in enriching and enlivening his own writings with eloquence and wit. We can trace likewise a few of his favourite subjects of ludicrous illustration and banter. The antediluvian longevity especially took his fancy; and among the standing objects of his fire was the medical profession, on whom perhaps the severest of

his many allusions was that where he recognises a college of physicians, or other licensing corporation, as at one stroke dispensing with the sixth commandment over the three kingdoms.

NOTES ON MUSIC.

It was a remark highly characteristic of the rustic but original genius of Bunyan, that 'as far as human knowledge or notions went, only man, small birds, and angels, had the power of singing.' To some human notions, the grouping, in which man occupies the lowest place, would appear rather invidious; but perhaps the popular allegorist gave it according to his own estimation of musical merit. There have been those who preferred the singing of birds to that of their own species. It was probably the first earthly harmony, and it has flowed on without change or discord through a thousand generations. Heard no matter where, it is still associated with all the memories of greenwoods and fields, which peasant men have known, and poets bequeathed to the world. Who does not remember Wordsworth's picture of the country maid lingering to hear a thrush sing in a London alley, and dreaming of the dell where she had heard such music last?

Naturalists say that birds sing only for joy, and it may be so, in spite of dingy rooms and cages; but human song has a range as wide as that of thought and feeling, and a voice for every variation of our outward or inward life. Doubtless music is intuitive to man, as it is to the thrush and the redbreast, but analogous to the more extensive laws of his progressive existence. All nations sing; and in the lowest stage of civilisation are found rudiments of the harmonious art in the form of air or tune. Among mere savages these are generally monotonous. A missionary mentions that he heard a native of New Guinea sing for upwards of an hour the praises of his deceased chief, but the air was entirely composed of two notes—A on the ascending, and B on the descending scale—being repeated in regular and constant succession. The performer accompanied his song by as regularly rising on the toes of one foot, and sinking on the other; but this companionship of melody and motion is as ancient as song itself, and evidently the parent of dancing.

Among the ancient Greeks various pantomimic gestures were the prescribed accompaniments of different kinds of music, and sometimes one person performed while another gesticulated. Instrumental accompaniments of some description are also known among the rudest tribes: perforated reeds, ox-horns, and great sea-shells, are the most primitive assistants of harmony. Among old and early-civilised nations it is remarkable how little proficiency was made in the construction of musical instruments. The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings. The Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand. The Jewish flute was the same as the Egyptian. Their trumpet was a ram's horn; and they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast was the psaltery, a small triangular harp with wire strings struck with an iron rod. According to Josephus, two hundred thousand musicians with such appliances performed at some of their great national festivals; and the effect on modern ears may be imagined.

Of all the numerous instruments employed in our times, the oldest and most widely-known are the drum, harp, and bagpipe. The first of these, simple as its construction is, has literally played an important part in music. It originated in the north of Asia, and was for more than two thousand years the only instrument known to the rude and roving Tatars. They used it alike in war and in worship, attributing to its sound some mystic influence in the conquest of their enemies and the propitiation of their gods. In the memory of neighbouring nations it was for ages connected with the

devastating marches of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane; and the frontier villages of Hungary and Poland long retained traditions of the Tatar drum, heard through the wilds at midnight, and believed to be beaten by evil spirits. From the Turcoman hordes the Crusaders introduced it into the military bands of Europe, which before their time consisted only of trumpeters; but something of the Tatar trust seems to have attended its progress in Christendom, for a historian of the period gravely attributes the capture of Constantinople by the Venetians to the fact, that they advanced to the assault with a mighty sound of drums, which so terrified the Greeks, that they believed the skies were falling, and took no thought for their city. The wild tale of John Tisca, a Bohemian leader of the fifteenth century, who was said to have laid a dying injunction on his followers to construct a drum of his skin, in order that he might still serve against their enemies, though scarcely authentic, bears witness to the ancient prestige of the drum; and it is curious that Napoleon employed twice as many drummers as were ever before retained in the French army.

The harp is of very doubtful origin. Some say it was invented by the Harpii, an ancient people of Italy, from whom its name was derived; others that it was a product of Scandinavia; but certain it is that this instrument was in special honour and request among all the Celtic nations. By the ancient laws of Wales, it was one of the three things the possession of which constituted a gentle, or rather a free man, and which could not be seized for debt, as their disappearance would infallibly occasion a loss of caste to the owner. The remaining two were a horse and a sword, but the harp was the principal; and in the spirit of tyrannical barbarism, it was forbidden that the peasantry—who were all serfs—should ever be taught its use. In Ireland the harp was invested with a sort of prophetic power. One tradition relates that at a feast given to the O'Neills by the lords of the English Pale, an Irish bard was warned of intended treachery by his harp, on which he could play nothing but a wild war-tune, when endeavouring his best to enliven the festival. The harp is believed to have been used in Scotland before the introduction of the bagpipe, though that is of considerable antiquity. The latter instrument is remarkable as being known to the most distant times and nations. The rustic deity Silenus is represented in antique bas-reliefs as summoning his worshippers by the sound of the bagpipe; the Italian peasants of the Abruzzi play upon it before their household image of the Virgin on festival eves; and it is the principal instrument of the Celestial Empire.

In Gothic sculpture and tracery angels are sometimes portrayed practising on the bagpipe. It was occasionally used in churches before the introduction of the organ, which occurred early in the fifteenth century. Written music came into use about the same time, and both were loudly denounced by many of the old schoolmen as unnecessary and vain innovations. Speaking of sacred music, it may be observed that metrical hymns and choirs were first introduced by Gregory the Great; and previous to his day a kind of chant or recitative only was employed. We also owe our present gamut to an ecclesiastic of the eleventh century, and its name originated from a note which he designated by the Greek letter gamma, identical with our G.

The crude and complex state of musical notation in earlier ages may be guessed from the fact, that the polished and ingenious Greeks had no less than nine hundred and ninety notes in their scale. The earliest mode of printing music was by means of plates. Some of them, made of wood, are still extant, and were cut in the year 1473. Since the invention of our gamut, church music particularly has made rapid progress, and no system of religion has ever yet received so much of song into its service as Christianity—thus proving the friendship of the latter to the most elevating of natural influences. The practice of vocal music has been always

popular, even with sects that extended no patronage to the other fine arts. The Methodists, with all their varieties in England and America—the Moravians and Mennonites of Germany—are rich in the quantity if not the quality of their hymns, and proverbially harmonious singers.

Savages have no song, as we employ the term, their performances being strictly occasional pieces. The Indian chief sings his death-song, and the African mother apostrophises her departed child; but all are extemporary—a passing expression of the feelings of the moment, through which at times, though rarely, there shines a vein of native but rude poetry, which is neither recalled nor transmitted. There is no substitute with them for the popular verse and refrain, which our peasant of a former age learned from his mother, or conned from the broadsheet, and which a few pence will now purchase by scores, with comments and airs attached. Songs, however, appear in a comparatively primitive stage of civilisation. A traveller in Nubia some years ago made an English translation of one of that country's songs. It was sung by a native who had joined his company in Lower Egypt, but remained subdued, and almost silent, till the frontiers of his land were gained, when his spirits suddenly rose, and he astonished them all by volunteering to sing as the party sat round their evening fire. His song exhibits a most familiar vein of Nubian life, and a glimpse of those better doings which, though but scarce at the best, it is possible to meet with in every gradation of humanity. Therein a lady, whose early attractions had been stolen away by successive years, relates her husband's determination to displace her in favour of a younger spouse, and his chagrin because, though a divorce was easily obtained, yet the poultry, which constitute the best part of a Nubian peasant's property, are always the first wife's jointure, and would be carried off by her. Under these circumstances the refrain—'Isn't my hen-house dear to me?'—seems both natural and appropriate. But the dame goes on to tell, that finding her husband hopelessly smitten by the new face, she resolved to be no longer in his way, but 'Went her rival home to call, and gave her henhouse, hens, and all;' on which the African worthy, either learning at last the real worth of what he was about to lose, or suspecting, with sagacious selfishness, that her youthful successor might prove less devoted, absolutely refused to admit the latter to possession, and induced his old wife to remain, with a promise of never again wavering in his allegiance 'till men should comb his burial locks: so now success to hens and cocks,' concludes the lady, with another reference to her esteem of the henhouse. 'The air,' says its translator, 'was light and lively, and I have heard many like it in Nubia.' It is indeed remarkable that African attempts at music are generally of a similar character, even to the negro melodies, with all the alterations and additions to which they have been subjected by American and British performers.

It has been well said that the history of most European nations might be gathered from their songs. This is pre-eminently true of Britain; every change in her public mind or political state may be traced for centuries through the floating fragments of songs and ballads. The destroying War of the Roses, the tumults of the Reformation, the Spanish Armada, and the protracted strife of Cavalier and Roundhead, with its intervening fear of popery—all have been chanted, down to the Revolution of 1688, the Jacobite Rebellions, and the dread of Bonaparte. It is strange to meet in those old airs and rhymes the themes that agitated perished generations, and are now scarcely remembered; but they are almost the only medium through which glances can be caught of the mental history of the masses, unrecorded as it is by either sage or chronicler. Legislators, especially in untaught and arbitrary times, often put forth their power against adverse songs.

It is remarkable that Asia has no political songs. Empires have risen and fallen, creeds prevailed and

sunk, without leaving a single rhyme in the memory of the people; but this is characteristic of all despotic states. Italy, with her acknowledged musical genius, is known to have the fewest political songs of any country in Europe, excepting Russia, where the burthen of all the peasants' ditties is the grandeur of the czar and the exactions of the boyards; but these lays have little variety.

In countries more advanced, every movement has its songs, and those of different periods vary considerably in the quality of the composition. The best songs of Spain relate to the Moorish times; of France, to the days of the Empire; and those of Germany belong to the present century. Of the British kingdoms, Scotland has the richest treasury of songs, both old and new; while the entire singing stock of England is remarkably inferior; and the finest songs of Ireland are those of discontent and agitation. The affinity of Scottish and Irish music is a matter of notoriety, and their similarity seems strange, considering the difference of national history and character; but both had their well-springs in the Celtic times, when the isles were occupied by one people. The popular airs of Ireland are almost entirely of Celtic origin; and it is remarkable that after the lyrical contributions of Moore, and many less celebrated poets, a great number of them still remain without words. Whether the verses to which they were adapted have perished in the decay of the Gaelic language, or whether they ever had any, is not now ascertainable; but they continue to prove the immense proficiency of the Celtic race in music compared with their progress in any of its sister arts, or in literature. Yet the composers were, as among every primitive people, poets also—the title of bard always including both professions; and under this denomination the English governors issued several severe edicts against them, as idle vagabonds and fomenters of rebellion. The order, however, lingered on till comparatively modern times, evincing considerable genius, and wearing their *cauback*, or canonical dress, which must have originated in an early stage of civilisation, as it consisted of a robe and mantle entirely composed of plaited rushes, with a conical cap and tassels of the same. The last who appeared thus attired in public was Jerome Duigenan, who lived about the middle of the last century; and the occasion was that of a musical combat between him and a Welsh harper, which came off in the Irish House of Commons before the hours of business, and was attended by all the members.

It is worthy of remark, that though music and poetry have always been united in the earliest ideas of nations, and the oldest poems, even those of Homer, are said to have been sung by their author, yet, since the revival of literature in Europe, there has appeared no individual who was great in both departments. On the contrary, many persons eminent for poetical abilities have been regardless of music as an art; admiring more the simple peasant airs of their respective countries than the most elaborate opera or difficult sonata. Sir Walter Scott cared only for songs the words of which pleased him; Byron said that to him opera music seemed only a succession of extraordinary sounds; and Goethe listened to nothing with such pleasure as the old songs and hymns of Germany. Philosophers have rarely been partial to artistic displays of music. Lamorte used to say that 'life was too short to expend part of it in learning to make a noise.' But he had no ear for harmony, vocal or instrumental.

The first attempts at opera music were made at Florence in 1597; but it was rather an imitation of the chant employed by the ancient Greek chorus, and sometimes used in the most serious subjects. The father of Galileo the astronomer composed in a similar manner music for the entire Lamentations of Jeremiah, and sang them to his violin in presence of large assemblies. All the dramas of that period were on religious subjects; but the oldest of the operatic kind is said to have been performed at Venice in honour of Henry III.,

when he visited that city on his journey from Poland, the throne of which he had resigned to receive the crown of France. Those compositions were followed by the masques, so dear to the courts of Elizabeth and all her successors, till the accession of the Hanoverian line, when something like the present theatrical music began to exist.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

WE have occasionally drawn attention to the fact, that chiefly through the exertions of Sheriff Watson, Aberdeen took and has kept the lead in the matter of Schools of Industry for reclaiming vagrant children. Those who take an interest in this subject will be glad to learn that success the most eminent has attended the operation of these schools. With slender funds picked up from the benevolent—the bulk of the people giving nothing—the schools have weathered every difficulty, and the results exceed all ordinary expectation. To show the good effects which have been produced, we may state a few facts gathered from a printed paper just put into our hands, purporting to be an abstract of certain particulars respecting the rural constabulary of Aberdeenshire from April 1841 to April 1850.

The vagrants apprehended in 1841 were 928 men, 1203 women, and 328 children—total 2459. From this year there is a gradual but small decrease till 1845, when the Industrial Schools were fully in operation. After 1845 the decrease of vagrancy becomes remarkable. In the year ending April 1846, the vagrants apprehended were 510 men, 617 women, and 14 children; in 1847, 381 men, 531 women, and 6 children; in 1848, 429 men, 458 women, and 6 children; in 1849, 505 men, 400 women, and 1 child; and in 1850, 523 men, 387 women, and 2 children. Thus, in nine years, the total number of vagrants has sunk from 2459 to 912. The most marked decline, however, is in the number of vagrant children, which has sunk from 328 to 2. Practically, juvenile vagrancy and crime have been extirpated in Aberdeenshire. Perhaps this result is not altogether imputable to the Industrial Schools: we observe that from 1841 to 1850, the number of rural constables has increased from 17 to 37 (expense of constabulary increased only from £1185 to £1385), and a sharper practice of picking up vagrants, or turning them back at the borders of the county, may have had its due influence. At all events, these are the facts, which offer matter for serious inquiry and consideration.

From a variety of papers which have reached us, we are inclined to believe that the subject of juvenile pauperism, vagrancy, and crime, has been more closely and practically investigated in Aberdeenshire than elsewhere. The success of the Schools of Industry in that part of the country has suggested to their supporters that the whole state of the law in relation to young criminals is defective. For example, to take up a deserted and ignorant child for stealing, and deal with him as if he were a responsible being, is believed to be a scandalous abuse of power, and, to say the least of it, demoralising; for, as destitute children are better treated in prison than out of it, they care not how often they are convicted and imprisoned. According to Mr Watson, there are at all times and in all places a certain number of improvident and wicked parents, who pay no attention whatever to their children; leave them to beg, or steal, or to play about the streets all day long; and who would, on the whole, be rather glad if their progeny died than otherwise. The law provides no sort of punishment for these monsters. It takes a parent to task for deserting his child; but there is a kind of misusage infinitely worse than desertion, and it is this the law neglects. Take a case that lately came under our notice. A widower in good health and employment took no care whatever of his children. They were taught nothing, and knew nothing. Allowed to go in rags, these rags were never taken off; the poor little creatures huddled together for warmth among

dirty straw at night, and they vagranded during the day; if they got any food at home, it was chiefly raw meal. The charity of neighbours ultimately did something to mitigate this dismal state of affairs, but the law could not get at the parent. If he preferred bringing up his children like wild beasts, it was nobody's business. Now what is wanted is a power of reaching persons of this class. Whether their negligence arises from natural weakness of mind or from perversity, is of little consequence; the harm they inflict on society is the same. To this class of persons, various in their degrees of improvidence, may be traced the great mass of juvenile wretchedness and precocious depravity. It will be said that Schools of Industry, by administering food as well as instruction to vagrant children, must have the effect of augmenting the number of improvidents. But with judicious management this result is not observable. Sheriff Watson tells us that the number of improvident parents is not sensibly increased in Aberdeen. If we understand him rightly, improvidence exists in a fixed quantity: in every population, look after it as you will, the stock of improvidence keeps up. The means adopted to check intemperance, to cultivate and refine feelings, will in time, it is to be hoped, lessen the proportion of drunkards and bad managers; but at present we must take society as we find it, and legislate accordingly.

But on whom should the duty fall of rectifying an evident and gross abuse? A certain number of badly-behaved persons turn their children into the streets; these children are so much of a nuisance, that benevolent persons, though not well able to afford it, catch them, send them to school, and give them food and education—their only reward being the hope of checking crime in the bud. These people are clearly doing what the public should do: they are giving themselves a world of trouble with what is properly no business of theirs as individuals.

Against this burthen upon private charity we raise our unqualified protest. If it is the duty of society to hang felons, it is equally the duty of society to prevent children from growing up to be felons. In some measure to reach the evil, Mr Watson and others connected with the Aberdeenshire Prisons Board suggest that a law should be enacted to give magistrates the power of capturing vagrant and neglected children, and sending them to an Industrial School, with recourse against the parent, or against the parish if the parent is a pauper. When the child is incorrigible, and repeatedly deserts the school for the sake of vagabondising, the sheriff, with the concurrence of a jury of seven persons, shall be entitled to pronounce a sentence of expatriation. According to the proposed bill, the exile is to be subject for a time to a colonial school of reform; but as this would involve a heavy expense, it might be sufficient that he was apprenticed in the colonies to any respectable party who might desire his services. There may be objections to the expatriating part of the plan, but none, we think, to the scheme of compulsory attendance at school at the expense of the parent. So far we cordially assent to the proposal. A child put into prison costs the country £20 per annum; whereas the cost of his maintenance at an Industrial School is but £5 per annum; at Aberdeen it is only £3, 10s. We almost fear, however, that the proposal to substitute prevention for punishment of crime has little chance of meeting serious attention from the legislative mind of the country. Members of parliament, from their habits and associations, are not yet prepared by out-of-door discussion to give heed to the subject; and we regret to learn that one of the metropolitan daily papers has thought fit to throw out suspicions as to the efficacy of Ragged Schools in preventing crime; indeed the said paper rather goes the length of averring that these schools, by promoting the intercourse of the vicious, tend to foster crime among the juvenile wanderers of the streets. This allegation is doubtless far from the truth. Ragged or Industrial Schools, when carefully conducted, as we believe them

generally to be, are effecting no small good; though it is tolerably clear that until some practical and cheap plan of removing neglected children to fields of usefulness in the colonies be adopted—for it must come to that—the system of reclamation will remain incomplete.

We are able to state that in Edinburgh, and also in Glasgow, the Industrial Schools which were some time ago established have been the means of reclaiming large masses of poor and neglected children, and lessening the number of criminal cases brought before the tribunals. It must, however, be added, that the streets of the above cities are still disfigured with troops of loitering children in rags, who either will not attend the Schools of Industry, or are, on various grounds, not eligible for admission. To gather up these fragments of the juvenile population, charity schools of a different class make the most earnest and praiseworthy efforts. In Glasgow an attempt has been made to reach the utterly neglected children of the streets by means of Sunday schooling. The association which professes to follow out this plan appears, from a report that has come into our hands, to have been remarkably successful. At present two schools are in operation: they are conducted by 24 teachers, who act gratuitously, and are attended by 250 children. No child is admitted who attends any other school. The benefits of the institution are open only to 'destitute and neglected orphans; to children whose parents are unable to pay for their education, or indifferent whether they receive any; to such as are sent early to work, and who, from exhaustion of body, if taught at all, must be taught on Sunday; in short, to the poorest, the most ignorant, the most helpless children that can be got.' The progress made by this benevolent scheme—which embraces instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, along with a simple kind of religious and moral admonition—is stated in the report to be very gratifying. A collection of disorderly and ignorant children has, by dint of culture, been transformed into a body of well-behaved youth, fitted for earning their bread in a creditable manner.

We have had no opportunity of knowing anything personally of these schools, but should hope they meet with the encouragement of benevolently-disposed individuals. They show what can be done by zeal tempered with the kindest spirit of Christianity; reminding us of what has been done elsewhere—Aberdeen for one place—in getting up Ragged Churches—a new class of places for public worship on Sundays, which have been opened exclusively for the benefit of the neglected, the ragged, the miserable—that great non-descript class whose harbourage is on the confines of crime and poverty, and with which every large city alarmingly abounds.

THE NAMELESS SHELL.

On the Boulevard Montmartre, in Paris, may be seen a shop devoted to the sale of various curiosities in natural history. There is constantly a group of persons outside the windows, attracted by the articles exhibited; and when you open the door, and enter, you find presiding within not an ordinary shopkeeper, but an accomplished artist. Very rarely is he to be found alone; his magazine being a regular rendezvous for travellers, artists, naturalists, and authors—in short, for all the literary celebrities of Paris. Jemning, already the glory of natural science; Wilson, the principal former of the Museum in Philadelphia; Philippe Rousseau, who paints animals to the life; Delgorgue, the intrepid elephant hunter; Gray, so distinguished amongst English naturalists; Mitchell, the director of the London Zoological Gardens; Henri Mounier, the rival of Moirère; Alphonse Rarr; Deshayes, perfect master of conchology; Lafresnaye, equally distinguished among ornithologists; Emile Blanchard, who devotes his life to the study and dissection of living microscopic atoms; Delamarre Piquot, who searches the remotest quarters

of the globe for alimentary substances wherewith to enrich Europe; M. Michelin, who devotes his leisure hours to the collection and classification of rare polypi—these and many others may be found studying, admiring, drawing, and describing the strange animals which, from all parts of the world, are consigned to the shop on the Boulevard Montmartre; thence to be distributed among the collections of Europe and America.

Undisturbed by the buzz of brilliant conversation continually going on, the master of the establishment does not lose a single moment: he gives orders, he classifies, describes, and sends off his treasures, frequently as gifts, to enrich various museums. One evening, as he was very busy in classifying a collection of shells, according to the method of Lamarck, one of his visitors, taking up a rare specimen of the *helix*, or snail-shell, said, 'Ah, I can never look at this species without recalling an incident which I witnessed here, and which I will now tell you.'

'I happened to be in the magazine one evening just like this about ten years ago. A lamp from the ceiling, which enlightened the centre, left the corners of the room in deep shade, while the ruddy firelight played fantastically on the strange animals and grotesque objects piled around the walls. The master of the shop, who was then, as now, busily sorting shells, suddenly took one which chance had placed under his hand, and presented it to a tall, gray-haired old man, who had been silently seated in the background. The latter approached the lamp, examined the shell, smiled, sighed, and placed it in his pocket. A slight crash was heard as he quietly resumed his seat. Seeing many inquisitive eyes fixed on him, he said, "I have broken it." And throwing the fragments of the delicate shell on the floor, he ground them to powder beneath his heel.

'For some moments there was a profound silence. It was broken by the old man, who with a sad smile said, "Gentlemen, I will tell you why I have broken this shell. Mine is a strange weakness," he continued; "and yet if I can hope to find indulgence for it anywhere, it must be among you, who are yourselves collectors, and who might perhaps, under similar circumstances, even imitate it. That shell was a *helix*, which has never hitherto been named nor depicted. In my collection I possess the only specimen of it known to the scientific world, and which I purchased ten years ago in this magazine. The first time that I saw this unique shell my heart beat quick with joy. I was poor, but at any price I must possess it. Intoxicated with joy, I carried it home, and I passed whole days in contemplating it, studying it, and examining its most minute details. It took me two years to pay its price—two long years of privation. Every month I brought in a small sum, often saved from the necessities of life. But what signified that? I possessed the shell; it was mine alone; no one could show another similar! I would not allow it to be described; when I showed it to some few of the initiated, it was on the condition that they would not mention it in their Fauna. Never was devoted lover more blindly jealous of his beloved one than I was—than I am of my *helix*!

"Shortly after I had paid its price in full, I strolled in here one evening as usual. Happening to open a case of newly-arrived shells, I started back with a loud cry. There I beheld a *helix* precisely similar to my own! Fancy my grief—my despair! My treasured shell was no longer unique—some other collector would possess one similar! Although very poor, I did not hesitate: I purchased the *helix*, and carried it home; but this time without any joy of heart. I possessed a few good pictures, an old and cherished family inheritance; these I sold to pay for the second shell, which, as soon as it became mine, I ground to atoms.

"Three years passed on, and want pressed heavily on my old age. The failure of a bank deprived me of a sum which had served to eke out my trifling pension, and enable me from time to time to add a few good shells

to my collection. Cut off from this resource, my sole enjoyment consisted in contemplating my beloved shell; never was I tired of examining my *helix*! Never shall I forget the sickness of heart which oppressed me when one evening I saw in yonder cabinet *three shells* like mine! I took them quietly in my hand, examined them carefully, and gave them back to our friend, their owner. 'I cannot buy them,' said I. He looked at me earnestly, and saw my paleness and my tears; for, gentlemen, I was weeping like a child. He smiled, took a hammer, and pulverised the three precious *helices*! You all witnessed what he did just now. May God bless him for his disinterested kindness towards an old friend! I should die of despair, gentlemen, if I thought any one else possessed a *helix* like mine." So saying, the old man rose and went out, wrapping himself up in his tattered mantle.

'Four years ago death separated the old conchologist from that which formed his life: one morning he was found stiff and cold seated before his cabinet, his glazed eyes still fixed on the beloved shell. His collection was purchased by our friend, who had shown such considerate sympathy for the old man's jealous weakness; and, strange to say, up to the present time no other *helix* of the same kind has been brought to Europe. To an uninitiated eye the shell has nothing either curious or beautiful in its appearance: its rarity forms its sole value. At this moment one of our most learned conchologists is engaged in classifying and describing it: he also intends to publish a drawing of its form. I hope that, in memory of its first possessor, he will call it the *Helix Innominata*—the Nameless Snail-Shell.'

EMIGRATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

An interesting story is told by the 'Glasgow Saturday Post' of the adventures of a young lady, Miss Mary Brown. She was the daughter of a gentleman lately dead, and inherited a small property from him, on which she lived. Her only near relative in Glasgow was a 'ne'er-do-weel' brother, a cab-driver, who, having himself been disinherited, constantly teased her, and extorted money from her. Having friends in America, she determined to emigrate, and took her passage by the City of Glasgow steamer, which left on Tuesday. Her brother, disappointed and vexed at her intended departure, formed a scheme to detain her. A trumpety claim was reared up, and a *meditatione fugæ* warrant applied for. This he swore to, and got the warrant. Armed with this authority, and attended by two sheriff's officers, he watched the sailing of the vessel. Miss Brown, with her friends, was on board; they remained with her till the signal for sailing was given, and, bidding her farewell, they went on shore, and walked down the quay. Now was the cab-driver's opportunity. Seeing his sister deserted by her friends, and no help at hand, he sneaked on board the vessel, and caused her to be apprehended in presence of the passengers, the ship's crew, and the immense multitude of onlookers. In vain did she remonstrate against such shameful conduct—violence was resorted to, and she was dragged on shore, and, refusing to listen to their proposals for letting her off, she was carried before Sheriff Bell. The sheriff, after hearing the evidence, detected the trick, and dismissed the case. She left the sheriff's office, and met her friends: she was now freed from her tormentors. A new dilemma arose. The vessel had sailed—Miss Brown's passage was paid, and all her luggage on board. To overtake the vessel seemed hopeless, but still she was resolved to make the attempt. Hiring a cab, she drove to the Greenock railway station, and finding a train on the point of starting, was speedily conveyed to Greenock. Fresh misfortunes seemed to arise—the City of Glasgow steamer had passed Greenock nearly half an hour before the arrival of the train, and was seen slowly steaming past Gourock. A Gourock steamer was leaving the quay, and Miss Brown went on board of it. The Gourock steamer was rapidly overhauling the huge City of Glasgow, when all on a sudden the latter was seen to 'bout ship,' and steam towards Greenock. The cause of this sudden change arose from an accident which happened to the oil cistern on board. A steam-tug was despatched to Greenock for a fresh supply of oil, and hence the delay which proved so fortunate for the persecuted orphan. Taking a small boat, Miss Brown was rowed

towards the vessel, and received on board amid the cheers of the passengers. A new matter of consternation now arose: the captain, thinking she would not get away, had landed all her luggage at Greenock, and there was no hope of getting it. Further vexation was put an end to by the return of the tug carrying the oil, with all Miss Brown's luggage on board. Certain friends at Greenock had seen her luggage on the quay, and forwarded it with the tug. Thus were all further impediments happily got over.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS AND TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

There is another subject connected with the general taxation of the country in which the interests of all Mechanics' Institutions are deeply involved, and respecting which, without departing from their neutrality on political questions, they ought certainly, particularly at the present time, to make their views known by petitions to the legislature. These taxes are the duty on paper, on advertisements, and the stamp on newspapers. To these all the institutions are, necessarily, large contributors; for after paying rent, salaries, and lecturers, nearly all the remaining expenditure is for books, newspapers, periodicals, printing, and advertising. There are thirty-six institutions in Lancashire and Cheshire that take 109 weekly, 262 monthly, and 43 quarterly periodicals; 86 daily, and 327 other newspapers. The cost of these is about one-sixth of the entire revenue, and the tax upon the newspapers alone is equal to 3 per cent. on the income. This of course is quite irrespective of the paper duty, that enhances the price of books, periodicals, and printing; and of the advertisement duty, that in many instances prevents that publicity being given to the nature and proceedings of the institutions so essential to their welfare. On the smaller institutions these taxes press heavily; and there is no doubt that their repeal would greatly increase the prosperity and usefulness of all.—*Report of the Central Committee of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions.*

ZOOLOGY OF AUSTRALIA.

Geological researches into the structure of the globe show that a succession of physical changes have modified its surface from the earliest period up to the present time, and that these changes have been accompanied with variations not only in the phases of animal and vegetable life, but often in the development also of organization; and as these changes cannot be supposed to have been operating uniformly over the entire surface of the globe in the same periods of time, we should naturally be prepared for finding the now existing Fauna of some regions exhibiting a higher state of development than that of others; accordingly, if we contrast the Fauna of the old continents of geographers with the zoology of Australia and New Zealand, we find a wide difference in the degree of organization which creation has reached in these respective regions. In New Zealand, with the exception of a *Vespertilio* and a *Mus*, which latter is said to exist there, but which has not yet been sent to this country, the most highly-organized animal hitherto discovered, either fossil or recent, is a bird; in Australia, if compared with New Zealand, creation appears to have considerably advanced, but even here the order *Rodentia* is the highest in the scale of its indigenous animal productions; the great majority of its quadrupeds being the *Marsupialia* (kangaroos, &c.) and the *Monotremata* (*Echidna* and *Ornithorhynchus*), which are the very lowest of the mammalia; and its ornithology being characterised by the presence of certain peculiar genera—*Tulegalla*, *Leipoa*, and *Megapodius*; birds which do not incubate their own eggs, and which are perhaps the lowest representatives of their class; while the low organization of its botany is indicated by the remarkable absence of fruit-bearing trees, the *Cerealia*, &c.—*Gould's Birds of Australia.*

NEGLECTING THE ANTECEDENT.

Some very whimsical instances of this occur continually, especially in the answers of witnesses when given literally as they speak. In a late assault case the prosecutor swore that 'the prisoner struck him with a broom on his head till he broke the top of it!' In narrating an incident some time since, it was stated that a poor old woman was run over by a cart *aged sixty*. So in a case of supposed poisoning: 'He had something in a blue paper in his hand, and I saw him put his head over the pot, and put it in!' Another, swallowing a base coin: 'He snatched the half-crown from the boy, which he swallowed;' which seems

to mean the boy, not the money. An old fellow, who for many years sold combustible matches in London, had the following cry: 'Buy a pennyworth of matches of a poor old man made of foreign wood!'—*New York Christmas Bell.*

DO NOT WEEP.

I ONCE was young, but now am old; I once was fair, now gray;
A summer child, for I was born upon a summer day.
Our home stood in a valley lone—it was an ancient hall—
With slanting roof, and gable sides, and ivy on the wall.

Not more unruly sure was I than petted children are,
Though I was nurtured with far more than usual love and care;
A faithful nurse watched over me from when I first saw light,
And ceaseless was her tending love throughout the day and night.

A picture hung within the hall—'twas of the Holy Child;
I used, as evening shadows fell, to think the blest One smiled;
And when with awe I told my nurse, she said, 'Remember this—
The gracious Saviour never smiles on those who do amiss.'

Sometimes, with childish fits oppress—in frowardness or pain—
Recounting my imagined woes, 'twas pleasant to complain;
By tender accents reassured—'Be patient—do not weep:
Perchance the angels may come down with healing in your sleep.'

My heart received the portraiture, though oft it disappears,
Reviving with the sacred warmth of penitential tears;
And at the solemn midnight hour bright visions still reveal
The smile of bliss ineffable whose influence I feel.

As years bring sorrow in their train, dim smiles, and stifled sighs—
Imaginary grief dispelled by stern realities—
A haunting voice yet seems to say, 'Be patient—do not weep:
Perchance the angels may come down with healing in your sleep.'

C. A. M. W.

BOOK-TRADE OF THE EAST.

We have learned with pleasure that the Board of Education is extending the number of its publications in the native languages. After all that can be said for our English (and much can), it must be owned that neither here nor anywhere can the body of any people be addressed to a good purpose but in their own tongue. The art of printing has made great advances of late years in Bombay—particularly the lithographic branch, for which the chief Eastern languages are well adapted. We were told the other day that as many as six different editions of the entire Koran in Arabic have been lately worked off in Bombay, consisting in the aggregate of about 15,000 copies. There is great facility for such work in Bombay, and 'the freedom of the press' must thus already be dear to nations who only enjoy it from a distance. The Koran, we are told, thus printed in Bombay, is despatched to Persia, Arabia, &c. and instead of costing fifteen, twenty, or thirty rupees each, as very ordinary copies used to do, now sells for three, and sometimes two rupees, with a good profit to the printer. In this way Bombay may now be considered the book-store of a great part of Central Asia. It is strange to think that the arts of Christians should thus be used in spreading so much of idolatry and error. But as the sun shines on the just and on the unjust, so are these arts applied for good purposes as well as bad. It is consolatory to know that good will be the crowning result.—*Indian paper.*

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'MORNING DREAMS ARE TRUE.'

SHAKESPEARE talks of attempting impossibilities, yea, getting the better of them; and the expression has been set down by some as a specimen of the figure of speech not uncommon among great authors, and termed in the vulgar Nonsense. We do not coincide in this view. We think, on the contrary, that there is a strain of philosophy in the seeming paradox. The impossible, or what is termed such, is not an entity, but merely a condition. What is impossible to one man is easy to another; and the impossibilities of one age are commonplace transactions in the next. The imagination does not create, but merely exaggerate and combine, and thus its wildest dreams, dealing as they do, so far as materials are concerned, in the real, turn out not unfrequently to be prophecies. But the world is slow in recognising its seers, and many a truth announced in bygone ages has still its place in fable.

It is the custom of the poets of these degenerate days to complain of the loss of their impossibilities, of the flight of their fairies and genii, of the disenchantment of their talismans, and of the general decadence of the preternatural world. The complaint, however, does not prove the absence of the spiritual, but of the faith required to perceive it; and in losing faith, poetry loses its soul. To an enlightened eye, the poetical machinery of the early time has, in our day, a more obvious existence than ever. It is traced in its works. The substance has come that hitherto cast only its shadow before; the impossible is the actual. What we want is not poetry, but poets; and what we have lost is not spiritual agencies, but the quality of vision necessary to recognise them under new forms and new names.

The hard and cold unbelief which distinguishes the present age is one of the most remarkable of its moral phenomena. Surrounded by wonders, nothing to us is wonderful. We despise the faith of the early world because it has been consummated in this; and knowing *how* a miracle is wrought, we deny that it has anything to do with the miraculous at all. With what delighted faith we used to sit on that little bit of Oriental carpet, which, on our forming the wish, conveyed us away hundreds of miles at a pace vastly greater than that of the fleetest courser! As extraordinary was that wooden horse which, on a peg in his shoulder being turned in a particular way, set off with us, like the wind, whithersoever we chose to go. All this passed in imagination. There was no carpet, no horse, no flight; yet everything was as true as the most indisputable truth of science. It merely erred a little in point of time. In those days, we provincials might in reality have sat long enough on a carpet, and turned ever so many pegs, before reaching London by such agency; but now the prophecy has come true—the substance has followed the shadow; and

if we desire to perform the journey, we have only to sit quietly down, and in a few hours we shall find ourselves at a distance of 400 miles, which it took our grandfathers a fortnight's painful travel to reach. What matters it that our carpet is spread on the seat of a handsome carriage?—that our horse is of iron instead of wood—that he breathes smoke and flame—that his snortings are heard at a mile's distance—that, instead of mounting into the air, he flies on and under the earth? These things only add to the poetry of the journey, and indicate the shortcomings of the prophecy. But the one mode of conveyance is endowed with its capabilities by magic, the other by science. And what then? This only proves that science is as wonderful and poetical as magic, if it does not rather show that the two things are identical; that the science of the learned is the magic of the ignorant.

But suppose, as regards this journey performed by the turning of a peg, that some more powerful enchanter, knowing by his art the route the travellers had taken—perhaps a fugitive pair of lovers—had desired to anticipate and astonish them by meeting them full in the face on their arrival—what plan would he have adopted? We cannot tell. The genius of romance never took so bold a flight; it never imagined anything of the sort; and what is an incident of our every-day life, was to it a true impossibility. *Our* lovers may set off when they please; they may travel at the absurdly-impossible rate, as it was deemed a few years ago, of fifty or sixty miles an hour; and on arriving at their destination, they will find themselves recognised, and taken into custody, by a functionary who never saw them before in his life. By and by the same thing will occur with the British Channel for a portion of the route to their supposed haven of rest and safety. The only difference in this case will be, that although they pursue their undeviating course without a moment's pause or divergence, in the very teeth of the wind, the continental minister of the new enchantment will have much trouble to while away the time till the arrival of his expected victims. We know of no fairy tale to equal this. The wonders we despise as our morning dreams, as the obsolete faith of our credulous youth and more credulous forefathers, were mere prologues—or productions, to speak by the card—of exact mathematical lines; and the world, in its onward whirl, has overtaken and gone beyond them without knowing it. Beyond them? Is there any comparison between the electric telegraph and a preternatural courier with seven-league boots? Only seven leagues at a stride! What clumsy enchanters! what slow imaginations! If these are the impossibilities—if these are the lost ministers and vanished faith that are deplored, let us lose no time in catching up the poets like little boys in the street, and sending them to a Ragged School.

Then to think of that fabulous bird on which an adventurous traveller might seat himself astride, and soar up to the clouds, or span the distant mountains! What a poor contrivance was this compared with the aerial ship which now-a-days carries a party of ladies and gentlemen to take the air out of sight of the earth! The roc was not always at hand when wanted; his services were at the best accidental; but the balloon is moored in our own premises, and is ready at a reasonable notice for the voyage. Was there ever a more indubitable miracle than may be performed by a boy's kite enchanted by science into an electrical machine, which brings down a shower of rain, when desired, from some thin, fleecy, feathery cloud that scarcely hides the blue of the heavens? But modern miracles, owing to their familiarity, have ceased to astonish us. If we were told of some good fairy who, to requite the hospitality of a husbandman, sprinkled upon his exhausted field, for which ordinary irrigation could do nothing, a certain magical liquid which made his crops grow as if from a virgin soil, we should smile at the idle dream—unconscious of its being realised every day before our eyes. The most common appliances of our present every-day life would have been the source of superstitious wonderment in former times. A lucifer match would have startled for a moment Lucifer himself; but what would the world have said, only a little while ago, if some modern magician had proposed to light our streets and dwellings by means of a thing without visible or tangible substance?

Some of the miracles of former times have a more recondite affinity with those of the present. Such is the salve applied to the eye which enabled it to see the treasures of the subterranean world. This salve has with us only a spiritual meaning: it is geological science, which opens the eyes of ignorance, and points out the localities where the mineral riches we seek are to be found. But there would be no end to such analogies. The retinue of Cinderella herself would be merely the charms and graces of good temper; her jewels, her own beaming eyes full of love and kindly feeling; and her glass slipper, the measure of sympathetic beauty which the prince carried in his heart. It is the business of poetry to discover these occult meanings of fable; but it is that of philosophy to inquire into the instinctive yearnings of the human mind after a dominion beyond the grasp of its age and knowledge. Thousands of years ago the world prophesied, though unconsciously even to the prophets, of the achievements of to-day. Faint and feeble were its foreshadowings, and not unfrequently rude and grotesque; but they showed a something inherent in man's nature which spurned at the fetters that controlled it, and made itself a home in the unknown and invisible, as if feeling that there was the future of the race.

Nor was this blind groping, or fierce and frantic grasping of the spirit, without its effect on actual progress. Science owes much to fable, truth to falsehood, faith to superstition. Astrology was the nurse of astronomy; the ignis fatuus of alchemy lighted the path of chemistry; and the wildest dreams of magic had some rays of truth, which in after-times were concentrated into a useful flame. The age which looks with a dull cold eye upon bygone superstitions has nothing promising even in its mechanical perfection. Progress is the history and the destiny of the human race; and knowing this, we must regard with respect the connection between its youth and its comparative maturity.

Our present condition is maturity only in comparison

with the past; it is infancy in comparison with the future. The prosaic character of the age has no existence but in prosaic minds. Old dreams are realised, old impossibilities conquered; but new dreams and new impossibilities arise out of the circumstances of our new position. We were prophesied of by the men of old, and it is our turn to prophesy of the men who are to come. But we have made some advance in the art magic, that is certain. When hundreds of miles out of sight of land, if we desire a cup of coffee, and have no water to make it, what do we do? Why, we merely turn the brine of the ocean into fresh water. But milk?—milk has become a necessary ingredient in a modern magician's coffee. So it has, and he therefore brings it with him to sea in a concentrated form, and a pinch of powder completes the *café au lait*. This, however, is a trifle. With proper appliances beside him, he will extract from solid substances certain invisible and intangible gases, and by means of electricity, resolve them, in the twinkling of an eye, into real water itself. In like manner he teaches the sun to do what that luminary never thought of doing of its own accord: he divides its beams into their actinic, calorific, and luminous components, and may be seen at work with all three—taking portraits with the one, and cooking his dinner with the other, by the light of the third.

No, the days of magic have not gone by, and never will; and the genii of nature will exist as long as nature herself. The region of the unknown and invisible has no sublunary limit; and that age which is destitute of its poets and prophets, of its dreamers and soothsayers, to stimulate the imagination, to elevate the conceptions, to nerve the energies of its pioneers and pathfinders, is destitute of one of the grand elements of progress. The external agent of instantaneous communication between points separate perhaps a thousand miles, is merely an iron wire manufactured by a mechanic—but what is that immortal messenger who makes the iron its path? The early world would have given it a name, a form, a personality, and assigned it a range and a province; but we, who live under a new dispensation in which the former is fulfilled, have nobler superstitions, and aim at grander impossibilities. We imagine that every power of nature of which God has given us any revelation at all is a destined Slave of the Lamp, which may be subdued by study, and watching, and courage, to the power of Man; and that the light, the rain, the thunder, the principles of electricity, attraction, gravitation, will all become ministers of our will. We have already discovered a *Nepenthe*, of which Homer only dreamed; and we endure by its aid the most frightful surgical operations with a smile on our face, and frequently a sensation of enjoyment at our heart. We are now working at a problem, the solution of which (already obtained on the small scale of experiment) will relieve the anxieties we have begun to feel on account of unborn generations on the subject of fuel. The forests will in a great measure give way to cultivation, and the coal-fields in process of time be exhausted; and on this consummation it is our project to burn water instead of wood and coal. This we propose to effect by separating its hydrogen, and combining it with the carbon derived from any otherwise useless substance.

This is only a specimen of the impossibilities of the day; but numerous as they are, we desire to have many more. Without superstition in science we shall never arrive at faith. Youth must precede maturity, and poets philosophers. Our youth, therefore, and our

poetry, must be immortal, since ours is a course of immortal progress; and he who fancies—which many do—that the present age is essentially unpoetical, is a traitor to its spirit, and an impediment in the way of its advance. We know that there are unwholesome as well as wholesome dreams—that there are visions born of indigestion, when the sun is absent from the sky, and the night-hag rides the breast: but these may easily be distinguished by the pain, and gloom, and terror that environ them. The wholesome imaginings of poetry are lofty, radiant, hopeful: they belong to the fresh dawn, to the awaking flowers, to the brightening heavens. Dream thus and then, poets, prophets, interpreters of the age, for 'morning dreams are true!'

L. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE TWINS.

THE records of police courts afford but imperfect evidence of the business really effected by the officers attached to them. The machinery of English criminal law is, in practice, so subservient to the caprice of individual prosecutors, that instances are constantly occurring in which flagrant violations of natural justice are, from various motives, corrupt and otherwise, withdrawn not only from the cognisance of judicial authority, but from the reprobation of public opinion. Compromises are usually effected between the apprehension of the inculpated parties and the public examination before a magistrate. The object of prosecution has been perhaps obtained by the preliminary step of arrest, or a criminal understanding has been arrived at in the interval; and it is then found utterly hopeless to proceed, however manifest may have appeared the guilt of the prisoner. If you adopt the expedient of compelling the attendance of the accused, it is, in nine cases out of ten, mere time and trouble thrown away. The utter forgetfulness of memory, the loose recollection of facts so vividly remembered but a few hours before, the delicately-scrupulous hesitation to depose confidently to the clearest verities evinced by the reluctant prosecutor, render a conviction almost impossible; so that, except in cases of flagrant and startling crimes, which are of course earnestly prosecuted by the crown lawyers, offences against 'our sovereign lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity,' as criminal indictments run, if no aggrieved subject voluntarily appears to challenge justice in behalf of his liege lady, remain unchastised, and not unfrequently unexposed. From several examples of this prevalent abuse which have come within my own knowledge, I select the following instance, merely changing the names of the parties:—

My services, the superintendent late one afternoon informed me, were required in a perplexed and entangled affair, which would probably occupy me for some time, as orders had been given to investigate the matter thoroughly. 'There,' he added, 'is a Mr Repton, a highly-respectable country solicitor's card. He is from Lancashire, and is staying at Webb's Hotel, Piccadilly. You are to see him at once. He will put you in possession of all the facts—surmises rather, I should say, for the facts, to my apprehension, are scant enough—connected with the case, and you will then use all possible diligence to ascertain first if the alleged crime has been really committed, and if so, of course to bring the criminal or criminals to justice.'

I found Mr Repton, a stout, bald-headed, gentlemanly person, apparently about sixty years of age, just in the act of going out. 'I have a pressing engagement for this evening, Mr Waters,' said he, after glancing at the introductory note I had brought, 'and cannot possibly go into the business with the attention and minuteness it requires till the morning. But I'll tell you what: one of the parties concerned, and the one, too, with

whom you will have especially to deal, is, I know, to be at Covent Garden Theatre this evening. It is of course necessary that you should be thoroughly acquainted with his person; and if you will go with me in the cab that is waiting outside, I will step with you into the theatre, and point him out.' I assented; and on entering Covent Garden pit, Mr Repton, who kept behind me, to avoid observation, directed my attention to a group of persons occupying the front seats of the third box in the lower tier from the stage, on the right-hand side of the house. They were—a gentleman of about thirty years of age; his wife, a very elegant person, a year or two younger; and three children, the eldest of whom, a boy, could not have been more than six or seven years old. This done, Mr Repton left the theatre, and about two hours afterwards I did the same.

The next morning I breakfasted with the Lancashire solicitor by appointment. As soon as it was concluded, business was at once entered upon.

'You closely observed Sir Charles Malvern yesterday evening, I presume?' said Mr Repton.

'I paid great attention to the gentleman you pointed out to me,' I answered, 'if he be Sir Charles Malvern.'

'He is, or at least—— But of that presently. First let me inform you that Malvern, a few months ago, was a beggared gamester, or nearly so, to speak with precision. He is now in good bodily health, has a charming wife, and a family to whom he is much attached, an unencumbered estate of about twelve thousand a year, and has not gambled since he came into possession of the property. This premised, is there, think you, anything remarkable in Sir Charles's demeanour?'

'Singularly so. My impression was, that he was labouring under a terrible depression of spirits, caused, I imagined, by pecuniary difficulties. His manner was restless, abstracted. He paid no attention whatever to anything going on on the stage, except when his wife or one of the children especially challenged his attention; and then, a brief answer returned, he relapsed into the same restless unobservance as before. He is very nervous too. The box door was suddenly opened once or twice, and I noticed his sudden start each time.'

'You have exactly described him. Well, that perturbed, unquiet feverishness of manner has constantly distinguished him since his accession to the Redwood estates, and only since then. It strengthens me and one or two others in possibly an unfounded suspicion, which—— But I had better, if I wish to render myself intelligible, relate matters in due sequence.'

'Sir Thomas Redwood, whose property in Lancashire is chiefly in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, met his death, as did his only son Mr Archibald Redwood, about six months ago, in a very sudden and shocking manner. They were out trying a splendid mare for the first time in harness which Sir Thomas had lately purchased at a very high price. Two grooms on horseback were in attendance, to render assistance if required, for the animal was a very powerful, high-spirited one. All went very well till they arrived in front of Mr Meredith's place, Oak Villa. This gentleman has a passion for firing off a number of brass cannon on the anniversary of such events as he deems worthy of the honour. This happened, unfortunately, to be one of Mr Meredith's gunpowder days; and as Sir Thomas and his son were passing, a stream of light flashed directly in the eyes of the mare, followed by the roar of artillery, at no more than about ten paces off. The terrified animal became instantly unmanageable, got the bit between her teeth, and darted off at the wildest speed. The road is a curved and rugged one; and after tearing along for about half a mile, the off-wheel of the gig came, at an abrupt turn, full against a milestone. The tremendous shock hurled the two unfortunate gentlemen upon the road with frightful violence, tore the vehicle almost completely asunder, and so injured the mare, that she died the next day. The alarmed grooms,

who had not only been unable to render assistance, but even to keep up with the terrified mare, found Mr Archibald Redwood quite dead. The spine had been broken close to the nape of the neck: his head, in fact, was doubled up, so to speak, under the body. Sir Thomas still breathed, and was conveyed to Redwood Manor House. Surgical assistance was promptly obtained; but the internal injuries were so great, that the excellent old gentleman expired in a few hours after he had reached his home. I was hastily sent for; and when I arrived, Sir Thomas was still fully conscious. He imparted to me matters of great moment, to which he requested I would direct, after his decease, my best care and attention. His son, I was aware, had but just returned from a tour on the continent, where he had been absent for nearly a twelvemonth; but I was not aware, neither was his father till the day before his death, that Mr Archibald Redwood had not only secretly espoused a Miss Ashton—of a reduced family, but belonging to our best gentry—but had returned home, not solely for the purpose of soliciting Sir Thomas's forgiveness of his unauthorised espousals, but that the probable heir of Redwood might be born within the walls of the ancient manor house. After the first burst of passion and surprise, Sir Thomas, one of the best-hearted men in the universe, cordially forgave his son's disobedience—partly, and quite rightly, imputing it to his own foolish urgency in pressing a union with one of the Lacy family, with which the baronet was very intimate, and whose estate adjoined his.

Well, this lady, now a widow, had been left by her husband at Chester, whilst he came on to seek an explanation with his father. Mr Archibald Redwood was to have set out the next morning in one of Sir Thomas's carriages to bring home his wife; and the baronet, with his dying breath, bade me assure her of his entire forgiveness, and his earnest hope and trust that through her offspring the race of the Redwoods might be continued in a direct line. The family estates, I should tell you, being strictly entailed on heirs-male, devolved, if no son of Mr Archibald Redwood should bar his claim, upon Charles Malvern, the son of a cousin of the late Sir Thomas Redwood. The baronet had always felt partially towards Malvern, and had assisted him pecuniarily a hundred times. Sir Thomas also directed me to draw as quickly as I could a short will bequeathing Mr Charles Malvern twenty thousand pounds out of the personals. I wrote as expeditiously as I could, but by the time the paper was ready for his signature, Sir Thomas was no longer conscious. I placed the pen in his hand, and I fancied he understood the purpose, for his fingers closed faintly upon it; but the power to guide was utterly gone, and only a slight, scrambling stroke marked the paper as the pen slid across it in the direction of the falling arm.

Mr Malvern arrived at the manor-house about an hour after Sir Thomas breathed his last. It was clearly apparent through all his sorrow, partly real, I have no doubt, as well as partly assumed, that joy, the joy of riches, splendour, station, was dancing at his heart, and, spite of all his efforts to subdue or conceal it, sparkling in his eye. I briefly, but as gently as I could, acquainted him with the true position of affairs. The revulsion of feeling which ensued entirely unmanned him; and it was not till an hour afterwards that he recovered his self-possession sufficiently to converse reasonably and coolly upon his position. At last he became apparently reconciled to the sudden overclouding of his imaginatively-brilliant prospects, and it was agreed that as he was a relative of the widow, he should at once set off to break the sad news to her. Well, a few days after his departure, I received a letter from him, stating that Lady Redwood—I don't think, by the way, that, as her husband died before succeeding to the baronetcy, she is entitled to that appellation of honour; we, however, call her so out of courtesy—that Lady Redwood, though prematurely confined in consequence of the intelligence of her husband's untimely death, had

given birth to a female child, and that both mother and daughter were as well as could be expected. This, you will agree, seemed perfectly satisfactory?

'Entirely so.'

'So I thought. Mr Malvern was now unquestionably, whether Sir Charles Malvern or not, the proprietor of the Redwood estates, burthened as with a charge, in accordance with the conditions of the entails, of a thousand pounds life annuity to the late Mr Redwood's infant daughter.'

'Sir Charles returned to Redwood manor house, where his wife and family soon afterwards arrived. Lady Redwood had been joined, I understood, by her mother, Mrs Ashton, and would, when able to undertake the journey, return to her maternal home. It was about two months after Sir Thomas Redwood's death that I determined to pay Lady Redwood a visit, in order to the winding up of the personal estate, which it was desirable to accomplish as speedily as possible; and then a new and terrible light flashed upon me.'

'What, in heaven's name!' I exclaimed, for the first time breaking silence—'what could there be to reveal?'

'Only,' rejoined Mr Repton, 'that, ill, delirious, as Lady Redwood admitted herself to have been, it was her intimate, unconquerable conviction that she had given birth to twins!'

'Good God! And you suspect?—'

'We don't know what to suspect. Should the lady's confident belief be correct, the missing child might have been a boy. You understand?'

'I do. But is there any tangible evidence to justify this horrible suspicion?'

'Yes; the surgeon-apothecary and his wife, a Mr and Mrs Williams, who attended Lady Redwood, have suddenly disappeared from Chester, and, from no explainable motive, having left or abandoned a fair business there.'

'That has certainly an ugly look.'

'True; and a few days ago I received information that Williams has been seen in Birmingham. He was well dressed, and not apparently in any business.'

'There certainly appears some ground for suspicion. What plan of operations do you propose?'

'That,' replied Mr Repton, 'I must leave to your more practised sagacity. I can only undertake that no means shall be lacking that may be required.'

'It will be better, perhaps,' I suggested, after an interval of reflection, 'that I should proceed to Birmingham at once. You have of course an accurate description of the persons of Williams and his wife ready?'

'I have; and very accurate pen-and-ink sketches I am told they are. Besides these, I have also here,' continued Mr Repton, taking from his pocket-book a sheet of carefully-folded satin paper, 'a full description of the female baby, drawn up by its mother, under the impression that twins always—I believe they generally do—closely resemble each other. "Light hair, blue eyes, dimpled chin"—and so on. The lady—a very charming person, I assure you, and meek and gentle as a fawn—is chiefly anxious to recover her child. You and I, should our suspicions be confirmed, have other duties to perform.'

This was pretty nearly all that passed, and the next day I was in Birmingham.

The search, as I was compelled to be very cautious in my inquiries, was tedious, but finally successful. Mr and Mrs Williams I discovered living in a pretty house, with neat grounds attached, about two miles out of Birmingham, on the coach road to Wolverhampton. Their assumed name was Burridge, and I ascertained from the servant-girl, who fetched their dinner and supper beer, and occasionally wine and spirits, from a neighbouring tavern, that they had one child, a boy, a few months old, of whom neither father nor mother seemed very fond. By dint of much perseverance, I at length got upon pretty familiar terms with Mr Burridge, *alias* Williams. He spent his evenings regularly in a tavern; but with all the pains-taking, indefatigable

ingenuity I employed, the chief knowledge I acquired, during three weeks of assiduous endeavour, was, that my friend Burridge intended, immediately after a visit which he expected shortly to receive from a rich and influential relative in London, to emigrate to America, at all events to go abroad. This was, however, very significant and precious information; and very rarely, indeed, was he, after I had obtained it, out of my sight or observation. At length perseverance obtained its reward. One morning I discerned my friend, much more sprucely attired than ordinarily, make his way to the railway station, and there question with eager looks every passenger that alighted from the first-class carriages. At last a gentleman, whom I instantly recognised, spite of his shawl and other wrappings, arrived by the express train from London. Williams instantly accosted him, a cab was called, and away they drove. I followed in another, and saw them both alight at a hotel in New Street. I also alighted, and was mentally debating how to proceed, when Williams came out of the tavern, and proceeded in the direction of his home. I followed, overtook him, and soon contrived to ascertain that he and his wife had important business to transact in Birmingham the next morning, which would render it impossible he should meet me, as I proposed, till two or three o'clock in the afternoon at the earliest; and the next morning, my esteemed friend informed me, he would leave the place, probably for ever. An hour after this interesting conversation, I, accompanied by the chief of the Birmingham police, was closeted with the landlord of the hotel in New Street, a highly-respectable person, who promised us every assistance in his power. Sir Charles Malvern had, we found, engaged a private room for the transaction of important business with some persons he expected in the morning, and our plans were soon fully matured and agreed upon.

I slept little that night, and immediately after breakfast hastened with my Birmingham colleague to the hotel. The apartment assigned for Sir Charles Malvern's use had been a bedroom, and a large wardrobe, with a high wing at each end, still remained in it. We tried if it would hold us, and with very little stooping and squeezing, found it would do very well. The landlord soon gave us the signal to be on the alert, and in we jammed ourselves, locking the wing-doors on the inside. A minute or two afterwards, Sir Charles, and Mr and Mrs Williams, entered, and, paper, pens, and ink having been brought, business commenced in right earnest. Their conversation it is needless to detail. It will suffice to observe that it was manifest Sir Charles, by a heavy bribe, had induced the accoucheur and his wife to conceal the birth of the male child, which, as I suspected, was that which Williams and his spouse were bringing up as their own. I must do the fictitious baronet the justice to say that he had from the first the utmost anxiety that no harm should befall the infant. Mr Malvern's nervous dread lest his confederates should be questioned, had induced their hurried departure from Chester, and it now appeared that he had become aware of the suspicions entertained by Mr Repton, and could not rest till the Williamses and the child were safe out of the country. It was now insisted, by the woman more especially, that the agreement for the large annual payment to be made by Sir Charles should be fairly written out and signed in plain 'black and white,' to use Mrs Williams's expression, in order that no future misunderstandings might arise. This Mr Malvern strongly objected to; but finding the woman would accept of no other terms, he sullenly complied, and at the same time reiterated, that if any harm should befall the boy—to whom he intended, he said, to leave a handsome fortune—he would cease, regardless of consequences to himself, to pay the Williamses a single shilling.

A silence of several minutes followed, broken only by the scratching of the pen on the paper. The time to me seemed an age, squeezed, crooked, stifled as I was in

that narrow box, and so I afterwards learned it did to my fellow-sufferer. At length Mr Malvern said, in the same cautious whisper in which they had all hitherto spoken, 'This will do, I think;' and read what he had written. Mr and Mrs Williams signified their approval; and as matters were now fully ripe, I gently turned the key, and very softly pushed open the door. The backs of the amiable trio were towards me, and as my boots were off, and the apartment was thickly carpeted, I approached unperceived, and to the inexpressible horror and astonishment of the parties concerned, whose heads were bent eagerly over the important document, a hand, which belonged to neither of them, was thrust silently but swiftly forward, and grasped the precious instrument. A fierce exclamation from Mr Malvern as he started from his seat, and a convulsive scream from Mrs Williams as she fell back in hers, followed; and to add to the animation of the tableau, my friend in the opposite wing emerged at the same moment from his hidingplace.

Mr Malvern comprehended at a glance the situation of affairs, and made a furious dash at the paper. I was quicker as well as stronger than he, and he failed in his object. Resistance was of course out of the question; and in less than two hours we were speeding on the rail towards London, accompanied by the child, whom we intrusted to Williams's servant-maid.

Mrs Repton was still in town, and Mrs Ashton, Lady Redwood, and her unmarried sister, in their impatience of intelligence, had arrived several days before. I had the pleasure of accompanying Mrs Repton with the child and his temporary nurse to Osborne's Hotel in the Adelphi; and I really at first feared for the excited mother's reason, or that she would do the infant a mischief, so tumultuous, so frenzied, was her rapturous joy at the recovery of her lost treasure. When placed in the cot beside the female infant, the resemblance of the one to the other was certainly almost perfect. I never saw before nor since so complete a likeness. This was enough for the mother; but, fortunately, we had much more satisfactory evidence, legally viewed, to establish the identity of the child in a court of law, should the necessity arise for doing so.

Here, as far as I am concerned, all positive knowledge of this curious piece of family history ends. Of subsequent transactions between the parties I had no personal cognisance. I only know there was a failure of justice, and I can pretty well guess from what motives. The parties I arrested in Birmingham were kept in strict custody for several days; but no inducement, no threats, could induce the institutors of the inquiry to appear against the detected criminals.

Mrs and Miss Ashton, Lady Redwood and her children, left town the next day but one for Redwood Manor; and Mr Repton coolly told the angry superintendent that 'he had no instructions to prosecute.' He, too, was speedily off, and the prisoners were necessarily discharged out of custody.

I saw about three weeks afterwards in a morning paper that Mr Malvern, 'whom the birth of a posthumous heir in a direct line had necessarily deprived of all chance of succession to the Redwood estates, and the baronetcy, which the newspapers had so absurdly conferred on him, was, with his amiable lady and family, about to leave England for Italy, where they intended to remain some time.' The expressed, but uncompleted will of the deceased baronet, Sir Thomas Redwood, had been, it was further stated, carried into effect, and the legacy intended for Mr Malvern paid over to him. The Williamses never, to my knowledge, attained to the dignity of a notice in the newspapers; but I believe they pursued their original intention of passing over to America.

Thus not only 'Offence's gilded hand,' but some of the best feelings of our nature, not unfrequently 'above by Justice,' and place a concealing gloss over deeds which, in other circumstances, would have infallibly consigned the perpetrators to a prison, or perhaps the hulks.

Whether, however, any enactment could effectually grapple with an abuse which springs from motives so natural and amiable, is a question which I must leave to wiser heads than mine to discuss and determine.

SPONGES.

ABOUT three centuries and a-half before the Christian era, the question—Are sponges animal or vegetable? was proposed by Aristotle; who, unable himself to solve the difficulty, was contented—in the true spirit of a lover of nature—with carefully recording the results of his accurate observations, and advancing his opinion rather in the form of an inquiry than of an allegation. Upwards of two thousand years rolled away ere this question was satisfactorily answered. Nay, we believe that the vegetable theory has, even at the present time, its advocates; while some are still disposed to consider that the sponge is at one period of its existence a vegetable, and at another an animal.

To any one who hesitates to acknowledge that the sponge is endowed with animal life—confessedly in its lowest form, yet with a most exquisite adaptation to its destiny—we would offer the spectacle of a living sponge in a portion of its native element. We would let him gaze on the animated fountain, which is perpetually sucking the water into its substance through its countless pores, and, after assimilating such particles of it as are essential to its existence, ceaselessly expelling it, at more distant intervals, through the larger channels which may be observed on its outer surface. We would point out innumerable gemmules of gelatinous matter, which at certain seasons of the year may be seen spouting 'from all parts of the living film which invests the horny skeleton;* until at length, escaping from the nursery in which they grew, they are carried off to the wide sea by means of the force of the currents issuing from the sponge, though not left to perish at the mercy of the waves. For he will find that the young animal or egg is covered with numberless minute hairs or cilia, each one of which is endowed with a distinct and innate power of vibration; so that by means of thousands of almost invisible oars, the young sponge 'shoots like a microscopic meteor through the sea,' until it arrives at some rock or other place properly adapted for its future growth; then it settles calmly and contentedly down, and gradually losing its locomotive power, begins to spread on its base; and builds up, within its living substance, a horny framework, such as we have already seen in its parent.

The above-named currents may be more distinctly seen by powdering the surface of the water with chalk or any similar substance; and Professor Grant mentions, that by placing pieces of cork or dry paper over the apertures, he could see them moving 'by the force of the currents at the distance of ten feet from the table on which the specimen rested.'

Dr Peysonell, who paid great attention to the structure of the sponge, brought proofs of its animal vitality before the Royal Society in the years 1752-57. And Mr Ellis, five years afterwards, by his dissections, set the question quite at rest; though he fell into the error of believing that the frame of the sponge was the outer case of worms or polypes. Later examination, however, has shown that the *frame* or *sponge*, commonly so called, is an *internal* skeleton, while the vital power is simply composed of a slimy film which coats over every fibre,

and which, inert as it appears, possesses the power of secreting the particles essential to its growth.

It has been affirmed that the sponge is observed to contract or shrink when torn from the rocks; but there is satisfactory evidence to prove that neither this nor any degree of laceration has a sensible effect on this nerveless though vital mass.

All sponges, however, have not a horny framework, but some, which are thereby rendered useless in a commercial point of view, are supported by a skeleton composed of siliceous particles imbedded in a tough fibrous material. These particles, or *spicula*, as they are termed, are so uniform in the species to which they severally belong, that, in the words of Professor Grant, if the soft portion be destroyed, and a 'few of them brought from any part of the world on the point of a needle, they would enable the zoologist to identify the species to which they originally belonged.' Professor R. Jones, however, considers that this opinion should be received with considerable limitations.

The last fact, trivial as it appears, assumes immense importance when we learn that to these spicula we must turn for an explanation of the isolated masses of flint which abound in various chalk formations. 'The mere assertion,' says Rhymer Jones, 'that flints were sponges, would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of those fossil relics of a former ocean; and yet a little reflection will satisfy the most sceptical.' For long ages the sponge is imbedded in the chalk, through which water is continually percolating. A well-known law of chemistry explains why similar matter should become aggregated; and thus the siliceous matter of the sponge forms a nucleus for the siliceous matter contained in the water, until at length the entire mass is converted into a solid flint. But we are not left, he adds, to mere conjecture or hypothesis on this point, 'for nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints, which, on being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered state.'

There is every reason to believe that the sponge-fisheries of the *Ægean* are at present conducted precisely in the same manner as they were in the time of Aristotle. The sponge-divers are mostly inhabitants of the islands which lie off the Carian coast, and of those situated between Rhodes and Calymnos. These men—who form a distinct society, and are governed by peculiar laws, which prohibit their marriage until they shall have attained a prescribed proficiency in their art—go out in little fleets, composed of caiques, each of six or seven tons burthen, and manned by six or eight divers: each man is simply equipped with a netted bag in which to place the sponges, and a hoop by which to suspend it round his neck; and thus furnished, he descends to a depth of from five to twenty, or even occasionally thirty fathoms. The sponges which he collects are first saturated with fresh water, which destroys the vitality, and decomposing the gelatinous matter, turns it black; this matter is stamped out by the feet of the divers, and the sponges are then dried in the sun, and strung in circles, after which they are ready for sale and exportation.

In a good locality an expert diver may bring up fifty oke in a day, and for each oke he obtains about twenty-five drachams. The weight is calculated, says Forbes, when the sponges are dry, and a very large sponge may weigh two okes. The chief sponge-markets are Smyrna, Rhodes, and Napoli.

Blount, who wrote in 1634, affirms that these sponge-

* Professor Rhymer Jones.

divers 'are from infancy bred up on dry biscuits and other extenuating dyet, to make them extreme lean; then taking a sponge wet in oyle, they hold it, part in their mouths, and part without, soe they go under water, where at first they cannot stay long, but after practice, the leanest stay an hour and a-half, even till the oyle of the sponge be corrupted. . . . Thus they gather sponges from more than an hundred fathom deep,' &c. All this is very wonderful, but the narrator stamps the value of his tale by telling us immediately afterwards that 'Samos is the only place in the world on whose rocks the sponges grow.' So that, in the words which he elsewhere makes use of, 'we applaude hys belief, but keep our owne.' We do not, however, mean to assert that there are not sponges of some species (though not the sponge of commerce) which exist at a depth as great as that which he mentions, for Forbes dredged a living specimen of one small kind from 185 fathoms in the Gulf of Macri.

The sponge of commerce (*Spongia officinalis*) was divided by Aristotle into three kinds—namely, the loose and porous, the thick and close, and the fine and compact. These last, which are rare, were called the sponges of Achilles, and were placed by the ancients in the interior of their helmets and boots, as protections from pressure and abrasion.

The same naturalist states that those sponges are best which are found on coasts where the water becomes suddenly deep, and attributes this superiority to the greater equality of temperature obtained in such waters—observations which have been corroborated by Professor E. Forbes.

Fifty-six species of sponges have been enumerated, ten or eleven of which are found in the British isles. A portion of these inhabit fresh water, among which we may mention the river sponge (*S. fluviatilis*), which abounds in the Thames. Among the British sponges, too, is the stinging or crumb-of-bread sponge (*S. urens*), a widely-diffused species, which, when taken out of the sea, is of a bright orange colour, and which will, if rubbed on the hand, raise blisters. This stinging quality is highly increased by drying the sponge—a process which also gives it the colour and appearance of crumbs of bread, whence its popular name.

Sponges, as may be imagined from the mode of their growth, are most sportive in their forms: some are tubular, others mushroom-like, a few almost globular, and still others branched or hand-shaped; in the warmer seas they hang in fantastic and gorgeous fans from the roofs of submarine caverns, or decorate the sides with vases of classic elegance, though of nature's handiwork. Nor are their colours less various: some are of the most brilliant scarlet or the brightest yellow, others green, brown, blackish, or shining white; while Peron mentions one procured by him in the South Sea which was of a beautiful purple, and from which a liquor of the same colour was extracted by the slightest pressure; with this liquor he stained several different substances, and found that the colour was not affected by the action of the air, and that it would bear several washings.

The value of the sponge in surgery is well known; and it is also used medicinally, being for this purpose lightly burned to powder, and given in small doses in scrofulous complaints. It has also been regarded as a specific in leprosy and hydrophobia. It is, however, needless to say that in these last it can have no influence whatever.

There are several representations of sponges given in the balneal feasts depicted on various Etruscan vases; and the sponge has been found in a perfect state in a Roman barrow at Bartlow Hills. It was discovered near the sacrificing utensils. Livy says that the covering of the breast of the Samnite gladiators was sponge.

While the animal matter remains in the sponges of various kinds, they have always a very strong fishy smell, which may perhaps be regarded as an additional proof of the fealty which they owe to the animal kingdom. Yet we must not omit that there are substances

which, though they bear the name of sponges, would rather appear, from their microscope structure, to belong to the vegetable world; we allude to those known as *gelatinous sponges*, which are perfectly different from the sponges properly so called.

A DAY AT CREWE.

'WHAT place is this?' said the worthy old gentleman my travelling-companion on the London and North Western Railway, as he woke up from a comfortable nap when the train slackened speed, and entered a spacious and expensively-decorated station.

'This is Crewe, sir, I believe,' and scarcely had I answered, when there was a general shout of 'Crewe, Crewe!' from an army of porters who came rushing out, and pounced upon the train as if it were their lawful prey. Presently a head peered in at the door, inquiring 'All here for the Liverpool line?' And on my elderly friend saying that he was for Manchester, he was politely but smartly informed that he 'must change carriages here.' So we both got out; and my friend, after some bother about his luggage, and the use of some hasty language, was at last made 'all right' by being put into a carriage bearing an announcement that that was the 'Manchester train.' On another carriage in front was a similar board announcing the 'Liverpool train,' and behind was a third to announce that for Chester. Passengers were running up and down the platform: some looking after luggage, some for the right carriage, and others darting into the handsome refreshment-room. But nobody seemed to think of going away from the station; indeed the only mode of exit and entrance was through a close-shut iron gate, beside which sat a policeman looking with enviable coolness on all the bustle around him. There was a ring of a bell; a banging of doors; a puff of the engine; and off went the train to Liverpool. Another locomotive now appeared moving cautiously down the line, and was speedily attached to the Manchester train, which was soon out of sight. A third came; caught hold of the Chester train, and away it rushed. The passengers who had journeyed so amicably together from London were now thoroughly dispersed, and ere the sun set, some would be crossing the Scotch Border at Carlisle, some embarking at Holyhead for Dublin, and others attending to their business on the Mersey or the Dee, or amid the tall chimneys of Manchester. A luggage train came crawling out from its hiding-place, and finding the coast clear, went thundering past: the porters wiped their foreheads, and went to have a little rest; and I, the solitary passenger for Crewe, was left cooling my heels on the platform.

'Where is Crewe?' I said to the guardian of the iron gate.

'Cross the bridge, go straight on, and turn to the right,' was the concise reply.

So I crossed the bridge, and found myself in a pleasant country road. The flat rich fields of Cheshire extended on the left and to the right; at the distance of about half a mile appeared the square massive tower of a church, surrounded by long ranges of low buildings like workshops, and rows of houses evidently quite new. Some neat cottages lined the sides of the road, and there were two or three inns all bearing marks of youth; while some zealous people had caused a few bills, bearing the words 'Prepare to meet thy God,' printed in conspicuous type, to be affixed to the walls, giving a stranger not a very high idea of the character of the people in the habit of using that road. Turning to the right, I passed a Methodist chapel, bearing the date of its erection, 1848; a new flour-mill driven by

water; a new inn with a brave new sign-board; and crossing the boundary made by the Chester line, I arrived in Crewe.

Not many years ago, there were only two or three houses here, and the land on which the station and the town are built formed part of a good Cheshire farm. The worthy farmer ploughed his fields and reaped his harvest, his dame made good Cheshire cheese; and both lived merrily on, quite unconscious of the change that their farm was about to undergo. The eyes of engineers were on it: it was placed, as an Irishman would say, 'very convenient' for railway purposes; and after a few years had rolled away, it became the great workshop of the Grand Junction Line, and the point where the main line to Birmingham received its tributaries from the north and west. Several thousands of people were brought here; the company laid out streets and built houses; shops were opened; churches and schools erected; a market-place provided; a Mechanics' Institution established; many hotels built, one of which was destined to lodge royalty for a night; and a town was erected with a rapidity unexampled even in America.

The general appearance of Crewe is very pleasing. The streets are wide, and well-paved; the houses are very neat and commodious, usually of two storeys, built of bricks, but the brick concealed by rough-cast plaster, with porches, lattice-windows, and a little piece of garden-ground before the door. The greater part of these houses belong to the company, and are let to the men at rents from 2s. 9d. per week upwards. The accommodation is good, and it would be difficult to find such houses at such low rents even in the suburbs of a large town. Water is plentifully supplied by public pumps, and the town is well lighted with gas. The names of the streets are expressive: some are called after the towns to which their direction points—such as Liverpool, Chester, Sandbach, &c.; others from the works to which they lead—such as Forge Street; and others from well-known but very modern names—such as Prince Albert Street. The placards on the walls, however, seem somewhat out of place in a railway town, as nearly all have relation to sales of cattle, timber, &c. indicating clearly enough that Crewe is but a mechanical settlement in an agricultural district. The market-place is spacious, and roofed over; the church is a handsome edifice of stone; and the Mechanics' Institution a fine building with a large lecture-room (used also as a town-hall), a good library and news-room, and commodious class-rooms. These were all built by the company; and indeed the completeness of everything connected with the town gives evidence of such an amplitude of means possessed by its founders, as seldom, if ever, fall to the lot of private individuals.

The most interesting objects, however, about Crewe are the railway works. These are placed on a large tongue of land near the station, and so adapted, that wagons, and carriages, and engines can easily be run into them from the main line. In these works everything connected with 'the rolling stock' of the company for the northern section of the line (Wolverton being used for the southern) is made and repaired. The number of hands employed at present is about eight hundred; but formerly, when railways were more prosperous than now, it exceeded a thousand. The workmen seem to belong, in tolerably equal proportions, to the four great divisions of the United Kingdom; and the slow, deliberate speech of the Scot, the rich brogue of the Irishman, and the sharp, quick utterance of the Welshman, have lost very little of their purity and richness amid the air of the county palatine of Chester. The greater portion of the work

is carried on in long large sheds, for the most part of one storey, and called the 'fitting,' 'erecting,' and other shops, according to the nature of the work done in them. The artisans may be divided into two great classes—the workers in metal, and those in wood; the former being employed in making locomotives' wheels, axles, springs, &c. and the latter in constructing the carriages. By far the greatest number of hands are employed in the former.

That our hasty inspection may begin at the beginning, let us peep at the foundry. Both brass and iron are cast here, but to-day it is iron. The sandy floor is covered with moulds of all descriptions, and swarthy workmen are preparing them to receive the melted iron. Occasionally you are startled by the shout of 'Mind your eye!' which must be taken in its literal signification, for it comes from a moulder blowing away with a bellows the superfluous grains of fine sand, which, if once in the eye, will give some trouble. The moulds are ready, the furnace is opened, and a stream of bright white metal rolls out into the pots prepared for its reception, and is speedily poured into the moulds. In an adjoining shed are blacksmiths plying forehammers; but their greatest efforts are entirely eclipsed by the mighty steam-hammer that is seen at work in another part of the shed. This hammer is the invention of Mr Nasmyth of the Bridge-water Foundry, near Manchester. It moves up and down in a strong frame, at a speed subject to such nice regulations, that, according to the will of its director, it can gently drive a nail, or crush to splinters a log of wood. When Lord John Russell lately visited Manchester, the delicate touch of this hammer was strikingly displayed before him: an egg was procured, and placed in a wine-glass, and such was the power possessed over this giant, that after a little adjustment, the mighty hammer was brought repeatedly down so as just to chip the egg as gently as by a spoon in the hands of a child, while the glass was not in the slightest degree injured or disturbed. The labour saved by this hammer is immense. One man sits perched up in the frame to direct it, and another stands below to guide the iron on the anvil. The great long bar, white with heat, is pulled out of the furnace, laid on the massive piece of iron under the frame, and with a dull heavy sound down comes the hammer, swiftly or slowly, according to the wishes of the director. From the forge and the foundry the 'rough-hewn' iron-work passes to be planed, and its surface to be made 'true.' The wheel of an engine or a carriage, for example, after being forged by the blacksmith, requires to be most carefully cut round the rim, so that the space between the flange—that is, the projecting inner part of the wheel, and the outer part—may be perfectly conical, in order that the least amount of surface may be exposed to the rail, and consequently the least amount of friction produced. Again, when a cylinder comes from the foundry, the interior must be cut and polished to a perfect circle, otherwise it would be useless. In short, there is no part of a locomotive that does not require to be prepared with the most perfect accuracy to fit some other part; and if this accuracy is not gained, the engine will either not work at all, or work very imperfectly. It must be remembered that it is hard metal, like iron and brass, that has thus to be wrought on—not comparatively soft material, like wood and stone.

But the machinery employed at Crewe seems capable of cutting anything, even though it were a rock of adamant. You pass into a shed full of little machines, standing separate from each other, with all manner of curious wheels and belts—driven by steam

of course, and each with a man stationed by its side, gazing attentively at the little machine, as if he were absorbed in thought; and indeed were it not for an occasional quick movement of his hands, and a rapid change of position, you might almost suppose that he was sleeping on his legs. But go close up, and you notice that the machine is slowly moving backwards and forwards, and still more slowly at the same time in a lateral direction. Some curious piece of mechanism is placed on it, and the movements of the machine cause a sharp steel-cuttor to pass over the iron surface, which cuts it as easily and truly as a joiner planes a piece of fir. The side motion brings all the surface gradually under the instrument, but the machine, clever and powerful though it is, requires to be constantly watched and regulated, and hence the fixed attention of the man in charge. At a large machine you will see those long curious rods called 'eccentrics' undergoing this operation; at another, a cylinder is being planed; and at a third, the rims of wheels are being cut. The filings thus made are preserved, and will be seen in large heaps in a yard, ready to be melted down, and 'used up' again. In some cases both iron and brass filings are produced, which of course are mixed with each other; but in a quiet corner of one of the sheds you will find a boy with a heap of these filings before him, separating the brass from the iron by means of a magnet. Only imagine a boy of fourteen or fifteen doing nothing all day long except raking a magnet through a heap of black and yellow dust, and brushing into a separate heap the iron filings off his magnet! You will also see a series of three iron rollers working on each other, by means of which plate-iron can be twisted into any given form; a mighty 'punch' which will make a hole an inch in diameter through iron an inch in thickness as easily as though it were clay; and a sharp-cutting instrument that shears through sheets of iron as easily as a pair of scissors through a sheet of paper.

Go into another shed, and you will see all these various parts getting their last touches from the hand, and being fitted into each other; and here also you find two or three men engraving, on circular segments of brass, the names the various engines are to be known by. In another shed the engines are being 'erected.' Here you see from twenty to thirty in all stages of progress. Perhaps the framework only has been laid; or the boiler, with its many rows of long circular brass tubes, has just been fastened, and is now receiving its outer clothing of long slips of wood; or the whole is complete, merely wanting to be tried on the many lines of rail in and around the sheds. There are two classes of engines here, whose difference is observable at a glance: some have six wheels, two of which are very large, about six feet in diameter, and the other four much smaller. The two first only are driven by the machinery, the others being merely what are called 'bearing wheels.' With this description of engine more speed than power is obtained, and hence it is used for passenger trains, where a high velocity is required, and where there is usually little weight, comparatively speaking, to draw. The others have only four wheels, not so large as the two just described, but all driven by the machinery. Such engines are more remarkable for power than speed, and accordingly they are used for luggage trains. In another shed, 'The Hospital,' will be found a number of engines labouring under various disorders, sent here to be repaired.

But carriages and wagons are also built here. You enter a shed (of two storeys this time), and find wood

shavings instead of iron filings, and the hissing of a circular-saw instead of the quiet steady scraping of a 'cuttor.' Here all the woodwork of the carriages is executed, and when ready, they are hoisted through a large trap-door in the roof to the second storey, where they are painted and varnished, and, if first-class, 'upholstered.' In a store-room above stairs are piled heaps of cushions ready for the most expensive carriages; at a table is a boy stuffing with horse-hair the leathern belts that hang by the sides of the windows; and elsewhere an artist is painting the arms of the company on the panels of a door. Here and there are boards placed before a carriage, with the intimation 'Wet!' indicating that you must not go too near; and some of the carriages give evidence of having seen service, but are now renewing their youth under the skilful hands of the painter and the upholsterer. When ready to 'go on the line,' they are let down through the trap-door, fixed on their wheels and axles, and sent to relieve others that require repair.

Six o'clock strikes, and work ceases. In walking back leisurely to the station, I saw many of the workmen digging in their little gardens, 'bringing themselves,' as Emerson phrases it, 'into primitive relations with the soil and nature;' others were reading the papers of the day at the Mechanics' Institution; others strolling among the green fields round the town; and others walking to a class-room, to hear a teetotal lecture; while some were proceeding to recreations of a very different kind. I was admitted through the iron gate by the same policeman; the 'down' express train arrived, and it conveyed me in an hour and a-half to Liverpool, a distance of about forty-five miles, stopping only once at the well-known town of Warrington.

THE ISLAND OF GOTHLAND AS A FIELD OF EMIGRATION.

IN our number for the 9th of March a brief account of Gothland was given, with the view of turning attention to it as a field of emigration. It was stated to be an island of about eighty miles in length, situated in the Baltic, in the latitude of Aberdeenshire; composed of one mass of limestone, and favoured with a climate mild enough to ripen grapes in the open air in summer, while in winter there were not usually above ten nights too severe to allow of the cattle and horses being left out. It was spoken of as well qualified to raise wheat for home consumption or exportation to England, but in agricultural respects a hundred and fifty years behind Scotland, the people being even ignorant of the use of the lime which forms the basis of their soil.

In consequence of our notice of the island, many farmers wrote to us from different parts of the country, making particular inquiries which we were unable to answer. By way of gratifying the desire of information as far as possible, we inserted on the cover of the Journal for May a copy of the prospectus of a company which speculates in the buying of land in Gothland, for the purpose of selling it again, and which we understood to be anxious to see a few British farmers of capital and skill settled upon their lands. We are now able to present another document upon the subject—namely, a report drawn up by an East Lothian farmer of assured experience and sagacity, who was induced to visit Gothland in the beginning of May, in order to judge of the lands with a view to settling. This gentleman is Mr James Watterstone, late of Balgone Barns, now residing at Cairndinnis, by Prestonkirk. It will be observed that, though he views Gothland in a less flattering light than some other persons whose opinions we quoted, he nevertheless thinks favourably of it as a field of British enterprise and capital.

'What first strikes one in travelling through Gothland is the peculiar form of the general surface. Fashioned

somewhat like a saucer, with high edges towards the sea, it has great central hollows forming natural basins for the retention of the water, for which there are few natural outlets towards the sea. The consequence of neglect and ignorance has been, that large tracts in the middle of the island are little better than marshes for a great part of the year, and of little value to the inhabitants, the grasses which they produce being of the very coarsest kind, and scarcely fit for the food of cattle. The arable land of the country is also undrained, and very ill cultivated, being cropped from year to year until completely exhausted. The cultivators of the soil are peasant proprietors, usually of holdings from twenty to fifty acres of arable ground, with one or two hundred acres of meadow and forest-land; the arable grounds, however, much mixed, as in the system of *run-rig* and *run-dale* in Scotland. Each proprietor seems satisfied with throwing his land in small portions into *lazy beds*, so as to allow the water to collect into the intermediate hollows, and thence run off or evaporate as it may. The crop, judging from what I saw of the stubble, is of the scantiest description. No care is taken in the preparation of manure; its use seems not to be understood. Neither is any provision made by a turnip crop for the sheep and cattle. Accordingly, when I was there, the winter being just at an end, the poor animals appeared to have literally no food assigned to them, and were reduced to mere skin and bone. At the same time, from the remains of a turnip-field which I saw upon the newly-reclaimed marsh-land, I am persuaded that the island must be capable of raising this crop in great abundance. How the Gothland sheep live through the winter, and survive after getting full feeding in summer, is what I can hardly understand. In Scotland, with such treatment, not one sheep in a hundred would survive.

The lands of the company consist of large marshes, which they are draining by means of canals in a very judicious manner. The soil is principally of a light peaty nature; not loam, as stated by another observer, but still evidently very capable of cultivation when the drainage is completed. Round the borders of the morasses the soil does approach the nature of a light loam, lying mostly on a clayey or marly subsoil varying from one to three feet in depth, and which can easily be thrown up and mixed with the surface, so as to form a very valuable soil for all purposes. In the centre of the marshes, again, the peat varies in depth from five to six, seven, and eight feet in depth, and will of course be more difficult to render valuable; but it appeared to me that in a few years it could be made to produce most excellent grass either for hay or pasture.

All over the island, lime is to be had for the quarrying; and even under the marshes it is abundant, but of course more difficult to be got at. It is everywhere of the very finest quality, and can be burned for a very small sum, and is easily quarried without gunpowder. I saw at one place a large bed of clay, admirably adapted for the making of tiles and bricks.

The company, in order to facilitate settlements, are buying farms all round the marshes, with houses, &c. already upon them, which they are willing to sell on moderate terms to persons disposed to take marsh-land along with them in proportion to their size. Every farm contains, besides a portion of old cultivated land, a quantity of meadow and forest-land sufficient to furnish every description of wood for building and fuel for centuries to come. They are, besides, erecting buildings on different parts of the property, and preparing wood to be ready for the immigrants who may be induced to settle on their lands.

From what I saw, it is evident that the great object of the company is to improve the agriculture of the country; and they seem inclined to give every encouragement to skilful and steady men from Britain, who will set about their business in a judicious manner. To men of capital, it appears to me a most favourable field for exertion and enterprise, and to hold out the

almost certainty of success. At first, from the impoverished state of the old lands, and over-productiveness of the new, little profit can be expected; but a very few years will suffice to put all that right. Everything, with the exception of British manufactures, is very cheap; so much so, that L.50 will go farther than three times that sum in this country. All over the island the farm-houses are excellent, and far beyond what they are in this country for the same extent of land, while the people are kind-hearted in the extreme, and exceedingly honest; so much so, that house-doors are very seldom locked at night. Labour, also, is very cheap; but the people are slow in comparison with our work-people; and every implement is of the most primitive description, and entirely unfit for the purpose to which it is applied.*

We learn from Mr Watterstone that, though he saw the country at the most unfavourable season, and was disappointed on finding it fall a little below the descriptions, he nevertheless thought so well of it, as to resolve on making it his future home. He designs to settle on one of the company's farms in August next. We apprehend that there are difficulties to be overcome, such as the sluggishness of the people in adopting improved habits, and the obstacles which the complicated state of the lands present to drainage; but where is there a livelihood to be obtained without difficulties? In the fine plains of Haddington and Norfolk, the tenant farmer encounters troubles of only a different kind. One great recommendation, were the case ours, would lie in the amiable, upright, inoffensive character of the Swedish people. Mr Watterstone everywhere found the peasant proprietor of perhaps thirty or forty acres living in a good house, with civilised usages. Of the honesty of the people he himself gives sufficient proof in what he says of their indifference to locks for their house-doors. They are generally well affected to the idea of having British settlers amongst them. In short, it appears that a man of moderate means and skill may carve a comfortable existence for himself out of this naturally rich and favoured island with considerably more ease, and perhaps, on the whole, more comfort, than in this country, where the interests of landlords so considerably overshadow those of the immediate cultivators.*

SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

THE BAL—PARIS IN THE SEASON—THE COUNTRY HOUSE—HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY—CHARACTERS—CONCLUSION.

When I returned to Tourloville, I found a relation of Caroline's and her little daughter on a visit at the Prefecture. Madame la Marquise de Flottancourt was a fine handsome woman, although rather *passée* perhaps, who moved with a grace, talked with a talent, and dressed with an elegance, I never found equalled. She could say something agreeable upon every subject, and to every person; all were charmed, and none more so than I. Hermoine, her daughter, a girl of twelve, was a most finished specimen of a French child. Such amiable, modest manners! such intelligence! such pleasing sentiments! such fond affection constantly exhibited towards her mother, who returned it with a warmth of expression that made the most affectionate of English mammas I could bring to my remembrance appear cold in comparison! Mother and child seemed to take especially to me, and invited me so cordially to join them in Paris in time for their grand *bal*, and afterwards accompany them to Flottancourt to spend the winter, that I at last suffered myself to be persuaded; and accordingly, about two months after the time we met at Tourloville, I found myself at Madame de Flottancourt's splendid

* The proper persons to address respecting the lands of the company are Mr Lilljévalch, merchant, Stockholm, and Mr Enequist, H. B. M. consul at Wisby, Gothland. We understand that the company do not intend to appoint any agent in this country, having no wish to press their lands on the attention of the English public, but rather being disposed to trust to the effect of a few settlements being formed with satisfactory results.

apartment in the Champs-Élysées. The richness of the furniture quite dazzled and bewildered me: the hangings were satin, the curtains velvet, and the net which festooned under them, to soften, as it were, the brilliant colours, was covered with broad beautiful lace. Then the elegant tables and stands, the ornaments upon them; the little statuettes were all perfect of their kind; and indeed everything seemed to me a refinement upon what I had hitherto considered luxury.

At the much-talked-of *bal* I could think of nothing but fairyland, into which all the rooms appeared transformed. Flowers in pots, in bouquets, in their native soil, abounded everywhere; exotics made the air faint with perfume; the music was perfection; and all was one flood of light reflected from walls panelled with mirrors. The dresses, whether magnificent or simple, were alike remarkable for that taste which seems confined to Paris; for although individuals are met with elsewhere who would call forth expressions of approval and admiration even there, the *tout-ensemble* of the company is seldom well-dressed; and in England, above all, the desire of being thought *original* leads many people to make themselves as ridiculous in their attire as in their general conduct. At the moment, the *very* moment I am writing this, a lady is passing; every one turns, and stares, and laughs, and asks 'Who is she? what is she?' She is a well-born, well-educated, most benevolent, excellent person, neat and clean in her attire, and pleasing in her countenance; but she chooses to dress 'sensibly,' as she terms it. Long petticoats are the fashion as well as full ones, but hers are short, and seem to cling to her, as she can walk with more freedom, she says, and without gathering mud; she wears a poke bonnet when no one else does so, because it keeps off the sun; long waists don't become her, so she wears short. All this may be very '*sensible*,' but the result is, that it makes her unlike every one else, and causes her to become an object of attention and mockery, when, by making a little concession to the prevailing fashion of the day, she would pass unobserved, instead of being laughed at as half mad, which I am not sensible enough to see the great advantage of. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*, or, if you will, to our wolves in sheep's clothing, the guests at Madame de Flottancourt's ball, where all was smooth in dress and behaviour: every one looked well, everything went right. The ice-creams, sorbets, and refreshments, were exquisite; tasting like what one fancies of the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. Almost everybody famed in literature, arts, or arms, was there; historic personages floated past, dispensing with their smiles a flattery so refined and veiled, that it sounded like truth. The fair mistress of the revels went from one guest to another, charming each. 'Look, Miss Loden,' cried Herminie; 'look at my dear, my beautiful mamma! Who is there here more lovely than herself! more graceful! more loveable? How inimitably she dresses! I am proud of my mother! Don't you think I well may be so?' said this affectionate child, looking at Madame de Flottancourt with glistening eyes. I replied as she expected, for I really thought all she said was but the truth.

We had afterwards one or two dinners, which were commanded with the same apparent disregard of expense, and conducted with the same order. The dessert, which alone appeared upon the table, was of the most expensive description, and beautifully arranged. An immense vase filled with flowers occupied the centre of the table; on each side were large oblong silver-gilt plateaux covered with *figurines* and Sèvres ornaments. The different dishes and *baissans* were handed round by the servants; but beside la marquise herself were some bottles of very rare wine, one of which was placed in a machine that, upon her turning round a handle somewhat after the fashion of a barrel-organ, inclined the bottle without shaking it, and filled the glasses without trouble. The conversation all the while was never interrupted; but I felt too unaccustomed to the style of it to take any part, listening, as I usually did,

unless when the party happened to be large enough to allow me to occupy the attention of my immediate neighbour without making a break in the general 'flow of soul.'

But the time of our departure for the country drew near. 'I have been very fortunate,' observed Madame de Flottancourt, 'in finding tenants for my apartment this season in your compatriots the Sedleightons. Next winter I shall, however, occupy it myself; and having given so many parties just now, I may then remain quite idle for a time, and only amuse myself, and go to those given by my friends. But at present we must think of Flottancourt, for which place I propose leaving Paris and its delights upon Tuesday week.'

Madame de Bois Favort having arrived by this time in the capital, I gladly seized such a good opportunity of paying her a little visit, and leaving the De Flottancourts to make their arrangements without the *gêne* of a quasi stranger. Madame de Bois Favort's apartment in the Rue Pepinière (they had let their hotel, which is still occupied by the Comte Ferrarini) was small, but convenient. There were many curiosities and many comforts, but nothing approaching the splendour which dazzled you at the Marquise de Flottancourt's. A clever *femme de chambre*, a general servant, and a man, formed her whole establishment, with a *femme de journée*, who came twice a week; but it was impossible to have nicer little dinners or better attendance. All new books and new music were to be met with in her *salon*, where a small number of the most agreeable people in Paris assembled every Monday. The style of conversation interested me more, and dazzled me less, than that of the literati Madame de Flottancourt drew round her, and I retired to rest less fatigued than after the glare and excitement of our parties in the Champs-Élysées. I was now struck with what I confess I never saw before: namely, the wide difference between these two ladies, and that difference *not* in favour of Madame de Flottancourt. A sort of actress-like play of feature and turn of expression—a something got up and unreal, that I could not explain even to myself—was brought before my mind when I contrasted the quiet composed manner of Madame de Bois Favort, enlivened at times by a refined, gentle vivacity, which pleased the more from its rarity. I never heard her say, as I have Madame de Flottancourt and fifty other Frenchwomen—'*Là simplicité est charmante! et il n'y a rien de si difficile.*' Her '*simplicité*' cost her no trouble, for it came naturally. Her dress, too, most perfectly fashionable, and fitted for her station, had a subdued elegance about it which was not so apparent in that of the marquise, who, although never fine, was always and *evidently* very expensively attired, and as near the extreme of the reigning mode as good taste would allow her to approach. The mind of Madame de Bois Favort was, as I before remarked, highly cultivated; but she had none of that brilliancy of wit, that flattering deference of tone, those rapid changes of countenance, that *striking* grace of motion, which captivated you at first, and fatigued you afterwards in her rival. There was also another point of view in which she showed to advantage that I had not before thought of; for as a Protestant, and attending to my own religion, I did not pay much attention to the theology of my Roman Catholic friends; but now, when I saw Madame de Favort in Paris, as in the country, doing good and showing kindness in the same unostentatious way, going quietly dressed to a quiet church at a quiet hour daily, always speaking of every attribute of religion with profound respect, and thought of Madame de Flottancourt, bustling in brocade on Sundays to that gorgeous pagan temple (at present appropriated to Christian worship) the Madeleine, peeping over her superb velvet and gold prayer-book at every one round her, and confining her criticisms to the *dress* of the audience, never even touching on the sermon she had yawned through any more than if she had never heard it, I felt that, although professing the same religion in

name, their ideas upon the subject were as wide apart as if each held a different faith. M. de Bois Favort was an intelligent, agreeable man; and to his politeness I am indebted for seeing the most interesting monuments of Paris, which la marquise deemed quite secondary to its amusements, and never had time to throw away upon.

Tuesday at last arrived, and we set out for Flottancourt in the *coupe* of the diligence, Madame de Flottancourt's carriage, like her servants, having been hired for the season; and I very soon had occasion to remark that the fascination of look and manner which had so charmed me, diminished in proportion to the distance that separated us from Paris. The refreshments ordered during the journey, too, made me regret the ample and excellent table I had lately enjoyed in the Rue Pepinière; and Hermoine loudly expressed her dissatisfaction, for which she received the first sharp reprimand I had heard addressed to her, and returned the first scowling glance I had observed on her countenance. At Barr the carriage came to meet us; and such a rickety, miserable, old jingling vehicle I never had before beheld—horses and harness were in strict keeping with the equipage—and the coachman looked as though he had just stepped out of the frontispiece to 'Sterne's Sentimental Journey.' I suppose my countenance expressed the surprise I felt; for Madame de Flottancourt immediately said, 'A la compagne nous ne sommes pas à Paris.' She had made the same original and profound observation before upon one or two occasions, especially when Hermoine complained of the fare; but I could not see how such a remark applied to a gentleman's establishment in the country. However, off we set, and had ample time to admire the beautiful country through which the wretched roads carried us, when all at once we came in sight of an imposing-looking building surrounded by trees.

'Oh what a fine old place! What is the name of it?'

'That,' answered Madame de Flottancourt, with a return of the manner which at Paris was so fascinating—'that is Flottancourt!'

It was indeed a noble structure; but as we approached, the marks of decay and neglect became evident. Imperfect fences, ill-made roads, broken gates, trees lying on their broadsides, no young plantations coming on, ornaments defaced, steps and railing in want of repair. It looked like a stately ruin, but not at all as the inhabited house of a rich widow ought to look. Again Madame read my countenance, for she said, 'It would take such an immense sum to restore the place, that I have not courage to begin.'

I thought that one season at Paris given up would do a great deal towards it, but did not venture to say so, feeling it would displease. The inside corresponded with the dilapidated appearance without; immense rooms barely furnished; huge fireplaces, which, unless filled with trunks of trees—which I never saw but on company days—made one shiver to look at; old servants, looking respectfully confused and somewhat cross, and very few of these even seemed to greet us. Happily it was a fine day, or I think I should have wept with despair. The smallest room in the house was given to me at my own request; but the cold I endured was something which even now I look back to with a feeling of discomfort, and the reflection invariably cools me upon a hot day in July. I made it as comfortable as I could with sheep-skins; and by putting sand-bags at the door, and stuffing up mouse-holes with putty and rags, contrived to reduce the draughts; for in this room alone did I feel anything like calmness or comfort. After a while, I perceived that the inviting me to spend the winter was a 'clever dodge' of Madame de Flottancourt's to get her daughter instructed in English, and kept up in music for nothing. She made much of me, however, before company, although, like the rest of her unhappy household, I sometimes experienced the unpleasant effects of an uncontrolled temper. Being *à la compagne* was an excuse for having everything uncomfortable it seemed. There were cows, but we had no cream, no

fresh butter, because it was winter. You could not take advantage of a 'fair blink' to get a little walk on a wet winter's day; because made walks there were none, and the wretched roads were ankle-deep. In summer, no doubt, it might be charming enough to wander about the woods and lanes; but although the Marquise de Flottancourt knew full well last winter that the Sedleightons were to take her apartment at Paris from the 10th of December, yet such was her carelessness, stinginess, and want of common management, that nothing more was provided against the winter's residence than she was contented to do without during the summer. Her object was to spend in vanity at Paris all that she denied Flottancourt. But not only did I find out that I had been deceived in Madame de Flottancourt, Hermoine also soon showed that she, like her mother, was but a Parisian actress. Here she made no affectionate speeches—gave no fond glances. She turned her mother into ridicule the moment her back was turned, and often made grimaces at her as she left the room. Sometimes, but not often, we had society from the neighbouring town, when Madame performed, for that night only, the rôle of her popular character, and was charming in all eyes but mine, who now saw under the surface. Once or twice we went to dine or make a morning visit to some of the gentry of the canton, which last, going and coming, generally took up the best part of a day, on account of the roads; but although at none of these châteaux and *maisons de compagne* was I witness of the discomfort, parsimony, and wretchedness I saw at Flottancourt, still it was very evident that being *à la compagne* in France was not like being in the country in England: a want of consistency, a want of keeping, a want of comfort, I perceived everywhere; no place was in order, or in a state of progressive improvement; the general habits were slovenly, and the duties of a country family, as we consider them, seemed unknown. For my own part, I have enjoyed more comfort, cultivation, elegance, and liberality combined, at the habitation of a squire of from L.800 to L.1000 a year, than I ever saw in France at the finest château I visited, Bois Favort always excepted. There things were, although quite as un-English, perfectly well-ordered, easy, and gentleman-like; and in Madame de Bois Favort all the brilliancy of the Frenchwoman was united to the sober sense and unpretending excellence of her British sister.

There was one magnificent château we went to where the family were unfortunately from home on a visit. The rooms, staircase, galleries, were very fine, and there was no want of splendid *pieces* of furniture; but I observed no carpets on the stairs, no stove in the galleries, no library, nor half the comfort one sees in even the most uncomfortable show-house in England; and the family being only gone for a week, it may be supposed to have borne the same aspect as when they were there. The grounds were extensive, and beautiful: long avenues of elms and limes diverging like rays from a centre, clipt close as a hedge half-way up, and then allowed to grow as nature bade them; well-kept grass plots, flowers in profusion, all neat and in order, and gravel walks well rolled. In the kitchen there were 300 copper pans glittering like gold, stove-tables in every direction, but no bright white cheerful fireplace. The servants were kept warm by their work or *chaufferettes*, of which there stood a range; but I shall ever regret not being able to accept the invitation so politely sent, as I might then have been better able to describe accurately what at present I can only glance at and suppose.

The breakfast hour in most families was twelve; the dinner six in the country. The former may be considered as our luncheon; and you break your fast in your bedroom with a large cup of *café au lait* and a roll at an early hour. Latterly, I have seen tea taken at night, but it is not very common; coffee, without cream, immediately after dinner being in general thought sufficient. The French manage usually, I think, with fewer servants than we do, and to the public eye every-

thing looks as nice as with us; but as we live for ourselves and our families, and they for the world at large, there is a want both of comfort and cleanliness behind the scenes. Upon the whole, my experience has taught me to wish to see nothing French imitated at home except the tasteful simplicity, freshness, and fashion of their dress; and the amiability of their charming manners, where no guest is permitted to feel himself neglected, and every intention of amusing the company is acknowledged gratefully, whether it is successful or not. At one time of the year the word 'confiture' is in every *ménagère's* mouth; although red-currant jelly, plain and *framboisé*, is the only domestic confiture I have seen made, except cherries or apricot marmalade occasionally, by *very* aspiring dames. The common people also make what they call *résiné* of grapes, apples, and pears, boiled without sugar, till reduced to a pulp. All grocers keep vases with currant-jelly, *résiné*, pomatum, and lip-salve, and you can go with your pot and buy for a penny of any; but the various jams or jellies common to the simplest household in Scotland they know nothing of. I have also often wondered at finding gooseberries in their garden, for they make no use of them in pies, puddings, or drinks; and people of condition invariably expressed surprise at seeing me eat them: to be sure they are usually abominably bad. The butter is excellent, but they rarely eat it, as we do, on bread. Twice a year they prepare it for cookery in a manner I wonder we do not adopt, for it keeps admirably, and answers well. It is put into a large *marmite*, and allowed to remain upon the fire, but never stirred or touched until thoroughly melted; it is then skimmed, and poured off, while liquid, into bottles and small pots, and the *grounds* either given to the poor, or allowed to stand till cold by economists, and then scraped and used for frying immediately. The other, covered from the air, keeps perfectly for several months, without salt or further care. Many good French scholars lose many things by not knowing how to ask for them. If you want a rice pudding, order a *gâteau de riz*; if a custard pudding, ask for *une crème*. Never ask for soup, unless you like the vapid stuff which goes by that name: beg them to serve you up *potage*. If you desire cream in the country, you are surprised to receive it sour: had you demanded *fleurettes*, you would have had what would improve your tea; and so on. Crawfish are given for crabs on the coast, because, remembering our vocabulary, learnt with tears, we desire to have an *écrevisse*; whereas the local name in most of these places is *tourteau*.

Although a good French cook is certainly superior to every other, the generality of those who offer themselves to the English *pour faire la cuisine*, for from L.12 to L.16, are execrable. They ring the changes of a few greasy dishes over and over again, have no variety, cannot roast or boil, and you must therefore live on stews. The soup of common cooks is dreadful: neither fish nor vegetables can they dress *au naturel*; the bad colour and taste must be disguised under a sauce; and yet you hear Britons lauding French cookery to the skies merely because it is foreign; while the French themselves, who are so much better able to judge, imagine we are content with these messes because they resemble English cookery. Except at a first-rate restaurant, the common run of English never taste good cookery; and no one lives worse than the English abroad who go to economise. There is never any place to keep meat, which you must eat either tainted or tough; and unless it is stewed and seasoned, it is commonly very bad. A fine name works wonders. 'Delicious!' I heard an affected young Sawney cry. 'Madame, pray taste this tête de veau en tortue.' 'Hoot, laddie!' answered his aunt, after tasting, 'it's just cauf's-head haush!'

There were many singular characters at Tourloville. One in particular was a great amusement to me. Madame Flaudrin was the reverse of a religious character, and never went to church, although she did allow that the Catholic religion was *bon pour le peuple*. She

had a good fortune and a good digestion; she loved the world, and the world had hitherto gone well with her; but at last she became ill, seriously ill, and the prospect of death gave her some uneasiness, for, as she sagaciously observed, it could not be *exactly proved* that there was not another world. Having heard that reading the Bible was proper in such circumstances, she resolved to try what effect it would have, and taking from a cabinet her dust-covered Bible, requested me to read her a portion.

'What part would you like to hear?' asked I, seeing her turning over the leaves between Romans and the Revelations.

'Ah, lisez moi cette jolie histoire de Joseph—ce pauvre Joseph!—cette vilaine Madame Putiphar!'

I have seen this lady, who, when she went into company, dressed better than any one there, walking about and giving orders to workmen in an attire made of blanket flannel—jacket, trousers, and stockings, *all in one!*—somewhat resembling a little boy's skeleton clothes, but not so nice; her feet thrust into sabots, and sometimes not another article on; generally, however, she added a shawl, short, worn, and dingy. Her great friend Madame la Crosse de St Jerome always brought to my mind Madame du Deffand, and at the age of ninety was still a charming companion. I think I see her now in that dull, old-fashioned, unfurnished room, looking into the street through the tall windows, sitting on one side of the fire, which she never saw, as she occupied a recess, and the high chimney came forward. She, like many old Frenchwomen (and at that time many middle-aged ones too), always wore a bonnet; and there she sat, from January to December, from morning till night, doing nothing but talk, talk, talk. She told me she had been pronounced consumptive, and given up by the doctors at eighteen, and told to take leave of the world; but she went on her old way, laughed at the doctors, and never swallowed a drug except Anderson's Pills: of these she took one every Saturday for fifty years, and attributed to *les pilules Ecossaises* the good health she had enjoyed for that period. But these discursive sketches may as well end here as anywhere else. I have noted down from my thickly-coming recollections a few particulars taken here and there, both of good and bad; some of them, no doubt—and more especially, I hope, of the latter—in this age of progress and intermixture, already obsolete. Be it so. I have at least given future visitors a point of departure, and they will be able to calculate all the better the real ratio of improvement.

A TRIP TO LEBANON.

A FRENCH traveller who sojourned for a time in Syria during a recent voyage to the East, made various excursions into the mountain districts of Lebanon. The narrative of his journey and adventures, as published in a foreign periodical, presents a few points of general interest, which we transfer to our pages. While staying in the suburbs of Beyrout, he set out one day to walk into the town in the afternoon hours usually devoted by the population to the *siesta*; a period in which, according to the popular saying, 'nobody is abroad in the sunshine but dogs and Franks.' 'I had never before,' he observes, 'entered Beyrout at this unseasonable hour; and I fancied myself the man in the "Arabian Nights" walking into the city where all the inhabitants had been changed into stone. Every one was in a profound sleep: the sentries under the gate, the ass-drivers in the great square, waiting for the ladies, who were probably asleep also in the bath. The dealers in dates and water-melons slept at their stalls by the side of the fountain, the *cafedji* (coffee-seller) snored in his shop with all his customers, the *hamal* (porter) lay with his head resting on his burthen, the camel-driver by the side of his kneeling animal, and some tall fellows of Albanians keeping guard before the pacha's seraglio—all were buried in tranquil sleep, leaving the city to take care of itself.

'It was on such an occasion, and during a similar period of somnolence, that three hundred Druses once made themselves masters of Damascus. They entered the city in small parties with the crowds of country people who, in the early part of the day, throng the squares and bazaars, and at the hour of the siesta made a feint of sleeping as the others. Their groups, however, were skilfully distributed, and at a given moment, took possession of the principal posts, while the main body pillaged and set fire to the rich bazaars. The inhabitants, waking up in sudden surprise, imagined themselves overpowered by an entire army, and barricaded themselves in their houses, while the troops did the same in the barracks. The Druses took advantage of the panic, and at the end of an hour, mounting their horses laden with booty, made off to their unattackable retreats in the mountain.'

Approaching the quarter of the town near the sea, the traveller finds some signs of life, and orders dinner at a hotel, where a notice posted on one of the doors intimates to visitors, 'Here the charge is sixty piastres a day.' Several English travellers are present, from one of whom he learns many particulars respecting the hill country and the inhabitants. On paying for his dinner, he is surprised to find the demand not more than ten piastres—about two shillings. The landlord, an Italian, leads him aside, and invites him to take up his quarters in the hotel. The Frenchman, in reply, points to the announcement respecting the sixty piastres a day, to which Signor Battista responded, 'Body o' me, that's for the English, who have plenty of money, and are all heretics; but for the French and other Romans it is only twenty piastres!'

After this specimen of inn-keeping morality, we have a description of the life and movement in the bazaar. 'Never,' says the traveller, 'have I seen more beautiful children than those playing about in the splendid central alley. Young girls, graceful and joyous, thronged round the elegant marble fountains, ornamented in the Mosque style, and departed one by one, bearing away large antique vases filled with water on their heads. Red hair is frequently seen, of a more decided colour than is commonly met with in Europe, partaking more of purple or crimson. This colour is so much regarded as a beauty in Syria, that numbers of the women dye their hair, if brown or black, with henna, which in other countries is used only to redden the sole of the foot, the nails, and palm of the hands.'

'Besides these, at the places where the alleys intersect each other, were the retailers of ices and sherbet, manufacturing their beverage, as it was wanted, from snow brought from the summit of the Sannin. A brilliant *café*, frequented chiefly by soldiers, also supplied iced and perfumed drinks at the central point of the bazaar. I remained there some time absorbed in contemplating the movements of the active crowd, which combined in a small space all the varied costumes of the mountain. There was something singular to watch the motion of the gilded horns (*tantours*), a foot in height, during the excitement of buying and selling, worn on the head by the Druse or Maronite women. A long veil, which they raise at pleasure, covers their face; and the position of the glittering ornament gives them an appearance resembling the fabulous unicorn which serves as a supporter in the escutcheon of England. Their external costume is uniformly black or white.'

On another occasion the author is unexpectedly favoured with the sight of a Turkish funeral. The deceased, however, was not an ordinary mortal, but one of those unfortunate beings called lunatics by Europeans, but by the Turks *santons*, or saints. This one had lived for many years entirely naked in a grotto under a garden wall, where he was visited by pilgrims from all quarters. A large concourse of people attended the funeral, rejoicing that the defunct had attained his state of beatitude. But great consternation was excited when the dervises who bore the corpse, on attempting to enter the low dome-shaped tomb, seemed to be repelled and pushed down by some unknown power. Again and again did they try to gain an entrance; the mourners chanted louder and

louder; but all to no purpose: the dead man would not go quietly into his tomb! A consultation was then held with the old men of the party, who recommended a rapid gyration, by way of bewildering the corpse, as affording a chance of success. 'This counsel was generally approved; the chanting was renewed with increased vigour; and the dervises, taking the coffin by the two ends, whirled it round and round for several minutes, and then with a sudden movement darted into the tomb. The people waited the result of this daring manoeuvre in great trepidation. For a time it was feared that the dervises would fall victims to their audacity, and be buried by the falling in of the walls; but in a few minutes they came out triumphant, announcing that, after a few difficulties, the *santon* remained perfectly quiet, on which the crowd broke out in acclamations of joy, and dispersed, some to the coffee-house, others to their homes.'

After making himself acquainted with the most striking phenomena of city life and manners, the traveller accepted the invitation of the emir of a mountain district to accompany him to the seat of his government. On making a preliminary stage in the cool of the evening up the first ascent, a view of the city is obtained at a period when the inhabitants were all walking either on their house-tops or terraces. The serenity of the Syrian night, which is described as a *bluish kind of day*, is eminently favourable to this recreative exercise. After a few days' travelling through dark pine-woods, fertile valleys, or across arid and sandy plains, the party arrives at the prince's residence. Here, pursues the narrator, 'at the dinner-hour—that is, towards noon—I was requested to ascend to a high gallery, open towards the court: one end was fitted up as an alcove with divans and cushions: two females, showily dressed, were seated on one of the divans, their legs crossed in the Turkish manner; and a little girl, who was seated near them, came as soon as I entered, and, according to custom, kissed my hand. I bowed, and took my place with the prince at an inlaid table, which bore a large tray covered with dishes of various sorts. The little girl brought me a long silk napkin worked with silver at each end. The ladies, however, continued sitting on the divan as motionless as images during the repast; but when we had done, we took our places in front of them, and the elder of the two ordered in *narghiles*, or pipes.'

'Above the jacket, made to fit tight round the waist, and the *cheytian* (trousers), these ladies wore robes of rayed silk, a heavy golden girdle, and ornaments of diamonds and rubies. The horn, which the mistress of the house balanced on her forehead with the movements of a swan, was of chased silver-gilt, set off with rows of turquoises, while the long tresses of her hair, interwoven with strings of *sequins*, flowed over her shoulders in the fashion of the Levant. The feet of these ladies, drawn up on the divan, were innocent of stockings—a custom general in this country, and one which gives an attraction to beauty very remote from our ideas. Women who seldom walk, and bathe themselves several times daily in perfumed water, and whose toes are never compressed by their shoes, have feet as beautiful as their hands. The red dye of henna upon the nails, and the massive rings, rich as bracelets, complete the charm offered by portions of the limbs, sacrificed too often in Europe to the glory of shoemakers.'

The ancient sport of falconry is still kept up in the East. The day after the traveller's arrival, he joins a party who ride along the banks of a river till they come to the marshes, where they fly their falcons at two herons, which take to flight at the reports of muskets fired to disturb them. One of the two birds beat off the falcon, and escaped into a neighbouring wood, while the other mounted in a direct line into the air. 'Then,' says the narrator, 'began the real interest of the chase. It was in vain that the fugitive heron lost himself in space, where our eyes could not follow him; the falcons saw him for us, and not being able to follow to so great a height, waited for his descent. It was an animated sight to see these three watchful birds float on the air with outstretched wings, whose whiteness was often lost in the azure of the sky. At the end of ten minutes, the heron,

either fatigued, or unable to breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the upper regions, reappeared at a short distance from the falcons, which instantly darted upon him. It was the struggle of a moment: as the combatants neared the earth, we were able to hear their cries, and to discern the furious *mêlée* of wings, necks, and claws. Suddenly the four birds fell as one mass to the ground, and the scouts were some minutes before they could find them in the grass. At last they picked up the heron, still alive, and cut its throat, to prevent further suffering. The falcons were rewarded with a piece of flesh cut from the breast, and the rest of the poor heron was brought back as a trophy of success. The prince talked to me of hawking expeditions which he had made into the valley of Becqua, where the falcon is trained to attack gazelles. But there is something cruel in this mode of hunting; for the falcons are taught to settle on the heads of the animals, and peck out their eyes. I had not the least desire to assist in so melancholy an amusement.

'The same evening a splendid banquet was given, to which many of the neighbours had been invited. A number of little tables *à la Turque* were arranged in the courtyard, to suit the rank of the guests. The heron, triumphal victim of our expedition, was made to stand, by means of wires, with outstretched neck and wings, in the centre of the table, where I was invited to take my seat near some Lazarite monks from the neighbouring convent of Antoura who had come to the feast. A party of singers and musicians were placed on the steps leading up to the house, and the lower end of the court was filled with people sitting at little tables in groups of five or six. The dishes passed from the upper to the lower tables, and at last circulated among a troop of mountaineers seated on the ground, who finished their contents. Old drinking-glasses of Bohemian manufacture were placed on our tables, but the greater part of the guests drank from cups which passed from hand to hand. The principal dish consisted of roasted mutton with pyramids of pilau dyed yellow with cinnamon and saffron; then came fricassées, boiled fish, vegetables mixed with chopped meat, water-melons, bananas, and other fruits of the country. At the end of the repast toasts were drunk to the sound of instruments and the acclamations of the assembly. One-half of a party seated at a table would rise and drink to the other half; and in this way the festivities were prolonged far into the night.'

After a few more days passed under the emir's hospitable roof, the traveller joined a party which set out to attack a Maronite village about a day's march distant. The same kind of petty but demoralising warfare seems to be going on in the mountain districts of Lebanon as formerly prevailed on the Scottish Border or in the Highlands. On this occasion, however, no lives were lost, the rage of the invading party being expended on the cactus hedges and olive and mulberry-trees belonging to the enemy. The traveller was disappointed in his expectation of witnessing a specimen of mountain fighting, and after saying farewell to the prince, returned with his guide, Moussa, to Beyrout.

THE OLD MAID.

WHEN I first knew her, she was between thirty and forty. Her features were plain, yet she was far from ugly: there was a nameless charm in their expression which made her almost beautiful. Hers was a face that you would have stood to look at, as at a picture. I recollect seeing her sometimes at our house, a long time ago, when I was a very little fellow. There was something very quiet and gentle about her, and that very calmness seemed to repel all intrusion. I used to wish to love her, but dared not. Sometimes I would steal up to her noiselessly as she sat at work, and she would stoop down and kiss my forehead, and then push me gently away; and sometimes I thought I felt a tear fall on my cheek, but it may have been only fancy.

Years passed on, but to my youthful fancy they brought no change in her: she was the same gentle being as before. She rented a pretty little cottage, but

could not be said to live there, for she was always wandering from place to place among her acquaintance, doing them little services. Did Mrs Tomkins want assistance in making a dress?—the old maid did the neatest needlework imaginable. Was Mrs Jenks busy preparing for her Christmas party?—the first preliminary was to write to the old maid to come and make some of the mince-pies that were so much praised last year. And when any individual in her circle of acquaintance was laid on a bed of sickness, who so ready to smooth with gentle hand the pillow of pain, and calm the unquiet, wandering mind, as the old maid? Who, like her, would tend with unwearied care the restless hours of sickness, and raise the sinking heart of the sufferer by sitting near him through the livelong night with no other companion than a book and her own quiet thoughts?

She seemed strangely alone in the world; for excepting a widowed sister, she had no relatives. Sometimes I wondered that she did not get married, but how the thought came into my head I have no idea. For somehow, I cannot tell why, the notion seemed quite absurd in connection with her. What could we have done without her? She get married! It was out of the question.

She lived on a small annuity in her little cottage near the suburbs of the town. There was a little patch of fruit garden, about three yards square, with a little round bed in the middle, and a few stunted evergreens round the side. She had one maid-servant, a little demure creature, as prim and quiet as herself. The little front parlour was rather scantily furnished, and cold-looking, but very neat. You always saw some elegant bit of industry in progress on the table, but there was nothing of the kind to be seen round the room. Some of her numerous friends were constantly asking her to make them one of those nice so-and-sos, like the one she did for Mrs Briggs; and she was always happy to oblige them. There was no arm-chair or sofa in the room: on the square pianoforte (an old one of Broadwood's) you might sometimes observe a plain black bonnet and a pair of cotton gloves. There was a scent-bottle on the mantel-piece, but it had been a long while empty. There were a few books on a little shelf hung against the wall; a little poetry and some good solid prose: strange companions stood side by side, for it contained an odd jumble of things new and old. You might have seen 'Rasselas' and Hervey's 'Meditations,' Moore's 'Zeluco' and Young's 'Night-Thoughts,' Scott's 'Rokeby' and 'Guy Mannering,' Walton's 'Angler' and 'Paradise Lost.' A Shakspeare there was of course—an old edition in many volumes; and, what used to please me most, a large old Bible with pictures in it.

Years passed by. We had lost sight of the old maid for several weeks, when one day she appeared at our house, paler than ever, and in deep mourning, leading in her hand a boy of about eight years old. Her sister was dead, and had left this boy to the care of his only relative in the world. I was grown a big fellow now; and when the old maid at intervals came to see us, I used to patronise her little nephew, and would initiate him into the science of 'peg in the ring,' or endeavour to make him an adept at 'fives.'

The old maid seldom visited now, for she devoted all her time to the education of her nephew; and with such a course of training he grew up, gentle and quiet like herself. As years passed away, we could see little change in her tranquil course of life; but there was much to be noticed in her protégé. He had early given token of intellectual power of a high order, and she procured the best masters for him; and when she could no longer superintend his studies, she would sit by him, and encourage him by gentle words and kisses.

In course of time he went to Cambridge. We knew not by what means his aunt was thus enabled to prepare him for fame and honour, till we noticed that, though the cottage looked as neat as before, the prim maid-servant was no longer to be seen.

Some years afterwards, the old maid called at our house to bid us good-by. Her nephew, after becoming an M. A., had been received into the church; and while continuing his studies, had been anxiously looking for a curacy, but without success. He had been offered a situation to travel as tutor with a nobleman's son; but the poor old woman could not bear to part with him. At last, through some titled friend, he had procured a curacy of a hundred a year in a country village a long way off, and she was going to him there. She looked rather thinner and older than of yore; but she was very cheerful and merry at the thought that her Harry was at last provided for, however poorly.

Time passed, and the nephew, from the curacy, succeeded to the living. He took a few private pupils, and his income was increased. After a little time he married; but the old maid could not love his wife, though there was no outward objection to her. The bride was cheerful, good-tempered, and pretty; but the old maid looked for something inside, and could not find it: there was no depth in her eyes—they shone like painted glass.

The old maid left the home where she had been happy for so many years, and returned to her cottage. I daresay the minister and his wife were not sorry to get rid of her, for she was rather a check upon them; moreover, she had become, they said, sour and 'odd'; and there was often no pleasing her, do what they would. But she was growing old, and the weight of years will bend down the strongest mind, and wither the outer covering of the heart, though not the heart itself.

She returned to her cottage, and became acquainted with a few old people like herself, who could feel for her loneliness, and at their homes she used to spend her evenings. But she was no longer the gentle, suffering woman of thirty years before: she had become fretful and peevish; and now her frequent amusement was a rubber of whist, at which game she began to be an adept. You seldom saw her face look pleasant, as of old, unless when seated at the table with a partner to her satisfaction. She now wore several rings on her fingers, and though her dress was of the same quiet kind as ever, it was ornamented with a brooch and chains which did not use to be there. She would talk to you of things you had forgotten long ago: of her visit to Abbotsford, with an anecdote of Sir Walter which she had heard from the old housekeeper. She would criticise Edmund Kean, and inquire if you knew John Kemble. She used to praise the latter, and say she never cared to go to the play unless to see his 'Hamlet,' it was so quiet, so melancholy, and solemn. She would wish to see it again, she said, but she had no one to take her. I would then tell her that that celebrated man had died years ago, and she would only change the subject, and ask me what I thought of Scott's last novel.

Sometimes she would show you a miniature representing a man of noble features in a military dress. Then she would tell you how brave he was, but he was ambitious, which made her very unhappy; and how he went abroad, and his name had been returned among the 'seriously wounded' in the skirmish at Quatre Bras. For many long years she had expected he would return, for his death had not been reported, and she could not but believe that he was still alive. If you asked her who he was, she would turn away, and give you no answer.

One day the Rev. Mr. — received a note from a physician informing him that his aunt was dying, and was anxious to see him once more. On the evening of the following day he set out, and reached the cottage a few hours after she was dead. However, he was in time to read her burial service.

And I believe he placed the stone upon her grave, which sets forth that she was the daughter of a certain person, and that she died on such a day, in such a year. And then follows, if I recollect rightly, a verse from

Holy Writ. This was the conclusion. Even her nephew, wedded by the ties of wife and children to the living, would forget his benefactress soon. She passed away as if she had never been; and no one now, but some solitary dreamer like myself, recalls even a flitting memory of the Old Maid.

TO MY DREAM-CHILD.

'All is nothing—and less than nothing! The children of Alice call Bartrum father.'—*Charles Lamb's 'Dream-Children.'*

LITTLE one! I lie in the dark
With thy sweet lips pressed to mine;
My hot, restless pulses meeting
Thy still heart's slow, quiet beating,
In a calm divine.

On my breast thy bright hair floats;
Well its memoried hue I know!
And thine eyes if thou wert raising,
They would answer to my gazing
Looks of long ago.

Fairy hand, that on my cheek
Falls with touch as dove's wing soft,
I can feel its curves, resembling
One that, like a young bird trembling,
Lay in mine so oft.

Thou wilt spring up at my feet,
Flower-like—beautiful and mild;
Gossips, too, on me bestowing
Flattery sweet, will say, 'Thou'rt growing
Like thy father, child.'

No! I would not have my face
Imaged, blessed one! in thine;
I, who crushed out all my being
In one love, and poured—clear-seeing—
My heart's blood like wine.

I have given thee a name,
What name—none shall ever know;
When I say it, there comes thronging
A whole lifetime's aim and longing,
And a life-time's woe.

Ah, that word!—I wake—I wake—
And the light breaks cold and bare;
Bright one—never born, yet dying
To my love—without replying,
Dream-child, melt to air!

Eyes, no wife shall ever kiss;
Arms, no child shall ever pile;
Lift I up to Heaven, beseeching
Him who sent this bitter teaching;
Be it as His will!

Not as man sees, seeth God;
Not as man loves, loveth He;
When the dregs-stained lips are failing,
When the tear-spent eyes are veiling,
Dawns eternity.

THE LOCUST BIRD.

It is most gratifying to state that the locust bird has made its appearance in the adjoining district of Fort Beaufort in great numbers. Opportunity was afforded us, about nine days since, of witnessing several flights of this bird, and it was peculiarly interesting, in connection with their great services to man, to observe their rapid but graceful motions while in pursuit of their prey. Their numbers, like the locusts, are incredible, presenting at a distance the appearance of a dark cloud floating in graceful evolutions in the clear atmosphere. Their pursuit of the locust is incessant, soaring occasionally into regions so high, as to appear to the spectator a mere speck, and then descending with the velocity of a swallow, which they greatly resemble when on the wing, to the surface of the earth. The largest flight of locusts is destroyed by them in the course of a day or two, and sometimes in a few hours, and thus merciful provision is made by an ever-watchful Providence against a scourge which, but for Omnipotent Power, would speedily lay bare and render useless some of the fairest regions of the earth.—*Graham's Town Journal.*

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OUR OLD DRESSMAKER.

'THIS will never do, my dear,' said my aunt ruefully, as she pondered over a long account just come in, being the sum expended in the making of my first 'evening dress.' 'Sixteen shillings! in addition to the materials! These London dressmakers are ruinous. We must find some one to work in the house, as did Lydia Jones.' And my poor aunt, newly imported from the country, sighed while she fastened my pretty dress—called frock now no more; for it marked my passing into the charmed regions of young ladyhood. I loved it, the pretty pale silk, of simple yet graceful fashion, which did duty as a 'best dress' for more time than richer maidens would care to confess. The poor old thing! I found a fragment of it the other day, and sighed, remembering the scenes where it had been, and the girlish bosom which beneath its folds had learned to throb with deeper pulses than those of pleasure at a new silk dress.

My aunt's lamentations that night brought forth their fruits. 'Letty,' said she on our next linen-drapery investment, 'I have found a dressmaker, to work as Lydia did, for eighteenpence a day. You can help her, my dear, as you used to help Lydia. Women can never learn too much regarding the use of their fingers.'

I acquiesced, for I had a fancy, indeed quite a genius, that way, I believe; only I always wished to make the dresses on artistic rather than fashionable principles, and I began to fear the London workwoman would not coincide with my vagaries so readily as quiet Lydia in the country. So I rather dreaded the advent of the new dressmaker.

'Who is she, and when does she come, aunt?'

'Her name is Miss Hilton, and she comes to-morrow. Now, my dear, go to your practising.'

I did go—but, with the curiosity of fifteen, I did not cease to speculate on the young workwoman. In fact I confess to having bestirred my lazy self half an hour earlier on the following morning, in honour of her coming, which, in our quiet life, was quite an event.

It was, I remember, one of the wettest of all wet September days. Still, at half-past eight A.M., there faithfully appeared 'our dressmaker.' Little cause had I to be alarmed at *her*—a poor, pale thing, who, when she had taken off her damp shawl—I recollect inwardly wondering at her folly in putting on such a thin one—sat down very quiet and demure, and ate her breakfast in silent respect.

I was a shy girl, a very shy girl; but I believe my good feeling so far conquered my timidity as to make me inquire if Miss Hilton would not take off her wet shoes, and have a pair of slippers; and then meeting my aunt's eye, I subsided in fearful blushes, lest I had taken too much notice of 'the dressmaker.'

We got on very well together, Miss Hilton and I, when the work began. She took the patterns skilfully, and yielded to all my little peculiarities about grace and beauty in costume. Moreover, she did not treat me as a child, but as a 'young lady;' and when, with great dignity, I sat down to assist her in making the skirt of my aunt's new dress, Miss Hilton still kept a respectful silence, which soothed my pride, and won my favour amazingly.

Now I was a most romantic young damsel, and knew nothing of the world except from books, of which I had read an infinity, good, bad, and indifferent. So, regarding my companion—with her small neat figure, her face of that sort not properly termed good-looking, but yet decidedly *looking good*—I began to take a liking for her very soon, and ventured a few questions.

'Had she come far that wet morning?'

'Only about two miles.'

'She must have risen early then?'

'Yes, about five: she had had to finish a dress before she came.'

What a life! To rise at five, work till eight, walk two miles through those muddy lanes (we lived a short distance out of London), and then begin and work again! I said nothing, but I thought much; and I remember the next time Miss Hilton stood cutting out, I had the sense to place a chair for her. This she acknowledged with a faint blush, which made me think of the sweetest ideal of all young dressmakers—Miss Mitford's 'Olive Hathaway.'

My dressmaker was no ideal—I do not mean to set her up as one. She was merely a gentle, modest, quiet young woman, who worked slowly, though carefully, and who for the first day did not seem to have an idea beyond her needle and thread. The next, I found she had.

I, always an odd sort of girl, happened just then to be wild about a new hobby—phrenology. Now Miss Hilton had a remarkably-shaped forehead, and I never rested until I brought the plaster mapped-out head, and compared her bumps therewith; upon which she smiled, and becoming conversational, seemed to wish to learn something about the new science. So I, forgetting my shyness, and my pride of caste, began seriously to inform the mind of our new dressmaker.

I found she *had* a mind, and some graceful taste withal, whereupon I valorously undertook my 'mission.' I indulged her with my juvenile notions on art and literature, and while she developed the skill of my fingers, I tried to expand her dormant intellect. Poor, simple soul! I do believe she enjoyed it all sitting working at my open window, with the vine-leaves peeping in, I dilating the while upon innumerable subjects, which doubtless had never before entered her mind. Among these were the country and its beauties. One day some

fortunate chance had brought me a nosegay of fox-gloves, and showing them to her, I found, to my intense pity, that my young Londoner did not even know their name!

'What! Had she never seen wild flowers? Had she never been in the country?'

'Oh yes, she had once lived for six months in a guard-ship off Woolwich, where she had seen the country on the river banks, and her little sisters had sometimes brought home handfuls of daisies from the parks! But for herself, she had worked ever since she could remember; and except the six months in the ship, had never lived anywhere but at Chelsea!'

To me, how dreary seemed such an existence! To stitch—stitch—stitch one's days away; never to read a book, or walk in a country field, or even to know the name of a wild flower! Perhaps, in my deep pity, I overlooked the fact, that one rarely misses pleasures never known; yet still my feelings were strongly excited for poor Mary Hilton. I did not like her the less for learning that her Christian name was that sweet one—Mary. And when all the work was done, and I began to wear the new dresses we had together fabricated, I often thought of the pale, quiet, little thing, and hoped that wherever she was 'working out,' it was with no harder task-mistresses than my good aunt and I.

When we sent for Miss Hilton again it was a sudden call—to make mourning. The lost relative was one too aged and too distant to occasion me much grief, yet I remember the very fact of our sitting sewing black dresses caused our talk to be rather grave; and then the dressmaker told me of a brother—the only one she ever had—who died of consumption; and how she used to sit by him at night, and go out working in the day—towards the last hurrying home so fast lest 'anything might have happened' (that painful gloss we shrinkingly cast over the cold word death) while she was away. How, at the end, it was as she feared. She was working with a lady, who kept her late to finish—just to sew on a few trimmings and hooks and eyes—a mere half-hour's work. But she was that one half hour too late, and never again saw her living brother!

'It was a chance—a mere chance,' she said; 'the lady was not to blame.' And sighing, though without tears—she seemed too quiet for that—the little dressmaker went on with her work again.

We could not finish the mourning in time: it was my fault, I fear, inasmuch as I had invented a fantastic trimming which cost a world of trouble to make, to which poor Miss Hilton submitted with infinite patience. She only asked if she might bring her sister to help her, whereto my aunt graciously assented. But I—always shy of strangers—found great discomfort in the plan. Moreover, the sister's name was Caroline, and I had a girlish prejudice—I have it still—against all Carolines. Miss Caroline Hilton was the exact image of my abhorrence—pretty, vain, talkative—the very type of the worst class of London dressmakers. My aristocratic pride rebelled against her forwardness: I ceased to work in the room; in fact, from the moment she came, I—to travestie irreverently a line from the grandest modern poet—

'Shrank into myself, and was missing ever after.'

Only I made my aunt promise that never again should Miss Caroline darken our doors.

It seems to me, jotting down this sketch at random, that there are in it many lines and touches which belong not alone to the portrait of our dressmaker. Well, let it be so.

When Mary Hilton came to us again it was in the winter-time. She looked, as ever, pale, and was still prone to silence; but there was a greater air of content about her, which spoke of improved fortunes. And in making our engagements with her, it came out accidentally that her hands were full of profitable occupation. Among her new 'ladies,' I remember, were the juvenile scions of a ducal household, wherein she used to be employed for

weeks together. Now I was a simpleton in those days: I had a romantic reverence for rank—not vulgar curiosity, but an ideal homage—and greatly did I delight in hearing about the little noblewomen; and Mary Hilton seemed to like telling, not pompously, but simply, how Lady Alice was a beautiful child, and Lady Mary was rather cross, and Baby Lady Blanche was the sweetest little fairy in the world, and would come and talk and play with 'the dressmaker' as much as ever she was allowed. Many visions I mentally had of the lordly household, where the chief filial duty was the privilege of entering carefully dressed with the dessert, and where mamma was not mamma at all, but 'the duchess.' How time passes! The other day I saw in the paper the marriage of the 'beautiful and accomplished Lady Blanche H——.' I thought of 'Baby Lady Blanche,' then of poor Mary Hilton, and sighed.

Our dressmaker worked blithely through the short winter-day, and even when night closed, she seemed in no hurry to go home. About nine o'clock there came up to our workroom a message that some one had called to fetch Miss Hilton: 'A young man,' explained the domestic, hesitating, I suppose, whether she should or should not say 'gentleman.'

'I am really quite glad. I did not like your walking through those dark lanes alone,' said I with infinite relief; and then added in extreme simplicity, 'I thought you had no brother now?'

'It is—not my brother,' murmured our dressmaker, blushing, but faintly, for even the quick blood of youth seemed to creep languidly beneath her constant pallor. I was a child—a very child then. I don't believe I had ever thought of love or lovers—that is, in real life; but some instinct made me cease to question the young woman. Likewise, instead of descending with her, I stayed up stairs; so that she met her friend alone. But I remember opening the blind a little way, and watching two dark figures passing down the snowy lane—watching them, and thinking strange thoughts. It seemed as if a new page were half-opening in life's book.

It had opened; and with eyes light-blinded I had begun to read—for myself, and not for another—before I again saw my little dressmaker.

My aunt and I had changed our abode to the very heart of London, and Mary Hilton had to come to us through four miles of weary streets. I think she would scarcely have done it for gain: it must have been from positive regard for her old customers. She looked much as usual—a little paler perhaps; and she had a slight cough, which I was sorry to hear had lasted some time. But she worked just as well, and just as patiently; and when at nine o'clock came the knock at the door, her smile, though half-concealed, was quite pleasant to see.

I am getting an old woman now, but to this day I incline to love two people who love one another. I do not mind what their rank in life may be: true love is the same in all ranks; and I honestly believe there was true love between my little dressmaker and her Daniel Ray. A respectable, worthy young man was Daniel, as my good and prudent aunt took care to discover. I, in my simple, girlish way, discovered much more. Little did Mary Hilton talk about it; but from her disjointed words I learned that theirs was a long engagement—that Daniel was assistant in a china-shop; that they were waiting, perhaps might have to wait for years, until he could afford to rent a little shop of his own, where she would carry on the dressmaking in the floor above. Meanwhile she at least was quite content; for he came to tea to her father's every Sunday, and in the week-day, wherever she worked, he always fetched her—saw her safe home to Chelsea, and walked back to the City again. Honest, unselfish, faithful lover! Poor Mary Hilton! She, in her humble way, had great happiness—the only happiness which fills a woman's heart.

But one night she had to go home without Daniel Ray. He was in the Potteries, she said, on business; and the poor little thing seemed grieved and trembling when she started to walk home alone, and at night.

She scarce minded the bright, cheerful streets, she said; but she did not like to pass through the lonely squares. The next evening she begged permission to leave by daylight; and at last, with much hesitation, confessed that she had been spoken to by some rude man, and had hurried on past her strength, until, reaching home, she fainted. And then, in my inmost heart, I drew a parallel between myself—a young lady, tenderly guarded, never suffered to cross the threshold alone—and this young person, exposed, without consideration, to any annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon me. All my life, as far as my power went, I have taken care that, whatever her station, a woman should be treated as a woman.

For a week Mary Hilton worked for us, coming and returning each night, walking the whole way, I believe—though I never thought about it then, I have since; and the heedlessness of girlhood has risen up before me as the veriest hard-heartedness. My aunt, too—but she had many things to occupy her mind, and to her Mary Hilton was only 'the dressmaker.' Doubtless we did but as others did, and the young woman expected no more. For I remember, the last night she looked so pale and wearied, that my aunt gave her at supper a glass of wine, and putting into her hand two shillings, instead of the usual eighteenpence, told her to have an omnibus ride home. And then Mary Hilton blushed and resisted, but finally took the sixpence with a look of such thankfulness! Poor thing!

The next time we wrote for our dressmaker, there came, not gentle little Mary Hilton, but the obnoxious Caroline. Her sister was in ill health, she said, and had been obliged to give up working out, but would make the dress at home, if we liked. It was settled so, only we premised that Mary must come to us to try it on. She came one evening, accompanied by Daniel Ray. For this she faintly apologised, saying 'he never would let her go out alone now.' Whereat my aunt looked pleased; and when she quitted the room, I heard her go into the hall and speak in her own kindly tones to honest Daniel.

Mary Hilton tried on my dress, but seemed scarce able to stand the while. I remembered this afterwards, not then, for I was thinking of my pretty dress, and whether I would look well in it. At that time how I longed to make myself fair! Poor fool! but it was not for vanity, God knows! However, it will not do to ponder on these things now. I did not forget to put my usual question to Mary—how she was prospering in the world; and whether there was any near chance of the little china-shop, with 'Mrs Ray, Dressmaker,' on the first floor? She smiled hopefully, and said something about 'the spring,' and 'when her health was better;' and in a very shy and timid way she hinted that, if we wanted bonnets or millinery, there was a sister of Daniel's lately established in the next street—a sister always dependent on him till now. Faithfully I promised to give our small custom to Miss Ray; and so, looking quite happy, our little dressmaker descended. I am glad I saw that happy look—I am glad I noticed the perfect content with which the little delicate thing walked away slowly, leaning on her faithful Daniel. Otherwise, in my after pity, I might have thought life's burthen heavy, and its fates unequal. But it is not so.

Soon after, my aunt wanted a winter bonnet, and I proposed to visit Miss Ray. 'Certainly, my dear Letty,' was the contented acquiescence. So we went, and found there a sharp-featured, Frenchified young milliner, the very antipodes of Daniel. During the trying on I inquired after Miss Hilton.

'Very ill, miss—confined to the house—consumption, I think. But wouldn't a paler blue suit your complexion best?'

I laid down my ribbons, startled and distressed.

'Poor Miss Hilton!' said my compassionate aunt. 'I thought she would die of consumption—so many dressmakers do. But how does your brother bear it?'

'As well as he can, ma'am. It was a foolish thing

from the beginning,' added the milliner sharply, her natural manner getting the better of her politeness. 'The Hiltons are all consumptive, and Daniel knew it. But I beg your pardon, ma'am; perhaps you will try on this shape?'

I turned away, feeling very sorrowful. My first intent was to ask my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton; but when one is young, one sometimes feels ashamed even of a good impulse which might be termed romantic; and I was so mocked for my romance already. I planned various schemes to fulfil and yet disguise my purpose; but somehow they all faded away. And then my own life was so tremblingly full, so rich in youth's dreams, that out of it the remembrance of the poor dressmaker soon melted like a cloud.

Late in April—I *know* it was April—I wanted a new bonnet. It must be a pretty and becoming one—I was wildly anxious about that—one that hid the faults of my poor face, and set off to advantage any single beauty that Heaven had given it. At Miss Ray's I tried on bonnet after bonnet, examined myself eagerly yet tremblingly in all, tried to gain a clear, unbiassed notion of what my poor self was like, and at each look felt my cheek changing and my heart throbbing.

'Letty, my dear!—'

My aunt coming forward, after a confabulation with Miss Ray, roused me from what might have seemed a reverie of girlish vanity; and was—no matter what it was.

'Letty, you will be sorry to hear that poor Mary Hilton—'

Mary Hilton! For weeks she had not crossed my thought: nay, not even now, so full was I of anxiety about my new bonnet.

'Poor Mary Hilton died last week!'

It came upon me like a shock—a pang—a sense of the end that must come to life, and all life's dreams. I—walking in the dazzling light of mine—felt a coldness creep over me; a sting, too, of self-reproach and shame.

I laid down the pretty bonnet, and thought, almost with tears, of the poor little dressmaker, who would never work for me any more—of her hard toils ended, her humble love-dream closed, her life's brief story told, and all passed into silence!

Then I thought of the poor faithful lover: I could not ask after him—but my aunt did.

'Daniel bears it pretty well,' answered the sister, looking grave, and shedding one little tear. It must be a hard woman indeed who does not show some feeling when brought into immediate contact with death. 'He was with her to the last; she died holding his hand.'

'Poor thing—poor thing!' murmured my tender-hearted aunt.

'Yes, she was a good little creature, was Mary Hilton; but as for the rest of the family, they were nothing over-good—not fit for my brother Daniel,' said the young woman rather proudly. 'Perhaps all was for the best. He will get over it in time.'

So doubtless he did: possibly the humble little creature who loved him, and died thus loving, might even have wished it so. Every unselfish woman would. But I never heard what became of Daniel Ray, for my aunt and I soon after vanished from London; and when we returned, our milliner had vanished too. Mary Hilton, and all memories belonging to her, were thus swept utterly away into the chambers of the past—my girlish past.

But the other day, finding an old, many-years' old dress, one whose veriest fragments I could kiss and weep over, I remembered, among other things, who it was that had then fashioned it; and looking on the careful stitches, thought of the poor fingers, now only dust. And a great sense came over me of the nothingness of all things, and of our need to do good in the daytime, because of the quick-coming night 'wherein no man can work.'

My lady readers—my 'lilies that neither toil nor spin'—show womanly tenderness to those who do toil

and spin for your pleasure or profit; and if you are disposed to be harsh, thoughtless, or exacting, think of this simple sketch from actual life of Our Old Dress-maker.

PHILOSOPHY OF JOURNALISM.

THE history of Journalism is still unwritten; but the materials accumulate fast, and by and by we shall have a historian rising from the crowd of annalists and essayists, to weave together their loose facts and speculations, and while ascertaining the origin, and tracing the progress, of this department of literature, to show its connection with, and influence upon, the destinies of the people. In the meantime, we have now at least a Herodotus of Journalism, who gives the results of observation and inquiry in a picturesque and animated manner, and who, though no more a historian, in the higher sense of the word, than the illustrious Halicarnassian, is, like him, an industrious collector and an agreeable narrator. The pages we refer to contain the material history of journalism in England, which is high praise, both as regards utility and originality: the coming man will interweave with this its moral history, and deserve a higher name.*

Journalism is public opinion embodied in the periodical press; and if this definition—condensed and corrected from Canning—be correct, it is obvious that its history must be something more than a mere history of newspapers. The 'moral of the history of the press' is not, as our author strangely concludes, 'that the state is powerless in checking it in a journal-reading country.' This is but a minor conclusion involved in a major of far more importance. The former may be established by the annalist; while the latter, as we shall presently attempt to show, must be deduced by the historian.

Before the dawn of journalism in this country, towards the close of the reign of James I., news was a luxury which could only be enjoyed by the wealthy. Country gentlemen employed persons in London to send them from time to time 'News-letters,' and this kind of reporting had grown into a profession. The bright idea at length came into the head of one of the news-writers, whose name was Nathaniel Butter, to produce his intelligence at regular intervals; and instead of writing it for the benefit of an individual, to *print* it, and depend upon the public for remuneration. From a reporter, therefore, he became an editor; he turned his letter-room into a publishing office; and on the 23d May 1622 the first number of the first English journal, the 'Weekly Newes,' made its appearance. Butter was laughed at, but he was not melted from his purpose: he and his establishment were ridiculed on the stage by Ben Jonson, and but little 'patronised,' as the phrase is, by the public; but there was vitality in the notion, and the first journal jogged on, however meanly; and its editor, timid, subservient, and poor as he was, contrived to live by the business for eighteen years.

The infancy of journalism was passed in leading-strings; but during the civil wars, our author tells us, the aid of the press was invoked by both sides, and its trammels, therefore, fell to the ground. The press, in reality, grew with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of public opinion. Men did not select it as an instrument of warfare: they merely gave forth in its pages the feelings that had reached a state of ebullition; and it acquired importance as it became more truly and more widely an expositor of the sentiments of the people. Such expositions were crushed for a time by Charles II.; but the Revolution laid a solid foundation for the liberty of the press. Government, no longer driven to attempt the suppression of a power it feared, appealed in its own turn to public opinion. Government papers

were instituted to do battle with opposition papers; and thus the system, carried afterwards to so prodigious a height, was fairly commenced.

Before this time the finest spirits of the age had seen the necessity for a free press; and Milton more especially regarded any interference with it as a kind of sacrilege:—'Books,' said he, 'are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.' The 'armed men' springing a little later from these dragon's teeth were political libels, declared by the author of 'Cato's Letters' to be merely an evil arising out of a much greater good. 'And as to those,' says he, 'who are for locking up the press because it produces monsters, they ought to consider that so do the sun in the Nile; and that it is something better for the world to bear some particular inconveniences arising from general blessings, than to be wholly deprived of fire and water.'

During the reign of Queen Anne, the first daily newspaper, the 'Daily Courant,' appeared, and journalism, hitherto pretty nearly confined to news, began to assume the mixed character it has to-day, and to spread abroad the speculations of the writers upon the intelligence they communicated. Before this an attempt was made at journals consisting wholly of speculation; but these were merely the news-pamphlets of an earlier period, reproduced in the periodical form, and they led, as a matter of course, to the development of the regular newspaper. This was the epoch of Defoe, who was sentenced to the pillory for a political libel, and who brought out his Review while still in jail. The 'Daily Courant' was published in 1709, at which period there were eighteen other London papers, although the written news-letters still maintained so close a rivalry with the printed sheets, that we find one of the latter reminding the public that print cost less than manuscript. This period was likewise distinguished by the appearance of literary journals—the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' 'Guardian,' &c. when the genius of Addison, Steele, Swift, Bolingbroke, and others, conferred an air of elegance and distinction upon the public press.

Addison's remarks upon the appetite for news in his day, and the way in which it was satisfied, would apply in their general features to our own:—'There is no humour in my countrymen,' he says, 'which I am more inclined to wonder at than their general thirst after news. There are about half-a-dozen ingenious men who live very plentifully upon this curiosity of their fellow-subjects. They all of them receive the same advices from abroad, and very often in the same words; but their way of cooking it is so very different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind before he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them by those penetrating politicians who oblige the public with their reflections and observations upon every piece of intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The text is given us by one set of writers, and the comment by another. But notwithstanding we have the same tale told us in so many different papers, and, if occasion requires, in so many articles of the same paper; notwithstanding,

* The Fourth Estate: Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press. By F. Knight Hunt. 2 vols. London: Bogue. 1850.

in a scarcity of foreign posts, we hear the same story repeated by different advices from Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithstanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it passes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of the fresh mail: we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next step, or what will be the consequences of that which we have already taken.' He proposes, in the scarcity of foreign news, to establish a journal which shall give the occurrences of every little town, village, or hamlet within the range of the Penny-Post—that is to say, within ten miles of London. The paper of the 'Spectator' containing this proposal is the source of the most popular jocularities of the present passing day; but for all that, the scheme has been carried out in serious earnest. The only difference is, that as the Penny-Post embraces now the whole kingdom, instead of a single journal of news, there are hundreds, each district having one or more sheets to take care of its own village and hamlets.

Political libels were still the great sin of the press; and when Queen Anne had been ten years on the throne, she made an attempt, by means of her parliament, to impose some restrictions. Journalism, however, had now risen into respectability, and a general repugnance was manifested against any overt act of interference: but its enemies hit upon a plan which remains in force to this day. A penny stamp on a whole sheet, and a halfpenny on a half-sheet, together with the duty of a shilling on each advertisement, did more mischief than a censorship: many of the journals were at once discontinued; others united into one publication; even the 'Spectator,' having been obliged to increase its price, was dropped for want of sufficient circulation; and Swift wrote to Stella that 'all Grub Street was ruined by the Stamp Act.' The formidable character of the press at this time is shown both by the good and bad fortune of Steele. This witty writer was rewarded for his journalism with the appointment of commissioner of the Stamp-Office; but when he had the folly to give up his place for a seat in parliament, his talent as a public writer showed itself to be so intractable, that the whole power of the ministers was used to obtain his expulsion, which, with some little difficulty, they effected. Later than this the press rendered good service during the rebellion of 1745: and Fielding, from the editor of the 'True Patriot,' became a Bow-Street magistrate.

Dr Johnson describes thus the public press of his time:—'No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one gazette, but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villagers of his district with conjectures on the events of war, and with debates on the true interests of Europe.' He tells us that the knowledge of the common people of England is remarked by all foreigners to be greater than that of any other vulgar; and this he accounts for by 'the rivulets of intelligence which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.'

Footes, like Ben Jonson in another age, did everything in his power to make the press ridiculous; but dramatic criticism began to appear in the newspapers in his time. Before then, the doings of the theatres were chronicled merely in the way of news, and one newspaper paid £200 a year for such intelligence. When criticism, however, was added, the tables were turned, and the press obtained a superiority it has never relinquished. The theatres, instead of receiving £200, laid out at least £1000 in newspaper advertisements.

Since the time of Cromwell, no authorised reports of proceedings in parliament had appeared in the journals, although from time to time certain newspapers continued to publish them on the chance of impunity.

This custom at length grew into a kind of privilege, and was a part—and a highly important one—of the liberty of the age. The newspapers became bolder—they had even the audacity to give names in full; and at length, in 1771, the ire of parliament was awakened, and the question brought fairly to issue. Two printers were taken into custody under the Speaker's warrant, and discharged by the lord mayor Wilkes and his brother magistrate Oliver. The result was that the city dignitaries were committed to the Tower. Parliament, however, dared not go farther. On the prorogation the prisoners left the Tower in triumph; and the right assumed by the press of printing the debates has never since been called in question. This, however, should not be mistaken for what our author calls it—a triumph of the press. It was a triumph of public liberty; and if the pulpit, instead of the press, had chanced to be identified with it in the matter in question, the result would have been the same.

The newspaper annals of the present century are full of progress, libels, government prosecutions, and struggles of the unstamped. A few great papers absorb attention by their magnitude and importance; for as the system advanced, its obvious tendency was to direct the current of popularity into particular channels. This proceeded remotely from the moral gregariousness of men, but proximately from the circumstance of the struggle to secure and extend popularity involving so immense a capital as to confine competition for the first rank to a very small number. Of these great papers, the 'Public Advertiser' was the earliest of the daily tribe which attained to enduring reputation. It was the arena of Junius, although the popularity of his celebrated letters did not effect the wonders in the circulation of the paper which have been attributed to them. The 'Morning Chronicle' commenced in 1769, and at the beginning of the French Revolution became the property of Mr Perry and Mr Gray. Coleridge and Campbell both wrote for it, but with the usual ineffectiveness of mere literary men, who want the readiness demanded by journalism. The 'Morning Post' originated in 1772. The 'Morning Herald' was established in opposition to the 'Post' in 1780. The 'Times' began its surprising career in 1788, and was at first chiefly distinguished by being printed 'logographically,' that is to say, by types forming entire words, instead of letters. The efforts of Mr John Walter, however, the logographic printer, were less successful than those of the late Mr Walter with his steam-press, which, by successive improvements, is now capable of producing 8000 copies in the hour. Among other plans fallen upon by this Mr Walter for obtaining efficient literary assistance, was his encouraging a supply of 'letters to the editor,' which frequently led him to the discovery of a clever writer. His example in this respect was zealously followed by his chief editor, the late Mr Barnes, who never missed the opportunity of obtaining, at any cost, the assistance of a promising pen. The writer of these columns remembers, that when he was a young literary man upon town, an article of his in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' chanced to attract the attention of Mr Barnes; upon which he immediately sought out the editor of the 'Review,' to inquire whether his unknown contributor would accept of a parliamentary reportership. By such zeal, and by liberal, not to say lavish rewards to its authors, the 'Times' was able to take advantage of those political currents which carried it to the first rank in the field of journalism. In addition to these morning papers, the publicans are represented by the 'Morning Advertiser,' one of the earliest established; and within the last few years there came into the field the 'Daily News,' with the avowed intention of underselling the rest, although it found itself obliged eventually to come up to the standard price. Several other speculations of the kind have been tried, with abundance of money, and of literary talent: but the elements of success in such works seem to be wholly peculiar, and both capitalists and literary men were soon put *hors de combat*.

'A summary of the British newspaper press,' says Mr Hunt, 'arranged according to locality and to political bias at the end of the year 1849, offers the following results:—In London, 113 papers; in England, 223; in Wales, 11; in Scotland, 85; in Ireland, 101; in the British islands, 14. General summary: Liberal papers, 218; Conservative, 174; Neutral, 155. The total number of journals, of all shades of opinion, being 547.' On a fully-appointed London morning paper upwards of 100 persons are regularly employed in the printing and business departments alone; and the following is a general summary of *weekly* expenses:—

'Editing, writing, and reporting a double paper during the session of parliament, - - - - -	L.280
Foreign and local correspondence, - - - - -	100
Printing, machining, publishing, and general expenses, double paper, with occasional second and third editions, and an evening edition three days a week, - - - - -	200
Weekly total, - - - - -	L.520'

'The prevalence or scarcity of newspapers in a country,' says our compiler, 'affords a sort of index to its social state: where journals are numerous, the people have power, intelligence, and wealth; where journals are few, the many are in reality mere slaves.' This is one of those external facts which the social physiologist may remark; but journalism will be treated by the philosopher as something very different from a mere symptom of national prosperity. We are accustomed to look upon 'the Press' as some powerful and external engine which men may adapt as they please to their own purposes; but the fallacy of the notion may be deduced clearly enough even from so slight a sketch as the foregoing. No effort, no power, no will can establish a journal whose place is not already made in the public mind. Without this, money is useless, and talent vain. Mr Murray drenched the 'Representative' with his treasure, as Mr D'Israeli did with his genius, and all to no purpose. Mere literary men, in fact, unless possessing unusually observant minds and plastic pens, are always bad journalists; for their papers are exponents of their own idiosyncrasies, not of the public thought. A journal does not, in the common phrase, address a certain class of readers: it is the voice of these readers themselves. It is the expression of an idea previously existing in their minds, or the supply of a thing for which their souls even unconsciously thirsted. A journal may be the voice of an individual; but the power of the voice depends upon the echoes which take it up, and which prolong and infinitely multiply its vibrations. No journalist is, in the strict sense of the word, original—if he were so, he would be alone: he is merely the mouthpiece, the agent, the representative of his readers, and he employs his energies in collecting the peculiar aliment which their taste demands, and which their intellectual constitutions are capable of assimilating. These are facts which journalists know practically—instinctively; and it has often been said that the greatest of all our existing newspapers owes its success to the unwearied care with which it watches the changing tide of public opinion, so as to appear to direct that mighty current on which it only floats.

It is essential to observe this identity of journalism and the stuff of which the minds of aggregates of men are composed. Without this, we shall always be floundering from one mistake into another, and shifting the blame or the merit from the agent to the instrument. We praise, for instance, the zeal of the press in catching up foreign news the instant it *approaches* our shores; but we fail to remark that the success of these efforts depends upon the most wonderful mail system that ever existed. 'We have now nearly a hundred and fifty steamers,' says the 'Hants Advertiser,' 'most of them of the greatest power and speed, engaged specially in bringing political and commercial intelligence from all parts of the world. They are never delayed at any port at which they may touch, but for the purpose of *coaling, landing and embarking* mails; and their rapid

and punctual arrival in the country, after in some instances running a distance of three thousand miles without stopping, is one of the wonders of this remarkable age.' Journalism, in fact, is merely a portion of the civilisation, the freedom, the greatness—and of the subserviency, the meanness, and the iniquity—of the time and country.

There are portions of the press which would be a disgrace to any age—which pander to the vices that everywhere exist in large populations, and draw a foul subsistence from the very garbage of human nature. Of these we are very properly loud in our condemnation; but it would be well to reflect that such journals are but instruments, voices, exponents, like other journals; and the reflection will teach us that reform must take place in character, not in mere expression. The present, however, with all its greatness, is decidedly the age of Tinkering. To encourage sobriety, we would shut up the public-houses: but when the question is to dispel ignorance and elevate the moral feeling by means of education, we fail to arguing about the mode, and postpone the task *ad infinitum*. Pains and penalties inflicted upon the instruments are of little avail in putting down the base part of the press. We must deprive such papers of their field of circulation by raising the public mind above their level. In like manner, the littlenesses that deform even the greatest journals are *our own*, and we must rise above them in our own minds before they will cease to exist in the exponents of our feelings. Journalism, in short, being simply public opinion expressed in a periodical form, is a perpetual reflection of the sentiments and intellect of the nation, and a gauge by which we may measure both its advance and its shortcomings. To write its history, therefore, is to trace the progress of civilisation, and to prophesy of the future of mankind.

We should not conclude without saying that Mr Hunt's volumes contain a much greater mass of materials on the interesting subject he has chosen than can be found elsewhere in a single work; and that, if our object in the perusal had been to select amusing and striking extracts, we could with great ease have filled the whole number.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE RED SEA.

FROM my infancy I had longed to visit the scenes memorable from their association with Scripture. The vivid pictures of the sacred historian being the first presented to my imagination, had most profoundly impressed it; and my feelings when, in 1842, I actually stood upon the shore of the Red Sea, I should vainly endeavour to describe. Before us lay a sea of the deepest blue, in comparison with which the Mediterranean would look faded; it was scarcely broken by a ripple, and all over it danced and flashed the beams of such a sun! for it was near the end of May, and the heat was daily attaining greater power. On the opposite shore of that narrow arm of the sea which runs up to Suez, we could distinguish a party of travellers on camels, attended by an Arab escort. They had probably just crossed the gulf; a little beyond them the mirage favoured us with a ghostly reflection of Suez, very blue and indistinct. At no great distance from us lay our own baggage-camels, quietly feeding; and close to the beach was an Arab boat with its crew waiting to convey us to the steamer that lay some little distance out, the water being too shallow, and the coral rocks too numerous, to allow it to come nearer to the town. Indeed (as we saw afterwards) a little steamer belonging to Mehemet Ali had got aground much lower; and day by day, for nearly a year, the worthy imams had been down to pray Allah for its removal to safe floating again, making, however, no other effort to effect such an event. Of course it was 'written on the steamer' that it should not float, and float it did not; probably it is there still. The whole scene presented to us was one of busy life and glad sunshine; and as one

gazed, it grew difficult to remember that these joyous waters

— Rolled
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold —

over the might and the majesty of old Egypt.

But the yellow-slipped and stockingless owner of our boat gave us little time for reflection, summoning us almost directly on board, as the steamer wanted to be 'under weigh' before sunset; and we embarked, seated for the first time in the Oriental fashion on the little half deck, there being no seats. As the oars of our crew fell into the water, they broke into a wild chant, the effect of which was very good. They did not sing in parts, but alternately, catching the notes from each other in a very singular manner. Thus, amidst music and sunshine, we began a voyage which, from several causes, proved very disagreeable and unpropitious. The number of passengers that embarked proved too great for the size of the steamer; we were consequently much crowded; the heat on board was more intolerable than one can imagine—that of India appeared as nothing after it—and the vessel literally swarmed with cock-roaches.

Not even a distant view of Sinai, a nearer one of Mount St Agnes, nor the infinite variety which the surface of the sea itself presented, could compensate for the horrors of that burning climate and its disgusting vermin. Under any other circumstances we should have found a resource from the ennui of a voyage in watching the motley groups that composed our ship's company. There were at least seventy passengers besides the captain and European sailors, the negroes and Nubians who worked in the engine-room, and upwards of twenty Parsee, Mohammedan, and Hindoo servants. On the paddle-box the Nubian pilot was generally to be seen; a magnificent figure, attired in long flowing robes of white, that contrasted admirably with his ebony skin and glittering black eyes. At his evening orisons he really offered a charming subject for a sketch, but an intention of taking it never occurred to us then; physical suffering renders one almost blind to the picturesque, and it was only by a strong effort that we could bear up against that terrible overpowering heat. Never before had we been at all aware with how much propriety the superstition of the dark ages had condemned evil spirits to an abode beneath those scorching waters! As we approached the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the thermometer rose, and a day of unusual heat and exhaustion was followed by a still more burning night. I had good cause to remember it! A daughter of Lady A——'s shared my cabin, which was just outside the saloon, and had no outer door, in place of which the entrance was closed by a canvas curtain. We had opened the port-hole, but no breath of air entered. It was a dead calm. The steamer was cutting her way through a sea of glass, apparently surrounded by an atmosphere of fire. The gentlemen had gone on deck to sleep, as the saloon would have resembled the Black Hole of Calcutta had its usual occupants remained in it; only a Parsee or two lingered below to wait, if required, on the ladies, for I need scarcely say that there were no stewardesses on board an Oriental steamer. Miss A—— proposed that we should have the lamp suspended in our cabin extinguished, in order to diminish the heat. It hung too high to be reached by either of us, and her mother's maid was ill, and had gone to bed; we were therefore compelled to call in one of our Eastern attendants to put it out; and doubtless, during the time he obeyed our command, he took with his downcast black eyes a quick survey of the apartment, thus becoming aware that my mattress was placed on two large trunks to raise it from the deck; for in those days the Red Sea steamers were totally unfurnished except the saloon, and we had to use the things provided for our desert *trajet*, amongst which, of course, we did not count a bedstead or cot. The light out, we were both soon asleep. About midnight, however, my slumber was disturbed by feeling a heavy pressure on my throat. I sat up, fancying I was suffering from nightmare, and found

Lady A—— at the canvas door holding a lamp, and in her night-dress. She asked 'if anything had disturbed me!' I told her I had been dreaming some one was choking me. She laughed, told me her daughter, Mrs F——, who slept in her room, had also been distressed by a dream; 'she supposed the heat affected us both'—and then withdrew with the light. A second and a third time the same cause awoke me; and each time I found Lady A—— in the room! It was singular. The last time I fancied that, as I opened my eyes, I saw in the light of Lady A——'s advancing lamp a tall, muffled figure, with terrible black eyes, bending over me. This dream, or reality, whichever it was, so completely 'frightened sleep,' that it visited me no more that night: I begged her light, and read till daybreak. The next morning Lady A—— told me that her daughter had three times in the course of the night awoke her, and sent her to our room, having as often dreamed, with painful distinctness, that a tall dark man was murdering us. She at first thought we had both been disturbed by a dream, but my faint glimpse of a retreating figure the third time convinced me that there had been something of reality in the matter, especially as some favourite rings of mine were missing. So, with Lady A——'s concurrence, I determined (not to make a disturbance about what might prove a false alarm) to sit up the next night and watch for my nocturnal visitor, who, if he had been disturbed by Lady A—— the last night, might probably venture another visit the next. Lady A—— promised also to sit up, and come to me if I called her. Ten o'clock came. A Mohammedan, whose eyes at daylight had appeared to me strangely like those of my dream—if it were a dream—brought me a cup of coffee, assuring me with Oriental courtesy that 'it would do missee good.'

The attention was a little suspicious; so, though I took the cup, I drank none of its contents, but poured them away, and returned it to him empty. I wished him to think I had taken it. Then I dropped the canvas screen, kept the lamp burning, took a book, and read. Very slowly and heavily passed the hours. Oppressed by heat, I could scarcely resist my inclination to sleep. The words I read had little meaning for me, and I forgot incessantly the subject of the page as I listened to the dash of the waves against the side of the vessel—a sound which was gradually lulling me to repose, when, with a clash that startled me, twelve o'clock was struck on the ship's bell. I was thoroughly awake then, and looking up, suddenly perceived the long fingers of a black hand grasping the side of the canvas screen in the act of withdrawing it. I called loudly for Lady A——, and moved hurriedly to the doorway. She was with me in an instant, but no one was visible outside. As she had not met him in coming from her cabin, it was evident that the intruder had taken refuge in the saloon—he had no other retreat. We resolved to seek him there. I have since thought we did a brave, if not a rash action in following him, alone as we were; but the lady who proposed it is such a model of gentle courage and quiet resolution, that one never thinks of fear when with her. The saloon was shaped like a T, from the (now empty) bed-cabins that projected into it, the upper part of the latter being towards the stern, and containing a number of couches formed on the lockers, as they are called. We searched it throughout. We looked under the long table—under the sofas—everywhere. There was no sign of Mohammedan or Christian! Lady A—— now came to the conclusion that both nights I must have been dreaming. It is very provoking to be suspected of sleeping when one is convinced of one's own wakefulness: I was certain of my recent vision's *materiality*, and therefore intreated Lady A—— to come out of the saloon, and wish me 'good-night' in a loud voice; but instead of leaving me, to slip behind my screen, and 'mark the event,' She good-naturedly complied, and a few minutes proved that I had not been deceived. Very slowly and stealthily we heard some one issue from the saloon, and on peeping through the aperture left by the curtain, we saw a tall muffled figure, such as I had described, steal up the ladder leading to the deck. There could no longer be

any doubt; though how the robber had eluded our search was, and continues to be, a mystery. It is probable, however, that he crept out of one of the stern port-holes or windows, and hung by his hands till we left the room; the complete power the Arabs and all Orientals possess over their limbs rendering it an easy task for him afterwards to effect his return by the same ingress. What was now to be done? We had not thought of catching him in his rapid flight up the ladder. Nay, I doubt if we could. Lady A—— (as I declared that I could not identify him from his twenty comrades, and as we left the steamer at Aden the next day or the following one) proposed that we should keep the affair secret, as any inquiry into the matter would be fruitless, and make a disturbance for nothing. To this I agreed, but kept watch till daybreak. We were one more night on board, not arriving at Aden till four or five o'clock in the morning of the second day, but I did not make it a vigil. One of Lady A——'s sons—a cavalry officer—came down and slept on the saloon table, two other gentlemen occupied the sofas; and thus within reach of protection, we ventured to sleep quietly, and without fear.

The robber's intention in thus daringly entering my cabin was probably to open and plunder the trunks on which I slept. He imagined probably that they contained articles of value, for the better security of which I had had my mattress placed on them, and hoped quietly to displace me; intending perhaps, if I awoke, to insure my eternal silence. It is very certain I could not have called for help with that evil grasp upon my throat! The boldness of the attempt, though it might surprise a European, was not singular in the East; as we were told that in India instances had occurred of officers having been robbed of the sheet on which they slept without being awakened! Lady A——'s appearance had, however, startled him from his prey, and obliged him to seek a hiding-place in the saloon by means of the inner door of my cabin.

It was with great delight that I heard the announcement of our arrival at Aden, where we were to embark in another vessel, and quit the Red Sea for the Indian Ocean. The vague dreams of beauty and solemnity I had formerly attached to it were gone; and it has ever since been associated in my mind with a feeling of horror and dislike; although of course I felt, and do feel very thankful for the escape which I made upon its blue fatal waters.

STEAM-BRIDGE OF THE ATLANTIC.

IN the summer of 1838 the Atlantic Ocean was crossed for the first time by vessels exclusively propelled by steam-power. These pioneers were the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*—the former built for another class of voyages, and afterwards lost on the station between Cork and London; the latter built expressly for Atlantic navigation, and which has ever since been more or less employed in traversing that ocean. Other ships followed: the *British Queen*, afterwards sold to the Belgian government; the *Great Liverpool*, subsequently altered and placed on the line between Southampton and Alexandria; and the *President*, lost, no man knows how or where, in the year 1841. Then came what is called 'Cunard's Line,' consisting of a number of majestic steam-ships built in the Clyde, to carry passengers and mails between Liverpool in Europe, and Halifax, Boston, and New York in America; a service they have performed with the most marvellous regularity. The only great misfortune that has befallen this line has been the loss of one of the vessels, the *Columbia*, which, in nautical phrase, 'broke her back' on some rocks on the American shore of the Atlantic. Then came the *Great Britain*, the greatest of them all, differing from the others in two respects—first, in being built of iron instead of wood; and second, in being propelled by the Archimedean screw instead of by the old paddle-wheels; and, alas! she has differed from them all in a third respect, inasmuch as neither the same good-luck at-

tended her as in general fell to the lot of the ships of the Cunard Line, nor the same irretrievable bad fortune as was met by the *President* and the *Columbia*; for, after having made several voyages very successfully, she, to the amazement of all mankind, very quietly went ashore in Dundrum Bay, on the east coast of Ireland, from whence, after spending a most uncomfortable winter, she was brought back to Liverpool, and now lies in the Bramley-Moore Dock there, like a huge mass of iron suffering under premature rust. But all this time these ocean steamers that periodically brought to New York passengers and intelligence from Europe were British built. They had been constructed in the Avon, the Mersey, and the Clyde, the greater number having been launched in the same waters as first received Henry Bell's little *Comet*. Why did America not embark in such enterprise? As regards steam navigation, Fulton was before Bell; New York before Glasgow; the *Fulton's Folly* before the *Comet*; and was

'The greatest nation
In all creation'

to be outdone in the field of enterprise by the old Britishers? American pride said 'No'; American instinct said 'No'; and, above all, American capitalists said 'No!' Keels were laid down in New York; the shipbuilders' yards became unusually active; and the stately timbers of majestic ships gradually rose before the admiring gaze of the citizens of the great republic.

But the race of William the Doubter is not yet extinct, and many, as usual, shook their wise heads at the enterprise. It was admitted that in inland navigation the Americans had beaten the world; that except an occasional blow-up, their river steamers were really models of enterprise and skill; but it was gravely added, the Mississippi is not the Atlantic; icebergs are not snags; and an Atlantic wave is somewhat different from an Ohio ripple. These truisms were of course undeniable; but to them was quickly added another fact, about which there could be as little mistake—namely, the arrival at Southampton, after a voyage which, considering it was the first, was quite successful, of the American-built steam-ship *Washington* from New York. There seemed to be a touch of calm irony in thus making the *Washington* the first of their Atlantic-crossing steamers, as if the Americans had said, 'You doubting Britishers! when you wished to play tyrant over us, did we not raise one *Washington* who chastised you? and now that you want to monopolise Atlantic navigation, we have raised another *Washington*, just to let you know that we will beat you again!'

The *Washington*, however, was only the precursor of greater vessels. These were to sail between New York and Liverpool, carrying the mails under a contract with the American government. In size, and speed, and splendour of fittings, these new ships were to surpass the old: even their names were, if possible, to be more grand and expressive. The vessels of Cunard's Line had lately appropriated the names of the four great continents of the globe, but the oceans remained, and their names were adopted; the new steamers being called the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, and *Adriatic*. The first of these was despatched from New York on the 27th of April last, and arrived in the Mersey on the 10th of May, thus making the passage in about thirteen days. The voyage would have been made in a shorter time but for two accidents: the bursting of the condenser; and the discovery, after the vessel was some distance at sea, of the weakness of the floats or boards on the paddle-wheels. About two days were entirely lost in making repairs; and the speed was reduced, in order to prevent the floats from being entirely torn away from the paddle-wheels. These things considered, the passage was very successful. The average time occupied during 1849 by the vessels of the old line between New York and Liverpool was 12½ days; but their voyages were longer than those of the *Atlantic*, as they called at Halifax. The shortest passage was that made by the *Canada*

from New York to Liverpool *via* Halifax in eleven days four hours.

The *Atlantic* remained for nineteen days at Liverpool; and during all that time she had to lie in a part of the river called the Sloyne, in consequence of none of the dock-entrances being wide enough to allow her to pass in. Her breadth, measuring across the paddle-boxes, is 75 feet; of the vessels of Cunard's Line, about 70 feet; and the widest dock-entrance is barely sufficient to admit the latter. The *Great Britain*, though longer than any other steam-ship that ever entered the Mersey, is not so broad, as, being propelled by the screw, she has no paddle-wheels. A dock at the north shore is now in course of construction expressly for the accommodation of the *Atlantic* and her consorts.

For several days during her stay at Liverpool the *Atlantic* was open to visitors on payment of sixpence each, the money thus realised (upwards of £70) being paid over to the trustees of the Institution for the Blind, whose church and school are now being removed to give greater space round the station of the London and North-Western Railway. On the day of my visit crowds of people were waiting at the pier for the steamer that was to convey them to the *Atlantic*. Whitsuntide visitors from the manufacturing districts were hastening on board the numerous vessels waiting to take them on pleasure excursions to the Isle of Man, North Wales, or round the light-ship at the mouth of the river. There was great risk of making mistakes in the hurry; and the remark of an old sailor, that the vessel could 'easily be known by the Yankee flag flying at the fore,' served only still further to confuse the many, who could not tell one flag from another. However, a small-tug steamer soon appeared with a dirty piece of hunting, just recognisable as the famous 'star-spangled banner,' flying at the fore; and her deck was in a few minutes so crowded, that orders were issued to take no more on board, and away we steamed, leaving about a hundred people to exercise their patience until the steamer's return. A man at my elbow, who afterwards appeared in the capacity of money-taker, whispered, 'There's the *captin*!' and on looking up the gangway, I saw—

'A man of middle age,
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,'

looking calmly in the direction of the colossal ship of which he was the commander; his complexion browned by exposure to sun and wind, storm and spray; and his whole demeanour indicating the calm strength acquired by long familiarity with the elements in their roughest moods. As we approached the ship, her appearance was not prepossessing. She is undoubtedly clumsy; the three masts are low, the funnel is short and dumpy, there is no bowsprit, and her sides are painted black, relieved only by one long streak of dark-red. Her length between the perpendiculars—that is, the length of her keel—is 276 feet; breadth (exclusive of paddle-boxes), 45; thus keeping up the proportion, as old as Noah's ark, of six feet of length to one of breadth. The stern is rounded, having in the centre the American eagle, clasping the starred and striped shield, but no other device. The figure-head is of colossal dimensions, intended, say some, for Neptune; others say that it is the 'old Triton blowing his wreathed horn,' so lovingly described by Wordsworth; and some wags assert that it is the proprietor of the ship blowing his own trumpet. The huge bulk of the *Atlantic* was more perceptible by contrast with the steamer—none of the smallest—that was now alongside; for though the latter was large enough to accommodate about four hundred people on deck, yet its funnel scarcely reached as high as the bulwarks of the *Atlantic*. The diameter of the paddle-wheels is 36 feet; and the floats, many of which, split and broken, were lying about in the water, are nearly 15 feet long. The depth of the hold is 31 feet, and the estimated burthen 2860 tons, being about the same as the *Great Britain*,

and about 500 tons more than the ships of the old Cunard Line.

Like all the other Atlantic steamers, the run of the deck is almost a straight line. Around the funnel, and between the paddle-boxes, is a long wooden house, and another is placed at the stern. These contain the state-rooms of the captain and officers; and in a cluster are to be found the kitchen, the pastry-room, and the barber's shop. The two former are, like similar establishments, replete with every convenience, having even a French *maître de cuisine*; but the latter is quite unique. It is fitted up with all necessary apparatus—with glass-cases containing perfumery, &c.; and in the centre is 'the barber's chair.' This is a comfortable, well-stuffed seat, with an inclined back. In front is a stuffed trestle, on which to rest feet and legs; and behind is a little stuffed apparatus like a crutch, on which to rest the head. These are movable, so as to suit people of all sizes; and in this comfortable horizontal position the passenger lies, and his beard is taken off in a twinkling, let the Atlantic waves roll as they may. The house at the stern contains a smoking-room, and a small apartment completely sheltered from the weather for the steersman. The smoking-room communicates with the cabin below, so that, after dinner, those passengers so disposed may, without the least exposure to the weather, or annoyance to their neighbours, enjoy the weed of old Virginia in perfection. This smoking-room is the principal prospect of the man at the helm, who, however, has to steer according to his signals. Before him is a painted intimation that one bell means 'port,' and two bells mean 'starboard;' a like intimation appears on the large bell in the bow of the ship; and according to the striking of the bell, so must he steer.

Proceeding below, we come to the great saloon, 67 feet long, and the dining-saloon, 60 feet long, each being 20 feet broad, and divided from each other by the steward's pantry. This pantry is more like a silversmith's shop, the sides being lined with glass-cases stored with beautifully-burnished plate; crockery of every description, well secured, is seen in great quantities; and the neatness of arrangement shows that the gilded inscription, full in the sight of every visitor—'A place for everything, and everything in its place'—has been reduced to practice. Above the tables in the dining-saloon are suspended racks, cut to receive decanters, glasses, &c. so that they can be immediately placed on the table without the risk attendant on carrying them from place to place. The two saloons are fitted up in a very superior manner: rose, satin, and olive are the principal woods that have been used, and some of the tables are of beautifully-variegated marble, with metal supporters. The carpets are very rich, and the coverings of the sofas, chairs, &c. are of the same superior quality. The panels round the saloons contain beautifully-finished emblems of each of the states in the Union, and a few other devices that savour very strongly of republicanism. For example, a young and beautiful figure, all radiant with health and energy, wearing a cap of liberty, and waving a drawn sword, is represented trampling on a feudal prince, from whose head a crown has rolled in the dust. The cabin windows are of beautifully-painted glass, embellished with the arms of New York, and other cities in the States. Large circular glass ventilators, reaching from the deck to the lower saloon, are also richly ornamented, while handsome mirrors multiply all this splendour. The general effect is that of chasteness and a certain kind of solidity. There is not much gilding, the colours used are not gaudy, and there is a degree of elegant comfort about the saloons that is sometimes wanting amid splendid fittings. There is a ladies' drawing-room near the chief saloon full of every luxury. The berths are about 150 in number, leading out, as usual, from the saloons. The most novel feature about them is the 'wedding-berths,' wider and more handsomely furnished than the others, intended for such newly-married couples as wish to spend the first fort-

night of the honeymoon on the Atlantic. Such berths are, it seems, always to be found on board the principal river-steamers in America, but are as yet unknown on this side of the water. Each berth has a bell-rope communicating with a patented machine called the 'Annunciator.' This is a circular plate about the size of the face of an eight-day clock, covered with numbers corresponding with those of the state-rooms. Each number is concealed by a semicircular plate, which is removed or turned round as soon as the rope is pulled in the state-room with the corresponding number. A bell is at the same time struck to call the attention of the stewards, who then replace the plate in its former position, and attend to the summons.

The machinery which propels the ship consists of two engines, each of 500 horse-power, the engines of the old line being also two in number, but only about 400 horse-power each. Such cylinders, and shafts, and pistons, and beams are, I believe, unrivalled in the world. There are four boilers, each heated by eight furnaces, in two rows of four each. The consumption of coal is about fifty tons every twenty-four hours; 'and that,' said one of the engineers, 'is walking pretty fast into a coal-mine, I guess!' According to the calculations of the very wise men who predicted the failure of Atlantic steam navigation, such a vessel as the *Atlantic* ought to carry 3700 tons of coal; but it will be seen that one-fourth of that quantity is more than enough, even making allowance for extra stores to provide against accidents. In the engine-room is a long box with five compartments, each communicating with a wire fastened like a bell-pull to the side of the paddle-box. These handles are marked respectively—'ahead,' 'slow,' 'fast,' 'back,' and 'hook-on'; and whenever one is pulled, a printed card with the corresponding signal appears in the box opposite the engineer, who has to act accordingly. There is thus no noise of human voices on board this ship: the helmsman steers by his bells, the engineer works by the telegraph, and the steward waits by the annunciator.

Two traces of national habits struck me very much. Even in the finest saloon there are, in places where they would be least expected, handsome 'spittoons'—the upper part fashioned like a shell, and painted a sea-green or sky-blue colour—thus giving ample facility for indulging in that practice of spitting of which Americans are so fond. Again, much amusement was caused by the attempt of one of the officers in charge of the communication between the small steamer and the *Atlantic* to prevent the gentlemen from leaving the latter until the ladies had seated themselves on the former. The appearance of the deck, crowded with ladies only, and a host of gentlemen kept back, some impatient to get down, but the greater part entering into the humour of the thing, was quite new to English ideas. It is but fair to add that the ladies did not seem to like it; and that, when the steamer again came alongside, it was not repeated.

Upon the whole, this Atlantic steamer is really worthy of the great country from which she has come. If, in shape and general appearance, she is inferior to the old vessels, she is decidedly equal, if not superior, to them in machinery and fittings. Her powers as regards speed have of course yet to be tried. One voyage is no test, nor even a series of voyages during the summer months: she must cross and recross at least for a year before any just comparison can be instituted. The regular postal communication between Liverpool and the United States will speedily be twice every week—the ships of the new line sailing on Wednesday, and the old on Saturday.

But other ports besides Liverpool are now despatching steamers regularly to America. Glasgow sent out a powerful screw steamer—the *City of Glasgow*, 1087 tons—on 16th April for New York, where she arrived on 3d May; thus making the passage in about seventeen days, in spite of stormy weather and entanglements among ice; the average time taken by the Liverpool

steamers during 1849 being fourteen days. Her return voyage, however, made under more favourable circumstances, was within this average—the distance being steamed between the 18th May and the 1st June. A vessel called the *Viceroy* is about to sail from Galway to New York, and her voyage is looked forward to with considerable interest. The *Washington* and *Hermann* sail regularly between Bremen and Southampton and New York, and the *British Queen* has been put on the passage between Hamburg and New York. All these enterprises seem to indicate that ere long the Atlantic carrying trade will be conducted in steamships, and sailing vessels superseded to as great extent as has been the case in the coasting trade.

THE FRENCH POLICE.

MUCH is heard of the system of French police—its petty regulations with respect to personal movement, its spying into private affairs, and its wide and deep ramifications through society. The perfection which this institution has attained is a result of long experience; first, under a series of despotic monarchs; next, under the republican leaders; and lastly, under the Emperor Napoleon, who was its great consolidator and improver—the curious thing being, that no form of government which the French people adopt ever relieves them in the slightest degree from the trammelling ordinances of their police. Indeed one would be inclined to suppose that the more friendly to liberty any government in France affects to be, the more numerous and vexatious must be its restrictions. But as the French mind is absorbed exclusively in the chase of principles in the abstract, vexations of this sort, which are altogether practical, do not appear to incur public resentment.

Let us take a glance at the more recent history of this extraordinary institution. When the police system was concentrated in the hands of a prefect in 1800, it acquired dignity and power. Dubois was the first prefect, and he showed himself equal to his task. He ordained a vast number of arrangements respecting passports, gambling-houses, lodging-houses, printing, and other matters connected with life and trade in Paris. After this he devoted himself to public improvements, allowing no obstacle to stand in the way of his designs. Dubois was a great man. By the expression of his will, backed by Napoleon, he effected sanitary improvements which would require years of legislative battling in England. The vast sewer, through which an army could march, which runs beneath the Rue St Denis, was his work, hastened on by Napoleon, who one morning astonished the people on the Place du Châtelet by emerging from the bowels of the earth after several hours' journey under ground. Pasquier, who succeeded Dubois in 1810, strove to add to his other acts of utility a thorough reform in the manners of the police, hitherto rude and brutal. For the time being he was successful. He then looked back to the archives, and drew from them every useful inspiration. Public security was never greater, salubrity was rigidly attended to, a council of health was founded, Paris was better lighted, the body of firemen reconstituted, the sale of charcoal regulated, and the capital insured a proper supply of provisions. But Pasquier was a blind instrument of his master; and his persecutions of poets and satirists are not yet forgotten, while Béranger yet smiles at his attempts to discover the authorship of the 'Roi d'Yvetot.' The great Mallet conspiracy to overthrow the Emperor showed how the police could sometimes be caught; but Pasquier escaped the anger of Napoleon, and remained at his post until the Restoration. His care during the excitement of the marriage of Napoleon and Marie-Louise, his energy at the great fire in the Russian embassy, and at the overflow of the Seine in 1813, showed his value as a minister of public order.

The Restoration established a Direction of the Police of the kingdom, and greatly disorganized the whole af-

fair; but when Napoleon's return from Elba alarmed the monarchy, the system was reorganized, and the ministry and prefecture of police were re-established. In 1818 it was united to the home office (*interieur*), to become again 'General Direction' in 1820, and again a department of the interior in 1822. The prefect of the Empire had been a most important functionary. His duty was—to see to the passports, cards of safety, and permissions of residence in Paris; to watch over mendicity and vagabondage; the prisons and Bicêtre; to overlook places of public resort; to prevent crowds; to watch over publications of all kinds; over printing-offices and theatres, and to fix the hours of their closing; over the sale of powder and saltpetre; the regulation of emigrants; the survey of public worship; the bearing of arms; the search after deserters; the public festivals; the licenses of hawkers; the care of the safety and health of the town; the attention to fires, accidents, and floods, and the regulation of the Bourse and money-changers; the safety of commerce; taxes and fines; the free circulation of food; the overseeing of patents and prohibited goods; the survey of every public-house, market, &c.; and the preservation of all monuments. He had under his orders the commissaries of police, officers of peace, the commissaries and inspectors of markets, exchanges, and ports, the spies, gendarmes, and firemen. The functions of the prefect, where authority was arbitrary and despotic, were of the highest importance. From the year 1796 to 1814 there were three eras in police history. The first, that of the Republic, being the police of terrible times, was terrible; that of the Consulate was trivial, and sought to amuse the public mind; that of the Empire was chiefly administrative.

The worst era in the history of the French police is that from 1815 to 1830. The institution was during this time more bitter, more severe, more suspicious, more inquisitorial, because more political, than it had ever been before. Abandoning the interests of the city of Paris for politics, says a historian, 'by the 20th March 1815, it had organized a secret correspondence and spy system of a nature and extent so great, that all social ties and family bonds were broken up, and at its mercy.' It is accused of instigating assassins, getting up plots, inventing treasons; and with too much truth. It succeeded at one time in wrapping in its net twenty-nine peers of France, eighteen generals, and thirty-eight artists, authors, &c. and all on anonymous denunciations. Never was personal liberty so utterly null, while newspapers, books, and plays were kept rigidly free from life and energy; in fact the direction of the police was in the hands of priests, who, from 1789 to 1815, had had little influence in France, and who now made up for lost time.

In 1821, while the prefecture of police was administered by M. Delavan, there were three distinct bodies of police in Paris, each acting as a spy on the other two: first, the police of the palace, taken from all ranks; the police of the Pavillon Marsan, filled by the Jesuits, and spreading through the whole clergy; finally, the police of the prefecture. Each of these three bodies was bound to know the plans, intrigues, and tricks of its rivals. The prefect, not to be behind-hand, and to be never taken aback, was obliged to watch the others as energetically as if they had been enemies of the state. Spies were employed in every class of society; and it was dangerous to utter an unguarded expression even in one's own house. We may give an anecdote relating to this inquisitory system:—Madame Monnier had opened a *salon*, founded under the preceding minister, and kept up because found to be useful. Madame Monnier was a clever woman, and her *salon* was the rendezvous of all the illustrious in arts, letters, capital, arms, law, and of all who liked mixed society. One heard in this place all kinds of theories, schemes, plots, &c. shouted with a loud voice in the centre of a room, round which sat three or four rows of the most lovely women in Paris. In one room music

played; in another, cards were the occupation of men who played high, and whose gambling tastes brought them every night. One evening a regular visitor to the club, and the most energetic in his expression of republican opinions, was accosted on going out by a general of the old imperial army. 'I was delighted to hear you, my dear baron,' said the general; 'you surpassed yourself. The day is not far distant when we shall dismiss the rat at the castle. Preserve your eloquence, dear baron: we shall need it. I say nothing more to you now; but wait a few days, and I will tell you something which will fill you with joy and hope.' They then embraced, and swore, with low voice and clenched teeth, death to the Bourbons, and the whole race of their present governors, and parted. Next morning the prefect of police received a letter from the director of the secret police informing him—while blaming him severely for his want of energy—that he was wanted at the château. He went.

'Well, sir,' said a person of exalted rank then in great favour, 'there are plots in Paris, and you know nothing of them!'

'Indeed, Monsieur the Duke, nothing has come to my ears, and I can promise—'

'Promise nothing until you have read this report.'

The prefect took it, and read it carefully. Having done so, he pulled another out of his pocket, and addressed the duke—'Monsieur, here is its fellow.'

The report of the duke was signed by the baron, that of the prefect by the general! The one denounced a Bonapartist plot—the other a republican. They were agents respectively of the two polices! Each had told on the other. Everybody laughed at the affair as a good joke, though such things were of frequent occurrence.

M. Debelleye, who became prefect of police in 1828, pretty well restored the institution to its original purpose. It ceased to be a political and religious inquisition, and became a machine to survey health, cleanliness, and public safety. M. Debelleye first forced proprietors to make gutters to their houses; for before his time the rain poured in torrents on your head during a shower as you walked the streets. He organized another useful reform. The Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis-Philippe, had completed the Palais Royal at great expense; the dismal wooden galleries had been replaced by stone arcades, and the shops were gradually becoming the property of the duke. But the shops were disfigured by huge signs, many of which projected a yard, and which spoiled the appearance of the palace. But the duke feared to lose his popularity by interfering, and he went to the prefect of police, whom he soon persuaded to issue a decree with regard to signs, applicable to all Paris, but which was only intended for the benefit of the Palais Royal. The effect was excellent. The establishment of pavement, the planting of trees on the Boulevards and public places, with the *serjens de ville*, or policemen, we owe to M. Debelleye. The sword and cocked-hat, with sometimes a want of civility and good-will, are the chief faults to be found with these *serjens*, otherwise useful. The great advantage was the institution of a police, with uniform, for one secret, and without uniform. The omnibus owes its origin to this energetic prefect. Though, under Louis XIV., coaches at five sous had been tried, they failed, and were only to succeed and be carried out with vigour in 1828. He further made many regulations tending to improve morality and cleanliness.

Passing over the administration of Mangin, and various other prefects, we come to that of Delessert, the last who served under the monarchy of the restored Bourbons. The duties of this personage were extensive and onerous, as may be judged by the following facts:—Paris contains a population of about a million, and costs twelve millions of francs in police expenses. This money supported a body of 2596 infantry soldiers, 647 horsemen, 830 firemen, 300 *serjens de ville*, a number of offices, open day and night, and attended by 300

persons, besides commissaries of police, officers of peace, inspectors, agents of all kinds, comprising about 2000 persons. There were two supreme divisions in the prefecture—one political, the other municipal. The former had lynx-eyes, which pierced the deepest darkness, and watched over plots, conspiracies, and attempts at insurrection; the other, as sharp, was more palpable: the first looked after the interests only of the governors—the latter of the governed. It is even now almost impossible to pierce the veil of the organization of the first, which had no fixed system or rules, was guided by events, and changed its means of action as required. Its agents, unknown to each other, were chiefly men ruined by prodigality or vice; women of beauty and talent, but no longer young, who wanted a safe addition to their income; young men, who feigned ardour they did not feel, and extreme opinions they did not understand, to get gold for their wants, pleasures, or studies. Its resources were boundless. It moved in every circle, from the taproom to the palace-hall; its eyes were everywhere; but the very knowledge of its power sometimes defeated its object, by making conspirators act with extreme caution.

The municipal police was less mysterious. Each *arrondissement* of Paris—and there are fourteen—had a brigade devoted to it, commanded by a peace-officer, and composed of inspectors and *serjens de ville*. Their mission was, to explore every corner of the district, to see to the execution of orders and laws, to prove infractions, to repress disorder, to arrest criminals, and to give aid in all circumstances where it was required. Their duties began in the morning, and lasted until midnight, when the town was given up to other agents, and to the military authorities, who furnished patrols of the line—the National Guard, and municipal guard. As between midnight and dawn the barricades of conspirators were always raised, these patrols were more useful than mere police at this hour. Twice a day a report was sent from the district office to the prefect, who never left his cabinet without knowing the exact presumed state of the capital. One brigade was devoted to watching that the streets were free, while four remained in reserve to aid, in case of need, any district brigade requiring assistance.

The police patrols went through every street during the night, visited low quarters, the houses inhabited by vagabonds and ex-galley slaves. The inspectors of furnished hotels were, and are still, bound to visit the hotels and lodging-houses once at least every day, to inscribe the name of every arrival, with age, profession, &c. on a printed form, which was at once sent to the prefecture of police. In a town where 5000 furnished houses exist, the labour was excessive; and the number of notes sent were annually more than 1,000,000. But it became thus almost impossible for any one to hide in furnished lodgings in Paris. The service of surety surveyed the returned convicts, ex-galley slaves, and other persons of disorderly character; looked after new criminals, and arrested them, and did the whole active duty of a civil police.

In addition, it watched over the supply of provisions to the city, explored the markets, and guarded the river, the navigation of which was under its direction. Seven thousand gas-burners, 12,000 lamps, and thirty leagues of gutters, were daily visited by their eyes. They surveyed the hospitals, prisons, houses of vice of every description; watched over weights and measures; analysed preserved food and liquors. They watched over the tombs of the dead, and kept in order more than 30,000 murderers, thieves, galley-slaves, and other criminals who always infest Paris. They knew their names, slang-names, addresses, crimes, and kept an eye on their every movement. At the prefecture of police are the legal proofs of every condemnation for crime in France during more than a hundred years, so that the preceding life of any accused person can always be traced. There are in and around Paris 6000 establishments, dirty, dangerous, or unwholesome: these this

police surveyed. They provided every means of restoring life in case of accident or attempted suicide.

The importance of the duties of the Paris police will be the better appreciated when we remind our readers that on the peace of the capital depends that of France. M. Delessert did his best, and 200 useful decrees show his desire to do good. He ordered a survey over copper utensils used by cook-shops and others; over coaches let by the hour and day; removed auctions of the sheriff from the street to a handsome building; ordered extreme care in the transport of lucifers and other fulminating articles, which he never allowed to be sent with travellers, or even with other goods; fixed the price of bread anew: this was wanted. Paris has 604 bakers of four classes. The trade is a monopoly. They have to deposit security in the shape of twenty sacks of flour, while they have to keep a fixed stock. The first class, 140 sacks; the second, 110; the third, 80; the fourth, 30. This insures Paris thirty days' bread. Delessert's labours in the Council of Salubrity, and for the reform of the prisons, were most valuable.

The police has little altered since the Revolution. The municipal guard is now called the *Garde Republicaine*, the *serjens de ville* are called *Gardiens de Paris*; but the institution, its mechanism, its plans, its attributes, are scarcely altered. The Republic, while preserving all that is good, admirable, and useful in this remarkable institution, has also kept all that is barbarous, inquisitorial, and arbitrary. The defects of the administration, however, seem scarcely known to the French people, who are habituated to things—such as passports—which to us are intolerable. One thing is clear. However much we may compliment certain prefects for the excellence of their arrangements, it is certain that, with all their ingenuity, they do not prevent private murders and robberies, nor avert insurrections. On the occasion of our last visit to Paris in 1849, we saw the bodies of two men and a boy one morning at the Morgue. They had been assassinated the preceding night. Next day fresh bodies were exhibited. Now of these murders not one word was said in the newspapers of the day. Nobody spoke of them: they seemed to be matters of course. Need we say how differently a single case of homicide would have been treated by the inhabitants of London or any other English town? The truth is, that with all their discoveries in the art of organization, the French have not, till this day, been able to get up a body of plain orderly men, unarmed, to walk about quietly, yet vigilantly, as a police force. The nearest approach they have to a London policeman is their *sergent de ville* or *gardien*. But this gentleman is in a long blue greatcoat down to his heels, with a cocked-hat on his head, and a sword dangling from his pocket-hole. The poor man could not run smartly, for fear of deranging his dignity. He is, in fact, a mere saunterer in the streets. Louis-Philippe, we have heard, projected a police for Paris like that of the British metropolis—that is to say, a body of respectable and active street guardians; but was prevented from carrying the plan into execution in consequence of the jealous unwillingness of the French to copy anything English.

LONDON GOSSIP.

May 1850.

THE chief subject of gossip at present, singular as it may appear, is, that there is nothing to talk about; and, in fact, the season has been a dull one in several respects. A sort of expectant fermentation appears to be going on in matters of opinion, as though mind were rousing itself for a start in a new direction; but nothing especially striking displays itself. No grand invention—no notable discovery—nothing beyond what is called the 'prosy development of science.' This, in some shape or other, provokes talk; and I can only give you such incidents and items of news as have come up for discussion in our numerous hebdomadal meetings.

The note of preparation for the assemblage of the British Association in your northern capital is already heard, and it is believed that a goodly number of philosophers from the continent will be present. Some few eminent *savants* have paid us a flying visit, and shown themselves where the learned congregate. One of these is the amiable enthusiast, Dr Guggenbühl, who founded the hospital for crétins on the Abendberg, of which you once gave a lengthened notice. It appears, from a recent Report of the establishment, that its success in treating crétinism and educating the weakened intellects of the patients continues; and Guggenbühl is now engaged chiefly in a mission to promote similar establishments elsewhere. Another of our visitors was M. Quetelet, the secretary of the Royal Academy of Brussels. He had a commission from the Belgian government to examine into the electric-telegraph system of this country. Major Rawlinson, too, has come home from the East, overflowing with results of his philological researches, and has more than once edified the Society of Antiquaries with an account of his labours. The gallant decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions is a candidate for admission into the Royal Society, and will doubtless be elected.

The Horticultural Society have just published their annual Report. Are you aware that it is a standing joke against this floral corporation that they predetermine every year which shall be the three wet days—so frequently does it happen that rain falls on their show-days? and yet, according to their statement, the reverse is the case. 'For many years,' so runs the Report, 'the exhibitions at the garden were accompanied by such constant fine weather, that precautions against rain appeared needless. From 1833 to 1843, a period of eleven years, only two afternoons out of thirty-three were wet, and of these one was very slightly so. In 1845 and 1846 every day was fine; but since that time, the weather in May, June, and July had changed so much, that out of nine meetings in 1847–8–9, five had been more or less stormy. In 1849 one day only proved wet.' In consequence of the unfavourable seasons, precautions are now to be taken to insure dryness. A gravel walk, 630 feet long, and 15 feet wide, has been made in the gardens at Chiswick. Tents are to be erected on each side of this, and, if requisite, an awning will be stretched across from one to the other, so as to afford complete shelter. In 1849, 18,517 tickets were sold; a large increase over the previous year, shown also in receipts augmented by more than £200. Next to the Derby-day at Epsom there is no event that provokes so much vehicular locomotion among Londoners as the shows of the Horticultural Society.

The subject of weather, here incidentally mentioned, is one which receives much attention in most parts of Europe and the United States. The Royal Irish Academy are about to establish a system of meteorological observations throughout Ireland, in imitation and extension of the one now successfully working in this country. Mr Glaisher, of the Greenwich Observatory, to whom meteorology is much indebted for its present exactitude, considers that we have climatic cycles of about fifteen years; and expressing it by a curve, shows that we have risen to the highest point through a series of hot summers, and are now descending on the other side through a series of cold summers. The ascent and descent occupy each about five years, the remaining period being consumed in a pause at either end of the curve. To a considerable extent this theory is supported by facts, and we may look for farther developments of it; for the corps of careful observers gains daily new accessions, and the reading of an unusual number of papers on meteorology at the meetings of the Royal Society during their present session is an additional proof of its importance. *In many parts of the country also medical men invariably watch the changes of the wind as connected with disease; and not without reason, when we remember the Registrar-General's declaration, that a fall of temperature in London from 40 to 30 degrees kills 300 people!

Apropos of the Registrar: his Report for the first quarter of the present year contains statements which are commented on with gratulation in many quarters. Notwithstanding the imperfect attempts that have as yet been made towards sanitation, there is a great improvement in the public health; abundant and cheap food and plenty of work have contributed also towards this favourable result. Marriages, which declined in 1847, and scarcely rose in 1848, numbered 141,599 in the year 1849; and in the autumn quarter were 43,632, which is a higher number than has ever before been celebrated, except in the autumn quarter of 1845.

The deaths in the first quarter of 1850 were less by 21,065, and 21,414, than the deaths in the corresponding quarters of 1847 and 1848. Fewer children have been left fatherless; fewer parents have been bereaved of their children. Sickness and suffering—though perhaps not precisely in the same ratio as the mortality—have diminished; the skilled and active industry of the kingdom has been less interrupted by the illness of workmen and the incapacity of masters; the parishes have had fewer poor to relieve; insurance societies less to pay on policies; everything dependent on the duration of human life has been relieved of pressure: the minds of the people have not been irritated by hunger, fever, or discontent.

Another prime cause of amended health has been the equability of temperature and of atmospheric pressure during the past months. The high range of the barometer within the period is indeed remarkable. The births were 45,955 more than the deaths; but in the three months 46,423 emigrants left the kingdom, so that there is no real increase of population. The question of emigration has been talked about at the Statistical Society, and the returns show that from 1822 to 1831 the number of those who expatriated themselves was 291,070; from 1832 to 1841, 738,582; from 1841 to 1848, 985,953; and in the first six months of 1849, 196,973; making a total in the twenty-seven years of 2,212,578. Great as these numbers are, present indications show a tendency to increase rather than to diminish.

The Registrar starts an inquiry in the course of his Report, to which a satisfactory reply would be a fact of the most acceptable kind: it is—How are the population to be fed if the potato crop fails? To some extent, M. d'Hombre Firmas, a foreign naturalist, furnishes a reply. He recommends the young roots of the garden poppy, *Papaver somniferum*, as an agreeable and healthful esculent. He has for a long time used them in his family without inconvenience, served with butter or sugar; and in *farcandeaux* or gilet pies, or as salad. As a further proof that they may be eaten with impunity, he mentions that in the department du Gard, south of France, women range the fields, and collect roots of the coquelicot, *Papaver rhæas* (*Papaver hybridum*), and carry them by basketfuls to the towns, where they find a ready sale: these, when young, are said to be almost as good as the garden poppy. It is well known that several roots, which are noxious in the raw state, are perfectly nutritious when cooked; and perhaps some of our cultivators, whose lands are infested with poppies, will find it worth while to test the value of this statement.

There is another way, as yet untried, of producing large supplies of food; and in this our tropical colonies might well engage themselves, the rather as steam communication now renders the delivery speedy and certain. I refer to increased culture of the plantain and banana: the former is generally fried for the table in the southern states of America, where it is highly prized as an article of diet; and as regards the banana, there are few vegetable productions which equal it. A single plant of the species *Musa Cavendishii*, given by the Duke of Devonshire to Williams the missionary, and carried out to Navigators' Islands in one of Ward's glazed cases, produced the following year 'nearly 100 lbs. of fruit and thirty young plants,' and now the islands are covered

with them. The yield, in fact, is enormous. 'Humboldt states that a given quantity of land, planted with wheat, produces seventyfold, which will keep a man and his wife for a year; but it would, if planted with bananas, keep fifty persons for a like period. The same quantity of land that would yield 1000 lbs. of potatoes would produce 44,000 lbs. of bananas. This food is so inoffensive and nutritive, that in the interior of Brazil children are fed upon it from birth to maturity, and it is not known to disagree with the digestive organs.' Perhaps some of our over-sea brethren might find better account in attending to these hints than in nursing grievances about unfettered trade.

Talking of trade reminds me of a few particulars which are discussed in commercial circles. The business of plate-glass making and selling, since the removal of those obnoxious Excise duties which devoured more than 40 per cent. of the entire cost, has risen to a pitch of unexampled prosperity. Plates are now made in this country of larger dimensions, finer quality, at less cost, and with more facility, than in any other country in the world. British manufacturers, it is said, realise a profit of 20 per cent.—as much again as is gained by foreigners. The benefits resulting from the substitution of common sense for prejudice in fiscal regulations are shown in a paper read to the Statistical Society by Mr Howard. In 1847 the exports of glass exceeded those of 1846 in the article of flint-glass by 20 per cent.; common window-glass, 42 per cent.; bottles, 5 per cent.; looking-glasses, 49 per cent.; plate-glass, 110 per cent.—the quantity of the latter made weekly within the year being 70,000 feet. 'Again, in 1846, what was the quantity of plate-glass exported to all the United States of America? Not a single foot! while in 1847, when prices had been somewhat mitigated, the exports to the United States alone nearly equalled the total amount exported in 1846 to all the world!'

Another topic connected with what I have already written has also been brought before the society herein-before-mentioned, as the lawyers have it, in a paper on East India Sugar, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes. This sugar is produced not only from canes, but from cocoa, palm, and date-trees; of the last nearly 7,000,000 are planted in the Bengal division alone; and, including other districts, there are 880,000 acres under cane cultivation. The quantity of sugar lately obtained has been 252,000 tons annually, of which 162,000 tons are consumed in the country, the consumption per head of the population being from 2 to 8 lbs. Contrast this with the quantity imported into England in 1849—namely, 776,413,680 lbs.—about 25 lbs. per head. It appears that sugar-growing in India affords a good return: as Colonel Sykes states, 'a capital of 285 rupees, including cost of cultivation, gives a profit of 215 rupees upon 3½ acres of land.' This is at present rather an important question, for, to quote further, 'I cannot conceive that slave labour really can supersede the free labour of India, obtainable to any extent at 6s. per month, all charges included, and land to any extent at 2s. 6d. to 5s. an acre; of which land, in the sugar-growing district of Goruckpore alone, there are 1,599,586 acres, and in the whole of the north-western provinces above 10,000,000 of cultivable acres at present unappropriated.' What an opening here for enterprising capitalists—that is, provided the East India Company throw no impediments in the way! With advantages such as those above specified, one would imagine that no competition could be feared; but happily commerce knows how to take care of itself when allowed to run without leading-strings.

It seems that my gossip this time is to be of little else than produce in some form or other—I have still something to say about it. Observation has been drawn to the fact, that while the food-raising part of the population has decreased in England and Scotland, it has increased in Ireland. At the census of 1841, it was found that 1000 food-growers in Britain provided enough for themselves and 2984 persons besides; but

1000 similarly employed in Ireland grew food for not more than 511 others. In 1831 there were in England 94,883 farmers of the lowest class, not employing labourers, in a population of 13,000,000; while Ireland, with its 7,700,000 inhabitants, had 564,274 small occupiers. On the other hand, it is shown by a late statistical inquiry in Ireland, that on small farms below thirty acres, the diminution of live-stock between 1841 and 1847 is to be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. I give you the particulars from Mr G. R. Porter's Report. Speaking of pigs, he says, 'On farms not exceeding one acre, the numbers were 295,048 in 1841, and only 19,108 in 1847. On farms from one to five acres, there were 251,587 in 1841, and only 21,422 in 1847. In the next division, between five and fifteen acres, the numbers were 350,825 in 1841, and no more than 80,098 in 1847. Persons holding from fifteen to thirty acres kept in 1841, 215,340, and only 113,864 in 1847; while on farms above that size, the numbers which were 240,301 in 1841, had advanced to 282,984 in 1847. The entire deficiency of this description of stock between the two periods was 835,625, or more than 60 per cent. The diminished number of poultry was 3,378,279 upon 8,834,427, or 40 per cent., which, as in the case of the pigs, applied entirely to the smaller farms. On those above fifteen acres there was an increased number, amounting to 1,048,974, showing that the lessened number on the smaller farms was 4,427,253. The lessened number of pigs is clearly referable to the failure of the food upon which those animals are usually kept in the cabins of the peasantry; and as regards poultry, it could hardly be expected that a starving people should continue to rear things so easily convertible into food, or into that which would procure food for the owners. These facts, which are proved beyond controversy by the inquiries of the Irish government, place in a very conspicuous light the disadvantage of peasant-holdings, as compared with farms which, from their extent, require to be cultivated by persons who, possessing some capital, are not driven, on the occurrence of the first calamitous season, to measures destructive of their own future prosperity, and injurious to the public at large.'

Every question, it is often said, has two sides; and arguments are brought forward by certain parties to prove that crime, and consequently suffering, increases as small holdings diminish. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? But I must leave this topic, or you will grow weary of it; and out of a large heap of scientific and philosophical chit-chat I can only, in drawing to a close, give you a few miscellaneous items. Projects are afoot for steam communication between Galway and New York; for an electric telegraph from St Petersburg to London; for a stationary balloon over Paris, which is to sustain an electric sun for illuminating the city at night; and a scheme has been propounded for a railway of 20 feet gauge to Liverpool from London, in as direct a line as possible, with no short curves. The carriages to be 200 feet in length, divided into floors or decks as a ship, the lowest for luggage, and to comprise refreshment-rooms, pay-office, &c. The different floors would accommodate different grades of passengers. With such a construction, no stations, and consequently no clerks, would be required on the line—nothing more than a stepping-off platform. The highest fare to be twopence a mile, and the journey to occupy not more than four hours. The scheme sounds well; whether it will find supporters remains to be proved. It is proposed to plant trees on the slopes of the South-Wales Railway cuttings: you may perhaps remember my suggesting the conversion of these neglected surfaces into strawberry beds; speculators may choose between the two, remembering always that in twenty-five years the trees will pay a handsome annual profit. Besides these matters, a new kind of bath has been contrived by a working*

* It would probably be objected by one of the patrons of peasant-holdings, that Ireland, from its wretched system of tenures and leases, is not a fair instance from which to draw an inference.—Ed.

shipwright, which can be used on seas, rivers, or ponds at pleasure. It is a boat, with part of the bottom made to lower to any suitable depth by means of a windlass worked by a man who rows, while a curtained enclosure affords the necessary privacy. A paper, by Mr Higinbottom of Nottingham, has just been read at the Royal Society, which deprives sanitary reformers of a telling argument. This gentleman has clearly proved that tadpoles, when kept in the dark, *will* turn into frogs; hitherto the evidence has been, that light was essential to the process. The Royal Institution announce their Actonian prize of £100 for 1851, for an essay on the Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty, as regards the Physiology of Hearing, Seeing, Tasting, Smelling, &c. to be sent in before December 31 of the present year. And last, I cannot help calling your attention to some interesting remarks made by the president of the Cornwall Geological Society, Sir Charles Lemon, at their late anniversary, on the occasion of a paper having been presented to the body by a new contributor. The subject was, 'On the Fossiliferous Rocks of the Liskeard District;' and he said—'I cannot feel satisfied merely to lay it on your table without any remark on the singular character and position of its author. At present I know no more of him than that his name is Giles, and that he is in business as a shoemaker at Liskeard; but I have no doubt that the communication now opened with him will lead on to more, and that we shall find in him a most valuable coadjutor. The paper which you are about to hear read shows how much may be done even with small opportunities, and how wide is the field of science, which includes men of all classes. Mr Giles is not the first Cornishman whose thoughts have been ripened amongst the sedentary occupations of a shoemaker. But Mr Drew found the materials of his speculations at hand—in his own mind: Mr Giles, on the contrary, had to seek them far off; and it is astonishing with how much energy and discrimination he seems to have conducted his search amongst the strata of his own neighbourhood. The vigour of his mind might have done much for him, but he could not have made the use which he has made of his observations without a knowledge of books, which it is hard to conceive how he could have obtained. Altogether, we see in him qualities which are valuable to science; and I trust that we shall find him a frequent contributor to our publications and museum.'

MR EMERSON ON ENGLAND.

The following complimentary observations on England and the English were lately made by Mr Emerson in the course of a lecture delivered in New York. Our extract is from a paper called the 'New York Literary World':—

'The lecturer stated that a year and a-half ago he returned from his second visit to England, and the question now to be answered was, "Why England was England?" On landing at Liverpool, everything struck him as perfect and complete. The highest cultivation met his eye in everything. It seemed the kingdom and chosen home of common sense. The fields and gardens looked so smooth and neat, that they seemed to have been finished with the pencil rather than the plough. You rode at three times the speed, and with three times the ease, and three times the comfort, you do in this country. Over rivers and through ravines, and through tunnels three miles long, you are carried from place to place as if riding on a cannon-ball. You are surrounded with every form of convenience and luxury; your material wants are provided for in a style of artistic perfection. Masters of all kinds wait on you. Herschel and Faraday investigate for you; Stephenson made the engine that carries you; Wheatstone the telegraph at your service; Macready acts for you; the "Times" brings the gossip and news of the world for you; and Soyer cooks. In London you are surrounded with luxury and convenience, and for a few shillings paid to a private citizen, you are served as a monarch would be served, and surrounded by an air of stability and comfort which all the monarchs in the world could not buy. When

an American first puts his foot upon English ground, he seems to have come back to some long-forgotten home: the pictures of his childhood are here in reality. He sees the same ruddy, happy, portly, benignant, grandfatherly Englishmen whose portraits he studied on the tiles in the chimney-corner at home. He has got back among his friends, and finds his uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandfathers on the spot to meet him. The porter, the coachman, the guard, every one he sets his eye on, bears the plump, stalworth, upright look of those pictures.

'England has cause to boast of her choicely-cultivated population. No people on earth can compare with her in this respect. In the midst of all her social evils, all her poverty, all her crime, we see a larger number of well-developed human beings, highly-finished men, rounded, complete, consummate characters in this sphere, of which any nation might well be proud.

'If we look for the causes of this remarkable flowering forth of humanity, we must ascribe a great influence to the climate, never at any time so inclement, either by heat or cold, as to suspend labour. Every day is a working-day. There is no winter to break off the operations of industry. Another reason is, they come of a good stock. The cross between the Britons and the Saxons was a fortunate one, and after that, the northern nations (the Normans) poured their best stamina into the constitutions of the English. This blending of races has produced a physical vigour and perfection that may be looked for elsewhere in vain. The English, as a general rule, weigh more, are better proportioned, more florid, and handsomer, than any other people. You see this in all classes, from the peer to the porter. The dress of the English is emblematic of their character. In the well-dressed Englishman, he is encased in his clothing as in a shell, and looks the picture of defiance; but there is nowhere such a variety of costume. Every one dresses as he pleases, irrespective of any one else. A man washes, and shaves, and wears his hair to suit himself, and not others. He may put on a coat, or a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, and wear it, and no one will remark upon it. He has his own way, and does not annoy others.

'The Englishman is remarkable for his pluck. He is what a gentleman described his horse to be—all mettle and bottom. They all have it—the Duke of Wellington has it—the bishops have it—the "Times" has it. The "Times" is said to be the pluckiest paper in Europe. The Englishman shows you that he means to have his rights respected. He knows just what he wants, and means to have it. He is sure to let it be known if he is not served to his mind. Still, he is not quarrelsome, and if he boasts, he has something to boast of. Among the twelve hundred men at Oxford, a duel was never heard of. This self-possession is not pugnacity. He does not wish to injure others; he is thinking only of himself.

'With such a sturdy population, England is not likely to break up; though I am aware, when speaking of this subject, it is customary to speak of England as in its decline. Such is not the case. She now contains the essential elements of growth. London will soon fill Middlesex. The British Museum is not yet arranged—its catalogue of books reaches only through the letter A; the National Gallery is too small to hold the pictures; the Nelson Monument is just finished; and the new Houses of Parliament are verging to completion, with their Victoria Tower, which is to shoot up 400 feet into the sky. The London University is adding to its size with a rapidity similar to our own growing colleges in the West, and towns are starting up as rapidly as Brooklyn. Birkenhead was alluded to, though lately it had received a check; and when Mr Emerson was in England, the country was in a ferment, and in some cases seen under unfavourable circumstances. Mr Emerson then alluded to many of the wonders he saw. But it would require some art akin to photography to give every illustration the lecturer gave. Every Englishman, he said, carried about him an atmosphere of his own, and they hence were said to be a reserved people, and he gave an amusing quotation from a French author. You were as if you were not, unless introduced, and even then the man looked coldly enough, though he was thinking all the while how he should serve you best; but when his door was opened, you were at home. He, the lecturer, had never met with such attention. He said it was an old opinion that the English did not like foreigners, and quoted old authors in proof; but we think a prejudice of this kind is fast wearing away in England. Nicholas of Russia, the

greatest despot in Europe, was some months in England, and was not even hissed. And are not the Pole and the negro, ay, and the Hungarian and the Frenchman, received with open arms when their country drives them out? Ten millions were given freely to Ireland; nor did they ever expel workmen, like the French at the late Revolution. Does this show dislike to foreigners? The lecturer said the presence of a superior class gives a tone to their general manners, every trifle being clothed with importance. Whatever is done, must be done in the best way (proverbially the cheapest in any case). The English character thus gains an admirable balance of qualities, resembling, in its keenness and vigour, the best-tempered steel. The fabulous St George was not the true emblem of the national character. He saw it rather in the lawgiver, scholar, poet, mechanic, monarch, Alfred; in later times, in Cromwell; and in one not so well known, William of Wykeham, the builder of Windsor Castle, a bishop of Winchester, a putter down of abuses in his time in his own diocese. He founded a school at Winchester for seventy scholars for ever; he endowed a college at Oxford for seventy fellows for ever; and he established a house in the neighbourhood of Winchester to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked it for ever; and when Mr Emerson was in England, he was curious to test this good man's credit, and he knocked at the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and his quantum of bread, though its donor had been dead seven hundred years!

If the foregoing be a correct abstract, it would seem that the lecturer touched but lightly on what we consider to be one of the most striking characteristics of the English—namely, their singular liberality as respects strangers who settle in their country. They are utterly indifferent who their neighbours may be—Scotch, Irish, French, Christian, Turk, or Jew, it is all the same; the only thing they look to is, whether a man pays his way, and conducts himself properly. The charity, public and private, extended by the English towards strangers is in itself remarkable. Nor does this feeling of kindness soon cool—so much the reverse, that it becomes a national fault. At this moment the finances of the country are actually charged with charitable disbursements towards the descendants of French families exiled in consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes!

RIDICULE.

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn, from the earliest days, to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear—do it, not for insolence, but *seriously and grandly*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm: resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

TRUE CHIVALRY.

No more in knightly tournament
May lover proudly bear
The silken scarf or emblem flower
Bestowed by lady fair.
No longer must the fatal lance
Her spotless honour prove,
Nor high hearts stilled the offering be
Of chivalry to love.

No more beyond the rolling deep
Must true love prove its faith,
By bearing in its sacred name
A talisman of death.
No more must glory's wreath be won
Where death and danger meet,
Nor sword incarnardined in gore
Be laid at beauty's feet.

But in life's bloodless battle-field
To take a nobler stand,
To strive for victory among
The wisest of our land—
By prowess of the mind and heart
To gain a loftier place—
Be these the guerdon of his truth
Who seeks a lady's grace.

To *self* be not your gauntlets flung,
Ye heroes of the list!
Nor till your foe be quite o'erthrown
The gallant strife desist.
A field more dread and glorious
Ne'er chivalry could meet,
And smiles of spirit loveliness
Your victory will greet.

C. T.

SOCIALIST SUCCESS IN FRANCE AND THE PROSPERITY OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

One of the most striking proofs of the effects of the Socialist success is found in the condition of the savings' banks of Paris. In all the weeks of January and February confidence prevailed; the artisans and shopkeepers were tolerably well employed—they could save something, and, relying on the government, they invested their savings. In the second week in March the deposits fell to nearly half the amount of the first week in February, and in the third week of March they declined nearly one-third more. As there was a prospect of the success of those who claim for themselves exclusively the character of the workman's friends, the workman's wages dwindled away, and his savings were lessened. When the workman's friends actually succeeded, those effects were augmented, work was almost suspended, and saving almost ceased—adding to the many proofs afforded by every page of modern history, that none suffer so much by political disturbances and revolutions as those on whose behalf they are said to be made. The usual pretext for them is the distress of the labourers, and in all cases they increase that distress. They suspend productive industry; and if the capitalist lose his profit, and the landowner his rent, the labourer loses his wages, and becomes a pauper or starves. He may, by the suspension of his industry, cease to benefit others, but he infallibly ruins himself. The politicians who claim to be the friends of workmen, and are continually planning political changes to serve them, are their worst enemies.—*Economist.*

The present number of the Journal completes the thirteenth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents. *

END OF THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

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A HEROINE OF BURNS.

THE peasant poet of Scotland had many loves; but amongst them all there is none which has held forth such images of purity and tenderness as his attachment to one on whom he has himself conferred the poetical appellation of Highland Mary. The love of the poet for this young woman was broken off by the event of her sudden death. She also appears, from his own descriptions, to have been a singularly gentle and affectionate creature. These circumstances, embalmed in the heart-touching strains of the poet himself, have excited regarding her an interest such as has rarely indeed befallen a maiden of her humble rank.

All that has hitherto been known or understood regarding Highland Mary may be expressed in a few sentences. Her name was Mary Campbell, and she had been a servant at Coilsfield House, in Burns's neighbourhood in Ayrshire, and likewise with his friend Mr Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. Burns himself places on record that she was 'a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love.' He adds—'After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.' This is the bulk of her story. Mr Cromek, who published 'Reliques of Burns,' had learned some more minute particulars. 'The adieu,' he says, 'was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again.'

There are, however, no memorials of this parting comparable to the verses in which Burns has recorded it. For example:—

* Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.
But, oh, fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.
Oh pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

Or the still more affecting verses, 'To Mary in Heaven,' which he composed several years after the death of their subject, under remarkable circumstances. Burns was now a farmer on the banks of the Nith—a husband, and the father of several children. He had passed through scenes of gay and elegant life in Edinburgh, and indulged in many passionate, though temporary attachments. Still, under all circumstances, the image of the simple Highland girl had remained deep in his heart, and he could never recall her melancholy fate without a pang. One harvest evening in the year 1789, after he had been busy all day with his reapers, his wife observed him grow very sad about something. He had remembered that it was the anniversary of the death of Mary. He 'at length wandered out into the barnyard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, intreating him in vain to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses:—

* Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past:
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;

* Lockhart's Life of Burns.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

It was impossible for any one to be the theme of such verses without becoming an object of profound interest to all who are capable of appreciating them. Accordingly, it is not surprising that, in later times particularly, everything which could be readily learned regarding Highland Mary has been brought before the public. It, after all, amounted to little; and that little, apart from the love of Burns, was commonplace enough. It was learned, for instance, that her father was a sailor belonging to a revenue cutter stationed at Campbeltown—that her relations latterly lived at Greenock, where her mother died in poverty in 1828—and, strange to say, that her friends had entertained so strong a prejudice against her lover, as to burn his letters, and enjoin silence about his name. One memorial, however, of the love of Burns and Mary made its appearance not long after the mother's death, and was heard of with a thrill of interest all over Scotland. This was the identical Bible which the poet had given to his mistress on the day of their parting. Passing to Canada in the possession of a collateral relative of Mary, it was there redeemed for a large sum by some enthusiastic Scotsmen, and sent home to be deposited in the poet's monument at Ayr. It was a plain and somewhat worn copy in two volumes, containing the poet's name on a blank leaf of either, together with two texts marking the intense feeling of that memorable second Sunday of May—'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord.'—*Levit. xix. 12.* 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.'—*Matt. v. 33.* This relic, it is needless to say, has been preserved with great care, and is, during the travelling season, viewed with deep emotion by thousands.

It was strange, all this time, that no biographer of Burns had undertaken to assign a date to the affair of Mary Campbell. Mr Cromek had called her 'the first object of the youthful poet's love;' and Professor Wilson, in his beautiful, generous 'Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns,' also spoke of the attachment as occurring at an early period of the poet's life. Burns himself, in sending a song written about her to Mr Thomson, had said, 'In my *very early years*, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl;' the song was one beginning—

'Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?'

Language, by the by, which does not look very like a farewell to a sweetheart. He had said of still another song on the same person—one entitled 'The Highland Lassie'—'This was a composition of mine in my *early life, before I was known at all in the world.*' These expressions, with the very character of the whole affair—invested, it seemed to be, with a purity bespeaking the unsullied morn of life—led all alike, writers and readers, to rest quietly in the assumption that Burns had courted Mary at some early period of his career, when contemplating a voyage to the West Indies to push his fortune there. Yet no notice of any such design could be pointed to in his life, or any letter or other document connected with him, anterior to the summer of 1786, when matters had assumed such a posture between him and Jean Armour, his future wife, that he did arrange for such a voyage, from which, indeed, he was only with-

held by the success of his poems, published at that crisis.

The mystery thus attached to the story of Mary at length attracted the attention of a gentleman whose name had hitherto been unconnected with the history and works of the Ayrshire bard. It occurred to Mr William Douglas of Edinburgh that the idea of its being a juvenile attachment of Burns had hitherto been too easily acquiesced in. The Bible bore on its title-page the date 1782, when Burns was in his twenty-fourth year. It must have been later than that time. After the poet's name was inscribed that of his residence, 'Moss-giel.' He did not live there till the spring of 1784: it must have also been later than that time, more particularly as Burns was most unlikely to be thinking of a voyage to the West Indies when just entering upon a new farm, the fortunes of which were all to be proved. Mr Douglas was less forcible in his objections to 1785; neither could he be considered as settling the event as not earlier than the spring of 1786, on the mere showing that Burns up to that time was accustomed to spell his name 'Burness,' whereas it is 'Burns' on the Bible inscriptions—because the spelling of names is in some degree a matter of caprice, and it is certain that at least other people wrote his name 'Burns' before 1786—so, indeed, it is entered in the register of his birth. It was nevertheless remarkable that we should be forced past 1784, when Burns could not be considered as very youthful, and brought into a period of his life of which the details are comparatively well known, there being amongst these no recognised or authoritative trace of Mary. In 1785 Burns was devotedly attached to Jean Armour. It was a year of great and brilliant literary exertion, being that in which the bulk of his poems was composed. There is no room here for the contemplated voyage to the West Indies, or the love of Highland Mary. In 1786, as has been mentioned, Burns was brought by evil fortune to prepare for such a voyage; but then his other circumstances were such as, at first sight, to preclude such an attachment. With Jean he had avowed a private marriage in spring—not a moment too early, one would have said, for the young lady's peace; though, strange to say, her father had forced her to disclaim Burns as her husband, infinitely to the grief and resentment of the unhappy poet. Was it now that Burns loved Mary Campbell? It could not be at any later time—that was quite clear; for Burns had no need to think of exile from his native land after October 1786, when his success as a poet was decided. Much reason was shown why it could not be earlier. Not without some hesitation, Mr Douglas became convinced that, think what we might of it, it was in the May of 1786, little more than a month after he had been thrown off by Jean Armour, that he took that tender farewell of the simple Highland Lassie on the banks of the Ayr, to know her thenceforth no more as a living woman, but as an image of beauty, and tenderness, and truth, resting in his bosom for ever.

On his bringing this theory before a learned society in Edinburgh, the ingenuity and acuteness of his arguments were acknowledged; and many admitted that he had made it all but certain that 1786 was the true date. On that occasion a member said that, if such should prove to be the case, as seemed likely, he did not see how it should greatly affect our feelings regarding either Burns or the story of this attachment. The vacillating pulses of the heart are a great mystery. Burns, we know well, had been rendered half frantic in consequence of his repudiation by Jean. At such a crisis his soul would rush to a compensation in the affections of some more devoted fair one, especially if, as was not unlikely, he had felt favourably disposed towards that other person before. A month or six weeks was a long time in the almanac of the heart, at least a Solway-tided heart like that of Burns. It often happens that, under a disappointment or rejection from one woman, a man will abruptly pay addresses to and marry another. Some other persons spoke on the occa-

sion, but generally expressed themselves as inclined to regard the point as still greatly doubtful.

In a new biography of Burns which Mr Robert Chambers is preparing, upon a plan which will include his poems and letters, and involve greater accuracy and greater detail than any preceding one, it has been necessary of course to treat this question, and, if possible, to settle it. For this purpose the author made some personal investigations, which resulted in bringing such powerful documentary evidence in favour of Mr Douglas's theory, that he has felt himself entitled to introduce the affair of Mary as occurring in 1786. The present paper may best be completed by an extract from the work : *

"Mary, we are to presume from the narration of the poet, had proceeded immediately after their parting to Campbeltown, where her parents then resided. She had spent the summer there; but whether she had taken any steps in arranging matters for a union with Burns seems doubtful, as it is the report of a very intelligent member of the family that her mother used to speak as if she had never been consulted on the subject. Another report in the family is, that while Mary resided with her parents, they became alarmed at her receiving a letter weekly from one whom they heard spoken of as "a strange character," and "a great scoffer at women." Mary met the account of her lover's character with a smile, and thereafter was allowed to continue receiving his letters.†

"A sister of Mary's mother was the wife of one Peter Macpherson, a ship-carpenter at Greenock. It being determined that her younger brother Robert should be entered with Macpherson as an apprentice, her father came to Greenock to make the proper arrangements, and Mary accompanied him. For this step on Mary's part we can well surmise further and private reasons of her own, since Burns has expressly said that she crossed the sea [the Firth of Clyde] to meet him. There was what is called a *brothering-feast* at Macpherson's on Robert Campbell being admitted to the craft; and it is the distinct recollection of a daughter of Macpherson still living that Mary gave her assistance in serving the company. Next morning, according to the same person's recollection, the boy Robert was so indisposed as to be unable to go to his work. When Macpherson came home to breakfast, he asked what had detained him from the yard, and was told that the young man was very poorly. Mary jocularly observed that he had probably taken a little too much after supper last night; and Macpherson, in a similar spirit of badinage, said, "Oh, then, it is just as well, in case of the worst, that I have agreed to purchase that lair in the kirkyard;" referring to a place of sepulture which he had just secured for his family—a very important matter in Greenock, as there was then no resting-place for the remains of those who did not possess such property, except the corner assigned to strangers and paupers, or a grave obtained by favour from a friend.

"The young man's illness proved more serious than was at first supposed, and Mary attended him with great tenderness and assiduity. In a few days Robert began to recover, but at the same time Mary drooped, and became seriously unwell. Her friends believed and said that she suffered from the cast of an evil eye, and recommended her father to go to a cross burn—that is, a place where two burns meet—and select seven smooth stones from the channel, boil them with new milk for a certain time, and then give her the milk to drink. It must be remembered that these were Highland

people, and that the Highlanders are to this day full of superstitious notions. The drink was duly prepared, as had been recommended, and given to Mary; but her illness was soon declared to be fever, of a malignant species then prevalent in the town, and in a few days the poor girl died. She was buried in the *lair* which her uncle had so recently bought, being the first of the family who was placed in it.

"Such are the particulars derived from Macpherson's daughter, and from a male relative of the family* who has often conversed on the subject with Mary's mother. There seems to be no good reason for doubting them, or any of them. The only point in which the story is defective is the date, a matter regarding which the memory is apt to be less faithful than with respect to events. There is, unluckily, no register of deaths or funerals for this period in Greenock. In my efforts, by other means, to ascertain the date of Mary's death, I met for some time with little success. On a visit to the town for the purpose of making investigations, my first attention was given to Mary's grave. It is in the burial-ground of the West Church of Greenock, the original and principal parish of the town—a melancholy and half-deserted precinct, so close to the Firth, that a stone could be thrown into it from the passing steamers. In a central situation are two flat stones, recording the ancestors of the illustrious James Watt. Near the west end is the little plot which had belonged to Peter Macpherson, the ship-carpenter. Shading it from the setting sun is a tall, elegant structure which a few admirers of Burns have erected for the commemoration of her whom the poet loved. It contains a sculpture representing the parting of the lovers, while a ship in another compartment hints a different part of the story. At the foot of this lofty structure nestles the original little *headstone* of Macpherson. In its semilunar upper compartment are carved the tools of a carpenter, with the date 1760. Underneath, on the square body of the stone, is the legend—"This Burying-Place belongs to Peter Macpherson, ship-carpenter in Greenock, and Mary Campbell his spouse, and their children. 1787." There was an uncertainty here. The stone might have been erected in 1760 by some member of Macpherson's family, from whom he had inherited it; and, notwithstanding the legend and second date, Mary might have been buried there at any time from 1760 downward. I observed, however, that the legend and second date are inscribed upon a surface half an inch or so *inward* from that on which the tools were carved, as if an earlier inscription had been obliterated—implying that the stone had undergone a renovation in 1787. If that was to be regarded as a doing of Macpherson when he became possessed of the lair, the tendency of the evidence might be said to be in favour of a late rather than an early date for the death of Mary. Still, the matter was left at an unsatisfactory point.

"At this stage of the inquiry it was brought to mind that there was a Register of Lairs, in which it might be hoped that the date of Macpherson's purchase was entered. A wretched tattered old volume was found buried in a mass of similar rubbish, in the possession of Mr Teulon, superintendent of the burying-grounds of Greenock, by whose obliging assistance, with no small difficulty, an entry was at length found, to the following effect :—

" 1760	feet
" Jan ^y 14. Duncan Robertson, carpenter	6 £0 . 9 . 0
" 1786	
" Oct. 12. This lair is this day transferred to Peter Macpherson, ship-carpenter in Greenock."	

There could not of course remain the slightest doubt that the ground which contains the ashes of Highland Mary was bought by her uncle at the very time when Robert Burns designed to sail from Greenock for the West Indies. Macpherson, exactly as I had conjectured, had succeeded to a stone, which he had renovated, preserving

* Mr R. Chambers takes this opportunity of stating that he will receive with thankfulness any papers written by or respecting Burns. He pledges himself to take the greatest care of any which may be forwarded to him, and to return them carefully. In a subject so obscure and confused, even a date may sometimes be of consequence. He would therefore intreat that persons possessing documents, and willing to intrust him with them, will not be too ready to think them unlikely to be useful.

† Letter of John Kerr, Esq. of Glasgow, in the 'Scots Times' newspaper, Nov. 7, 1829.

* Mr J. C. Douglas, clothier, Greenock.

only the sculpture of his predecessor's emblems of trade, because these were equally suitable for himself. Unless, then, we are to reject the family story entirely, and suppose it possible that Mary was buried here while Duncan Robertson possessed the ground, which, I am informed, the customs of sepulture in Greenock render to the last degree improbable, we must admit that her death took place in the latter part of 1786—consequently after her poet-lover had broken off his match with Jean Armour; in short, the piteous tale of the Highland Lassie comes in as one of several episodes that chequered the main attachment of Burns's life—that which terminated in making him at length a husband.

Mary's parents and other near relations, who afterwards settled in Greenock, were of such a grade of mind and strain of sentiment as to shrink for many years from all acknowledgment of Burns as her lover. It cannot be surprising that a man who could think of administering a decoction of pebbles as a cure for his daughter's illness, was narrow-spirited enough to burn the letters of a great poet, and forbid his name to be mentioned in the family. The mother, who was a good, kind-hearted creature, was more relenting. She learned to sing the song of the "Highland Lassie" to her grandchildren. On being asked by her grand-nephew, Mr J. C. Douglas, if she thought that Mary would have married Burns, she said that she could not tell what might have happened if Mary had survived; but she did not think her sweet lassie could have ever been happy with so wild and profane a genius as Burns; yet she would immediately add, that he was "a real warm-hearted chield"—for such was the impression he had made upon her when he had subsequently paid her a visit. The old woman always spoke of Mary, who was the eldest of her eight children, as a paragon of gentleness and amiability. Her sincerity was a quality which, above all others, the mother fondly dwelt on. There is, indeed, all desirable reason to believe that Mary was of a character to have graced, if not even rectified, a companion spirit such as Burns—who, in subsequent years, might well have imagined that with her he could have been something different from what he was.

"What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wandered wild and wide
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me."

'We have now to turn to Mossiel, where the poet was living in an unsettled state, looking forward to the Jamaica voyage, but still hopeful that a ram would be caught in the thicket—that is, an Excise situation prove attainable—so as to save him from exile. It was a late harvest that year. According to Burns's own description—

"Autumn mourns her ripening corn
By winter's early ravage torn."

Mrs Begg * remembers that, after the harvest-work was over, and she had, as usual, taken to the big wheel, in which either her mother or one of her sisters was assisting her—Robert and Gilbert being also present—a letter for the former was handed in. He went to the window to open and read it, and she was struck by the look of agony which was the consequence. He went out without uttering a syllable. The family learned nothing of the facts of the case till after the publication of some of the songs written upon Mary; and even then, they became aware of this strange passage in their brother's history only as something too sacred for discussion or remark. So deep was this impression upon the mind of Mrs Begg, that she never spoke of the story to her daughters, till Mr Douglas's investigation broke through her reserve, and she added her testimony as to the true year, and related the above particulars.

* Burns's reasons for maintaining a mystery on the sub-

* The surviving sister of Burns.

ject, as he has evidently done, can only be matter of conjecture. He might have some sense of remorse about this simple girl—he might feel some little shame on account of her humble position in life—he might dread the world's knowing that, after the affair of Jean Armour, in the midst of such calamitous circumstances, and facing a long exile in the West Indies, he had been so madly imprudent as to engage a poor girl to join him in wedlock, whether to go with him, or to wait for his return. Some remarks of Dr Currie, in which this affair is touched upon, and which significantly occur immediately after the recital of the rencontre with the Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle [an affair of summer 1786], are here worthy of attention, as helping to verify a narration otherwise apt to appear a modern myth. "The sensibility," says he, "of our bard's temper, and the force of his imagination, exposed him in a particular manner to the impressions of beauty; and these qualities, united to his impassioned eloquence, gave him in turn a powerful influence over the female heart. The banks of the Ayr formed the scene of youthful passions of a still tenderer nature, the history of which it would be improper to reveal, were it even in our power; and the traces of which will soon be discoverable only in those strains of nature and sensibility to which they gave birth. The song entitled 'Highland Mary' is known to relate to one of these attachments. 'It was written,' says our bard, 'on one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days.' The object of this passion died early in life, and the impression left on the mind of Burns seems to have been deep and lasting." It seems not unlikely that Currie had got a hint of the affair from Gilbert Burns, but with injunctions to touch on it lightly.

CHEMISTRY OF CREATION.

CHEMISTRY is the science *par excellence* of experiment. Other sciences investigate the laws of nature by means of inquiry and induction; but the chemist places himself in the position of nature herself, and strives to obtain the knowledge he seeks by imitating her processes. His workshop is a copy in little of the great laboratory of creation, and we find there the human insect, whose life is but a span, dealing boldly with the elements of the universe, and turning by his art the wildest fictions of romance into every-day facts. The other sciences expand the mind and enlarge the knowledge; but chemistry, in addition, devotes herself to the physical service of the human race. She heals their diseases, indicates and prepares their food, adorns their garments, warms, lights, and ventilates their dwellings, fertilises their fields, wafts them with the speed of the wind along the land and sea, flashes their distant messages, like lightning, through the air and underneath the waters; and deserting not her votary in the day of calamity, neutralises his pain, dispels his terror, and soothes him in death.

The chemistry of creation, from which is derived the knowledge that governs the processes of practical chemistry, is not only the most useful, but the most elevating of studies; and we have accordingly been careful from time to time to present to our readers a popular glimpse of the progress of speculation and discovery connected therewith. We are now called to the agreeable task of noticing a very clever *resumé* of the whole subject, by one of those chemists whose peculiar province is the healing art, a rising young surgeon in London.* The volume commences with a slight sketch of the history of chemistry, and then proceeds to treat separately of the chemistry of the earth, the air, and the ocean. All this is done with so little technicality of language, that the book, although in reality of considerable scientific pretensions, and embracing notices of the most recent

* The Chemistry of Creation: being an Outline of the Chemistry of the Earth, the Air, the Ocean. By Robert Ellis, M.R.C.S., &c. London: Printed for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1850.

discoveries, may be used as a rudimentary work by common readers. We consider the publication, therefore, as meriting general attention, although it will be found more especially useful by those whose means or leisure does not admit of a regular course of study. To enable such readers to form an idea of the contents of the volume, it will suffice to notice a few points in each of the three departments of the volume. These, however, we must premise, will probably not be the salient points; for we must be guided in our choice by the novelty the subjects may have in our own pages.

In Part I. there is an interesting account of the natural process by which the substance of rocks is dissolved by the agency of air or water; and Mr Ellis proceeds to describe the results occurring on a large scale, and observable in a very few years. In one place, only six years after a path had been blasted through solid granite, those apparently indestructible walls were so much decomposed by the influence of the carbonic acid in the atmosphere, 'that the solid rock, to the depth of three inches, was in a crumbling condition.' In such districts, when a traveller steps upon what seems to be a piece of granite in its normal state, it falls to powder. In the quarries at Dartmoor, the rock is found to be more or less decomposed to the depth of fifty or sixty feet; and the walls of the prison, unadvisedly built of blocks taken from that surface granite, have 'become a spongy mass, absorbing moisture continually, rusting the iron bars, and rendering the cells so damp, that they can only be used by covering the walls within and without with Roman cement or tiles.' The granite used in the Nelson Monument in London is from the same locality; but being quarried, according to the admonitions of chemistry, from a depth beyond the influence of atmospheric decomposition, the column will in all probability be much more lasting than the prison. 'All our earthenware,' says Mr Ellis, 'from the commonest jug to the house-tile and flower-pot, is in like manner produced from a material which is formed by the influence of water, air, and carbonic acid, upon rocks of various kinds, but all more or less agreeing in composition as to their chief ingredients. In certain districts in Devonshire and Cornwall there exist rocks of a fine white granite, which exhibit the decomposing effect of these agents in a remarkable manner.* On the surface, and for a considerable depth into their substance, the rock is altered to a soft matter resembling mortar. This is collected and washed; the water which comes from the washing of it being of the colour of milk, in consequence of its containing a quantity of white earthy substance suspended in it, is conducted into tanks, and in its passage through several reservoirs, deposits this white earthy matter at the bottom. The tanks are then emptied of water, and the white deposit being removed and dried in the open air, and subsequently more completely by a drying-stove, constitutes the beautifully fine white clay employed in the manufacture of porcelain. Not less than about 10,000 tons of this white clay, thus derived from the decomposed material of the granite rock, is exported annually for the use of the potteries. Its chemical composition—the composition in great part of our china cups and ornamental ware—is alumina (the basis of common alum), silicic acid, a little alkali and lime, and, in the unburnt state, a large proportion of water, together with a variable amount of sand. The Chinese, as well as ourselves, employ the same material for the manufacture of their exquisite porcelain.'

The remarkable phenomenon of the geysers in Iceland is traced to a similar decomposition. The geysers, our readers know, are immense boiling fountains contained in lofty basins supplied from the common hot springs below by a natural tube; and the grand agent in producing them is the decomposition effected in a rock called palagonite by hot water, carbonic acid, and

sulphuretted hydrogen. The explanation is as follows:—'The water of these boiling springs contains a dissolved hydrate of silica, which, on its evaporation, is deposited around the mouth of the spring, on the margin projecting beyond the level of the water. Of course, in the basin of the spring, and below its surface, no evaporation takes place, and therefore no incrustation can occur. Imagine, then, this process of incrustation around the edge of the spring to continue for years, the natural result would be, that the margin would become higher and higher, forming a rocky tube of siliceous matter. As the margin rises, the water of course rises also, being always a little below the former. The consequence is, that the spring, by this continued process of deposition, increases in height, until, reaching a certain altitude, it becomes converted into a regular geyser. Surrounding the tube formed in this simple manner is a hillock of siliceous matter, formed by the overflowing of the water of the spring. These tubes are fed with water from the mountains above them, which becomes heated in the volcanic subterranean channels along which it is conducted. This high temperature converts a part of it into vapour, and the result is, that the water elevated by its expansive force, foaming, and hissing, rises up through the tube which the incrusting waters have reared, and rushes boiling out of the mouth of the spring.'

In Part II., relating to the air, there is a passing notice of the question as to the limits of the atmosphere. It is now recognised, though not proved, that the air does not extend more than about 50 miles into the regions of space. Astronomy discountenances the idea of illimitable extent, by showing that there are only two other planets in our system which appear to be provided with an aerial atmosphere; and chemistry applies the atomic theory to prove that there is no such thing as infinite divisibility of matter. 'It is held, for instance, as certain that we cannot subdivide matter beyond a certain point; at this point, its particles are called atoms, and these atoms have a certain size and weight. Applying the same reasoning to the air, it is considered that there is a point at which it cannot be expanded further; and this point is supposed to be the true limit of the air.'

The air has recently been supposed to be subject to a phenomenon called atmospheric waves, which is only now in process of examination. These waves—discovered by the barometer—do not resemble the undulations of the sea, but pervade the whole depth of the atmosphere, and occupy several days in their duration. The most remarkable has been observed for some years past to occur about the middle of November, when it lasts, from the commencement of its rise to its subsidence, about sixteen days. Sometimes it begins and closes with a gale of wind. This subject is so obscure, that the phenomenon called the Indian Summer can as yet be only connected with it as a coincidence. 'In America, at this period, generally from the 12th to the 17th of November, after a foretaste of the severities of winter has been felt, a sudden change of temperature takes place, a delicious warmth is felt, the sky is without a cloud, not a breath of air is stirring, and the whole atmosphere is filled with a glowing transparent haze. In three days this is all gone, and winter comes on quickly afterwards. In Switzerland, the same phenomenon has been remarked from time immemorial. About the 11th of this month, the fête of St Martin is celebrated, and the inhabitants call the delightful four or five days' return of summer weather at that time, after, to all appearance, the summer has ended, *l'Eté de St Martin*, or St Martin's Summer. Whether these interesting facts are more than mere coincidences, whether the great wave has anything to do with them or not, it is not at present possible to ascertain.'

Rain acts as a great sanitary agent, by washing down the impurities contracted by the atmosphere from the smoke and exhalations of the more crowded haunts of human beings. These are so far injurious to our

* At Shaw, a few miles from Plymouth, the surface for hundreds of acres consists of decomposed felspar, in a state resembling flour. When purified and baked it forms a fine porcelain.

respiration, but they are much more so to that of the plants, which never enjoy health in large towns. Instead of complaining of the rain as we do, in this variable climate, we should consider it a blessing: but let us follow the beneficent fluid in its descent into the earth, and we shall find further cause of thankfulness. 'Whatever soluble matter is met with by the rain at the surface of the soil, it carries with it as it sinks downward into the earth. All the unpleasant results of organic decay on the surface that are soluble are conveyed downwards by it, and the water, thus polluted, sinks to the underground reservoirs, from whence man draws his supply of this indispensable fluid. What results might we not, therefore, anticipate on an examination of water drawn from such receptacles; and what a polluted condition might we not expect the soil to be in, which forms the filter through which this decaying organic matter penetrates! Yet, when we come to examine into these matters, "we do not find them," in the words of Dr Smith, "present that exaggerated character which we might suppose." It is surprising, on the contrary, to find that organic matters, properly so called, are scarcely, in reality, found in these wells; and, more singular still, the wells nearest to a source of organic matter frequently contain less than others farther removed from the apparent probability of contamination.' The chemical explanation of this seeming paradox is, that the filthy nitrogenous matters carried down by the rain into the soil, combining with the oxygen they meet, result in nitrates which are comparatively harmless; and in the same way the carbon of the soil is supposed to be oxidised, so as to form the carbonic acid gas which gives its sparkle and exhilaration to spring water.

A proposal has been made by Mr Rowell to bring down rain, when wanted, by means of electrical conductors sent up towards the clouds in balloons. He tells us that on several occasions, when his own electrical kite came immediately under a light fleecy cloud, after a free current of sparks had passed from the apparatus for ten or twelve minutes, he found himself suddenly bedewed with fine misty rain.

The carbonic acid formed in the air by respiration, putrefaction, and other processes, is considered to be the source of the carbon which forms the great bulk of plants. In fact the grandest trees of the forest derive their substance from the thin air. Mr Ellis describes several experiments which prove that plants draw their nourishment from carbon, and then inquires whether the air can really be supposed to contain food enough for the whole vegetable world? Humboldt tells us that in some forests of America a monkey might run for a hundred miles upon the tops of the trees. 'Does, in fact, the atmosphere contain a sufficient amount of this element to account for the separation of so great a mass of it as exists in this single instance, not to take into consideration the entire vegetation of the rest of the globe? The carbonic acid of the atmosphere has been estimated at one-thousandth of its whole weight. The entire weight of the atmosphere is known; and calculating upon it, it has been found that the entire weight of carbon contained at one time in the atmosphere is about three thousand and eighty-five billions of pounds. Calculations have been made as to the actual demand upon the atmosphere for carbonic acid of the whole vegetation of the earth. If we suppose the actual surface covered by vegetation to be one-fifth of the entire area of our globe, that will give a space of two millions of square miles, or of 43,124 millions of acres. Let us suppose that each acre derives every year 2000 pounds of carbon from the air; then the whole annual necessities of the vegetable world in a year amount to about 300 billions of pounds of carbonic acid. How is this enormous annual drain to be supplied? Dr Schleiden calculates that from *tobacco-smoking* alone we have a supply of carbonic acid in a year equivalent to 1000 millions of pounds. He bases this odd calculation on the following grounds:—North America alone produces

in a year enough tobacco, on its being burned, to yield the immense sum of 340 millions of pounds! The other tobacco-growing districts supply the rest. Yet how insignificant does even this enormous sum appear compared to that which, from combustion of fuel alone, escapes into the air! When it is remembered that from a number of other sources carbonic acid is discharged into the atmosphere, little difficulty as to the existence and constant supply of a sufficiency of this gas in the atmosphere to account for all the wood upon the earth's surface will be experienced.'

Although air gives the substance, light is essential to the life of a plant. The sunbeam has recently been divided into actinic, luminous, and calorific rays.

The actinic or chemical rays are indispensable to germination; under the influence of the luminous rays, a mantle of green overspreads forest and field, and the woody tissue is formed while the calorific rays bring forth flowers and fruit. Thus spring, summer, and autumn, enjoy each a peculiar influence from the sun; although probably in all the three processes of germination, growth, and fructification, the three forces are concerned, but in modified activity. Even during the day this distinction is observed, in the evening there being less actinic power than in the morning, and at noon more luminous and calorific power. These results are of entirely new discovery in science.

We have left ourselves little room for giving a notion of the contents of Part II., relating to the chemistry of the ocean, although it is not less interesting than the others. The quantity of saline matter differs in different seas, owing to the influence of evaporation removing a portion of the watery particles, and to the influx of fresh water from the land. But the quality differs, likewise, in different portions of the same mass of water, from the circumstance of sea water, in consequence of its saline contents, being more dense and heavy than fresh water. 'This is occasionally turned to some advantage by navigators; for it is found that, in calm weather, the fresh water overlies the salt, just as oil does in respect of water: by drawing water, therefore, from the surface, fresh water may be obtained; whereas, if the hose of the pump penetrates some feet down, it may encounter a stratum of salt water.

'A highly-interesting event, in connection with the chemistry of the waves, and important as illustrating their combined mechanical and chemical force, took place on the coast of Ballybunion in Ireland. The cliffs on this coast contain a large quantity of alum and iron pyrites; and being incessantly exposed to the violent action of the Atlantic billows, they become worn away into the most strange forms. Large caverns, natural bridges, and the resemblances of human architecture, abound on the sea-coast, being produced by the unequal wasting away of different strata. The roofs of these caverns are painted with various hues by the water percolating the overlying strata, and carrying with it a solution of the mineral ingredients encountered in its passage. Streamlets also run down the sides of the cliffs, staining them in ochreous colours, proving that the water contains iron, and probably other salts in solution. These solutions are conveyed into the sea, and there undergo various decompositions in contact with the saline matter of sea water. Some years since, part of these cliffs assumed an appearance of a very extraordinary character: the waves, by continual dashing, had worn and undermined the cliff, which, giving way, fell with tremendous violence into the sea; the consequence was, that several great strata of pyrites were exposed to the chemical influence of the air and sea water; rapid oxidation took place, eliminating such an intense heat, as very shortly to set the whole cliff on fire. For days the great rocks continued burning with great fierceness, torrents of steam and smoke rising up as the heavy billows of the Atlantic leapt upon the glowing masses, and at a distance presenting all the appearance of some violent volcanic disturbance. After the fresh substances,

thus exposed, had become oxidised, the steaming cliff gradually cooled down; and now the slow and silent work of mechanical and chemical destruction is being carried on without any external manifestation of its existence. The heat given out during this singular and grand chemical phenomenon was so great, as to convert masses of clay in its vicinity into red brick! while melted slags lie about, giving to the whole scene such an appearance as to render it a fit representation of the workshop of the mythological Cyclops.

Such are a few specimens of the interesting and amusing contents of a volume which will impart knowledge to the ignorant, while it recalls it in an agreeable manner to the learned.

THE MUSIC-MISTRESS.

AN ANECDOTE FROM REAL LIFE.

THE fire was burning bright on the hearth, and tea stood ready on the round table before it in a small up-stairs room in a narrow London street, about ten years ago; the curtains were drawn across the windows, though they scarcely met, by reason of their scanty dimensions, and barely served to exclude the uncomfortable light which lingered still in the foggy atmosphere without. The only inmate of the chamber was a middle-aged woman, with worn and delicate features, in whose appearance might be detected somewhat of a foreign origin: she was busied in giving as inviting an air as possible to all around her, when a light step sounded on the stairs, and in another moment she was warmly welcoming a young girl whom it was easy to recognise as her daughter. They spoke the melodious Spanish tongue, and there was the dark lustre of the south in the eyes of Inez Castarra, and its glow upon her lips when she entered; but these soon gave way to a languor and a degree of dejection, with which she seemed in vain trying to struggle as she took her accustomed low seat by the fire, and began to tell her mother the events of the day, while she partook of the evening meal.

'My poor child,' said Madame Castarra, 'how often I wish that we could only for once escape this chilly climate, and spend one winter in our own lovely land; there you would never have such an afternoon as this to encounter, nor cold English ears to listen to your beautiful music: there all is warmth, and song, and kindness.'

'Ah, but, dear mother,' replied Inez, smiling sadly, 'there might be want of bread too; and here I can earn enough for us both, and indeed I have no reason to complain of lack of kindness either. I am getting on better than I have yet had time to tell you; some fresh pupils have been offered to me by friends of the lady at whose house I sang last night; and as the spring comes on, I have no fear that my time will not be fully occupied; and then perhaps, when the season is over, you and I will be able to breathe the fresh air too, and walk in the lanes about some country village: I feel as if the sight of trees and wild-flowers would do me so much good!'

'And what are they here compared to the chestnut woods, and the cork-trees looking so hoary, beside the orange groves of our own beautiful Quinta! My Inez, you do not remember it as I do, nor the sky with its diamond brightness, and the air that makes one feel always light-hearted.'

This was Madame Castarra's favourite theme, and her daughter never interrupted her in it; but her eyes now filled with tears as she listened, and she rose and went to the little piano, which, with a few books, and two or three embroidered cushions, formed the only ornament of the room: she touched the first notes of a wild and plaintive melody which brought her mother instantly to her side.

'Forgive me, my child,' she said; 'I do not remember better than you do the days in which Louis Montero used to sing that serenade under our windows, waiting behind the trellis to know if I would let him in! Ah, poor fellow, it was well for him that he escaped when he did from Spain! Cheer up, Inez! we shall hear of him yet some day or other. But in the meantime, how can you go on day after day without rest or change? And now this singing in the evening, I do not half approve of it.'

Inez looked up inquiringly in her face: 'If you really disapprove of it, mother, I will not sing again at evening parties; but yesterday's experience made me fear it less than I did before, and it will enable us sooner to get the change of scene you think we both want.'

'Not me!' cried Madame Castarra impatiently. 'I am well, if it was not for heart-sickness at seeing your bloom fading away, and your talents, which were given you for your own enjoyment, all used for that of others, or to earn our poor livelihood in this smoky city.'

'But what must I do?' said Inez with her sweet quiet smile. 'When nothing else was left us but our love for each other, and my music, God made these sufficient; and hitherto the resource has not failed to supply our absolute wants in this strange land. I have found friends also among my pupils; and last night, as I was going to tell you, my whole heart was warmed by the interest shown towards me, as it would have been by a ray of our own dear sunshine. Lady Levers had asked me in the morning, when I had finished her daughters' lesson, if I would come and sing my Spanish ballads to her friends; and I willingly promised, as you know, to do so, little thinking what a large party there would be.'

'I know all that, Inez, of course,' interrupted her mother; 'and when you went in your black silk gown, with your hair so beautifully plaited, did I not long for some geraniums to put into it?'

'Yes; and picked your only flower for the purpose. Well, dear mother, I wanted to make quite a long story about it, so I would not tell you anything of the party till we were quiet for the whole evening.'

'Ah, poor child, it was one o'clock when you came home, and you were out again at nine this morning!'

'Once more,' said Inez laughing, as she resumed her seat by the fire, 'I shall begin. The rooms were already nearly full when I came in, and no one seemed to observe me, so I took the first seat I saw near the piano, thinking that I should be ready when I was wanted to sing; but one lady after another played and sung, and though I did not think the music very good, the continued sound, and the profusion of light, and the expectation of my own turn coming next, made me at last feel as if I should do myself no credit by my performance; and then the thought that people would wonder at my being employed to give lessons at all turned me almost sick with anxiety. Just as I had reached this agreeable pitch of nervousness, Miss Levers came up to me, saying, "Now I hope you will give us one of your beautiful ballads: I have talked so much of your singing this evening, and I have made every one sing before you, that your voice might come out with greater advantage." I of course signified that I was ready, and moved round to the instrument, feeling that I was the only person who had not been handed to it. Now, mother, you know that was very foolish!'

'Not at all, my love: I remember the time'—

Inez coloured, and continued hastily—'At that moment a lady, whose eye I had caught more than once before, came towards me, and in the kindest manner imaginable offered to accompany me, whispering a few words of encouragement and of evident sympathy that made me feel almost myself again. I was but too glad of a few minutes' pause; but you can scarcely fancy what her playing was! She glanced over my music, and then began a prelude which seemed to embody the very spirit of our national songs—low and tender at first, like the voice of lovers by the side of some flow-

ing stream, for they evidently mingled with the sound of waters; then came a spirit-stirring strain, awakening the soul of a hero to bold enterprise; after which the plaintive farewell swelled into fervent and passionate prayer; and oh, mother, I forgot all around me! my own soul was inspired by the gush of melody; and when Mrs Milner (for that, I afterwards learned, was her name) pointed to my music-book, and began the accompaniment to my favourite ballad of the "Roncesvalles Fight," I sang as I believe I never could have sung before, not even in Spain. "Bravo!" said Mrs Milner as I concluded: "this is more than I had expected." And she looked round, as if to gather up applause. There was the usual English silence for a minute, and then a hum went through the room, in which I distinguished the words of "How exquisite!" "What a thrilling voice!" "Such pure taste!" and many more to the same purpose. I felt I had succeeded beyond my hopes, but that my having done so was entirely owing to my generous friend; and yet people did not seem aware of how superior her talent was to mine.

"Nor need they have done that, my Inez," said Madame Castarra. "I always said your voice only needed to be fairly heard to be admired as it deserves: you always were too modest about it, and now I dread your exerting yourself too much: you looked so utterly exhausted when you came home, that I could not bear you to speak: though strangers might have been misled by the glow upon your cheek, and the brightness of your eyes, I could not be; and all this day I have been considering how it would be possible for you to go even for a few days into the country."

"We must not think of it," replied Inez; "not now at least, for I was intreated last night to sing one song after another, in some of which I accompanied myself; and at last Lady Levers told me many of her friends wished me both to sing at their houses, and to give lessons to their daughters. She assured them I had never given singing lessons at all; but I believe I might make several engagements both for singing lessons and the piano to-morrow, if only I was as strong now as I was a year ago." The languor that stole over the countenance of the poor girl as she uttered these words, and rested her head on the back of her chair, made her mother's anxiety about her appear but too well founded. In a few minutes more, early as it was in the evening, she was asleep by the fireside.

How different from Madame Castarra's humble room was the one in which sat the lady who had so kindly befriended Inez on the previous evening! She was conversing with Lady Levers in her luxurious boudoir on the subject which had chiefly occupied her thoughts ever since.

"It is out of the question, my dear Mrs Milner," said her hostess with the slightest possible sarcasm in her tone. "What would the world think of your giving music lessons? It might do as the whim of some earl's daughter—there is no accounting for what people of a certain rank will now and then imagine by way of charity; but permit me, as an old friend, to say that you might do yourself serious injury by such a plan: it would not be understood in one who, in fact, has won her very delightful standing in London society by being more accomplished and agreeable than almost anybody else."

Mrs Milner bowed playfully, and then continued her former proposal.

"I am far from disregarding the world's opinion; I would not willingly draw its censure on any part of my conduct with which it had to do; and I am well aware that, as the widow of a professional man who rose by the exercise of his noble talents, I may be more exposed to the suspicion you hinted at, of wishing to give lessons on my own account, than a person of greater wealth and more established natural position would be. But I am determined to help this poor young creature, if possible; and I see no other way of my doing so. All you tell me of her character and her misfortunes makes

me the more anxious to enable her to take advantage of the fine opening for her becoming known as a first-rate singing-mistress which your kindness last night afforded her. I had already judged of her talents as a pianist by the playing of her pupil, your eldest daughter; and I am sure she will do us all credit by and by, if she has sufficient rest now perfectly to recover her health, and likewise to gain confidence in her own powers."

"You are very good and self-devoted, my dear," replied Lady Levers coldly; "but I never can understand enthusiasm; and there always was so much of that about you! I can give Mademoiselle Castarra a couple of guineas, if that would be of any use; and really, if you knew how poor I am just now, you would see that it is as much as I could afford. Perhaps you might make a little subscription for her besides; but pray do nothing rashly yourself."

Mrs Milner's clear blue eye glanced round the apartment, with its silken furniture and costly baubles, and a smile just curled her lip; but she answered quietly: "I also could give something with pleasure; but it strikes me that, under present circumstances, our object must be to enable her to provide for herself, which she can only do by giving lessons. Now if I give them in her name for two months, or even six weeks, I think that is all she will need to support her mother and herself while she rests, and to give her a fair start in the world when she returns to London. Only promise that Augusta and Emily shall continue to be Mademoiselle Castarra's pupils under my instructions, and use your influence with others who have already employed her, or who intend now to do so, and I will take all consequences on myself."

There was an earnestness in Mrs Milner's intentions, a single-heartedness in her character, which seldom failed of winning confidence and sympathy; and Lady Levers was not proof against the power of her benevolence. She stood her ground as long as she could, and then yielded with a tolerably good grace, especially as she knew how much to her daughters' advantage it would be to receive lessons from so perfect a musician as Mrs Milner; and her visitor departed, leaving her to dress for an eight-o'clock dinner party, just as poor Inez was sinking into her doze by the fireside. Mrs Milner, followed by her page, walked rapidly towards her home, feeling at thirty-five much of the happiness of her girlhood, in the anticipation of a plan which she well knew would subject her to many hours of daily drudgery, at a time when London was filling fast with her acquaintance, and inflict terrible discords upon an ear strung to the highest pitch of musical accuracy. She stopped at a small house in a fashionable street, three or four rooms of which she called her own, and was received by the neatest of maid-servants, who lighted the lamp in her pretty sitting-room, and drew an easy-chair to the fireside. There was a look of perfect comfort in the apartment, and of unmistakable refinement, though it was simple, indeed, compared to the one Mrs Milner had just quitted. All it contained was elegant in itself, and suggestive of high and graceful ideas, from the pictures on the walls to the books on the tables, which seemed to lie there because they were read, and not only to be looked at; but this evening, though she held a volume in her hand as she sat by her cheerful hearth, and recalled many a brilliant conversation to which it had given rise, and though her piano stood open, with tempting new music upon it, her thoughts were still more frequently engaged with Inez, and she was pondering on the best means of making her acquiesce in her arrangement for her. Should she write, or should she go to her? She determined on the latter. I shall know her better, she thought, when I see how she is surrounded. A vision of the old shawl and half-dirty cap, from which dingy chrysalis she had often seen a Parisian belle emerge in noon-day elegance of attire, flitted before her as she settled to call on Mademoiselle Castarra at nine the following morning; and then the dignified simplicity of her manner and appear-

ance chased it away. 'It was such a revelation of soul and of genius,' she thought, 'that lighted up her features as she sang, that I can associate nothing with her that is not pure and beautiful.' Mrs Milner was not disappointed when she found Inez Castarra in her own home, though the flush of excitement had faded from her face, and the sickly hues of anxiety and fatigue were plainly seen upon it. The wondering gratitude of Inez and of her mother may easily be imagined, expressed, too, with the fervent eloquence of their southern blood, when they fully comprehended Mrs Milner's proposal: she would hear of no delays, for she saw that if her help was to effect the good she hoped for, it must be immediate; and she wished Madame Castarra and Inez to go at once to the lovely village in Devonshire in which she had passed her own early youth, and where she promised them a pleasant home in the house of a worthy couple whom she knew well. In the course of that happy week Inez had told her new friend all her own history, which was, indeed, like that of numbers in these last years of agitation and revolution. Her father had only escaped ending his days on the scaffold as a conspirator against the government of the day by dying in prison; her lover had been obliged to fly from Spain from the same cause; and, young as she was, she had persuaded her mother to let her seek subsistence in England for them both: their small estate had passed into the hands of strangers, and they were alone upon the earth.

'No longer alone,' said Mrs Milner with moistened eyes, taking up the list Inez had just given her of her pupils: 'you will find friends here who will not fail you; and perhaps more will be added by the time you come back, well and strong, and able to attend to them all; and then the unselfish exercise of talent is one of the highest enjoyments that can be given to us, and this, dear Inez, you will have.'

'Ah,' replied Inez, 'how happy then your lot must be!'

A cloud passed over Mrs Milner's open brow as she answered, 'This is not the moment for confession; mine will be happier now for some such exertion as you have made for years.'

And who can doubt that it was so? While Inez and her mother were enjoying the soft breezes of the south of Devon, in a cottage embowered in myrtle and chinaroses, Mrs Milner gave lessons day by day to all who would have employed the Spanish music-mistress. She had many clever pupils, whose love of melody she awakened to the uttermost; and some dull ones, to whom a lesson from an elegant and high-bred woman, who was the first of amateur performers, was but a lesson after all—paid for, and disliked; but she went steadily on, listening to the jokes and reproofs of her friends with good-humour that sprang from the depths of a heart in peace; and all the more sunshiny and charming when she mingled in society as usual, from the consciousness of her day's good deeds. Inez returned in the height of the London season, blooming with health and full of vigour: she found her engagements increased to as many as she could fulfil, and far better terms made for her than she had ever ventured to hope for. How far her restored health had been promoted by a letter from Louis Montero, imploring her to remember words spoken under the vine-covered trellis of the old Quinta, and to keep up her spirits for his sake, until he should come to claim his bride, we leave our readers to determine; but so it was that, for three years longer, no young lady's education could be supposed completed without at least a few lessons from Mademoiselle Castarra; and when Louis did come, though he was able to maintain his wife and her mother in comfort—for he had entered a merchant's house at Barcelona—Inez had enough of her own to provide abundantly for Madame Castarra's declining years; and on the wedding-day there was scarcely a happier heart than Mrs Milner's, as she recalled those six weeks of active charity. Even Lady Levers confessed that it would have been a thou-

sand pities to have sacrificed so much solid good to the possible prejudices of London society; which, after all, had known little, and remembered less, of Mrs Milner's singular exertions for a poor friendless foreigner.

RESENTMENT.

ALL philosophical inquiries appertaining to the nature and moral circumstances of man, seem to end in establishing the certainty of an adaptation of his attributes to his sublunary condition. His various passions, propensities, and sentiments, are shown to have relation and a reference to objects, modes of action, and states of existence, inseparable from a just development of his being. None of these can be reasonably considered evil in themselves, and do only become so by a vicious and perverted use—by such an inordinate and abusive exercise as transcends the limits of their original intention. Every principle or disposition, therefore, that is indigenous to the human constitution, must be recognised as existing in it for a necessary purpose, and one which, in its rightful manifestations, has a respect to human welfare. In this light it is here intended to consider the feeling of resentment.

Among the sermons of Bishop Butler—which are probably of greater value than all the other sermons in the language—there is one which treats directly of this subject. The good bishop begins by declaring that, in all considerations like the present, it is essential to understand our nature and condition according to their constitution; and thus to learn for what end any particular sentiment or passion has been given us. 'It will be needful,' says he, 'to trace it up to its original, that we may see *what it is in itself*, as placed in our nature by its Author; and thence it will appear *for what ends* it was placed here.' This is evidently the right way; for when we know what the passion is in itself, and the ends of it, we shall readily comprehend all its possible abuses, and may learn to shape our conduct in such wise as to avoid them.

Now resentment, as a natural feeling, manifests itself in two principal ways, according to the circumstances which give rise to it, and also in some degree to the pliancy or obstinacy of character which distinguishes the individual. In one case it is mere anger, hastily or suddenly excited, and usually subsides with the removal of the irritating circumstances which occasioned it; in the other, it is anger taking a deliberate and settled form, which does not disappear with the passing of the occasion, but is in some sort cherished and maintained, so as to become inveterate and habitual. Under this shape it has a natural tendency to become transformed into hatred or revenge; but in its manifestation as simple anger it is morally indifferent, and may be properly regarded as an *instinct*, having, like all other instincts, an appropriate and prescribed function. An examination into the causes by which this feeling is excited will enable us to perceive that it stands in our nature as an active antithesis, or repelling force, to all manner of sudden injury or violence, without relation to the merit or personal fault of those by whom the violence or injury is committed, or attempted to be offered. Hence the reason and end for which man was created liable to such a passion is, that he might be better qualified to resist, and thereby successfully defeat, any sudden violence or oppositions which would impair the welfare of his being, apart from a regard to the fault or injurious intentions of the individual contemplating or effecting them. 'Yet,' as the bishop remarks, 'since violence may be considered in this other and further view as implying fault; and since injury, as distinct from harm, may raise sudden anger, sudden anger may likewise accidentally serve to prevent or remedy such fault and injury. But, considered as distinct from settled anger, it stands in our nature for self-defence, and not for the administration of justice. There are plainly cases—and in the uncultivated parts of the world, and where

regular governments are not formed, they frequently happen—in which there is no time for consideration, and yet to be passive is certain destruction; in which sudden resistance is the only security.' The feeling or passion of anger must therefore be held as naturally blameless in its spontaneous manifestation, and is even clearly serviceable and indispensable as a weapon of protection against unjustifiable interferences and encroachments.

But from *this* feeling deliberate animosity, or resentment proper, is essentially distinguished, as the latter is not naturally excited by wrong or injury; nor indeed intended to prevent harm in the mere way of diverting its infliction, since it evidently implies a fixed disapprobation or dislike of the person who has happened to become its object. Let us again, for a few sentences, hear our sensible and worthy bishop. 'In order to see,' says he, 'as exactly as we can what is the natural object and occasion of such resentment, let us reflect upon the manner in which we are touched with reading, suppose, a feigned story of baseness and villany, properly worked up to move our passions. This immediately raises indignation, somewhat of a desire that it should be punished. And though the designed injury be prevented, yet that it was designed, is sufficient to raise this inward feeling. Suppose the story true, this inward feeling would be as natural and as just; and one may venture to affirm that there is scarce a man in the world but would have it upon some occasions. It seems in us plainly connected with a sense of virtue and vice, of moral good and evil. Suppose, further, we knew both the person who did, and who suffered the injury; neither would this make any alteration, only that it would probably affect us more. The indignation raised by cruelty and injustice, and the desire of having it punished, which persons unconcerned would feel, is by no means malice. It is rather resentment against vice and wickedness; it is one of the common bonds by which society is held together; a fellow-feeling which each individual has in behalf of the whole species as well as of himself. And it does not appear that this, generally speaking, is at all too high amongst mankind. Suppose now the injury I have been speaking of to be done against ourselves, or those whom we consider as ourselves: it is plain the way in which we should be affected would be exactly the same in kind; but it would certainly be in a higher degree, and less transient; because a sense of our own happiness and misery is most intimately and always present to us; and from the very constitution of our nature we cannot but have a greater sensibility to, and be more deeply interested in, what concerns ourselves. And this seems to be the whole of this passion, which is, properly speaking, natural to mankind—namely, a resentment against injury and wickedness in general, and in a higher degree when towards ourselves, in proportion to the greater regard which men naturally have for themselves than for others. From hence it appears that it is not natural, but moral evil—it is not suffering, but injury—which raises that anger or resentment which is of any continuance. The natural object of it is not one who appears to the suffering person to have been only the innocent occasion of his pain or loss, but one who has been in a moral sense injurious either to ourselves or others. This is abundantly confirmed by observing what it is which heightens or lessens resentment—namely, the same which aggravates or lessens the fault—friendship and former obligations on one hand, or inadvertency, strong temptations, and mistake on the other. All this is so much understood by mankind, how little soever it be reflected upon, that a person would be reckoned quite distracted who should coolly resent a harm which had not to himself the appearance of injury or wrong. Men do indeed resent what is occasioned through carelessness; but then they expect observance as their due, and so that carelessness is understood as faulty. It is likewise true that they resent *more strongly* an injury done than one which, though

designed, was prevented, in cases where the guilt is perhaps the same: the reason, however, is not that bare pain or loss raises resentment, but that it gives a new, and, as I may speak, additional sense of the injury or injustice. According to the natural course of the passions, the degrees of resentment are in proportion not only to the degree of design and deliberation in the injurious person, but in proportion to this joined with the degree of the evil designed or premeditated; since this likewise comes in to make the injustice greater or less. And the evil or harm will appear greater when they feel it than when they only reflect upon it; so, therefore, will the injury, and consequently the resentment will be greater.'

The natural object or occasion of settled resentment, then, being *injury*, as distinct from loss or pain, it is not difficult to see that to prevent and remedy such injury, and its incident miseries and disorders, is the end for which this passion has been implanted in mankind. It is to be considered as a weapon or power of defence with which nature has armed us, for the purpose of opposing injury, injustice, cruelty, and oppression; and its employment for such an end is manifestly rational, and in accordance with the tenor of our constitution. It being necessary for the very subsistence of the world, as well as for the reasonable comfort of individuals, that the practice or infliction of injustice should be so far punished or restrained, as to prevent the disorders and irregularities which would proceed from its unopposed indulgence—it is obvious that a naturally antagonistic passion, such as this of resentment, whose tendency it is to operate in the way of remedy or prevention, may be innocently exercised to the very extremity of its functions. Moreover, inasmuch as compassion is also natural to mankind, and would, if unbalanced in the constitution, render the execution and exaction of justice extremely difficult and unpleasant, and thus be oftentimes an obstacle to its fulfilment, a natural indignation or resentment against vice and wickedness would seem to be a fitting balance to the weakness and relenting tenderness of pity, as well as to anything besides which might obstruct the employment of such methods of severity as are required for a true adjustment of men's relations. 'The good influence,' continues Butler, 'which this passion has, in fact, upon the affairs of the world, is obvious to every one's notice. Men are plainly restrained from injuring their fellow-creatures by fear of their resentment; and it is very happy that they are so, when they would not be restrained from a principle of virtue.' Is it not resentment and indignation against injury and the authors of it, that, more effectually perhaps than anything else, secures the peace and consistency of society, in so far as it is maintained by the forcible restraint or punishment of offenders? The good bishop has no doubt that such is eminently the case among the generality of mankind; and holds that it 'is to be considered as a good effect, notwithstanding it were much to be wished that men would act from a better principle—reason and cool reflection.'

As to the *abuses* of resentment, they are palpably such as grow out of its connection with other passions, or consist in an excess and overstrained indulgence of the feeling, or in its mere indulgence as a selfish gratification. When, from partiality to ourselves, we imagine an injury done or designed us, while in reality there is none; when we entertain an extravagant animosity towards one who has innocently offended us; when our resentment is displayed on account of some pain or inconvenience which has accidentally befallen, though no injury was intended; when the indignation against injury and injustice bounds too high, and transcends the proportion due to the particular evil action which drew it forth; or finally, when counter injury in any kind is inflicted in the way of retaliation, and with a view only to gratify a resentful feeling—in these, and in all similar cases that can be conceived, there is an evident overstepping of justifiable resentment, and its manifestation so far ceases to be innocent

or morally permissible. Resentment, indeed, is liable to the same aberrations and perversions as any of the other passions or affections of human nature. There is, however, as Butler has remarked, one peculiarity which so generally accompanies and belongs to the excess and abuses of it as to require mention: 'a certain determination and resolute bent of mind not to be convinced or set right, though it be ever so plain that there is no reason for the displeasure, that it was raised merely by error or misunderstanding.' This is that inveterate and perverse resentment which we sometimes see in men, and which holds such rooted possession of their mind and temper, as to seriously damage and disfigure the whole character: against this it becomes every one to be upon his guard.

Considerations such as have been here presented are not indifferently calculated to illustrate the wisdom displayed in the constitution of our nature. 'Why,' says Butler, 'should men dispute concerning the reality of virtue, and whether it be founded in the nature of things, which yet surely is not matter of question; but why should this be disputed when every man carries about him this passion, which affords him demonstration that the rules of justice and equity are to be the guide of his actions? For every man naturally feels an indignation upon seeing instances of villany and baseness, and therefore cannot commit the same without being self-condemned.' Then, again—'We should learn to be cautious, lest we charge God foolishly, by ascribing that to him, or to the nature he has given us, which is owing wholly to our own abuse of it. Men may speak of the degeneracy and corruption of the world according to the experience they have had of it, but human nature, considered as the divine workmanship, should be treated as sacred; for in the image of God made he man. That passion from whence men take occasion to run into the dreadful vices of malice and revenge—even that passion, as implanted in our nature by God, is not only innocent, but a generous movement of mind. It is in itself, and in its original, no more than indignation against injury and wickedness; that which is the only deformity in the creation, and the only reasonable object of abhorrence and dislike. How manifold evidence have we of the divine wisdom and goodness, when even pain in the natural world, and the passion we have been now considering in the moral, come out instances of it!'

Upon the whole, we may conclude that resentment, as a natural feeling, is an essential and effectual element in our nature, and no more needs eradicating than the sense of sight or hearing; that since even these may be exercised profanely, so may the passion or feeling here in question; but that as, according to the old assertion, no abuse of a thing can be an argument or objection against its use, the proper and natural province of resentment is certain and unassailable. Injury, all unfairness, may undoubtedly be resisted and resented to the end—namely, that they may be superseded in the world, and give place to fairness and to justice. Let a man stand upon his rights, and respect the sacredness of his personality, yielding nothing to the presumption or usurpation of another who seeks to violate his due prerogatives; but, if needful for the preservation of his honour or independence, let him hurl defiance in the face of tyranny and unjust pretension, and bide the issue of the conflict with a resolute self-possession. He is justified in resenting whatsoever thing is calculated to humiliate or demean him in his reasonable self-esteem, and in claiming, in the front of arbitrary customs and conventionalities, a just acknowledgment of his individuality in the arrangement and economy of things. Yet, if his lot be hard, and beyond the chance of remedy, let him not lacerate his hands by beating frantically against the walls of the impossible. A day is ever advancing when the just thing shall be established, and there are noble compensations for them that endure well.

Nothing has been said here that militates against that divine precept which inculcates a generous for-

givenness of offences, or anyway disparages the habitual exercise of a kindly and charitable disposition. Let frailty have its fitting benefit of compassion. He who insists on spotlessness in another, would do well to inspect the purity of his own practices; for assuredly it belongeth not to man to ravage the creation under the fanatical pretext of reducing it to the beggarly perfection of his own idea. A man is most manlike, most Godlike, when he ceases to arrogate to his impotence the right of making other men after his own image, and, with a trustful confidence in the God that ruleth all, is content to offer modestly to the world, as a study and an example, a life adorned by earnest effort, sincere purposes, and an unpretending lowliness of mind.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF CALIFORNIA.*

THE indefinite reports received some eighteen months since from the 'gold diggers' were everywhere laughed at. Men could not conceive the possibility of a metal so coveted as gold being picked up like shells and pebbles on the seashore. Later and more authentic intelligence, however, proved that for once rumour had fallen short of the truth. The gold region of California is of so vast an extent, that, compared with it, all other 'gold placers' (gold grounds) become insignificant. Already has gold been discovered in localities several hundred miles asunder. It is authoritatively asserted that the entire intervening territory, for a considerable breadth, is thickly impregnated with the same precious metal; and it is believed that the veins in the mountains, of which the deposits in the sand are merely the superficial washings, are at least six hundred miles in extent.

Colonel Mason, in his letters to the American government, states that gold throughout the valley of the Sacramento is exceedingly plentiful, and that he has seen thousands of men gold-gathering, none of whom made less than twenty dollars a day, while many had averaged from 500 to 1000 dollars a week. The editor of the 'Alta-Californian' newspaper, who is now a member of Congress, says, 'that with the aid of a shovel and a tin-pan he averaged 100 dollars *per diem*!' Mr William Dwight has certified to the government that he realised 1000 dollars one morning, and was working with a man named Palmer who was yet more fortunate; the latter having dug out a single lump which weighed four pounds! Mr Larkin, in a letter to Mr Buchanan, a member of Congress, says, 'The very sand in the gross, as it is drawn up from the bed of the river, is so thickly pervaded with gold-dust, as to be worth from 25 to 50 cents a pound.' James Crosby, a disbanded volunteer, writing to his friends, says, 'I have gathered 20,000 dollars' worth of pure gold; and I calculate, estimating my work at its present weekly average, to be worth 50,000 dollars in nine months.' Lieutenant Roach, late an officer in Colonel Stevenson's regiment, a man stated to be of undoubted veracity, says, 'He has so much gold, that he don't know what to do with it, and is anxious to return home, considering that he has provided enough.' These are but as one in a thousand of the certificates of the wealth of California current in all parts of America, and from thence issuing to every quarter of the world, while each despatch from the gold grounds enlarges the evidence.

The natural consequence is an excitement among mankind in all quarters of the globe which finds no parallel in history. Heads of families are rushing from all that is dear to them in quest of 'the root of all evil,' and wives and children are bemoaning the absence of husbands and fathers, and most religiously wishing that the gold-mines had never been heard of, and that California and its 'placers' had long ago been demolished by an earthquake.

* This paper is from the pen of a gentleman who, feeling a deep interest in the subject, has taken the trouble to collect all the information about it which was within his reach. His bias in favour of the country will be observed by the reader.—Ed.

But the excitement in this country is mildness itself compared with the frantic fever which rages on the other side of the Atlantic, whither we must now beg the reader to accompany us. There, on all sides, villages and towns are being almost deserted by their male inhabitants, who, scarcely giving themselves time to inquire the way, are rushing off to join in the gold hunt. Throughout Oregon and Mexico the roads are filled with travellers, with their faces all turned in one direction. In the village of San Padra not a soul remains. The fever having been wafted across the Pacific, the Chinese were, by the last accounts, throwing themselves into all manner of junks, and trusting themselves to the waves without a compass. The Sandwich Islands are being depopulated, many of them having lost 25 per cent. of their adult male population; and an American paper humorously observes, 'King Ramehamehda has lost his cabinet, and is advertising for a prime minister.'

Nor is the excitement less among the well-to-do in the larger American cities. The papers are crowded with advertisements relating to California, and all articles of merchandise connected with, or likely to be useful, in the gold region, have advanced in price. Merchants throw up their stores, clerks their engagements, lawyers their practice, and physicians their patients. Publishers and editors are joining the runaways by scores; and we have heard of a New York young gentleman who rose from a sick-bed and undertook the journey, in utter disregard of the advice of his doctor, who informed him that he could not possibly live a week among the hardships he was about to encounter.

But a still deeper injury has been inflicted upon the fair sex. Indeed the ladies generally show that they have hearts which 'can gold despise' when the commodity comes between them and their loves. In Lynn, Massachusetts, every second unmarried man has caught the contagion, while a fifth of the whole population are off beyond recall. Throughout each and all of the western states fearful havoc has been made among the bachelors. In Alabama and Louisiana single men are becoming rarities. But the most startling illustration of the point in question is the deplorable fact, that in Sag Harbour and its vicinity on Long Island, where there are two hundred beautiful girls, ranging from sweet seventeen to twenty-five years of age, there are but three males susceptible of hymeneal honours; and these poor fellows are so frightened and perplexed at the hopelessness of their minority, that unless the ladies lay an immediate embargo upon them, it is apprehended they will be off too! Even in New York the ladies are beginning to have more than their legitimate share of the promenades, and numbers of pale cheeks speak eloquently of departed lovers; while ugly fellows, that three months since no girl would think about, are beginning to look up and grow conceited. Indeed, owing to these gold regions, the American belles are in despair; and we shall soon expect to hear of a ship freighted for California with ladies on the search for runaway husbands and lovers, who never could have been true judges of genuine wealth, or they would not have left behind them the treasures they already possessed for all the yellow dross in the modern El Dorado.

The routes to California from New York are various; but the passage round the Cape, as it involves the least trouble and expense, appears to be the favourite. It is to be feared, however, that many who have gone this way lately will never reach San Francisco. Several of the vessels were shattered and leaky affairs, while their crews were apparently as mad as their passengers—willing to adventure anything to get to California, and hugging themselves with a covert determination to desert the ship as soon as they might arrive; and then the way the powder was stowed in many of the craft, was an additional security against a safe arrival at the mines, especially as nearly all the persons who went by them were confirmed smokers. If none of these vessels blow up, it will be rather owing to good-luck than to the prudence of the parties chiefly interested. The

passage round the Cape is variously estimated at from 14,000 to 18,000 miles, and occupies from four to six months, so that those who go that way have plenty of time to reflect on the use they will make of their gold before they begin to dig it. Travellers going this route should avoid going ashore anywhere on the Patagonian coast, as there are awful rumours of huge savages in that region, who are so partial to white men, that they eat up all and singular they can lay their hands on.

The doubling of the Cape, also, is an undertaking which, once effected, leaves a man no chance of being dubbed a fresh-water sailor. The swell of the ocean is enough to astonish even a well-accustomed tar. The calms are unlike those in most parts, for there is always a high sea running, and the lulls of the wind being so short, that the swell has no time to go down, while the vessels being under little or no command of sails or rudder, lie like logs in the water. The cold is intense, and to meet the wind in the teeth is absolutely impossible. The storms also are as sudden as they are unexpected. A cloud is seen to arise from the south-west, and before the order to haul down and clew up the sails can be obeyed, the fury of the tempest is upon the vessel—rain, hail, snow, and sleet, beat her with all the force the maddest wind can give them, and the whole heavens are in a moment as black as midnight. The miseries of the Horn are, however, borne by the sailors alone, for passengers are not even allowed to come on deck unless there is not only a calm, but a pretty considerable certainty of its continuance, and they are sent below at the faintest aspect of danger.

Among the land routes, the two in greatest favour are the one by way of Mexico, and that over the Rocky Mountains. In the former the journey is performed on mules from Vera Cruz, and occupies between a fortnight and three weeks. It is said to be rather pleasant than otherwise. At all events there is less danger of being starved on it than on the way by the mountains; for dreadful accounts have been received of the sufferings, from want of provisions, of persons who chose the latter. In one case it is stated that a party of six were reduced to the dreadful alternative of drawing lots to decide which should die to keep the others alive; and that one of the persons thus preserved was the victim's own brother! Nor is the Mexican mule route without its risks; but as the principal one is from robbers, companies of twenty and upwards incur but little danger, since no number of Mexican banditti will venture to attack such a band of armed Americans. A single traveller, however, is almost certain to be plundered, and may consider himself fortunate if he escapes with his life. A short time since John Anderson, one of a party of gold-hunters who set out from Buffalo, having ridden forward in advance of his companions, was ferociously set upon by three guerillas, who, dragging him from his mule, assaulted him with dirks and pistols, with which they beat and gashed him in a horrible manner; but Anderson being a powerful man, and armed with a stout cudgel, succeeded in killing one of his assailants, and keeping the others at bay until his comrades came up, who very coolly hung the surviving miscreants from a tree in halteres made with some of their own habiliments. Mr Anderson's wounds, fortunately, were not dangerous; and he is now in all probability compensating himself for his sufferings by heaping up piles of the precious metal.

The route by the Charges River is regarded with favour by some; but where this route is chosen, care should be taken not to land on its unhealthy banks. So favourable are these deadly marshes to the development of reptile life, that the land appears engrossed by monsters of antediluvian proportions. Even the common ground-worm is said to attain two feet in length, and is as venomous as a viper; while toads, boa-constrictors, crocodiles, snakes, scorpions, and lizards, literally cover the ground. There are also some extraordinary mammoth-looking creatures at present unknown in natural history, but which enterprise has already de-

terminated shall ere long visit more civilised parts. Mr Barnum, the proprietor of Tom Thumb, is said to have started an expedition to the banks of the Charges River to capture some of the monsters for his museum, from whence they will doubtless find their way to England. Whether any reptile really will be found of the colossal dimensions which travellers describe, remains to be proved; but certain it is that the great numerical force of the reptile tribe has given the Charges River almost as wide a reputation as California itself.

Although a number of the fair sex have found their way to California, they bear no comparison with the lords of the creation, and are appreciated accordingly. Most of these adventurous ladies also are married, and with their husbands, which renders the single ones still more valuable, and worth much more than 'their weight in gold.' It is indeed gratifying, say the reports, to see how they are sought after by swarms of the 'diggers,' who offer to lay mountains of gold dust at their feet in exchange for their hands. In some cases the damsels have surrendered, and been made lawful wives; but in the majority the suitors are so numerous, and so fiery, and so equally rich, that they (the ladies) are afraid to make a preference. The complaints which reach home are sufficiently flattering at least to the fair sex; for the loss of woman's society appears to be more keenly felt than any other privation. One man writes, 'This is a fine country no doubt; but to me it is as gloomy as Erebus; there are so few women in it.' Another suggests, 'If you want to do anything really good for California, send us a few ship-loads of marriageable girls. The homeliest woman in Boston, if she were here, would pass for an angel.' And another says, 'The ladies are sufficiently revenged on us; for in leaving them for the gold, we have exchanged the greatest treasure in life for what appears to us now to be a vast heap of rubbish.'

At present, notwithstanding the rumours to the contrary, we believe there has been little or no suffering from want of food in California; but the prices, in Mark-Lane parlance, 'rule high.' Good beds, clean linen, and the general comforts and even decencies of life, however, are things not to be contemplated. As to clean linen, perhaps few of the diggers can boast of the possession of two shirts; for a single shirt is worth so large a quantity of the 'dust,' that no man supposes he can afford to maintain a couple for the service of his own proper person. Moreover, the luxury of the laundry, even if the taste of the diggers ran that way, would be almost an impossibility, there being no ablutionary vessels; everything of that nature, from pearl-oyster shells upwards, being so devoted to the washing of gold, that it would be regarded as a species of profanation to use them for anything else.

Although the last winter has been more severe than has been known for fifteen years, the miners have engaged in the extension of their explorations, and have discovered new and productive deposits in all quarters. At a spot called the Georgetown Digging, twelve miles from Sutter's Mill, a yield has been obtained by many individuals at the rate of one pound per day, and two ounces or three ounces per diem is the present usual produce. Some large lumps of gold have also been found; one of fourteen pounds has been received at New York, and another of twenty-three pounds was lately exhibited at Stockton.

In some of the new 'diggings' the gold is remarkably fine, although so very abundant; and in consequence of the new mode of washing by the aid of quicksilver, coupled with greater experience in the work, and the great increase of immigration, it is confidently believed that at least five times the amount will be produced this year as compared with the last. The mining operations generally are also being conducted on a better organized system than heretofore. At first men rushed hither and thither, now claiming this territory, and anon resigning it for a more coveted spot, leaving frequently the most productive to some more fortunate

or more persevering adventurer. The floods which have been so disastrous this winter, threatening annihilation to the city of Sacramento, have not only washed up great quantities of gold, but have enlightened the miners as to their mode of working. Dams are therefore now in course of construction in many parts of the streams, and on the Tuolumne River a party of 100 men are engaged digging a canal half a mile in length, for the purpose of turning the stream. From their experience of the soundings already made, a certain yield of three to four ounces per diem to each man is confidently relied on.

The gold-gatherers have in a general way no regular meals, but feed extemporaneously on what they can get, standing, running, climbing, or digging, as the case may be. As may be imagined, the cookery is conducted in such primitive sort as would perfectly horrify the disciples of Soyer. But in these days supply of some description soon follows demand, and places of entertainment have been established for the accommodation of those who are more careful of their bodily comforts. These 'places' are principally kept by Indian families, and present a very gipsy-like appearance. They consist simply of a pot of 'lobscouse' suspended from a triangle of three poles in the open air. This 'lobscouse,' which is kept perpetually on the boil, is a miscellaneous preparation of meat, bread, potatoes, cabbage, and anything and everything not absolutely poisonous; the whole being dealt out to the guests at the rate of a dollar per pint. The Indians are well prepared also to accommodate their customers with 'fire-water,' for which they charge yet more exorbitantly; and acting on a principle known in our own land, many of their establishments are attended by handsome squaws as waitresses, who, feeling the importance of woman in that part of the world, assume airs and graces which would do credit to a more fashionable atmosphere.

Crime is very unfrequent throughout California, and appears to be kept much in check by the Lynch-law system of immediate punishment. At first, especially in the gold regions, there was a considerable amount of purloining going on; but rigid laws were enacted for the defence of the community, and the hanging of a few delinquents on the nearest tree instantaneously on their capture, soon had the effect of putting a stop to the system.

While every man at the 'gold placers' is intent upon the accumulation of wealth, it may readily be imagined that the 'events' of each day partake of pretty much the same character. The dislodging of an unusually large lump of gold, the discovery of a new vein, the arrival of a batch of diggers with news of 'home,' with now and then a visit of Indians from the interior, are the sole occurrences which break in upon the incessant search for the 'dust.' A short time since, a party of fine-looking Indians, of a tribe formerly unknown to Americans arrived at the 'diggings,' having among them three beautiful girls, who created an immense sensation. These Indians are described as being exceedingly intelligent, and very dignified and pleasing in their manners. Hearing by chance of the value set upon gold by the emigrants, they had made a journey to the mines for the purpose of becoming possessed of some of the precious metal. Their account of themselves throws some further light on the opinion now fast becoming general, that America was at one time peopled by a great nation, highly educated, and advanced in the arts. The visitors stated that they lived in a town several leagues distant to the north-west, and gave evidence of their acquaintance with the arts. It may be presumed, therefore, that they were not, in reality, of the common Indian stock, but descendants of the veritable 'mound builders,' the real aborigines of the country. A letter from the locality speaks highly of the Indian girls, describing them as 'ladies in demeanour, and perfect angels—though a little too dark for seraphim—in face and figure.'

Of all the companies which have gone to the mines,

none, it is thought, have been so fortunate as Colonel J. D. Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers. The men composing it were disbanded, or rather they disbanded themselves, at the first blush of the 'fever,' and being on the spot, immediately commenced operations. The result of their labour—the gold then lying in quantities on the margins of the streams—was such an accumulation of wealth as would probably have defrayed the entire cost of the Mexican war. Not content with the washings on the plain, the volunteers, who for the most part were stout, daring young fellows, distributed themselves over the mountains, and along the courses of the rivulets, where they found large lumps of the metal, which, owing to their size or position, could not be carried downward by the force of the water. These volunteers, when soldiers, were as rough and hardy a set of fellows as could be found; but the change in their pecuniary condition has raised them into the rank of conservators of the order, and the absolute law-makers of the golden territory. Mr Gilbert, formerly one of them, is now a member of Congress. He served his apprenticeship as a printer in the Albany Argus office, and when Colonel Stevenson's regiment was disbanded, started the 'Alta-Californian' newspaper. By the faithful and prudent management of that journal, Mr Gilbert has acquired for it the reputation of being the best journal in California, and has made it already one of the most valuable newspaper properties in the United States. He is at present only thirty years of age. Mr Wright went to California about a year ago, and has also been returned to Congress by a constituency larger than Mr Grinnell, who had for some time represented the Nantucket district.

The volunteers, being principally from the lower ranks of society, have, by the remittances of their treasures, wrought surprising changes in the appearance, position, and prospects of their friends in the American cities; and extraordinary, but in some cases true, anecdotes are rife respecting them. Old applewomen, whose sons had enlisted, are now purchasing costly gear preparatory to making their appearance in the circles of the aristocracy. Two little girls who recently swept the crossings in New Broadway have been transplanted to a celebrated school, to be educated with every accomplishment to fit them for their new destiny. A man who was a pauper in the almshouse four months since, has purchased a valuable estate, and is actually building a mansion upon it. The keeper of a little grog-shop in one of the purlieus of New York suddenly astonished his neighbours by kicking his stock in trade into the street, and inviting all who chose to bear it away—a sudden fit of generosity produced by the receipt of an ample supply of funds from the 'diggings.' A short time since an old man received a letter from his son, then in Panama, stating that, having deserted from the Volunteers, he was in a state of abject poverty, and begging the transmission of a few dollars to enable him to return home. While the father was endeavouring to comply with his son's request by raising a subscription among his friends, he received another letter with an advice of a keg of the 'dust,' amounting to nearly 50,000 dollars. In the early part of January a poor Irishwoman received a letter, which she carried to a lawyer in Wall Street, New York, to read for her. The lawyer, seeing the San Francisco postmark, became interested, and before breaking the seal, asked the woman who it was from?

'Faix, sir,' she replied, 'I don't know in the world, an' I'm thinking it's jist a mistake.'

'Have you no friend in California?'

'Divil a one, sir, nor anywhere else; an' it's not for the like of me to know where California is.'

'Did no member of your family go to the Mexican war?'

'Oh yes, yer honour—a baste of a husband, bad luck to him. He went off in Colonel Stevenson's regiment, and I hope he'll never come back.'

'That resolves it,' said the lawyer, opening the letter.

It contained a draft for 10,000 dollars on Howland and Aspinwall, and a note to the following effect:—

'DEAR PEGGY—I send you a *trifle*, which I hope is good, for I bought it on chance, and have more gold in my possession than would buy twenty such. Try and learn to be a lady as fast as ye can, for when I come home I'll make you as rich as a queen.'

The draft was presented, and duly honoured, and we believe Peggy has ceased altogether wishing that her 'baste of a husband may never come back.'

It is a singular fact that the existence of gold in the Californian mountains has been known for nearly two centuries. Mention is made of this in several old books; and there is a tradition extant that the mines were worked in former ages by races that have long since passed away. And this would appear to be true, from the discovery of ancient mining instruments in the locality. These latter are in the possession of Captain Sutter, one of the earliest gold-hunters in California, and who has gathered from the Indians a number of choice relics and legendary lore tending to prove that California was at one time a highly-civilised and powerful country. Report states that the captain has a storehouse filled with relics of incalculable value, consisting of plates covered with hieroglyphics; swords, chains, armour, helmets studded with gold; and a magnificent golden statue (size of life) of a beautiful female, seated in a conch shell, also of gold, which he dug up near the ocean shore, and which is supposed to have represented the goddess of the Pacific. It has been stated also that the vestiges of an ancient city have been discovered; and the prevailing opinion appears to be, that when the mining operations shall have been carried deeper, it will be found that California is not now for the first time trodden by thousands of human beings.

There are numerous stories in circulation as to the modern discovery of the gold-mines. It appears that the Californian Indians have long been aware of the 'bright sand,' as they called the gold dust, in and on the shores of the streams, but had not the slightest idea of its value, although they are remarkably covetous, cunning, and miserly about money, and set peculiar store by all kinds of gold coinage. They also state that formerly it was common to find lumps of the metal, some of them as large as a man's head, lying about; but that these all mysteriously disappeared soon after the arrival of Captain Sutter among them. This Captain Sutter is a remarkable man, and is now probably the richest individual in the world. He is a native of Switzerland, served as an officer in Charles X.'s body-guard, and subsequently resided in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other parts of the United States, where he suffered much from poverty and hardship. At length, disgusted with the civilised world, he 'squatted' in the wilds of California, where, while ploughing the earth to raise food for his family, he discovered a quicksilver mine—the third in the world. He carefully preserved his secret until he had obtained from the Mexican government a grant of 40,000 acres of land, thus securing to himself that mine of wealth, which produces him an enormous and daily-increasing income. He has now upwards of 100 Indians at work at the mine, and retains more than double that number, all armed to the teeth, for the protection of his property. Although he had been gathering the gold in lumps and dust for several years, he was most successful in concealing the sources of his wealth. When the golden land was at length discovered, he sought to throw discredit on the intelligence by causing it to be published in the newspapers that there was far more to be gained in California by farming than by gold-digging, and that he set more value upon his cabbage garden than on all the mines of the territory.

There are three different stories extant respecting the immediate circumstances which led to the discovery of the golden secret, which appear to receive about equal credit. The first is, that wood being scarce, a squatter

named Grimes undertook the construction of a 'shanty' with stones, one of which attracting his attention, he subjected it to analysis, and ascertained that it contained seven ounces of pure gold, which naturally inducing him to search further, the discovery of the mines was the result. Another story is, that a traveller crossing a stream on a tree which had been thrown down as a bridge, fell into the water, and was covered with sand and mud. Packing his dirty clothes in his knapsack, for he had no time or means for drying and cleaning them, he proceeded to San Francisco, where, on opening his knapsack, he found its entire contents thickly covered with shining particles, which he preserved, and subsequently discovered to be gold, and thus established the fact of its existence in the Californian rivers. The third, and perhaps the most probable, is, that Messrs Howland and Aspinwall of New York, who are the agents of Captain Sutter, wondering where the latter obtained all the raw gold which he transmitted to them, thought they would penetrate the mystery. Accordingly, they sent out a young gentleman named Dimond, son of the celebrated shipbuilder of that name, to explore the land. The result of the expedition was, that Mr Dimond, about two years since, ascertained the captain's secret, and astonished the world by its promulgation.

The affluent and promising condition of the mining districts has given an immense impulse to the prosperity of the cities, which, on the breaking up of the winter, exhibited extraordinary activity. The flood which laid Sacramento city under water, drowning the live-stock, and threatening the whole district with ruin, appears to have inflicted but trifling injury on the market value of the property. Building is progressing at an extraordinary rate, and contracts and proposals already entertained and entered into amount to a million dollars.

At San Francisco street after street is rising rapidly; and as the late fire has induced the use of brick instead of wood in their erection, the city begins to assume a substantial appearance. Indeed so rapidly is every description of work progressing, that there must shortly be a lull in building operations, at least in the city, from the demand having been fully supplied.

San Francisco now has eight churches, some public schools, a Strangers' Friend Society, a Tract Society, &c. The price of ground, which, however, has attained quite a fictitious value, may be somewhat estimated by the fact, that government pays for the customhouse a rent of 98,000 dollars—nearly £20,000 per annum. The population is peculiarly free from serious or frequent crime; and where disturbances arise, they are very rapidly adjusted. The accessories of a highly-civilised state are also being rapidly arranged. A new Californian ship company has lately been schemed with a proposed capital of 1,000,000 dollars, of which 500,000 were subscribed by the cities of San Francisco and Sacramento; and the trade, which promises from all the ports of the Pacific, will be of the most lucrative description.

It appears probable also that coal will shortly be numbered among the indigenous products of the country. Some bituminous springs having been discovered on the coast, the most confident hopes are entertained that the experiments instituted will prove the existence of carboniferous deposits.

It may be readily imagined that nothing but commerce has a chance of attention in such a country at present. The arrival of emigrants and shipping, the sales of consigned goods, the continual consignments of gold dust, and the receipt of news from the gold placers, with the thousand excitements of living in a new and increasing country, are sufficient to occupy the mind, and prevent a recourse to the recreations enjoyed in a life of comparative leisure. Herz, the celebrated pianist, had, by the last accounts announced, a concert in San Francisco; but the above-mentioned causes, added to the paucity of ladies, would naturally tend to defer the

success of all exhibitions of this description until the excitement has in some measure subsided, and men's minds have settled down to a less galvanic mode of transacting the affairs of life than is common at present.

It is a singular fact, worthy of remark, that the commercial enterprise of the English mind was for some time at fault in the affairs of California. The intelligence of the gold-mines inspired many with a desire to visit the 'diggins;' but our traders forgot for once that where gold was so easily obtained, was precisely the place to send their manufactured commodities. The first supply, therefore, was from America and the south-western countries; and even now English traders are disappointed in the result of their speculations, because they rashly intrusted their goods to adventurers, and neglected to make themselves acquainted with the particular seasons when manufactured produce ought to arrive. A few failures, however, have corrected these errors; and there can be no doubt that the gold of California will give an impetus to the trade of England.

The internal resources of California, independent of its supply of the precious metals, are almost unprecedented. The country has from four to five hundred miles of sea-coast, with fine forests in the north—the waters filled with fish, and the plains covered with thousands of herds of cattle, while the soil is rich and fertile, and returning seventy to eightyfold. It is blessed also with one of the finest climates in the world, and is almost totally free from all epidemic or endemic diseases. The vineyards are exceedingly prolific, yielding an abundance of grapes; and there is a large and increasing population ready to consume the food which enterprise, labour, and capital shall assist to produce.

Agriculture, which has been mostly carried on under the auspices of the Mexican Catholics, is of a rude description; but an English gentleman has just started on an expedition which bids fair to revolutionise the whole system. This gentleman has fitted out a steam vessel of large dimensions, and has embarked a hundred chosen agricultural labourers with all necessary implements; and having obtained a large tract of country, he purposes cultivating it with corn for the Californian markets. In addition to this, he has taken apparatus for brewing, making wine, and distilling spirits, with gentlemen competent to take charge of this department of the project—the latter being a vintner from the continent of Europe. The preparations have been made on the most extensive scale; and there can be no doubt of the success of the experiments.

The tales of distress which have been wafted to this country are exceedingly exaggerated. There is no doubt that a person adventuring to a field where there is nothing but gold to be had, and where he must be content to lie in the open air, stand up to his middle in water and mud, and probably enter upon a course of manual labour to which he has been unaccustomed—will find himself surrounded with hardships. But if work is harder in a young settlement, it is less protracted, and success never fails to reward the determined, the enterprising, and the persevering. Those, however, who are afraid of labour, whether they are contemplating a journey to California, to Australia, to Natal, or to Texas, had better change their minds, and remain at home.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CLIVE.

FROM AN ORIGINAL SOURCE.

ALTHOUGH of a gloomy temperament, and from the earliest age evincing those characteristics of pride and shyness which rendered him unsocial, and therefore unpopular in general society, this nobleman, in the private walks of life, was amiable, and peculiarly disinterested. Whilst in India, his correspondence with those of his own family evinced in a remarkable degree those right and kindly feelings which could hardly have been expected from Clive, considering the frowardness of early life and the inflexible sternness of more

advanced age. When the foundation of his fortune was laid, Lord Clive evinced a praiseworthy recollection of the friends of his early days. He bestowed an annuity of £800 on his parents, while to other relations and friends he was proportionately liberal. He was a devotedly attached husband, as his letters to Lady Clive bear testimony. Her maiden name was Maskelyne, sister to the eminent mathematician so called who long held the post of astronomer royal. This marriage, which took place in 1752, with the circumstances attending it, are somewhat singular, and worth recording:—Clive, who was at that period just twenty-seven, had formed a previous friendship with one of the lady's brothers, like himself a resident at Madras. The brother and sister, it appears, kept up an affectionate and constant correspondence—that is, as constant an interchange of epistolary communication as could be accomplished nearly a century ago, when the distance between Great Britain and the East appeared so much more formidable, and the facilities of postal conveyance so comparatively tardy. The epistles of the lady, through the partiality of her brother, were frequently shown to Clive, and they bespoke her to be what from all accounts she was—a woman of very superior understanding, and of much amiability of character. Clive was charmed with her letters, for in those days, be it remembered, the fair sex were not so familiarised to the pen as at the present period. At that time, to indite a really good epistle as to penmanship and diction was a formidable task, and what few ladies, comparatively speaking, could attain to. The accomplished sister of Dr Maskelyne was one of the few exceptions, and so strongly did her epistolary powers attract the interest, and gain for her the affections, of Clive, that it ended by his offering to marry the young lady if she could be induced to visit her brother at Madras. The latter, through whom the suggestion was to be made, hesitated, and seemed inclined to discourage the proposition; but Clive in this instance evinced that determination of purpose which was so strong a feature in his character. He could urge, too, with more confidence a measure on which so much of his happiness depended—for he was now no longer the poor neglected boy, sent out to seek his fortune, but one who had already acquired a fame which promised future greatness. In short, he would take no refusal; and then was the brother of Miss Maskelyne forced to own, that highly as his sister was endowed with every mental qualification, nature had been singularly unfavourable to her—personal attractions she had none. The future hero of Plassy was not, however, to be deterred—but he made this compromise:—If the lady could be prevailed upon to visit India, and that neither party, on a personal acquaintance, felt disposed for a nearer connection, the sum of £5000 was to be presented to her. With this understanding all scruples were overcome. Miss Maskelyne went out to India, and immediately after became the wife of Clive, who, already prejudiced in her favour, is said to have expressed himself surprised that she should ever have been represented to him as plain. So much for the influence of mind and manner over mere personal endowments. With the sad end of this distinguished general every reader is familiar. His lady survived the event by many years, and lived to a benevolent and venerable old age. Her eldest son, Edward, second Lord Clive, having married the heiress of the House of Herbert, was created Earl Powis—that title, which had previously become extinct, being conferred on him and his descendants, who still enjoy it.

HOW TO DRESS WELL.

Dr Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked—'The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, *that one can never remember what she had on.*' Delicacy of feeling in a lady will prevent her putting on anything calculated to attract notice; and yet a female of good taste will dress so as to have every part of her dress correspond. Thus while she avoids what is showy and attractive, everything will be adjusted so as to exhibit symmetry and taste.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

The loss of physical force or menacing language we use—the less, to take an expressive word, we *scold* our children—the more order and quiet we shall commonly secure. I have seen a family where a single word, or a look even, would allay a rising storm. The gentle but firm method is the best security for domestic peace.—*Rev. A. B. Murray.*

OLD TIME.

INSCRIBED TO S. A. H.

YOUNG sculptor he, and full of youthful thoughts,
Who first devised yon figure of Old Time.
He knew him old, and gave him withered limbs,
Yet sinewy and strong for work withal;
And that stout scythe, for he had much to mow;
And those firm wings, for he had far to fly;
Then with one forelock and (a whim of Art)
A crystal hour-glass in the marble hand,
The statue stood complete.

And stood around
A group as young regarding. Fears were none,
But hopes were many—gratulating hopes
Each for his own glad prospect: while the gay
Were jeering him with, 'Graybeard, go thy way!
Mow, if thou wilt, the steppes of Tartary;
Or fly thee, if thou choose, from pole to pole!
For what art thou to us?'

Years were flown by:
When lo! beside that self-same statue stood
A few grayheaded men, the scant remains
Of whom had gazed before. Where were the rest?
But now methinks not only were their locks,
But eyesights changed, to which no more appeared
The same that statue, or had changed with them:
For that broad crystal cone down which of old
The sands had seemed to draw, they now saw dwarfed
To minute-glass, through which the glittering grains,
Too swift almost for aged eyes to follow,
Leapt twinklingly, as if in turn to jeer,
With, 'Now, good friends, we sure run fast enough?'
So, too, that scythe, whose length of curvature
Had seemed full fit to sweep uncounted fields,
Was now a short hooked sickle—fit not less
For its cramped breadth of harvest; and they heard,
Or thought they heard, it rasping audibly
With sharp brisk rustle 'mid the dry, sear stalks—
Themselves as dry and sear.

While each long wing,
Which might have borne strong eagle on his quest
From realm to realm, was clipt and rounded now,
As those which only just suffice to bear
The whirring partridge on from brake to brake,
If swift, yet soon to fall.

But, lo! now stood
There one beside that figure of Old Time,
That stood not there before, or was not seen
When youth is busied more to feel than see:
Figure it was with loosely-folded arms,
And bended brow, and introspective eye,
Which seemed as if it pondered on the past:
The young, had any such been mingling there,
Might well have wondered what such form could mean;
But of that grayhaired group which clustered round
Not one there was but knew the name; and sighed,
When asking, it was answered them—Regret.

H. C.

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JUSTICE AND CHARITY.

AN ENGLISH APOLOGUE.

IN the latter days of Henry VIII., when the King's Grace, as they called him, was more than ever on the look-out for heretics and traitors, occasionally dividing his royal attentions among coin-clippers, cut-purses, and begging vagrants also, whose numbers had marvellously increased in England since the suppression of the convents, there lived in the neighbourhood of Whitehall two friends, of whom no historian makes mention, as they took no public part in the mingled religion and politics of their times. They were distant kinsmen, remote branches of the noble House of Seymour, and quietly patronised by Catherine Parr, it was thought, on account of the lord whom she afterwards married and died so jealous of: but having no other titles, people in their generation distinguished them as Master Ralph and Master Richard.

Ralph had been an orphan brought up in a convent, and taught to regard the cowl as his future heritage, till the pope and the king quarrelled, when the convent with all its lands were bestowed on his cousin, the lineal representative of his family, who could not be induced to take the young novice even into his service for fear of royal displeasure. Upon which Ralph crossed the sea, turned minstrel, and wandered over Germany, where hesung to the knights of Lanstien, heard Martin Luther preach, saw John of Leyden set up his New Jerusalem in Munster, and returned just in time to witness the execution of his cousin on Tower Hill for something about Anne Boleyn: convent lands and all being of course resumed by the crown. But as Ralph was the legal heir, and Jane Seymour just proclaimed, the king graciously allowed him a pension of a hundred nobles out of the forfeited estate, and a promise of some future appointment in his household.

On that pension Master Ralph lived as a poor gentleman in London, entertaining himself by reading romances and composing pastoral ballads concerning shepherd queens and swains who died for love, which he was accustomed to sing to his mandolin; that much-esteemed instrument having been bestowed upon him in token of good-will and approbation by Ulrich von Hutten, the singing knight of Germany.

Master Richard had been the only son of a learned lawyer, who sent him to study the decretals at Rome, believing he would one day be Lord Chancellor; and there Master Richard studied painting under Michael Angelo, till the old lawyer's decease. But whether it was owing to the small fortune his father left him, or that Master Richard knew too well how it had been gathered, from that time he diligently eschewed the law, lived on his father's money, and employed his

leisure on imaginary portraits of court beauties, under the designations of Sylvia, Phillis, and Pastora.

Notwithstanding these pursuits, both were prudent bachelors, close upon fifty years, and never known to be moved beyond a verse or a sketch by all the dames that ever crossed their paths. Early and faint rumours indeed had spoken of a German Jewess whom Ralph had never sung, and an Italian silk-winder whom Richard never painted; but they had lived for years in quiet friendship, avoiding the dangerous disputes of the age, and studying together as they might the liberal arts and the lessons of old philosophy. There was a likeness in their ways and doings. Their cloaks and doublets were always purchased at the same shop, and the populace knew them as right worshipful gentlemen; but assigning to each his proper praise, they were apt to dwell on the fact, that Master Ralph never allowed a beggar to pass him empty-handed, and that Master Richard paid his bills the moment they became due.

Such was the popular character of the friends, when a whisper spread through the court, and thence through the city, that Queen Catherine Parr was suspected of doubting the king's supremacy; and another coronation, of course preceded by an execution for heresy, might be expected. It was perhaps with some reference to that ominous report that a trusty page appeared one morning at their lodgings, bearing the queen's commands to the Masters Seymour, as they were the only gentlemen acquainted with the mysteries of painting and poetry then within the bounds of London, to prepare with all speed a 'Morality' of most prudent and virtuous devices, which should be performed before the King's Grace on the approaching Easter. Such was the only form of the drama known at that period in England: it was long till Shakespeare's day, and Henry's court occasionally required Moralities; but a poet who would be honoured with royal orders for a play—were such things ever done in modern London?—might imagine the earnestness and alacrity with which Masters Ralph and Richard set about their task. The heaviest part of the duty indeed fell on Ralph's poetical shoulders; but besides having to manage scene and costume, Richard came in for a large share of the advising; and there was room for that, for it was requisite to keep orthodoxy in view, which, in the first Defender of the Faith's reign, was no easy matter for either Catholic or Protestant.

At length, however, it was agreed that the Virtues, conducted by Faith, should descend from Heaven by the ladder of Knowledge; and each in her turn make a speech of self-recommendation to the audience, inviting them to enlist immediately under her particular banner; at the last of which Wisdom should step from behind the throne, and explain that they were all one family, and she their governess. Whereupon Faith was to

wind up with some pertinent remarks on the encouragement afforded to her by the king of England, and the duties of subjects in general. The two friends presumed that this Morality would rather suit the royal taste; but an unforeseen difficulty arose in its construction. They had been at the palace by special permission, to survey the apartment in which the performance was to take place—and they say people looked on Charles I.'s scaffold from its windows scarcely a century after. But then things were in full preparation for the descent of the Virtues; the ladder of Knowledge had been already erected; and Ralph and Richard sat late together awaiting the appearance of Stellico the chemist, who had solemnly promised to bring the latter certain Spanish colours wherewith to paint the sky. Stellico called himself a Jew, but was believed to be a Morisco of Spain, who had taken refuge from their Catholic majesties in England long ago, when Granada was made a Christian city. For more than twenty years he had carried on business in St Paul's Churchyard, keeping a small dingy shop, where he sold all manner of strange dyes and medicines, told fortunes privately, and, men said, dealt in alchemy.

'The chemist tarries late,' said Richard, returning from a long look-out on old London's night; 'the bell of St Paul's has tolled nine, and the lights are going out in every house around us.'

'Late indeed, Master Richard,' said Ralph, as he looked up from the dim oil-lamp and thick papers before him; 'but let us set the Virtues in order till he come. What was the manner of it, canst thou tell, for my memory fails me?'

'Let me see,' said Richard, seating himself and rubbing up his brow. 'Courage clothed in scarlet, and crowned with laurel; Truth in a pure white robe, carrying a flaming torch; Temperance in a gray mantle and white train; and Justice, with her sword and balance, clad in the imperial purple'—

'Nay, that is not my mind,' interrupted Ralph; 'Charity must wear the purple, and begin the orations, as even St Paul hath declared her to be the queen of Virtues; but Justice shall appear last of all in a blue robe and velvet shoes, to signify her constancy and silent comings to the guilty.'

'Pshaw!' cried Richard, his artistic indignation rising; 'the very attire of Patience. I say again that Justice should wear the imperial purple: she by whom laws are framed, or ought to be (he added in an under tone), by whom kings reign and human society is cemented—who hath, besides, a royalty over all virtues, inasmuch as she is reckoned the special attendant of divinity. All the fathers agree that St Paul's words denote a heavenly charity: as for the earthly sort, it is but a poor beggarly virtue, fit to be commended only by old women and idle vagrants.'

Thus attacked, Ralph vigorously defended the claim of his favourite virtue to the purple. Indeed, which was the greatest had long been a disputed point in their philosophy; and it was now argued with all the zeal of an artist and an author. Ralph brought hosts of ancient divines and fathers to verify his opinion in favour of Charity, while Richard produced the classic philosophers in no less goodly numbers on the side of Justice.

The controversy grew warm, and the hour late, for a leaven of personality began to mingle with the argument; when the Seymours, who sat like brave old English gentlemen in a chamber hung with Flanders tapestry, and carpeted with a deep brown layer, never disturbed since it had been strewn green on the previous summer, were made aware by a step on the rushy floor that they were not alone; and turning both at the same instant, perceived Stellico the chemist, his tall, spare figure wrapped as usual in a black Spanish cloak, standing between them and the door.

'Your pardon, my masters,' said the old man with a reverence much slighter than his shop bow—'your pardon for playing the listener; but truly the question

you debate is one of great compass, and as I myself once studied philosophy under the renowned Solomon Ben Useff, the dispute has occupied my attention more than this hour past.'

'Hast thou been here an hour?' demanded Ralph in amazement. But Richard, whose temper was rather the hottest, forgot the morality sky and his Spanish colours in anxiety for a supporter, and hastily inquired which he thought had the best of the argument.

'Both have reasoned well,' said the chemist; 'but this question hath puzzled the sages of all nations; even divines and philosophers have disputed among themselves on the matter of Justice and Charity—which ought to bear sway in the universe, or have conferred the greater benefit on mankind. True it is that some have presumed to say those perplexed sages had but little acquaintance with either of the Virtues; but passing over such errors of the unlearned, I perceive that one of you inclines to the faith of Charity, and one to that of Justice. What think you, therefore, to question the past by a method which the master of wisdom, Dr Solomon, taught me, and learn from its answers which is most worthy to prevail?'

'Show us the method, good Stellico,' cried the Seymours, at once surprised and delighted at the chemist's knowledge. But before they had time to consider whether it might be heresy or witchcraft, he slowly waved his hand towards the door, which seemed cautiously opened from the outside, while groups of faces peered into the room. Ralph thought he had seen some of them long ago; but as his memory went backward, a strange and silent crowd seemed thickening beyond, and from amongst them there stepped in a man known to his earliest recollections as one old and poor, who regularly received alms at the convent gate, and now looked exactly as when he last relieved him.

'What brought thee to receive charity?' demanded Stellico, without a word of preface.

'Injustice!' said the old man. 'The Lord of Lessingham sent my two sons to the galleys for slaying a stag that ranged among our corn in harvest-time, and afterwards levelled the cottage my father had left me, and took the fields we tilled into his park.'

At the last word he stepped back into the crowd, and a woman pressed forward, young, but worn and withered, as Ralph guessed, with a wild, wicked life; for he remembered bribing a watchman of one of the Hanse towns with a tester to let her go on a dreary winter night, and giving her another to provide lodging when there was but one remaining in his minstrel's purse.

'Why should you ask me?' she said in reply to Stellico's inquiring look. 'I had a careless father, a harsh stepmother, and a poverty-stricken home. They put my brothers to trade. One became a woman's tailor, another dyed ribbons, and in process of time they wedded girls with portions; but custom left only one way to win my bread—and the world knows where it led me.'

As she spoke, a child stepped before her, but close behind him rose an indistinct shadow, like a tall gibbet, and Ralph knew the pinched young face as that of a little knave whom he had caught cutting his purse at Leipsic fair, but allowed to escape (though it was said he had been more than once in the town's prison), because of his tender years and piteous intreaties, with many good advices, and a penny to buy bread.

'I had idle and vicious parents,' he said, without waiting for look or question; 'my mother made me beg, and my father taught me to steal: there was no power to protect me from their control or counsels—and that was my share of Justice,' added the boy, pointing to the shadowy gibbet as he retired.

'I warned him it would come to that,' thought Ralph; but one after another there entered all the poor and distressed whom he had ever relieved or known; and one cry ran through all their answers, for some accused law, many their fellow-men, and even some the church

of injustice, which brought them to stand in need of Charity. There were those, too, who heavily charged what they called their fortunes; and one that looked at Ralph with a sad, dark face, saying, 'Was I to blame for being born a Jewess?'

'Thou seest, Master Ralph,' at length cried Richard, with whom fear and astonishment were for the moment sunk in the apparent success of his argument, 'that this Charity by which thou settest such store is but the narrow and uncertain resource of men who cannot attain to the broad security of Justice.'

'Thy words are strong in praise of Justice,' said the chemist with a sneer. 'Have thy deeds been equal?'

Richard almost started at this question from the Jew shopkeeper; but his astonishment was diverted to another channel by a clamour of voices at the door into which men, women, and children were pressing.

'He has expended my money of which his father defrauded me,' said one. 'He took my labour at half its value in a time of dearth,' cried another. 'He paid me with false coin, and he wore the doublet that was stolen from me,' shouted two in a breath.

'Some of your faces I have seen, and some of ye I never beheld,' said Richard; 'but of all these things with which ye charge me I know nothing.'

'Hadst thou inquired after them as curiously as thou didst after Senior Angelo's art, would they have escaped thee?' said a stern old man, bending in to look at Richard.

'Well questioned, stranger!' said Ralph, triumphant in his turn. 'But who art thou?'

'I am Piro, the Roman sculptor, to whose only daughter this man sung verses and told tales till he learned she had no portion, and Constanza became a nun,' said the old man.

'In the name of God did she take the vows?' cried Richard, springing from his seat: 'I never believed in that!' But at the same instant the crowd departed with a sound like that of a rushing wind, and some half-heard words from the sculptor concerning the 'burial vaults of our Lady del Deserto.'

'The day is near, and I too must go,' said Stellico; 'but, friends, when next ye write a Morality, dispute not whether Justice or Charity be the greater, for both are of Heaven. Yet know this, that Justice reigned first, but she has been so long banished from her kingdom that mankind scarcely remember her lineaments, and have made to themselves many a false resemblance. After the exile of Justice mortals invoked Charity; for though she can never fill her place, she hath always the surpassing skill to find room where Justice cannot so much as enter; nevertheless, it is believed that Justice will yet return to her throne on earth, and Charity rest from her labours; but the time is far off, and my journey long,' added the chemist as he stepped over the threshold.

'Whether so fast, worthy Stellico? Tell us whence came the people?' cried Ralph and Richard following him; but Stellico was gone. There was no trace of him in the passage or the street without; and they heard the first cock's crow faintly from the suburbs, for a gray glimmer of the dawn was already in the eastern sky. There was another debate between the Seymours, but neither a long nor loud one, whether or not they should accuse the chemist of sorcery; but when they were almost agreed on that proceeding, half London were up, and his apprentice arrived with the Spanish colours, and many apologies for the non-appearance of his master, who had been seized with violent sickness on the previous evening, which all his neighbours suspected was the plague. The Jew protested it was not for fear of losing custom; but the sickness proved his last, for he died on the ninth day in the chamber behind his shop, after a solemn declaration to his attendant rabbi that he had never been at the Seymours's lodgings, and believed it was none other than the spirit of Dr Solomon.

Of course the tale was told at the palace, composed in rhyme, and printed on broad sheets for the edification of all England. The king finding all his own theology

insufficient to settle the question, and being moreover rather occupied with the queen's affair, and his own last illness, left it to the divines of his kingdom, amongst whom it was a goodly bone of contention: the ultra-Catholic party maintaining it was St John, and the ultra-Protestant standing up for Satan, till it, together with many an old trifle, was lost in the various matches and conspiracies which threatened, though they did not shorten, the days of the Maiden Queen.

As for Masters Ralph and Richard, their convictions on the subject have not been handed down to posterity; but certain it is that they soon after retired to the ancient city of Coventry, and never wrote another Morality for the court of Henry VIII.

LEIGH HUNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

If these volumes gave the personal as well as literary life of the author, he would rank as a second Boswell—only with not so great a man for the hero. He would be his own Boswell. He is proud of L. H., even of his little peculiarities, not to say failings. He takes the liberty of differing sometimes with him in opinion—but not rudely. Circumstances have changed. If L. H. had written now, he might have modified his expressions in some degree: but, after all, they were right at the time. In fact, he toadies himself a little—that cannot be denied; but over the whole is spread so genuine an air of *bonhomie* that the reader's attempts to demur are fruitless. Where he does not coincide, he at least acquiesces; he grows kindlier and couther as he and his author go on together; and at last he fairly slips his arm into his, calls him L. H. to his face without the Mister, and slides into his humour as men do into that of a genial companion over t'other bottle.

The personal history, we repeat, is omitted, for we are neither to be talked nor title-paged out of our senses. All we learn from the book is, that he was born at Southgate of such and such parents on the 19th of October 1784, and that in due time he quaffed Helicon and sky-blue at Christ's Hospital. After that we find him commencing certain publications—then we discover that he is married—then we accompany him on a pleasure ramble to Italy with his wife and seven children—then we are all at home again—and, finally, we are happy to learn that he has received a pension from government. But in lieu of personal and family details we have scenes, portraits, characters, opinions, and quotations from his own works without number. This injures the book as a whole, and may make some people even suppose it to be tedious in its discursiveness; but in point of fact, although it wants a sufficiently-marked thread of narrative to hold on by as you go through the volumes, there is interest and amusement in every page taken separately, and a pleasanter table-book, therefore, could not readily be found.

From his father, a Barbadian, who was always going to be made a bishop but never was, Mr Hunt received for his sole inheritance—and a rich one it was—a happy temperament, which his mother in vain endeavoured to qualify. 'I may call myself,' says he, 'in every sense of the word, etymological not excepted, a son of mirth and melancholy; for my father's Christian name (as old students of onomancy would have heard with serious faces) was Isaac, which is Hebrew for "laughter;" and my mother's was Mary, which comes from a word in the same language, signifying "bitterness." And, indeed, as I do not remember to have ever seen my mother smile, except in sorrowful tenderness, so my father's shouts of laughter are now ringing in my ears. Not at any expense to her gravity, for he loved her, and thought her an angel on earth, but because his animal spirits were invincible. I inherit from my mother a tendency to jaundice, which at times has

* The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

made me melancholy enough. I doubt, indeed, whether I have passed a day during half my life without reflections, the first germs of which are traceable to sufferings which this tendency once cost me. My prevailing temperament, nevertheless, is my father's; and it has not only enabled me to turn those reflections into sources of tranquillity and exaltation, but helped my love of my mother's memory to take a sort of pride in the infirmity which she bequeathed me. This father, it appears, was somewhat wild for a clergyman; but he was fond of sermons nevertheless, and of reading the Bible, and above all, he was what his son calls somebody else, 'very generous and handsome-minded—a genuine human being.'

The impressions made in youth upon a happy temperament are always lasting and always delightful; while a differently constituted individual only learns to enjoy as he gets along, and looks back with disgust upon his early days. The youth of Leigh Hunt was a paradise. He remembers with complacency his blue gown, knee-breeches, and yellow stockings at Christ's Hospital; and if the small beer was undrinkable, he was allowed water with his bread instead. He has been told that the cranberries he has met with since must have been as fine, and as large and juicy as the cranberries of those days; but nevertheless he cannot persuade himself that he ever ate a true cranberry-tart since he used to visit in Austin-Friars: 'Blessed house! May a blessing be upon your rooms, and your lawn, and your neighbouring garden, and the quiet old monastic name of your street! and may it never be a thoroughfare! and may all your inmates be happy! Would to God one could renew at a moment's notice the happy hours we have enjoyed in past times with the same circles, and in the same houses! A planet with such a privilege would be a great lift nearer heaven. What prodigious evenings, reader, we would have of it! What fine pieces of childhood, of youth, of manhood—ay, and of age, as long as our friends lasted!'

Christ's Hospital was of course not all sunshine, otherwise the sunshine would not have been prized. It had even a horror of its own, and as this was of an original kind, we introduce it to our readers by its name of the Fazzer.

'The Fazzer was known to be nothing more than one of the boys themselves. In fact, he consisted of one of the most impudent of the bigger ones; but as it was his custom to disguise his face, and as this aggravated the terror which made the little boys hide their own faces, his participation of our common human nature only increased the supernatural fearfulness of his pretensions. His office as Fazzer consisted in being audacious, unknown, and frightening the boys at night; sometimes by pulling them out of their beds; sometimes by simply fazzing their hair ("fazzing" meant pulling or vexing, like a goblin); sometimes (which was horriest of all) by quietly giving us to understand, in some way or other, that the "Fazzer was out"—that is to say, out of his own bed; and then being seen (by those who dared to look) sitting, or otherwise making his appearance, in his white shirt, motionless and dumb. It was a very good horror of its kind. The Fazzer was our Dr Faustus, our elf, our spectre, our Flibbertigibbet, who "put knives in our pillows and halts in our pews." He was Jones, it is true, or Smith; but he was also somebody else—an anomaly, a duality, Smith and sorcery united. My friend Charles Ollier should have written a book about him. He was our Old Man of the Mountain, and yet a common boy.'

The chief luxury was spending money when there was any to spend. Hunt's parents were both as 'generous as daylight' (he forgets the assessed tax!), but they could not give what they had not; so the task of teaching him the use of money was reserved for his rich aunt, who presented him sometimes with a half-guinea. The first that came was a poser. What to do with so vast a sum? He held a consultation with his companions, and 'one shilling was devoted to pears,

another to apples, another to cakes, and so on, all to be bought immediately, as they were; till coming to the sixpence, and being struck with a recollection that I ought to do something useful with that, I bought sixpenn'orth of shoe-strings.'

At length the time came when it was necessary to make his entrance into the world; and after going bare-headed for eight years, except on the rare occasion when he stuck his little *crumpe* of a cap on its few inches of pericranium, he was made to assume that strange uncomfortable absurdity—a hat.

'I then cared as little for the rains as I did for anything else. I had now a vague sense of worldly trouble, and of a great and serious change in my condition; besides which, I had to quit my old cloisters, and my playmates, and long habits of all sorts; so that, what was a very happy moment to schoolboys in general, was to me one of the most painful of my life. I surprised my schoolfellows and the master with the melancholy of my tears. I took leave of my books, of my friends, of my seat in the grammar-school, of my good-hearted nurse and her daughter, of my bed, of the cloisters, and of the very pump out of which I had taken so many delicious draughts, as if I should never see them again, though I meant to come every day. The fatal hat was put on; my father was come to fetch me.

We, hand in hand, with strange new steps and slow,
Through Holborn took our meditative way.'

But he carried his youth with him, and his predisposition to be happy, and to love and admire the beautiful wherever he found it: a little girl standing in a little river with bare legs washing some linen realised one of those visions of which he expected to find the world full. This was a vision of an oval face, with blue eyes full of gentle astonishment, and a profusion of flaxen locks on either side. But at that time he took 'every beauty for an Arcadian, and every brook for a fairy stream; and the reader would be surprised if he knew to what extent I have a similar tendency still. I find the same possibilities by another path.'

A little later he saw another vision on the stage, and his description of it is one of the best things in the book, or perhaps in any book. 'Mrs Jordan was inimitable in exemplifying the consequences of too much restraint in ill-educated country-girls, in romps, in hoydens, and in wards on whom the mercenary have designs. She wore a bib and tucker, and pinafore, with a bouncing propriety, fit to make the boldest spectator alarmed at the idea of bringing such a household responsibility on his shoulders. To see her when thus attired shed blubbing tears for some disappointment, and eat all the while a great thick slice of bread and butter, weeping, and moaning, and munching, and eyeing at every bite the part she meant to bite next, was a lesson against will and appetite worth a hundred sermons of our friends on board the hoy; and, on the other hand, they could assuredly have done and said nothing at all calculated to make such an impression in favour of amiableness as she did, when she acted in gentle, generous, and confiding characters. The way in which she would take a friend by the cheek and kiss her, or make up a quarrel with a lover, or coax a guardian into good-humour, or sing (without accompaniment) the song of "Since then I'm Doomed," or, "In the Dead of the Night," trusting, as she had a right to do, and as the house wished her to do, to the sole effect of her sweet, mellow, and loving voice—the reader will pardon me, but tears of pleasure and regret come into my eyes at the recollection, as if she personified whatsoever was happy at that period of life, and which has gone like herself. The very sound of the little familiar word *and* from her lips (the abbreviation of husband), as she packed it closer, as it were, in the utterance, and pouted it up with fondness in the man's face, taking him at the same time by the chin, was a whole concentrated world of the power of loving.'

Reading, then, came to multiply his visions, and more

especially the reading of the 'Parnaso Italiano,' a collection of poetry in fifty-six 12mo. volumes, for which he joyfully paid L.30, under rather extraordinary circumstances. He was condemned to two years' imprisonment for a political libel, and the 'Parnaso' was a 'lump' of sunshine on his shelves, in which nymphs, enchantresses, magicians, heathen gods, and Christian saints, disported themselves together. The reader, he tells us, would be surprised to know to what a literal extent this was the case; but why should he be surprised, knowing as he does the kind of abode into which this matter-of-fact observer metamorphosed his prison? 'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts, and flowers and a piano-forte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I possessed another surprise; which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the 'Parnaso Italiano' while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:—

" Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato."
BALDI.

" My little garden,
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and meadow, and wood."

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off.

But this was nothing. Any 'decorator' might have done as much; but Leigh Hunt, by dint of imagination, without any assistance from material objects, converted the large garden of the prison into an extensive domain, certainly as large as a gentleman's park at the least. He divided this ground into districts, dressed himself elaborately, put on his gloves, and taking a book under his arm, sallied forth to enjoy a long walk, requesting his wife not to wait dinner if he should be too late. In this prison he wrote poetry by the mile, and saw friends by the score; and so mightily were his visitors affected by the state which surrounded him, that even the radical Hazlitt would stand with his hat off on the threshold, while his host had some difficulty in getting him to pass.

Perhaps the best things in this work are the author's opinions of men and books. They are always clear, sparkling, racy, frequently just, but rarely profound. The fling at Izaak Walton is admirable, and his home question to those who seek amusement in sufferings that are unnecessary and avoidable is worth a sermon. The strange thing is, that the ladies and gentlemen who make a practice of impaling living creatures on an iron instrument, which they then recreate themselves by trying to tear through the entrails of other living creatures, are considered all the more amiable for these devilries. Angling is decidedly an innocent, nay, a Christian employment, for somehow or other it is supposed to have a sort of affinity with religion! 'As to old Izaak Walton, who is put forward as a substitute for

argument on this question, and whose sole merits consisted in his having a taste for nature and his being a respectable citizen, the trumping him up into an authority and a kind of saint is a burlesque. He was a writer of conventionalities; who, having comfortably feathered his nest, as he thought, both in this world and in the world to come, concluded he had nothing more to do than to amuse himself by putting worms on a hook and fish into his stomach, and so go to Heaven, chuckling and singing psalms. There would be something in such a man and in his book offensive to a real piety, if that piety did not regard whatever has happened in the world, great and small, with an eye that makes the best of what is perplexing, and trusts to eventual good out of the worst. Walton was not the hearty and thorough advocate of nature he is supposed to have been. There would have been something to say for him on that score, had he looked upon the sum of evil as a thing not to be diminished. But he shared the opinions of the most commonplace believers in sin and trouble, and only congratulated himself on being exempt from their consequences. The overweening old man found himself comfortably off somehow; and it is good that he did. It is a comfort to all of us, wise or foolish. But to reverence him is a jest. You might as well make a god of an otter. Mr Wordsworth, because of the servitor manners of Walton and his biographies of divines (all *anglers*), wrote an idle line about his "meekness" and his "heavenly memory." When this is quoted by the gentle brethren, it will be as well if they add to it another passage from the same poet, which returns to the only point at issue, and upsets the old gentleman altogether. Mr Wordsworth's admonition to us is—

" Never to link our pastime or our pride
With suffering to the meanest thing that lives."

The remarks on Hogarth, and on the lessons to youth generally, which were fashionable during our author's nonage, are likewise in Mr Hunt's best style. Every good boy was to ride in his coach and be a lord mayor, and every bad boy was to be hung or eaten by lions; and so Hogarth's 'Apprentices' identify virtue with prosperity and vice with bad fortune. Hogarth, however, 'in most of his pictures, was as healthy a moralist as he supposed himself, but not for the reasons which he supposed. The gods he worshipped were Truth and Prudence; but he saw more of the carnal than spiritual beauties of either. He was somewhat of a vulgarian in intention as well as mode. But wherever there is genius, there is a genial something greater than the accident of breeding, than the prevailing disposition, or even than the conscious design; and this portion of divinity within the painter, saw fair-play between his conventional and immortal part. It put the beauty of colour into his mirth, the counteraction of mirth into his melancholy, and a lesson beyond his intention into all: that is to say, it suggested redemptions and first causes for the objects of his satire; and thus vindicated the justice of nature at the moment when he was thinking of little but the pragmatism of art.' 'Sandford and Merton' was the first healthy juvenile book that appeared; and in the present day, although there are of course varieties of merit in such productions as in others, there is little or no absolute trash.

Campbell gave our author the idea of a French Virgil—'Something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French poet in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs: and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude, and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely

Gertrude of Wyoming. His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth; which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle Puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a Puritan he talked!

Sir Walter Scott he considers to be, upon the whole, 'the greatest writer Scotland has produced;' but we doubt whether he comprehends well in what this greatness consisted. His being 'the least quotable for sententiousness or wit, or any other memorable brevity, in the whole circle of illustrious writers,' is not a defect in Scott's literary character, as Mr Hunt seems to consider it. Scott was an artist—that is the whole secret. His efforts were directed, not to minute points of the picture, but to the general effect. He was more a writer of epics than of epigrams. The very rapidity with which he wrote shows his possession of the subject, while it necessarily involves a want of attention to the finish and nicety of details.

Here is his sketch of Wordsworth:—'Mr Wordsworth, whom Mr Hazlitt designated as one that would have had the wide circle of his humanities made still wider, and a good deal more pleasant, by dividing a little more of his time between his lakes in Westmoreland and the hotels of the metropolis, had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish but not unpleasing voice, and an exalted mode of speaking. He had a habit of keeping his left hand in the bosom of his waistcoat; and in this attitude, except when he turned round to take one of the subjects of his criticism from the shelves (for his contemporaries were there also), he sat dealing forth his eloquent but hardly catholic judgments. In his "father's house" there were not "many mansions." He was as sceptical on the merits of all kinds of poetry but one, as Richardson was on those of the novels of Fielding. Under the study in which my visitor and I were sitting was an archway, leading to a nursery-ground; a cart happened to go through it while I was inquiring whether he would take any refreshment; and he uttered, in so lofty a voice, the words, "Anything which is going forward," that I felt inclined to ask him whether he would take a piece of the cart. Lamb would certainly have done it. But this was a levity which would neither have been so proper on my part, after so short an acquaintance, nor very intelligible perhaps, in any sense of the word, to the serious poet. There are good-humoured warrants for smiling which lie deeper even than Mr Wordsworth's thoughts for tears. I did not see this distinguished person again till thirty years afterwards, when, I should venture to say, his manner was greatly superior to what it was in the former instance, indeed quite natural and noble, with a cheerful air of animal as well as spiritual confidence; a gallant bearing, curiously reminding one of a certain illustrious duke, as I have seen him walking some dozen years ago by a lady's side, with no unbecoming oblivion of his time of life. . . . Walter Scott said that the eyes of Burns were the finest he ever saw. I cannot say the same of Mr Wordsworth—that is, not in the sense of the beautiful, or even of the profound. But certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixity of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes.'

His portrait of Lamb is, upon the whole, good, though finical. 'As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of everything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too

great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humour, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of a sympathy with the awful. . . . I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well, I'll Lamb-pun him." His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names—such a man, for instance, as Nicole the Frenchman, who was a baby to him. He would have cracked a score of jokes at him worth his whole book of sentences: pelted his head with pearls. Nicole would not have understood him, but Rochefoucault would, and Pascal too; and some of our old Englishmen would have understood him still better. He would have been worthy of hearing Shakspeare read one of his scenes to him, hot from the brain. . . . He was fond of telling wild stories to children, engrafted on things about them; wrote letters to people abroad, telling them that a friend of theirs had come out in genteel comedy; and persuaded George Dyer that *Lord Castlebrough* was the author of "Waverley!" . . . He knew how many false conclusions and pretensions are made by men who profess to be guided by facts only, as if facts could not be misconceived, or figments taken for them; and therefore one day, when somebody was speaking of a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, "Now," said he, "I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man." But Lamb, for all that, was a man of great veracity, although even the truth he told sometimes in jest. The writer of these columns once met him at dinner (for the first time), and on being asked to take wine with him, replied with some *empressment* of manner; on which Lamb, stretching forward confidentially, remarked in his stuttering way—which seemed to give point to his jokes rather than otherwise—"But don't think anything of that, for I would t—take wine with anybody!"

Coleridge next. Coleridge was as little fitted for action as Lamb, but on a different account. His person was of a good height, but as sluggish and solid as the other's was light and fragile. He had, perhaps, suffered it to look old before its time for want of exercise. His hair was white at fifty; and as he generally dressed in black, and had a very tranquil demeanour, his appearance was gentlemanly, and for several years before his death was reverend. Nevertheless, there was something invincibly young in the look of his face. It was round and fresh-coloured, with agreeable features, and an open, indolent, good-natured mouth. This boy-like expression was very becoming in one who dreamed and speculated as he did when he was really a boy, and who passed his life apart from the rest of the world, with a book and his flowers. His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble—and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it was pastime to them to carry all that thought. He does not consider him to have been the ethereal being he is represented by Hazlitt. 'I fancied him a good-natured wizard, very fond of earth, and conscious of reposing with weight enough in his easy-chair, but able to conjure his etherealities about him in the twinkling of an eye. He could also change them by thousands, and dismiss them as easily when his dinner came. It was a mighty intellect put upon a sensual body; and the reason why he did little more with it than talk and dream was, that it is agreeable to such a body to do little else. I do not mean that Coleridge was a sensualist in an ill sense. He was capable of too many innocent pleasures to take any pleasure in the way that a man of the world would take it. The idlest

things he did would have had a warrant. But if all the senses, in their time, did not find lodging in that humane plenitude of his, never believe that they did in Thomson or in Boccaccio. Two affirmatives in him made a negative. He was very metaphysical and very corporeal; so in mooting everything, he said (so to speak) nothing. His brains pleaded all sorts of questions before him, and he heard them with so much impartiality (his spleen not giving him any trouble) that he thought he might as well sit in his easy-chair and hear them for ever, without coming to a conclusion. It has been said (indeed he said himself) that he took opium to deaden the sharpness of his cogitations. I will venture to affirm, that if he ever took anything to deaden a sensation within him, it was for no greater or more marvellous reason than other people take it—which is, because they do not take enough exercise, and so plague their heads with their livers.'

But we might go on long enough quoting from this most genial book. Leigh Hunt is now in his sixty-sixth year, and we have no doubt he intends to live on his father's temperament a quarter of a century longer. 'It is astonishing,' says he, 'how long a cordial pulse will keep playing if allowed reasonably to have its sway.' The men he describes as dying at a good old age were all hearty, kindly, natural people; and even if they indulged in an extra bottle of wine, it did them no harm. 'I do not know,' says he, 'whether such men ever last as long as teetotalers; but they certainly last as long, and look a great deal younger than the carking and severe.' They last longer, Mr Hunt, and they never grow old at all!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE PURSUIT.

THE reader need scarcely be told that albeit police-officers, like other men, chiefly delight to recount their successful exploits, they do, nevertheless, experience numerous and vexatious failures and disappointments. One especially I remember, of which the irritating recollection did not pass away for many weeks. I had been for some time in pursuit of a rather eminent rascal, though one young in years, and by marriage respectably connected, who, by an infamous abuse of the trust reposed in him by the highly-respectable firm who employed him, had contrived to possess himself of a large sum of money, with which, or at least with the portion of it falling to his share—for we discovered that he had been for some time connected with a gang of first-rate swindlers—he hoped to escape to America. The chase was hot after him; and spite of all his doublings and turnings, and the false scents adroitly thrown out by his confederates with the view to favour his escape, I at last fairly ran him to earth at Plymouth, though in what precise spot of it he burrowed I could not for the moment ascertain. Neither was I well acquainted with his features; but in the description of his person furnished me there were certain indelible marks enumerated which, upon strict examination, could not fail to determine his identity. He purposed, I ascertained, to attempt leaving England in a barque bound for New York, which was to sail from Plymouth on the day after I arrived there. Of this I was fully satisfied, and I determined to capture him on board. Accordingly, about half an hour before the ship was to sail, and after all the passengers had embarked, two of the local officers and I got into a boat which I had some time previously engaged to be in readiness, and put off to the vessel. The wind was decidedly fair for the emigrant ship; and so stiffly did it blow from the north-east, that four hands, I was informed, were required, not indeed to convey us swiftly out, but to pull the boat back against the wind, and the strong tide which would be running outside the breakwater. The sea dashed smartly at times over the boat, and the men pulled their sou'-wester caps well over their eyes, to shield themselves

from the blinding spray. We were speedily on board; and the captain, although much annoyed at the delay, paraded his motley passengers as well as crew before us; but to my extreme surprise our bird was not amongst them! Every possible and impossible hiding-place was thoroughly but vainly searched; and we were at length compelled to a reluctant admission that the gentleman we were in quest of had not yet honoured the captain of the *Columbia* with his patronage.

We suddenly returned into the boat; and the instant we did so, the anchor, already afloat, was brought home; the ship's bows fell rapidly off; her crowded canvas dilated and swelled in the spanking breeze, and she sprang swiftly off upon her course. It was a pretty and somewhat exciting spectacle; and I and my companions continued to watch the smartly-handled vessel with much interest till a point of land hid her from our view. We then turned our faces towards Plymouth, from which, I was surprised to find, we were apparently as distant as ever. 'The tide, let alone the wind, is dead against us!' growled the master of the boat, who was now pulling the near oar, in reply to a remark from one of the Plymouth officers. This man had steered on going out. A quick suspicion flashed across me. 'Where is the other boatman who came out with us?' I sharply demanded. The old seaman, instead of replying, turned himself half round towards the weather-bow oar, exclaiming, 'Easy, Billy—easy; let her nose lay a little closer to the wind!' This, I readily saw, was done to conceal a momentary confusion, arising from the suddenness of my question—a very slight one by the by, for the fellow was an old man-of-war's man, with a face hardened and bronzed by service, weather, grog, and tobacco smoke. I repeated the question in a more peremptory tone. The veteran first deliberately squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice over the side, and then with an expression of his cast-iron phiz, which it is impossible by words to convey a distinct idea of, so compounded was it of diabolical squint, lamb-like simplicity, and impudent cunning, replied, 'That wor a passenger to Yankee Land—a goin' there, I'm purty suspicious, for the benefit of his health.' I looked at the Plymouth officers, and they at me. The impudent ingenuity of the trick that had been played us seemed scarcely credible. 'He—he—ho—ho!' rumbled out of the tobacco-stifled throat of the old rogue, 'If he wor somebody you wanted, it wor uncommon well done. Didn't you observe him jump into the main chains of the barkey jist as you wor leavin' on her, and cast us off a minute afterwards? He perferred stoppin' with us whilst you wor rummagin' the hooker—he—he—ho—ho!'

It was useless bandying words with the fellow; and though I felt desperately savage, I had sense enough to hold my tongue. 'Pull smartly,' said one of the Plymouth officers; 'a shot will bring her to yet.'

'Why, ay,' rejoined the imperturbable seaman; 'it mout, if you could get speech of the admiral in time; but I'm thinkin' we shall be a good while yet pullin' in against this choppin' wind and head sea.'

And sure enough they were! More than another hour, by some boatman-craft unexplainable by me, for the sailors apparently rowed with all their might, were we in reaching the landing-place; and by that time all chance of compelling the return of the *Columbia* was long past.

It would be, I knew, impossible to prove complicity on the part of the owner of the boat with the escaped felon, and I preferred to digest the venom of my spleen in silence, rather than by a useless display of it to add to the chuckling delight of the old rascal of a boatman.

We had passed some distance along the quay when one of the local officers, addressing a youngish sailor, who, with folded arms and a short pipe in his mouth was standing in philosophical contemplation of the sea and weather, said, 'I suppose there is no chance of the emigrant ship that sailed a while ago putting in at any other port along the coast?'

The man took the pipe from his mouth, regarded the questioner for a few moments with an expression of contemptuous curiosity anything but flattering to its object, and bawled out, addressing himself to a weather-beaten seaman a few yards off, 'I say, Tom Davis, here's a Blue Bottle as wants to know the name and bearings of the port off the Land's End which the barkey that sailed awhile ago for Ameriker with a north-easter kicking her endways is likely to bring up in: I'm not acquainted with it myself or else I'd tell the gentleman.'

The laugh from two or three bystanders which followed this sally greatly irritated the officer, and he would have indulged in an angry reply had not his more prudent comrade taken him by the arm and urged him away.

'Ay, ay,' said the veteran addressed as Tom Davis, as we were passing him, 'Jim there has always got plenty of jawing tackle aboard; but, Lord love ye, he's a poor dumb cretur at understanding the signs of the weather! He's talkin' about north-easters, and don't see that the wind's beginning to chop about like a bum-boat woman with a dozen customers round her. It's my opinion, and Tom Davis ought by this time to be summut of a judge, that, instead of a north-easter, it's a precious sight more likely to be blowing a sou'-wester before two hours are past, and a sneezer too; and then the *Columby*, if she ha'n't made a good offin', which she is not likely to have done, will be back again in a brace of shakes.'

'Do you think it probable,' I eagerly asked, 'that the *Columbia* will be obliged to put back into Plymouth?'

'I don't know about *probable*. It's not so sure as death or quarter-day, but it's upon the cards for all that.'

'Will it be early in the night, think you, that she will run in, if at all?'

'Ah! there now you wants to know too much; ' said the old seaman turning on his heel. 'All I can say is, that if you find in an hour or so's time that the wind has chopped round to the sou'-west, or within a pint or two, and that it's blowin' the buttons off your coat one after another, the *Columby*, if she's lucky, won't be far off.'

The half-bantering prediction of the old seaman was confirmed by others whom we consulted, and measures for preventing our quarry from landing, and again giving us the slip, were at once discussed and resolved upon. We then separated, and I proceeded to the tavern at which I had put up to get some dinner. I had not gone far when my eye fell upon two persons whose presence there surprised as well as somewhat grieved me. One was the young wife of the criminal on board the *Columbia*. I had seen her once in London, and I knew, as before intimated, that she was of respectable parentage. There was no exultation in her countenance. She had no doubt followed or accompanied her husband to Plymouth for the purpose of furthering his escape, and now feared that the capricious elements would render all the ingenuity and boldness that had been brought into play vain and profitless. She was a mild-looking, pretty woman—very much so, I doubt not, till trouble fell upon her, and wonderfully resembled the female in the 'Momentous Question'; so remarkably indeed, that when, years afterwards, I first saw that print, I felt an instantaneous conviction that I had somewhere met with the original of the portrait; and after much puzzlement of brain remembered when and where. The resemblance was doubtless purely accidental; but it was not the less extraordinary and complete. She was accompanied by a gray-haired man of grave, respectable exterior, whom I at once concluded to be her father. As I passed close by them, he appeared about to address me, and I half-paused to hear what he had to say; but his partly-formed purpose was not persisted in, and I proceeded on my way.

After dining, I returned to the quay. The wind, as foretold, was blowing directly from the south-west; and during the short space of time I had been absent, had increased to a tempest. The wild sea was

dashing with terrific violence against the breakwater, discernible only in the fast-darkening night by a line of white tumultuous foam and spray, which leaped and hissed against and over it.

'A dirty night coming on,' said a subaltern officer of the port whom I had previously spoken with; 'the *Columbia* will, I think, be pretty sure to run in with the tide.'

'When do you say is the very earliest time she may be expected?'

'Well, in my opinion, judging from where she was when I was on the look-out a quarter of an hour ago, not under three hours. Let me see. It's now just upon the stroke of five; about eight o'clock, I should say, she will be here; certainly not before, perhaps much later; and if the captain is very obstinate, and prefers incurring a rather serious risk to returning, it may be of course not at all.'

I thanked him, and as remaining on the bleak quay till eight o'clock or thereabout was as useless as unpleasant, I retraced my steps towards the Royal George Tavern; calling in my way on the Plymouth officers, and arranging that one of them should relieve me at ten o'clock; it having been previously agreed that we should keep an alternate watch during the night of two hours each. I afterwards remembered that this arrangement was repeated, in a tone of voice incautiously loud, at the bar of a public-house, where they insisted upon my taking a glass of porter. There were, I should say, more than a dozen persons present at the time.

The fire was blazing brightly in the parlour of the Royal George when I entered, and I had not been seated near it many minutes before I became exceedingly drowsy; and no wonder, for I had not been in bed the previous night, and the blowing of the wind in my eyes for a couple of hours had of course added greatly to their heavy weariness. Habit had long enabled me to awake at any moment I had previously determined on, so that I felt no anxiety as to oversleeping myself; and having pulled out my watch, noticed that it was barely half-past five, wound it up, and placed it before me on the table, I settled myself comfortably in an arm-chair, and was soon sound asleep.

I awoke with a confused impression, not only that I had quite slept the time I had allotted myself, but that strangers were in the room and standing about me. I was mistaken in both particulars. There was no one in the parlour but myself, and on glancing at the watch I saw that it was but a quarter-past six. I rose from the chair, stirred the fire, took two or three turns about the room, listened for a few minutes to the howling wind and driving rain which shook and beat against the casement, sat down again, and took up a newspaper which was lying on the table.

I had read for some time when the parlour door opened, and who should walk in but the young wife and elderly gentleman whom I had seen in the street. I at once concluded that they had sought me with reference to the fugitive on board the *Columbia*; and the venerable old man's rather elaborate apologies for intrusion over, and both of them seated on the side of the fireplace opposite to me, I waited with grave curiosity to hear what they might have to say.

An awkward silence ensued. The young woman's eyes, swollen with weeping, were bent upon the floor, and her entire aspect and demeanour exhibited extreme sorrow and dejection. I pitied her, so sad and gentle did she look, from my very soul. The old man appeared anxious and careworn, and for some time remained abstractedly gazing at the fire without speaking. I had a mind to avoid a painful, and, I was satisfied, profitless interview, by abruptly retiring; and was just rising for the purpose when a fiercer tempest-blast than before, accompanied by the pattering of heavy rain-drops against the window-panes caused me to hesitate at exposing myself unnecessarily to the rigour of such a night; and at the same moment the gray-haired man

suddenly raised his eyes and regarded me with a fixed and grave scrutiny.

'This war of the elements,' he at last said; 'this wild uproar of physical nature, is but a type, Mr Waters, and a faint one, of the convulsions, the antagonisms, the hurtful conflicts ever raging in the moral world.'

I bowed dubious assent to a proposition not apparently very pertinent to the subject, which I supposed chiefly occupied his mind, and he proceeded.

'It is difficult for dim-eyed beings such as we are always to trace the guiding hand of the ever-watchful Power which conducts the complex events of this changing, many-coloured life to wise and foreseen issues. The conflicts of faith with actual experience are hard for poor humanity to bear, and still keep unimpaired the jewel beyond price of unwavering trust in Him to whom the secrets of all hearts are known. Ah, sir! guilt, flaunting its vanities in high places—innocence in danger of fetters—are perplexing subjects to dwell upon!'

I was somewhat puzzled by this strange talk, but, hopeful that a meaning would presently appear, I again silently intimated partial concurrence in his general views.

'There is no longer much doubt, Mr Waters, I believe,' he after a few moments added in a much more business-like and sensible tone, 'that the *Columbia* will be forced back again, and that the husband of this unhappy girl will consequently fall into the hands of the blind, unreasoning law. . . . You appear surprised. . . . My name, I should have mentioned, is Thompson; and be assured, Mr Waters, that when the real facts of this most unfortunate affair are brought to your knowledge, no one will more bitterly regret than yourself that this tempest and sudden change of wind should have flung back the prey both you and I believed had escaped upon these fatal shores.'

'From your name, I presume you to be the father of this young woman, and—'

'Yes,' he interrupted; 'and the father-in-law of the innocent man you have hunted down with such untiring activity and zeal. But I blame you not,' he added, checking himself—'I blame you not. You have only done what you held to be your duty. But the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable!'

A passionate burst of grief from the pale, weeping wife testified that, whatever might be the fugitive husband's offences or crimes against society, he at least retained her affection and esteem.

'It is very unpleasant,' I observed, 'to discuss such a subject in the presence of relatives of the inculpated person, especially as I as yet perceive no useful result likely to arise from it; still, since you as it were force me to speak, you must permit me to say, that it appears to me you are either grossly deceived yourself, or attempting for some purpose or other to impose upon my credulity.'

'Neither, sir—neither,' replied Mr Thompson with warmth. 'I certainly am not deceived myself, and I should hope that my character, which I doubt not is well known to you, will shield me from any suspicion of a desire to deceive others.'

'I am quite aware, Mr Thompson, of your personal respectability; still you may be unwittingly led astray. I very much regret to say, that the evidence against your daughter's husband is overwhelming, and I fear unanswerable.'

'The best, kindest of husbands!' broke in the sobbing wife; 'the most injured, the most persecuted of men!'

'It is useless,' said I, rising and seizing my hat, 'to prolong this conversation. If he be innocent, he will no doubt be acquitted; but as it is now close upon half-past seven o'clock, I must beg to take my leave.'

'One moment, sir,' said Mr Thompson hastily. 'To be frank with you, it was entirely for the purpose of asking your advice as an experienced person that we are here. You have heard of this young man's father?'

'Joel Masters?—Yes. A gambler, and otherwise dis-

reputable person, and one of the most specious rascals, I am told, under the sun.'

'You have correctly described him. You are not perhaps acquainted with his handwriting?'

'Yes, I am; partially so at least. I have a note in my pocket—here it is—addressed to me by the artful old scoundrel for the purpose of luring me from the right track after his son.'

'Then, Mr Waters, please to read this letter from him, dated Liverpool, where it appears he was yesterday to embark for America.'

The letter Mr Thompson placed in my hands startled me not a little. It was a circumstantial confession addressed by Joel Masters to his son, setting forth that he, the father, was alone guilty of the offence with which his unfortunate son was charged, and authorising him to make a full disclosure should he fail in making his escape from the country. This was, I thought, an exceedingly cheap kind of generosity on the part of honest Joel, now that he had secured himself by flight from the penalties of justice. The letter went on to state where a large amount of bank-notes and acceptances, which the writer had been unable to change or discount, would be found.

'This letter,' said I, 'is a very important one; but where is the envelop?'

Mr Thompson searched his pocket-book: it was not there. 'I must have dropped it,' he exclaimed, 'at my lodgings. Pray wait till I return. I am extremely anxious to convince you of this unfortunate young man's innocence. I will not be more than a few minutes absent.' He then hurried out.

I looked at my watch: it wanted five-and-twenty minutes to eight. 'I have but a very few minutes to spare,' I observed to the still passionately-grieving wife; 'and as to the letter, you had better place it in the hands of the attorney for the defence.'

'Ah, sir,' sobbed the wife, raising her timid eyes towards me, 'you do not believe us or you would not be so eager to seize my husband.'

'Pardon me,' I replied, 'I have no right to doubt the truth of what you have told me; but my duty is a plain one, and must be performed.'

'Tell me frankly, honestly,' cried the half-frantic woman with a renewed burst of tears, 'if, in your opinion, this evidence will save my unhappy, deeply-injured husband? My father, I fear, deceives me—deceives himself with a vain hope.'

I hesitated to express a very favourable opinion of the effect of a statement, obnoxious, as a few moments' reflection suggested, to so much suspicion. The wife quickly interpreted the meaning of my silence, and broke at once into a flood of hysterical lamentation. It was with the greatest difficulty I kept life in her by copious showers of water from the decanter that stood on the table. This endured some time. At last I said abruptly, for my watch admonished me that full ten minutes had been passed in this way, that I must summon the waiter and leave her.

'Go—go,' said she, suddenly rallying, 'since it must be so. I—I will follow.'

I immediately left the house, hastened to the quay, and, on arriving there, strained my eyes seaward in search of the expected ship. A large bark, which very much resembled her, was, to my dismay, riding at anchor within the breakwater, her sails furled, and everything made snug for the night. I ran to the landing-steps, near which two or three sailors were standing.

'What vessel is that?' I asked, pointing to the one which had excited my alarm.

'The *Columbia*,' replied the man.

'The *Columbia*! Why, when did she arrive?'

'Some time ago. The clock chimed a quarter-past eight as the captain and a few of the passengers came on shore.'

'A quarter-past eight! Why, it wants nearly half an hour to that now!'

'Does it though? Before you are ten minutes older you'll hear the clock strike nine!'

The man's words were followed by a merry mocking laugh close to my elbow: I turned sharply round, and for the first and last time in my life felt an almost irresistible temptation to strike a woman. There stood the meek, dove-eyed, grief-stricken wife I had parted from but a few minutes before, gazing with brazen impudence in my face.

'Perhaps, Mr Waters,' said she with another taunting laugh, 'perhaps yours is London time; or, which is probably more likely, watches sometimes sleep for an hour or so as well as their owners.' She then skipped gaily off.

'Are you a Mr Waters?' said a customhouse official who was parading the quay.

'Yes—and what then?'

'Only that a Mr Joel Masters desired me to say that he was very much grieved he could not return to finish the evening with you, as he and his son were unfortunately obliged to leave Plymouth immediately.'

It would have been a real pleasure to have flung the speaker over the quay. By a great effort I denied myself the tempting luxury, and walked away in a fever of rage. Neither Joel Masters nor his son could afterwards be found, spite of the unremitting efforts of myself and others, continued through several weeks. They both ultimately escaped to America; and some years afterwards I learned through an unexpected channel that the canting, specious old rascal was at length getting his deserts in the establishment of Sing-Sing. The son, the same informant assured me, had, through the persuasions and influence of his wife, who probably thought justice might not be so pleasantly eluded another time, turned over a new leaf, and was leading an honest and prosperous life at Cincinnati.

CARLYLE'S LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.

THERE must be few of our readers who have not perused, or at least heard something of the productions of Thomas Carlyle, a man of singular originality and genius, but whose popularity as a writer is greatly damaged by a strange mode of expression, altogether novel in English literature, and which few can thoroughly comprehend. Apart from this unfortunate style of composition, the remarkable thing about Carlyle is an outspokenness of ideas. Perhaps he may be as often wrong as right in his opinions; and doubtless he has propounded more extravagances than any other living writer out of Germany. But then, as every one must see, the man is thoroughly in earnest. He clearly thinks for himself, and says what he thinks—a quality so rare that it is more than apology for all minor imperfections.

In his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' now issuing in monthly brochures from the press, Mr Carlyle has undertaken to expatiate in his usual mysterious and fanciful manner on subjects of passing interest, political and social; and the conclusions at which he arrives are for the most part so very absurd—seasoned as they may be with graphic effect, and some degree of force—that one can with difficulty believe the writer to be serious. Serious, however, he is; his whole mind being apparently nerved to the utterance of what he believes to be truths, and no sham. What a rhapsody on the recent outbreaks in Europe is the following:—

'As if by sympathetic subterranean electricities, all Europe exploded, boundless, uncontrollable; and we had the year 1848, one of the most singular, disastrous, amazing, and, on the whole, humiliating years the European world ever saw. Not since the irruption of the northern barbarians has there been the like. Everywhere immeasurable democracy rose monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate as the voice of Chaos. Everywhere the official holy-of-holies was scandalously laid bare to dogs and the profane. Enter, all the world, see what kind of official holy it is. Kings everywhere,

and reigning persons, stared in sudden horror, the voice of the whole world bellowing in their ear, "Begone, ye imbecile hypocrites—histrios, not heroes! Off with you—off!"'

After some more to the same effect, he proceeds to say that the 'truculent constable of the destinies' (?) enters and says to the unfortunate monarchs, "Scandalous phantasms! what do you here? Are "solemnly-constituted impostors" the proper kings of men? Did you think the life of man was a grimacing dance of apes, to be led always by the squeak of your paltry fiddle? Ye miserable! this universe is not an upholstery puppet-play, but a terrible God's fact; and you, I think, had not you better be gone?" They fled precipitately, some of them with what we may call an exquisite ignominy, in terror of the treadmill or worse. And everywhere the people, or the populace, take their own government upon themselves, and open "kinglessness:" what we call *anarchy*—how happy if it be *anarchy plus a street constable!*—is everywhere the order of the day. . . . And so, then, there remained no king in Europe; no king except the public haranguer, haranguing on barrel-head, in leading article; or getting himself aggregated into a national parliament to harangue. And for about four months all France, and to a great degree all Europe, rough-riden by every species of delirium, except, happily, the murderous for most part, was a weltering mob.'

What is the use of all this? What would Mr Carlyle be at? Is he a democrat, seeking to extinguish monarchy as a form of government? No such thing; for in subsequent papers he ridicules every species of constitutional or popular government, and seems to aim at a downright despotism. The truth is, that animated with strong impulsive convictions, he for the moment forgets previously-uttered sentiments, and therefore contradicts himself. It is an old charge against Mr Carlyle, that he only exhibits the failings of existing systems, and never comes out with a suggestion of anything better. In this essay, if he makes any positive suggestion at all, it is—that nations should in future be governed by an aristocracy of wisdom, 'captains of industry,' real, not sham rulers. 'The few Wise will have, by one method or other, to take command of the innumerable foolish.' Very good as a proposition in the abstract; but how are we to get at these Solomons? how to insure their due succession once we have begun with them? and, above all, by what practicable means are we to induce the 'innumerable foolish' to become the docile and obedient flocks of these sagacious shepherds? Until Mr Carlyle favour mankind with a business-like recipe how to catch heroes, and set them to work, and more especially how to catch masses of people and indoctrinate them with the feeling of obedience, nations, to all appearance, must be contented to jog on with their present plans of government, and make the best of them.

Fully more extravagant is our author's dream of extinguishing pauperism. Shocked with the 'floods of Irish and other beggars, the able-bodied lackalls,' and other pauper tribes, the British prime minister is to put an end to this army of wretchedness by setting it to work! The cure for all our ills is to be 'Organisation of Labour,' just as that delusion has been exploded in the midst of universal derision. Addressing the army of idle and poverty-struck, the minister is to say, 'My indigent unguided friends, I should think some work might be discoverable for you. Enlist, stand drill; become from a nomadic banditti of idleness, soldiers of industry! I will lead you to the Irish bogs, to the vacant desolations of Connaught now falling into cannibalism; to mis-tilled Connaught, to ditto Munster, Leinster, Ulster, I will lead you; to the English fox-covers, furze-grown commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains: likewise to the Scotch hill-sides, and bare rushy slopes, which as yet feed only sheep; moist uplands, thousands of square miles in extent, which are destined yet to grow green crops, and fresh butter, and milk, and beef without

limit (wherein no "foreigner can compete with us"), were the Glasgow sewers once opened on them, and you with your colonels carried thither. In the three kingdoms, or in the forty colonies, depend upon it, you shall be led to your work! To each of you I will then say, Here is work for you; strike into it with manlike, soldierlike obedience and heartiness, according to the methods here prescribed—wages follow for you without difficulty; all manner of just remuneration, and at length emancipation itself follows. Refuse to strike into it, shirk the heavy labour, disobey the rules—I will admonish and endeavour to incite you; if in vain—I will flog you; if still in vain—I will at last shoot you, and make God's earth, and the forlorn-hope in God's battle, free of you. Understand it, I advise you!"

Mr Carlyle does not explain how the work given by the prime minister to millions of paupers is to be paid for; how the work on peat-bogs and hill-sides will not turn out to be 'sham work,' under 'phantasm captains,' after all; or how, supposing the thing to be manageable, we are to avoid that inevitable consequence—a very general dependence on such work, which would be equivalent to financial ruin and universal demoralisation? Those who prefer claims as paupers, yet will not work, are first to be flogged; and if that will not dispose them to be industrious, they are to be shot! A happy idea this for quickening a spirit of industry among 'able-bodied lackalls' and downdraughts. Let victims be on the alert, Thomas Carlyle is going to make short work of them!

In the second of the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' which treats of model-prisons and the management of criminals, the writer attacks the 'blind pruriency of indiscriminate philanthropy,' and here we are happy to unite in his opinions, however oddly expressed. It may be remembered that, about fifteen years ago, there arose everywhere, in a wonderfully sudden manner, a disposition to view crime with inconsiderate leniency. Those who committed breaches of the law were no longer to be treated with due severity, or huddled up in masses in ill-regulated jails; they were to be confined separately, ministered to tenderly, won back to virtue by sheer love and kindness. Finally, model-prisons were established at vast expense, and the reign of philanthropy and philosophic treatment of vice was begun. The oppressive rates by which these prison-asylums are supported have not been alone concerned in dispelling the fancy, that crime may be extinguished by a few months' seclusion and discipline. Mr Carlyle has caught up this feeling of reaction; and the humour and graphic force with which he alludes to the model-prison system, and the cruelty of making it chargeable on the industrious poor, will probably meet with a general response.

'Several months ago,' he proceeds, 'some friends took me with them to see one of the London prisons—a prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings; cut out, girt with a high ring-wall from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments—sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts or special and private: excellent all, the *ne plus ultra* of human care and ingenuity. In my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness. The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking places, we tasted; found them of excellent superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work—picking oakum and the like—in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs; others were

out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts: methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing: in long ranges of washhouses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to "cherish their vanity" when visitors looked at them. Schools, too, were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.'

Then, as a contrast between such places and the dwellings of those on whom is imposed the duty of paying for them—'All around this beautiful establishment or oasis of purity intended for the devil's regiments of the line, lay continents of dingy, poor, and dirty dwellings, where the unfortunate not yet enlisted into that force were struggling manifoldly—in their workshops, in their marble-yards, and timber-yards, and tan-yards, in their close cellars, cobbler-stalls, hungry garrets, and poor dark trade-shops with red herrings and tobacco-pipes crossed in the window—to keep the devil out of doors, and not enlist with him. And it was by a tax on these that the barracks for the regiments of the line were kept up. Visiting magistrates, impelled by Exeter Hall, by able editors, and the philanthropic movement of the age, had given orders to that effect. Rates on the poor servant of God and of her Majesty, who still serves both in his way, painfully selling red herrings; rates on him and his red herrings to boil right soup for the devil's declared elect! Never in my travels, in any age or clime, had I fallen in with such visiting magistrates before. Reserved they, I should suppose, for these ultimate or penultimate ages of the world, rich in all prodigies, political, spiritual—ages surely with such a length of ears as was never paralleled before.'

So far there is room for causticity; but when Mr Carlyle suggests a policy different from the codling practices of late years, he falls into his usual strain of dogmatic wildness. His brief method of dealing with recreant paupers is to shoot them, and his plans for uncriminalising the population are equally severe. Nothing, according to him, like a judiciously-wrought gallows. Evil doers of all colours—white English thieves, and black West Indian idlers, who live on pumpkin, and wont take hoe in hand, are to get their deserts without mercy. 'Beautiful black peasantry, who have fallen idle, and have got the devil at your elbow; interesting white felony, who are not idle, but have enlisted into the devil's regiments of the line—know that my benevolence for you is comparatively trifling! What I have of that divine feeling is due to others—not to you. A "Universal Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society" is not the one I mean to institute in these times, where so much wants protection, and is sinking to sad issues for want of it! The scoundrel needs no protection. The scoundrel that will hasten to the gallows, why not rather clear the way for him? Better he reach his goal and outgate by the natural proclivity, than be so expensively dammed up and detained, poisoning everything as he stagnates and meanders along, to arrive at last a hundred times fouler, and swollen a hundred times bigger!'

The author winds up the subject with the following paroxysm:—'The ancient Germans, it appears, had no scruple about public executions; on the contrary, they thought the just gods themselves might fitly preside over these; that these were a solemn and highest act of worship, if justly done. When a German man had done a crime deserving death, they, in solemn general assembly of the tribe, doomed him, and considered that fate and all nature had from the beginning doomed

him, to die with ignominy. Certain crimes there were of a supreme nature: him that had perpetrated one of these they believed to have declared himself a prince of scoundrels. Him once convicted they laid hold of, nothing doubting; bore him, after judgment, to the deepest convenient peat-bog; plunged him in there, drove an oaken frame down over him, solemnly in the name of gods and men: "There, prince of scoundrels, that is what we have had to think of thee on clear acquaintance; our grim good-night to thee is that!"

Such writing as this must mainly be allowed to answer itself. It just occurs to us, however, to remark the monstrous fallacy of its one argument—that, criminals having broken the laws of the universe, we, their fellow-men, are called upon to punish them therefore. Those who break the laws of nature are punished by nature (using these terms for the Divine Author of nature); but this is a different thing from our interfering in the case. We only assume the right, as society, to punish offences against society, or otherwise to guard ourselves from these in the best way we can. To come in with an assumption that criminals have defied God, and that we are therefore to exterminate them, would be for the creature impiously to take upon himself the authority and functions of the Creator. It was done by the fanatics of long past ages, and with sufficiently dismal consequences. Could we have dreamt a few years ago that any writer of reputation should, with apparent seriousness, have now been eager and eloquent for the revival of so horrible a practice! Were it worth while, it would not be difficult to show that the somewhat heedless indulgence extended towards criminals of late years furnishes no valid reason for going back to modes of punishment common in the most barbaric times—that the failure of model-prisons only suggests a fresh and calm consideration of the whole question of criminal treatment, as well as of the circumstances which produce a criminal population. How much more gracious and becoming would it have been for Mr Carlyle to have sought out and expatiated on the melancholy causes of delinquency—want, ignorance, parental neglect, natural infirmity, the temptations which prevail in a wealthy and highly-artificial social system, and so forth—instead of indulging in a remorseless ridicule of the well-meant efforts of good men, and uttering cries of vengeance against an unhappy class of his fellow-creatures such as, we venture to say, have not been heard these hundred years!

The third in the series of 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' has 'Downing Street' for its subject; and here the author has full scope for his antipathy to shams. 'What these strange Entities in Downing Street intrinsically are; who made them, why they were made; how they do their function; and what their function, so huge in appearance, may in net result amount to—is probably known to no mortal.' The clearing up of this chaos, and the salvation of the monarchy, are to be effected only by a bold stroke on the part of the sovereign. The crown is to seek out 'gifted and seeing' men, and make them ministers of state with seats, ex-officio, in the House of Commons. Men like Robert Burns are pointed to as the fittest for this high distinction. Poor Burns! to think of spoiling a great poet by making him a statesman!

Of the other pamphlets in the series it is scarcely necessary to speak after the foregoing examples. In the 'Stump Orator,' and also in 'Parliaments,' there are occasionally smart passages; but what is the point driven at? In these pamphlets Mr Carlyle expresses only his aversion to TALK. He speaks of 'a parliament—especially a parliament with newspaper reporters firmly established in it'—as 'an entity which, by its very nature, cannot do work.' . . . 'Consider, in fact,' he says, 'a body of six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous persons set to consult about "business," with twenty-seven millions—mostly fools—assiduously listening to them, and checking and criticising them: was there ever since the world began, will there ever be till

the world end, any business accomplished in these circumstances? . . . As a "Collective Wisdom" of Nations, the talking parliament, I discern too well, can never more serve. Wisdom dwells not with stump oratory; to the stump orator wisdom has waved her sad and peremptory farewell.'

What is all this, we would ask any man of common sense, but a condemnation of the right which has been wrought out by English patriotism to discuss its own affairs? Are we to be told at this time of day, that the freedom of discussion is an evil in our state? True, that the talk of parliament consumes much time in proportion to the work done; but is there any real harm in the talk? Is it not, on the contrary, a means of ascertaining the bearings of the proposed measure; at least a means of holding it up in all its various aspects to the free people out of doors, and satisfying them that due consideration has been given to the subject? Parliament, in its very name, implies talk. The kings long ago asked their people for money. 'Well, we must first have a talk about it.' Exactly what any of us would say about any similar demand in private life. In this simple rational idea is the very essence of our freedom—the groundwork of our constitution. After six centuries, during which the efficacy of this right of talk has been continually working towards greater and greater liberty for the subject, are we readily to believe an oracle which tells us that such talk should be put an end to? The best of the joke is, that Mr Carlyle is himself a talker, and nothing else, though employing his pen as the organ of speech. We venture to say that, if he were to intermit this function, and come forth into the arena of that active life where he now sees only fools and knaves, he would go back to his desk in three months with a very different idea of what is required to take part in conducting the affairs of even so partially-enlightened a community as ours!

TINTAGEL, OR THE CASTLE OF KING ARTHUR.

WE are all familiar with the history of King Arthur and his famous Knights of the Round Table, as having formed one of the most wondrous and captivating tales in our nursery library; and it has recently been brought to our remembrance in the vivid and poetic pages of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. But most of us, perhaps, have regarded the British prince so much as a being of enchanted life, that we have never realised the possibility of his having had a more earthly dwelling-place like any of us common mortals, much less that any remains of his habitation can exist unto the present day; and yet such is the fact, for on the northern coast of Cornwall stands the castle of Tintagel, where King Arthur drew his earliest breath about thirteen centuries ago, and whither he was borne from the field of slaughter at Camallan,* to close his eyes at the advanced age of ninety years.

It was upon a stormy evening of the autumn of 1849 that we arrived at the Stuart Wortley Arms, a humble but very neat little inn in the hamlet of Trevenha; once a borough of some importance, and enjoying many corporate privileges, now a decayed village of limited extent, and of very gloomy aspect. The cottages, which straggle along irregularly on either side of the broad street, are built of a dark slate-coloured stone, of

* The name of Camallan (signifying the crooked stream), close to which is the fatal field where King Arthur fell with all his chivalry, is now changed to Camelford, which at the present day is a small market-town, and has assumed for its corporate arms a camel: the inhabitants being so ignorant of its ancient British derivation as to trace its name to the Oriental beast of burthen—the 'ship of the desert!' Some of our readers may perhaps be interested by the following brief extract from a triad wherein the three men are noticed who escaped from the battle of Camallan:—'In the last battle of King Arthur only three Britons escaped: these were the Strongest Man, the Beautifullest Man, and the Ugliest Man. These three marched through the field un-subdued as gods; and the sun of Britain set, but shall arise again with tenfold splendour when Arthur shall awake from sleep, and resume his dominion over earth and ocean.'

precisely the same hue as their high-pointed roofs; while the windows are few and small, as though the inhabitants cared not to gaze upon the cheerless prospect without: nor truly is there much to invite their gaze; for the hamlet of Trevenha rests upon an elevated tract of barren land, divided into fields by low hedges, whose monotony is unbroken even by a tuft of heather or a bush of gay blossoming furze. King Arthur must have been sorely pressed by his foes when he took refuge in this dreary corner of his dominions.

Our object in visiting Trevenha was to see the ruins of Arthur's celebrated castle; and so, immediately on our arrival, we inquired whether Tintagel lay near the village, and in what direction it was to be found. Our informant having pointed out the road, and told us that it was about a quarter of a mile distant, said that a great many strangers had come to see it this summer; adding, with a smile, 'But it is very strange, ma'am, what different opinions we hear about it: some ladies and gentlemen come back at once, and think there is nothing worth seeing there at all, while others stay there the livelong day, and return again on the morrow, and are never wearied looking at the castle: they say it is so grand!'

We thought to ourselves that in other places besides Tintagel beauty loses its charm, and grandeur its power, in the estimation of those who have no heart to feel the loveliness of the one or to reverence the might of the other.

We stayed not, however, to philosophise on the matter, but hastened along the village street, which was so rudely paved with huge and shapeless stones, that, for aught we knew, it might have been constructed in the days of the great monarch himself. We soon entered a steep rocky gorge, evidently the dried-up course of a wintry torrent, but forming at this time of the year a hollow rocky path, through which a rivulet pursued its peaceful way to the ocean. The pathway was almost precipitous in its descent, and the ground on either side grew higher and higher, until, at an abrupt bend in the ravine, between two bold lofty headlands, the Atlantic opened itself out before us; and on our left, strongly defined against an angry-looking sky, rose up a tall rocky island, with its ruined tower and fragments of dark castellated wall, the only remains of Tintagel, the once-impregnable stronghold of our British monarch. The surging waves were foaming around its base; a solitary seabird stood screaming in tones of dreary lamentation on the narrow ridge of shelving rock which connected the island at its base with the adjoining cliff on the mainland. The narrow chasm had in olden times been spanned by a drawbridge; since then the island, with its antique burthen, has slid down further into the ocean, so that it now stands far apart from the arched portal, by which alone access was given within the walls of the castle. The venerable arch, although partly in ruins, still crowns the cliff; but a single step within its boundary would plunge the intruder into a deep and yawning chasm.

The whole scene conveyed an image of utter desolation; yet by a strange sort of fascination, we stood, as if rooted to the spot, until suddenly a sheet of dark fiery-looking vapour came sweeping towards Tintagel, across the wide western main; and so rapidly did it advance, that before we could ascend many steps of our homeward path, we were absolutely drenched with rain.

Such was our first view of King Arthur's castle, and this momentary glance only made us the more earnestly desirous to visit it at leisure; so the following morning found us once again within the narrow gorge by which alone it can be approached. We hoped to wander about its confines, and trace all its belongings, without let or hindrance from any officious guide or attendant; but to our dismay we saw issuing forth from a cottage, partly concealed amid the rocks, a grave-looking peasant, who introduced himself to us as the tutelary genius of the place, one who knew all about King Arthur, and was familiar with all his haunts—who had been 'scores of times up over the castle,' and was ready to accompany us thither. Now, we must honestly confess that the description given by Carew and other old writers of the perils

incurred in the ascent to Tintagel Rock had somewhat daunted us, so that we purposed only to explore those parts of the ruins which were on the mainland; and expressing this our intention to the guide, begged leave to decline his services. He, however, with the quiet sturdiness of his race, seemed resolved on carrying his point; assuring us there *could* be no danger, for he turned in the sheep constantly to feed on the pasture at its summit; and also that, a few days before, the Duchess of Northumberland had climbed up to the castle quite safely under his guidance. The former argument seemed to us somewhat inconclusive, but the latter was irresistible—for, a duchess having ascended the rock in safety, it would be the height of impertinence for commoners like ourselves to feel any hesitation about following her example. So, casting our fears to the winds, we rapidly descended the rough declivity on the mainland, and then, under the trusty escort of our guide, began the steep ascent to the castle, which Carew has well described as one which, 'through his steepness, threatens the ruine of your life with the failing of your foot.' It was truly a giddy path, for a single false step on the narrow, shelving, shingly path must infallibly have precipitated us into the deep dark waves which were breaking beneath our very feet. 'At the top,' as Carew further expresses it, 'two or three terrifying steps give you entrance to the hill, which supplieth pasture for sheep and conies.' Yes, the area within which we now stood, and which consists of two hundred acres, strewn as it is with scattered vestiges of the renowned Arthur, has for a long while past been chiefly prized as one of the 'best places in the neighbourhood for fattening sheep.' It was a spot full of strange contrasts: the quiet creatures browsing so peacefully upon the soft green sward; a large patch of rushes on the crown of the hill indicating the still gushing life of an abundant spring, from which, many centuries ago, the inhabitants of the castle drew their supply of water; and amid these images of tranquil and present life lay scattered traces of that warrior existence which now dwells only in the memory of the peasant, the poet, or the child—small square chambers, once used as dwelling-apartments; a look-out tower, pierced with loopholes, and overhanging the only accessible part of this dark, stern-looking rock; a low-covered archway, through which a subterranean access might be gained to the sea, thus affording means of escape in case of being sorely pressed by a victorious enemy; the unroofed chapel, only ten feet in length, with its granite altar, its *piscina* ('as the parsons called it,' our guide informed us), and its adjoining burial-ground, whose rude headstones were just seen peeping above the grassy soil. As we stood thoughtfully within these consecrated precincts, we were startled by the screaming of seabirds, which rose up wildly from a tall pointed cliff, called the Needle-Rock, whose summit is on a level with the castle. The sight of intruders had scared them from their resting-place. One could not but feel, as they wheeled their flight above our heads, that they alone were fitting visitants to this mournful spot.

On the southern side of the rock, facing the mainland, is a large slab of stone with an arched rock above it called King Arthur's Seat. On one side of the slab were seen some small round holes, such as are to be found in a billiard-table. Our guide said they were King Arthur's cups and saucers. But we had another attendant, our postilion, who, being an amateur of antiquities, had followed us over the rock, and whose shrewd observations amused us much: he suggested that, more probably, they had been used for some ancient game, adding, 'The gentlemen, I think, might have been very comfortable here with a good bottle of porter!'—a truly British idea, thought we to ourselves, of the nature of 'comfort;' that word so dear to every English heart!

As we stood gazing at the arched doorway, from which we were separated by the broad deep chasm we have already mentioned, our guide pointed out to us a hollow spot in the rock, bearing somewhat the form of a gigantic footmark, and which he averred had been made by the royal foot of King Arthur himself, a corresponding impression appearing on the other side of the chasm. We

listened in becoming silence to this statement, not doubting that our hero had received the gift of seven-leagued boots from his faithful ally the enchanter Merlin; but the wondering postilion, who until this moment had evidently received every statement with the most undoubting faith, said aloud, after a moment's serious consideration, 'Well, I think *that* must be a lie!'

The guide looked aghast at such unbelief. We left the antiquaries to settle this disputed point, and turned our steps towards the rugged descent which lay before us; nor were we ill-pleased to find ourselves once more at its base.

Many a moment did we linger to gaze upon the tall, rugged, iron-looking rock, whereon the earliest of our British monarchs had fixed his fortress-dwelling. On all sides of us were to be seen masses of the same heavy, black stone, rising in lofty crags, or scattered about in misshapen piles. If the age of fairy had not long since passed away, we might have supposed ourselves looking upon some gigantic warriors, who had been transfixed by the wizard Merlin to the spot on which they stood: but such idle dreams are too childish for the enlightened nineteenth century, so we stayed not to indulge in them; but seating ourselves once more in the carriage, returned in the course of a few hours to the busy scenes of social life, amid whose ease and civilisation we shall often love to think upon the stern and lonely towers of Tintagel.

LONDON GOSSIP.

June, 1850.

'WELL, I never!' is an exclamation which you may now hear fifty times a day in the streets as the Nepalese envoy, with his suite, all sumptuously enrobed and glittering with jewels, dash past in their carriage. The simultaneous arrival of these distinguished personages, and the hippopotamus, has flung a dash of enthusiasm into a season which, as I told you in my last, has not been remarkable for sprightliness; and a sudden freshet of wonderings is let loose, 'to crackle a little in talk,' as Bacon says, 'and quickly extinguish.' Among other rumours concerning his highness Jung Bahadoor Koonour Ranage, not the least notable is that of the effectual expedient by which he prevented two ambitious competitors from climbing into his place during his absence from Nepal: he contrived to have one of them shot, and brought the other with him. However, he is of an inquiring mind, and goes everywhere—to the Bank, the Exchange, Houses of Parliament, St Paul's, of course for twopence, and to fashionable gatherings. He was at Lord Rosse's fourth and last soirée, which has just come off, where he tried in vain to comprehend the principle of an electric telegraph exhibited in the rooms, and frankly avowed his inability. Fortunately for his highness he comes just in time to see the last of Smithfield and of intramural interments; for these two moribund contraries will furnish him with an inexhaustible stock of the marvellous wherewith to entertain dinner parties when he gets back to his own country.

As for the hippopotamus, the gentle monster is now safely lodged at the Zoological Gardens, where the curious may view him with his Arab attendant; he—the quadruped, not the biped—is the first living specimen ever brought to England. But all the world are not naturalists—Not a few talk about the building for the great national exhibition, which is to have a dome greater in diameter than that of St Paul's. A suggestion has been thrown out, that when done with for the exhibition, the building, with the ground beneath it, might be converted into a winter-garden. There is one, either finished or nearly so, at Munich, which will cover 40,000 square feet, with double walls of iron and glass to secure equality of temperature, and is to cost £50,000. A sheltered pleasure-ground would certainly be a welcome means of recreation in the bad season. Many, too, are indignant that the aisles and other portions of Westminster Abbey, to which the

public have had free access for the past two or three years, are now again closed. I have frequently enjoyed the solemn pleasure of stepping in from the busy street, and sitting down in some quiet nook to contemplate for a few minutes the 'columns tall' and 'windows richly dight,' and can sympathise with those who consider that national property should not be withheld from the nation. Others are discussing the project of the Commission on water supply. It is not proposed by this commission to derive the needful element from rivers, springs, or Artesian wells, but to obtain a constant service of pure, soft water from Bagshot heath, about twenty-five miles south-west of the metropolis. The heath will form a vast 'catching-ground,' and all the rain that falls on it will be collected and distributed for the use and benefit of Londoners, who doubtless will pray for a speedy realisation of the scheme. Connected with this a little sanitary skirmishing is going on, and in some quarters attempts are being made to train up a youthful army of health by means of a newly-published 'Catechism of Sanitation.' Others have something to say about Phillips's 'Fire-annihilator'—a method of putting out fire without the aid of water. The potent element is a gas. For some time past the inventor has set a house on fire every Friday at the Vauxhall gas-works, in presence of a party of spectators, and extinguished it when in full blaze. I went last week to witness the experiment: the effect was instantaneous; the rushing, roaring flames were at once subdued, and the atmosphere in the building became almost immediately respirable, for persons were able to ascend and walk about in the upper floor. This is so far satisfactory; but the best proof of efficacy would be for the inventor to 'annihilate' the next fire that breaks out here in London. A trial of the process just made in the marshes near Woolwich, under the auspices of the Board of Ordnance, has completely failed.

The Board of Visitors of the Greenwich Observatory have made their annual visitation to that noteworthy establishment. Of all the official scientific duties which devolve on our philosophers and others concerned, there is perhaps none less irksome or more agreeable than this. Those who may or can, go down in the Admiralty barge; those who may not or cannot, avail themselves of other conveyances; and so, in one way or another, the president and most eminent fellows of the Royal Society, and gentlemen of the Admiralty, meet at the observatory to the number of about sixty. The astronomer-royal receives them, conducts them over the establishment, reports progress for the past year, and recommends measures for the future. Refreshments are provided in the shape of chocolate, of first-rate quality, and rusks. When the explanations are over, the Board sits in committee to discuss the heavy business, and then on rising they all go away to the hotel, and dine together; and it would be hard to find through all the season a happier union of astronomy and gastronomy, of philosophy and feeding, ethics and edibles, or a more rational display of post-prandial eloquence. The chief point to be noticed in the astronomer-royal's report on this occasion is, that he hopes to have the observatory connected with our system of electric telegraphs, and eventually, when the submarine wires are brought into play, with observatories on the continent, whereby the determination of differences of longitude, and the verifying of astronomical phenomena, will be greatly facilitated.

Talking of astronomy reminds me, as Ralpho says, of something else. Those who are cunning in works of iron, are interested in Sir Francis Knowles's patent for the production of that metal in a highly-improved form. In blast-furnaces as at present constructed, the ore, the flux, and combustibles are all mixed together; the liberated gases of the fuel injure the quality of the iron, and cause great waste in the shape of slag. By the new process the ore will be kept separate from the sulphureous fuel in a compartment contrived for the purpose, in the centre of the furnace, where it will

be in contact with peat only; and in this way the waste will be avoided, and a quality of metal produced equal, it is said, to the best Swedish, or to that obtained by alloy with scrap-iron. The ore to be used for this purpose is found in Cornwall, where it has long been known, but considered as useless; and close by are thousands of acres of peat; so that if the hopes of the patentee be not realised, it will not be for want of available means. If the anticipated results can be attained, our engineering and architectural capabilities will be essentially increased.

The Royal Society have held their annual meeting for the election of fellows, and have voted fifteen new members into their venerable corporation. It is something to be able to write F. R. S. after one's name, and doubtless the triple quintett are happy in the acquired privilege; whether the dozen non-elected candidates will be equally happy is a subject for speculation. We must all, however, bide our time. The Geographical Society also have had their anniversary, which involves a report of progress, a financial statement, and a dinner—a combination which admits of those who are too late for the first two items being in time for the third. It is usual, also, to award a medal to some one who has contributed to our geographical knowledge, and the society have conferred this honour on Colonel Fremont, who, you will remember, was employed by the United States government to explore Oregon and California in several successive expeditions. The Civil Engineers, too, have made a demonstration in a soirée, at which many extraordinary models and works of art were exhibited. Among others, the first Safety-lamp, made by Davy's own hand: the original of an instrument to which all who warm themselves by coal fires are so largely indebted. It consists of a cork, bearing a small piece of slender wax taper, secured in a small circular wooden stand, and surrounded by the cylinder of gauze, about half an inch in diameter, and five inches long, which fits over the upper end of the cork. Nothing can be more simple than this relic of philosophical insight: it gives us, so to speak, the birth of an idea in a visible form.

Now to look abroad a little:—M. Grange has presented a paper to the French Academy, 'On the Causes of Goitre.' This disease, he observes, 'can be developed in any country, and in all places inhabited by man, except on the sea-coasts; its development being independent of poverty, uncleanness, and hereditary disposition, which are accessory causes able only to accelerate or facilitate the disease.' 'Goitre and crétinism,' he states further, 'have so many relations in common between them, that they are to be attributed to the same cause.' This cause, whereby the thyroidal mass becomes developed, consists essentially in potable waters impregnated with magnesia; goitre appears only on magnesian strata, and is altogether unknown, so says M. Grange, on calcareous, cretaceous, and the Jurassic formations, even though surrounded by districts which may be ravaged by this distressing complaint. As a remedy he prescribes common salt iodurated, in small doses.

It is somewhat remarkable that other investigations bearing on the same subject were communicated to the Academy almost simultaneously with the above. Most naturalists are aware that certain aquatic plants, such as water-cress, contain iodine; but M. Chatin has discovered the presence of this mineral in a wide range of vegetable productions: the shepherd's purse, reed mace, or cat's tail, water radish; the greatest proportion in those growing in running water. We are to consider, it appears, that the plants take in the iodine by absorption, it being derived 'from all points of the terrestrial mass, or it accompanies in some form the chlorates with which it is extracted by the washing of the streams. . . . Hence we have the anti-scorfulous and anti-tuberculous properties of certain plants, and the reason why those growing in running water have generally been preferred. And thus is explained why they are eaten as preventives by people who live in countries where goitre is endemic.' It has been suggested also, that by incinera-

tion of the plants, and washing the remains, a solution would be obtained available for all circumstances and localities. This is, however, a subject to be determined by doctors of medicine, from whom it will doubtless receive due attention. They have a subject before them at present, one that excites some interest—a new remedy for worms, the most effectual yet discovered. It is the *cousou*, an Abyssinian plant. Bruce describes it in his travels. The supply of the article in Europe is very small, and in the hands of one individual at Paris, who demands for it no less a sum than thirty-nine francs an ounce. Now one dose, so the practitioners say, requires an ounce, so as yet the remedy is an expensive one; but in these days of competition and enterprise we shall in all likelihood soon have ship-loads of the article at a moderate cost.

M. Recalcati proposes a method of traction to be applied by the side of rivers, canals, marshy lands, and sometimes to railways. It is to be a small canal, in which a syphon, attached to a locomotive, takes up water, and delivers it through the short leg upon a float wheel which gives movement to the whole apparatus. The utility of this plan is not obvious at first sight, and cannot perhaps be judged of apart from the actual working. Next, M. Daubrée, engineer of mines, describes his process for the artificial production of certain species of crystalline minerals, particularly the oxides of tin, titanium, and quartz. This gentleman had observed that veins of tin are accompanied by fluorides or borates of other minerals—chiefly mica, topaz, tourmaline, axinite, &c. He was led to conclude that the arrangement was not fortuitous, but connected with the active cause of the formation of the deposit. Remarking also that the fluoride and borate of tin are volatile, while the oxide of the metal is fixed, he further concluded that tin may have originally been present in its bed as a fluoride, and that by means of double decomposition the oxide of tin and fluorated minerals were formed. He has succeeded in producing crystals in circumstances very analogous to those of nature, in porcelain tubes brought to a white heat. The process consists in causing a simultaneous current of perchloride of tin, or of titanium—according to the subject of the experiment—and of steam, to pass through. A chlorosilicic current thus combined gave minute crystals of quartz. These experiments are described by competent judges as most successful and satisfactory, and as explanatory of some of nature's modes of working, though they offer no opinion on the theory as to whether the high temperature has been produced by volatilising agents or by electricity. One particular appears to be certain: it is that water has played an important part in the transformation.

Among other scientific notabilia worthy of a passing notice is the publication of a quarto volume by M. Heis of Cologne, entitled 'On Periodical Shooting-Stars and the Results of their Appearances, from Ten Years of Observation at Aix-la-Chapelle.' During this period—from 1839 to 1848—the author observed 2651 of such stars. His theory concerning them is, 'that in each periodical appearance two groups at least of meteors can be distinguished, of which each has its peculiar orbit cutting that of the other at an angle more or less open. One of these groups may be considered as constituted of ferruginous particles in powder or mass, while the other would be essentially formed of sulphur. It suffices to admit that the mutual shock or friction of these meteoric substances generates heat; and hence to comprehend that chemical effects would be the result of certain combinations which might take place beyond the limits of the atmosphere, since neither air nor oxygen is necessary to their production.' In this way all the phenomena are accounted for: a current of iron powder traversing a current of sulphur powder produces the long phosphorescent streaks so often witnessed: a meteoric cloud traversed by iron powder causes the nebulous shooting-stars without nucleus which Quetelet has described. Those luminous stars with tails visible

for a longer or shorter time, are the result of a mass of iron crossing a close current of sulphur; and those without tails, by a similar mass penetrating an isolated cloud of sulphur; and when masses of one and the other come into collision, then we have meteors with a zig-zag, broken course and final explosion. The colours of stars are all accounted for by reference to the density of their constituent elements—heat, force, &c.; and the fact of sulphur showers is not to be set down as apocryphal. These, with some discussion as to the causes of curvilinear and rectilinear motion, are the chief points of M. Heis's work, which will doubtless have its share in the elucidation of the phenomena in question.

To this I may add a passage from a communication lately read to the Royal Society, from Mr Richardson, written last January. 'An astronomic phenomenon,' he observes, 'terrified or arrested the attention of the inhabitants of the whole of this coast some two months ago. This was the fall of a shower of aërolites, with a brilliant stream of light accompanying them, and which extended from Tunis to Tripoli, some of the stones falling in the latter city.'

'The alarm was very great in Tunis, and several Jews and Moors instinctively fled to the British consulate, as the common refuge from every kind of evil and danger.'

'The fall of these aërolites was followed by the severest or coldest winter which the inhabitants of Tunis and Tripoli have experienced for many years.'

In Constantinople also and the south of Europe the winter has been extraordinarily severe, which has given rise to the supposition that the season may have been mild in the north, and that our Arctic explorers will find the sea in a favourable condition for their researches. I have more to say, but must stop short here, and keep the overplus till my next.

DISEASE IN CATTLE.

According to Mr Youatt, 'one-tenth of all the lambs and sheep of our island die annually of disease; of cattle, one-fifteenth of their number die annually by inflammatory fever and milk fever, redwater, hoose, and diarrhoea. If, therefore, one-fifteenth of all the cattle of England are annually lost by disease, more than L.5,000,000 worth of cattle perish every year, and with these also die of disease about L.3,500,000 worth of sheep.' In the same article with the above extract, I find the cause of death in 118 cows reported from the records of medical men, and that 72 of that number died of pleuro-pneumonia. It is to be regretted that there is no further report on this subject, as the six months during which these cases are reported are the ones most likely to have the mortality from fungus taint, being from beginning of May to beginning of November. In consequence of what may be considered the increased mortality of the above six months, I will for calculation take one-half as the proportion of mortality for pleuro-pneumonia. This would make the annual loss from that disease alone L.2,500,000, or, taking McCulloch's estimate of the number of cattle in Great Britain—namely, 5,100,000, take a fifteenth of that as the annual mortality, and again take one-half of that fifteenth as the average mortality from pleuro-pneumonia, and we find 170,000 head of cattle cut off annually by that disease.—*The Farmers' Magazine.*

WIT.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the

coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marl.'—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

LOVE'S GIFTS.

FAIN would I wreath with pearls
The waving tresses of thy soft brown hair,
Fading to sunlight on thy shoulders fair;
Or throw of glancing gems an iris bright
Blending in thousand hues of fairy light
O'er that rich fall of curls.

Thy snowy arms I'd clasp
With links of gold so light and delicate,
They'd be a symbol of thy love-bound fate;
And gem-lit rings, whose every ray should tell
Some feeling of his heart who loves thee well,
Thy fingers slight should grasp.

But ah! I may not bring
To thee the offerings of magic gold,
Or in an ancient line thy name enfold;
And yet I would not that my gifts should be
Unworthy the deep love I bear to thee,
My joy of life's sweet spring.

Within my mind I'll seek
To form a wealthy treasure-house for thee;
Where pure and noble things thine eye shall see:
The great and good of other times than ours,
The dwellers in far lands and stranger bowers
Again for thee shall speak.

There thou shalt hear and love
The voices of sweet poets of old times,
Sounding so distantly like memory's chimes;
And glorious forms of knight and warrior,
Whose deeds the fervent spirit gladly stir,
For thee shall live and move.

The sea shall offer thee,
Though not her pearls, yet fairer things than they,
Opening her riches to thy mental eye.
And earth her wondrous history shall unfold,
Pictures of ages long gone by, unrolled,
All marvelling thou shalt see.

The stars shall lend their light
To guide us on in nature's wonder-land,
Darting through vistas glorious and grand;
And thus all musically shall arise
For us the harmony of earth and skies
In silent hours of night.

Thus would I cull for thee
The fruits of genius and the wealth of thought,
Those precious things with highest wisdom fraught.
These will be gifts all beautiful and bright,
And emblems meet, in their unfading light,
Of love's eternity.

C. T.

CLOTHES-WASHING IN CALIFORNIA.

I know a person whose wife made a very handsome sum by washing linen whilst her husband was away at the mines. Think of twelve dollars a dozen, eh! Her husband remained absent somewhere about four weeks, and though he came back with a pretty good 'find,' she, good woman, laughed outright at his gold-washing, for her shirt-washing had realised, during the same period, nearly double the value in dollars of the ore he had found.—*Personal Adventures in California.*

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WHY IS THE SEA SALT?

Why is the sea salt?

What a question!—and what a time and place for it! You never before sat on turf so green as this, Marion—bordering the yellow sands of a bay so small, so delicately curved, so beautiful, so lonely. See, on one hand, but too far off to disturb the idea of solitude—yet near enough to leave unbroken the ties that connect us with the humanities of life—is a little, rustic, old-fashioned town, clustering itself upon a peninsula which stretches eagerly out into the sea, as if determined to obtain by right the name of an island, which it only enjoys by courtesy. On the other hand are the green, swelling shoulders of the bay, behind which we see rising in the clear air some thin filmy smoke, which tells of the nestling place of that beautiful village, with the most beautiful of names—Aberdour. Behind us, secluding and hemming in our little bay from the world, solemn and austere as the convent walls that enclose some charming nun, is a broad belt of forest, traversed by hermit paths, leading to hidden fountains, holy enough to wash away from the soul the foulest stains of the world. And before us, Marion, look at that expanse of calm blue water, whose ripples kiss the yellow sand at our feet, but whose farther edge is lost in a silvery haze, above which rise dim towers and castled steeps, and beyond them shadowy precipices, and a towering seat where King Arthur himself may seem to look down from his throne upon the world of romance!

But why is the sea salt? Tush! Because it licks up the saline particles of the earth it washes; or because there are mountains of rock-salt resembling colossal lumps of sugar-candy in its depths, which melt so gradually that they and the world will be used up together; or for any other nonsensical reason which the ignorance of science pleases. This is not a time or a place for such fables. But if you will have knowledge, let us take it from the men of old, to whom truth was handed down by tradition. How should we know so well as they who were born so much nearer the event? The venerable Edda tells everything in a page that modern philosophy is breaking its heart to get at. It does not take up a tumbler of the water, and hold it to the light, and boil it, and evaporate it, and pretend to discover the secret from the dregs, like an old woman reading a teacup. It relates the circumstances historically, naming distinctly the individuals and the places, and explaining the reasons and the result. What more would you have? Nothing is wanted on the part of the learner but faith. Listen believingly, and you will understand in five minutes how it came to pass that the water of the sea turned salt.

Before the reign of Frodi, a near descendant of Odin, the ocean was fresh; but that powerful king of Got-

land (called in modern times Denmark) was fond of novelties and experiments. In his dominions there were two millstones, the upper and the nether, forming an engine of extraordinary power, if it had been only possible to set it going. No man, however, was strong enough to turn it; and steam not being yet invented, nor even water or wind power, they stood where they were—vast, ponderous, and motionless, a marvel to the country.

The owner of this mill, whose name was Hengikiapt, which signifies Hanging-Chops, presented it to King Frodi, telling him that it possessed the property of grinding out—grist or no grist—anything and everything ordered by the grinder. But the gift was a mere curiosity, only fit to be put up in some public place to be looked at, and wondered at gratis; for nations had not got the length of charging themselves so much a head for seeing their own monuments. So Frodi was little the better for his acquisition, till he had the good fortune to stumble upon the only individuals in the world who could act as millers to these extraordinary stones. This occurred when he was on a visit to the king of Sweden, at whose court he obtained two female slaves, Fenia and Menia by name, who could do—nobody could tell what they could not do.

As soon as he got home he tried them at the mill, and, lo! round went the huge stones, as if by a hundred horse-power.

'Grind gold!' cried he, and Gotland was at once a California.

'Grind tranquillity!' and every man took the pledge, and subscribed to the Peace Society.

'Grind good-luck!' and Frodi might have been taken for a colonial minister, so prudent, so rational, so prosperous did he become all on a sudden. But, alas! the more he got out of his charmed mill, the more he wanted. 'Grind this! grind that! grind the other thing!' was his constant cry. 'Grind, grind!' when he lay down to rest at night; 'Grind, grind!' when he rose in the morning. He made a rule at last that the female slaves should never rest at one time longer than the cuckoo does between his notes. Then sang the female slaves the famous Grotta song which is still known in Scandinavia. It described the services they performed, the ceaseless fatigue they endured, the sleep that every now and then overpowered them at their task, the pain with which they started from a repose not longer than the intervals between the cuckoo's song.

But Frodi was inexorable in his covetousness. 'Grind this! grind that! grind the other thing!' cried he. 'Grind—grind!' And at length the female slaves, finding remonstrance vain, and warning unheeded, ground war and distress. That very night there landed in Gotland a sea-king whose name was Geysing, who

marched direct upon the palace of Frodi, plundered it of its treasures, slew the unhappy king himself, and carrying off the mill and its slaves, set sail with his booty.

Served him right? True, Marion. The lessons of history are never to be despised. For my part I would have been satisfied with grinding gold, peace, good-luck—

Beauty, fashion, power? True; and health, strength, swiftness—

Polkas, operas, dress? Yes; and love, smiles, kisses—

But why is the sea salt? We are just coming to that. Geysing was not satisfied with his treasures any more than Frodi; and he bethought himself of a very valuable commodity which the Phoenicians—who probably dug it out of the earth—were accustomed to exchange with the British islanders for the produce of their country. 'Grind white salt!' cried he. And the slaves laboured, and the mill turned, and the stream of white salt filled the hold. At midnight they asked their taskmaster whether he had enough: but he ordered them to go on grind—grind—grinding; and by the time they reached the Pentland Firth the white salt covered the decks, and began to rise upon the masts. The cargo was too heavy. The ship dipped, and the water she swallowed made it heavier still. They were now in the middle of the firth. The sky was as black as a pall. A low moaning wind swept over the sea. Geysing was frightened; but he thought she would hold a little more. And so she did; but that was the last. She began to go round and round like the mill, and then settled heavily down in the dark waters; and as she disappeared beneath the surface the grinding still went on, and the unearthly song of the slave women mingled with the cries of the drowning king.

Why is the sea salt? That is why the sea is salt. The mill works to this day. If you will listen at the whirlpool called the Swelchie in the Pentland Firth, you will hear its rumbling amid the roaring of the eddies, and understand how the product of that wonderful mill has by this time salted the whole ocean.

This is the only true original legend of the salting of the sea: the others are counterfeits, manufactured by unprincipled monks in the middle ages, who ought to have been prosecuted.

A specimen of their manufacturing, Marion?—of such trash? You are as exacting as Frodi or Geysing either: but if you will have it, here goes.

* Once on a time there were two brothers, one rich, and one poor; and when it came to pass that all men were preparing the Yule feast, the poor brother found himself without a mouthful of food in the house or a penny to purchase it. In this extremity he laid his case before his rich brother, and besought him to give him something, that he and his wife might have wherewithal to make their Christmas meal. The rich brother looked sourly at him, and seemed about to refuse; but at length he tendered him a shank-bone of ham, on condition that the other would do whatever he should desire of him. The promise was made; and then his benefactor, giving him the shank-bone, told him with a bitter smile to go to—

Hush, never mind? Very well. The poor brother went away in dismay, thinking he had far to go, and he asked everybody he met the road to *hush*! The place was not so far off, however, as he thought, nor the way so difficult to find, and he met with many obliging per-

sons who were very willing to direct him. When the shades of evening began to descend, he reached an immense palace illuminated from top to bottom, and he said to himself, Surely this is the place? He was right: for in a shed close by there was an old man with a long white beard splitting wood for the Yule feast, and he told him, in reply to his question, that that was assuredly his destination.

'Go in boldly,' said he, 'for you are not empty handed: you will find many there anxious to buy your bone, and to give a good price for it; but take care that you accept of nothing in exchange but the mill behind the door.'

The poor man accordingly knocked, the door flew open, and a whole legion of the inmates crowded round him, bidding eagerly for his bone.

'Alas!' said he, 'it is the only thing I have that I can call my own; and it was intended to furnish a dinner for my wife and myself to-morrow. But if you must have it you shall, provided you give me in exchange that hand-mill behind the door.'

The gentlemen were at first surprised, then indignant, then grieved. They were free traders. It was their business to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market they could; and although determined to have the shank-bone, they were loath to make so valuable a return. The poor brother, however, was as resolved as they; and the end of it was that the arrangement he insisted upon was agreed to, and he carried away the mill.

'Now what shall I do with this?' said he to the old man as he passed.

'Make it grind you your dinner, or anything you will,' replied the old man.

'And how am I to stop it when I have done grinding?'

'That way!' and he showed him the secret.

It was late ere he got home with so heavy a load; and placing it on the table, he sat down exhausted, and began to wipe his brow.

'And is this all you have got?' said the wife, uncertain whether to scold or to cry. 'What has detained you so long? Did you not know that I had not even two chips of wood in the house to lay across the hearth to boil the Yule pudding? What is the use of a mill with nothing to grind?' In reply to this, her husband merely turned round the mill, ordering what he wanted; and first came out a pair of candles, then a tablecloth, then meat, then beer, and in short everything requisite to furnish a feast.

The wife was amazed, and questioned and cross-questioned her husband about the miracle; but the difficulties in her pursuit of knowledge were insuperable: all his conversation was addressed to the mill, and it was in the words of Frodi—'Grind this! grind that! grind the other thing!' In three days they had a whole houseful of comforts and luxuries; and they then sent to invite their friends and relations to a banquet. When the rich brother came he was ready to expire with envy.

'Where in all the world have you been?' said he.

'I have been behind the door!' replied his brother; and that was all he could get out of him. The other importuned him to sell his mill, coming day after day, and increasing his offer, as he saw it grinding all manner of things; till the possessor, tired of turning it, appeared to relent; and he at length sold the wonderful mill for a large sum of money.

It was night when the mill was delivered to the

rich brother, who on the following morning told his wife to go out and spread the hay after the reapers, promising to prepare breakfast himself. Her back was no sooner turned than he shut the door, placed the mill upon the table, turned it violently round, and trembling with expectation, commanded it to grind herrings and porridge. And the herrings and porridge came till every dish in the house was full. Then the stream overflowed the table, and then the floor; the unskilful miller turning the handle in every possible way to endeavour to stop it. All was to no purpose. On flowed the torrent; and when, afraid of being drowned in the kitchen, he rushed into the parlour, it followed him there, and he had barely time to escape by the window, pursued by an ocean of breakfast. He never stopped till he reached his brother's house.

'Take it back!—take it back!' cried he, 'or the whole parish will be suffocated in herrings and porridge!'

'What will you give me if I take it back?'

A bargain was made; and the cunning grinder, who had foreseen this result, was now a rich man, and had the mill to boot. He built him a house—or rather a palace—on the sea-shore; and in the wantonness of his wealth covered the walls with plates of gold, till it shone far out to sea.

Among the mariners who sailed in near the shore to see this marvel was one whose trade it was to peril his life in carrying through dangerous seas the rock-salt that was then so valuable a commodity.

'Can your mill work salt?' said he.

'That it can,' replied the man of the golden palace. Whereupon the mariner bade higher and higher for the treasure, till its owner reflecting, like a sensible person, that he had already a superfluity of the good things of the world, and that a mill manufactured in a certain place of evil repute must at one time or other work evil to the grinder, consented to sell it for a very large sum of money. The new purchaser, overjoyed at his success, and laughing in his sleeve at the simplicity of the seller, carried off his prize at once, and was no sooner on the open sea than he set up the wonderful mill, and turning it quickly round, commanded it to grind salt. I need not add, Marion, that it obeyed only too well; that it continued to obey long after the bones of its luckless owner were bleaching at the bottom; and that at this moment it still keeps grinding, grinding, with such effect that, notwithstanding the rivers of fresh water it receives, the sea remains salt, and will remain salt for ever.

Not so good as the other? No more it is: but there is a gleam of truth here and there in it for all that. Do you not think, dear friend, that there are times and places when the faith is young and strong—when giants are not monsters, fairies not preternatural, and talismans not impossible? Do you not sometimes feel as if, like the goddess of old, you had bathed in the Fountain of Youth, and returned to the thoughts and associations of your unwithered years? Believe me that fountain is no dream of poetry, no invention of romance. Its waters float in the air you even now inhale; they cool your fevered brow; they reanimate your drooping heart; and, seen through this enchanted medium, the lovely picture before us is a realisation of the visions that once haunted your young bosom of the distant world. But a shade has fallen upon the scene: a stronger breath ruffles here and there, as if with a dream, the slumbers of the Firth; the distant city looms out more sternly from the opposite shore; the clustering

houses on the left have a colder, sharper look; and the filmy smoke of Aberdour rises in heavier masses from the hill. Yes our cloudland is descending, and we with it—but slowly, gently—to mingle with the material earth. Come: our way lies through these forest-paths. But as we go, let us pause every now and then to enjoy a farewell glimpse of the view through the opening trees, to inhale the rich breath of the hawthorn where it hangs over our path, to listen to the trickling waters by our side, and to that faint song from some viewless chorister of the grove,

'And watch the dying notes, and start, and smile!'

But now, Marion, our descent is complete; we have fairly reached the surface of this breathing world, and must forego all these enjoyments to quicken our pilgrim steps.

Why so? Because we shall otherwise be too late for the steamer at Burntisland.

BARON REICHENBACH'S RESEARCHES.*

THE Researches of Baron Reichenbach, which were first made known to the British public about four years ago, in a pamphlet edited by Professor Gregory, are now detailed at full length, and with later additions, in a volume translated from the author's original papers by the same editor, who has prefixed to them an able vindication of Reichenbach's method of procedure. The experiments relate to an influence possessed by material bodies, distinct from any of the forces recognised in physical science, and hitherto unnoticed in the world except among the questionable proceedings of imposture and superstition. The new influence has hitherto escaped detection from its feebleness, or rather from the absence of sensibility to its effects among the great majority of mankind. But if the speculations of Reichenbach be well founded, it is the cause of at least one universally-discerned appearance—namely, the aurora borealis, which has never been accounted for by reference to any of the other natural agencies.

It is not surprising that we should be incredulous about the existence of a power whose effects are revealed only to an individual here and there, such individuals for the most part labouring under diseased nervous sensibility. We are not unwilling to trust to other people's senses in cases where our own senses can recognise the same kind of appearances; but to believe in the existence of what we are utterly incapable of perceiving, is a severe exercise of faith. At all events, we are entitled to require that the evidence should be of the most indubitable kind that the case admits of; we ought to have the very highest security for the good faith of the witnesses. Now, the characteristic distinction of the present investigations is their being conducted by a man of science according to the very same strict rules and methods as have been applied so successfully to the determination of regular laws in other departments of nature. On this point, from the attestations of Professor Gregory, there can be no sort of doubt.

In a previous number of this Journal† we called attention to this subject by presenting some extracts

* Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallisation, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force. By Karl Baron Von Reichenbach, Ph. Dr. Translated and Edited, at the express desire of the Author, with a Preface, Notes, and Appendix, by William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor. 1850.

† No. 115, new series.

from the 'Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science' of that day, which gave an abstract of Reichenbach's first paper. As the author has since then not merely amended that paper, but has published a second, embracing a wide extension of his researches on one part of the subject, we are enabled now to offer a much more full and explicit account of the new department of science thus called into being.

We shall first quote the author's own statement of the primary observation lying at the root of his researches:—

'The time-honoured observation, that the magnet has a sensible action on the human organism, is neither a lie, nor an imposture, nor a superstition, as many philosophers now-a-days erroneously suppose and declare it to be, but a well-founded fact, a physico-physiological law of nature, which loudly calls on our attention. It is a tolerably easy thing, and everywhere practicable, to convince ourselves of the accuracy of this statement; for everywhere people may be found whose sleep is more or less disturbed by the moon, or who suffer from nervous disorders. Almost all of these perceive very distinctly the peculiar action of a magnet, when a pass is made with it from the head downwards. Even more numerous are the healthy and active persons who feel the magnet very vividly; many others feel it less distinctly; many hardly perceive it; and finally, the majority do not perceive it at all. All those who perceive this effect, and who seem to amount to a fourth or even a third of the people in this part of Europe, are here included under the general term "Sensitives."'

The sensations thus perceived are of two kinds. One kind are analogous to the feelings of heat and cold, but not identical with these. A *cool* magnetic feeling is at the same time refreshing and comfortable, a source of the greatest delight and enjoyment to the sensitive patient. It is like a fresh cooling breeze after the oppression of sickly warmth, and is evidently of the nature of a wholesome genial stimulus to the whole nervous system. The nervous current which it induces must be in the same direction as the currents that sustain the vital functions; it is, in fact, a reinforcement of the living energies dependent on the nervous system. The feeling of *warmth*, on the other hand, is a feeling of a distressing and uncomfortable kind. It seems connected with an action against the grain, an obstruction to the healthy stream of life. When intense and continued, it produces a severe sense of oppression and stupefaction, going on to fits and convulsions, and giving all the evidences of being extremely unfavourable to the human system. The apparent warmth is thus a sickly, oppressive, and unwholesome warmth, and every sensitive person requires to be protected from the peculiar influence that imparts it, and to be subjected if possible to the influence that causes the opposite feeling of refreshing coolness.

The second class of sensations are those of sight, including luminous flames, sparks, smoke, glow, and varied colours. Sensitive persons can in a dark room see all these appearances about a magnet, or any of the other bodies that have the same power. Baron Reichenbach has investigated these luminous effects with such an amount of care and precision that he can render a distinct and accurate account of each of them; and some of his results we shall be able to lay before our readers.

With reference now to the objects causing these two classes of sensations, the foremost, as already observed, is the magnet in all its forms—natural loadstone, artificial magnet, electro magnet, and lastly, the earth.

If we take a *magnetic bar*, and present the north pole to the body of a sensitive person, and with that pole make downward passes from head to foot (withdrawing the magnet when raising it again, so as to avoid an up-

ward pass), we shall produce the cool and comfortable sensation; we thereby communicate a nervous current, genial and favourable, to the powers of life. But if with the same pole we make exclusively upward passes, we produce the warm and oppressive sensation, or engender a conflict with the healthy activities of the system. This pole, the so-called north pole of the magnet, because its magnetism is the same as the north magnetic pole of the earth, Reichenbach proposes to call *negative*, as respects the new force, the cause of these sensations. If the south pole of the magnet is used, the effects are exactly opposite: the downward pass is warm, the upward cold, and the pole is denominated the *positive* pole as regards this action. The force itself has been termed *ODYLE* by the author of these researches—and consequently north magnetism he styles *odylo-negative*; and south magnetism, *odylo-positive*.

Such are the respective sensations made by moving up and down the two poles of the magnet. We have no reason to be surprised at this effect after what has been already established on the subject of magnetism. It was a fact ascertained by Faraday, that if a magnet is moved along a wire, it will induce a current of common electricity in that wire; and knowing, as we do, the susceptibility of the human nerves to electric currents, we cannot but admit the possibility, and even the unavoidableness of imparting electric currents to the nerves by magnetic passes. But here the parallelism ceases. Motion is essential to the production of electric currents by a magnet; motion is not essential to the production of odylic sensations, pleasurable or painful. Odylo, therefore, cannot be mere electricity caused by induction from a magnet: it is a power arising from a magnet in circumstances where electricity is not developed. For this, as well as for many other reasons, the new force, although inherent in all magnets, is not magnetism as usually understood; it is not the force that enables magnets to attract iron, and to develop electric currents by Faraday's magneto-electric machinery.

We have said that magnets exert the odylic power even without being passed up and down; the following are the facts to prove the assertion:—If a magnet is placed in the right hand of a sensitive person, it produces one or other of the two sensations according to the direction given to it: if the north pole points up the arm, the cool agreeable sensation is felt; if the south pole is so placed, the feeling is of the warm and painful sort. The earth's magnetism likewise affects the feelings of odylic sensitives. Their most agreeable position in bed is with the head to the north and feet to the south; a less agreeable position is with the feet to the north and the head to the south; but it seems that the worst position of all is with the head to the west and the feet to the east. This peculiarity is in part explained by the constitution of the human body itself in reference to odylic currents. It will be seen afterwards that the human system is one of the sources of odylic power, and that the two hands are the points where the power is strongest. An axis of power lies across the body, having the two hands for its poles, and the circulation by this axis is more intense than by the axis of the body itself from head to foot. Now when the patient lies west and east, the right hand is towards the south and the left hand to the north; but this is in opposition to the directions that give the pleasant feeling, for the right hand ought to be north and the left hand south. It must, however, be admitted that this portion of the subject, with reference to the concurrence of the currents from a magnet without and from the body within, is not made so clear as could be desired.

To show decisively that it is not to magnetism exclusively that this new force belongs, Baron Reichenbach proceeds next to point out the efficiency of *crystals* in causing the same feelings and sensations. When he took a large crystal of a pure and homogeneous structure—calcareous spar or rock crystal, for example—and

stroked a sensitive person with it, the same feelings of coolness or warmth were produced according to the end used. When laid in the hand of an extremely susceptible patient, it excited involuntary contraction, attracted the hand, caused it to become clenched, and to grasp the crystal with a spasm. The line of force lies along the optic axis of the crystal, and the opposite ends of the axis have opposite polar effects. Thus the odyle force is something common to magnets and pure crystals. Irregular crystals, such as granular crystalline limestone, compact quartz, or loaf sugar, are inert, evidently in consequence of their irregularity; that is, they are made up of a mass of small crystals not in line, but pointing in all directions, and having thus no one uniform axis of power. The evolution of light during the process of crystallisation is a fact long recognised by chemists, and may be connected with the luminosity which they present to sensitive patients.

The property of crystallisation being thus associated with odyle manifestations, it became desirable to ascertain if there were any other of the permanent peculiarities of material bodies that yielded the same power. After experimenting with many hundreds of different substances, the author came to the conclusion that *bodies possessed of strong chemical affinities* had, by virtue of this endowment, odyle characters. The odyle power is thus a pretty general property of matter, associated in the first place with the crystalline structure, and in the second place with the chemical character of bodies. Crystals, like magnets, are *polar*—each individual crystal having both kinds of force lodged within itself: but the bodies that act in virtue of their chemical affinities possess only one of the kinds. It is to be remarked that this new force, associated with crystallisation and chemical affinity, is manifested while these powers are dormant. It seems to inhere, like gravitation, in dead matter; forming a contrast to heat, which is not produced except by a course of rapid changes in the structure of bodies.

This last remark is needed to clear the way for the exposition of the other sources of odyle which we have now to allude to—namely, *heat, light, electricity, and chemical and vital action*. These properties belong to matter, not its dead inactive state, but in the changes that it undergoes, and during the progress of those changes.

According to Reichenbach, a body heated above its natural temperature communicates the cool sensation, while ice produces in an intense degree the warm unpleasant feeling. There is thus a marked contrast between the ordinary sensation of temperature and the extraordinary sensation developed in addition, and felt by sensitives to the magnetic and crystalline force.

Light has the same effect as high heat: it produces coolness. On this head the author gives the following experiment:—'When in bright daylight I brought a lighted wax candle near to Mademoiselle Maix, she perceived a peculiar coolness caused by it. Several candles increased this coolness, so that it pervaded her whole person. I removed, step by step, the candles to the end of two adjoining rooms, together twenty-four feet long. The coolness was at this distance much diminished, but still in some degree perceptible. She described it as obviously analogous to that produced by a wire, the end of which was in sunshine. This observation, which to herself was quite unexpected, led her to remember that, in attending certain ceremonies of the Catholic church at certain periods, and which consist in powerful illumination at night by means of hundreds of wax candles—as in the illumination of the representation of the sepulchres of saints, &c.—she had never been able to hold out. The lights had invariably so chilled her—to the marrow of her bones, as she expressed it—that she was compelled to leave the church. Now, Mademoiselle Maix has suffered during nearly the whole of her life, in a less degree, from the disease which has now become so severe, and is to be regarded as a born sensitive, who

was subject to the sensations peculiar to that state at every period of her life, even when she seemed healthy, and was able to walk about. This peculiar effect on her of light from distances at which the radiant heat could only have been very feeble indeed, producing, besides, an action on the nerves exactly opposite to that of heat, was strongly felt by her at all times, and at a period when no one suspected that it could indicate any morbid state.'

Knowing the connection between magnetism and *electricity*—they being in fact one and the same power in different circumstances—it was to be expected that both would have like properties in reference to odyle, and accordingly such was found to be the case. Electrified surfaces produced the same feelings as magnets, crystals, &c.

The same remark applies to *chemical action*, which, being a source of heat, electricity, and magnetism, is therefore in all probability a direct agent in causing odyle effects. On the experiment being made, the fact became apparent beyond a doubt.

'To determine this point,' says the author, 'I took a glass of water, dissolved in it bicarbonate of soda, introduced the end of a copper wire five feet long into it, gave the other end to Mademoiselle Maix, laid a pinch of powdered tartaric acid on the edge of the glass, and when her hand was accustomed to the wire, sprinkled the acid into the solution. As soon as the decomposition began, the same sensation of warmth, followed by coolness, was perceived as when I touched the end of the wire with my ten fingers, with the point of a large crystal, or with a bar magnet. It became so strong that it produced flushing of the face. It continued uniformly as long as the action lasted, and ceased when it stopped.'

Having satisfactorily determined the odyle power of chemical action, the author introduces the case of *vital action*, and shows that odyle is developed in the processes of digestion and assimilation. By its connection in this manner with the blood, he explains the influence of the human hand upon sensitive patients, which, at a very early period of his researches, he had found to possess the same powers as the magnet and crystals. By making passes with his right hand, he could produce the very same effects as with the north pole of a magnet; likewise the luminosity apparent at the extremities of the magnet was observed streaming from the fingers of any person in the room. In some persons the odyle force of the hand is much more powerful than in others, no doubt depending on the totality of the chemical and vital processes going on in the system, and to some extent measuring their energy. It was found that the odyle force of an individual varied greatly from time to time, and went through a regular series of variations every twenty-four hours; being greatest two or three hours after noon, and least at the corresponding hour in the night. The author exhibits those variations in a curve, and endeavours to draw inferences from them as to the proper hours of eating, working, and sleeping.

We must, however, pass on to the remaining sources of odyle—namely, the sun, moon, and stars. The *sun* is found to give the odyle-negative or cooling influence, while the *moon* gives the warm disagreeable influence. As lunatics are of all other persons the most susceptible to odyle, the baron has no difficulty in ascribing to its influence the action of the moon on this class. From the contrasted peculiarities of the sun and moon, coupled with some direct observations on the influence of the starry sky, he makes a generalisation to the effect, that bodies shining by their own light—such as the *stars*—are odyle-negative, or cool and agreeable; while bodies shining by reflected light—as the *planets*—are odyle-positive. But light in general, as has been seen, including artificial lights, has odyle power.

For the present, we can only further advert to the transmissibility of odyle by wires, and the surfaces of many substances. A glass of water can be charged by a magnet, by the hand, or simply by standing in the

light. The influence, subtle as it is, is also found to be liable to the same laws of radiation as heat. These are curious facts, and seem to point to strange mysteries connected with the human constitution which remain to be found out.

RESIDENCE OF ADAM SMITH.

MANY who hear of the great economical work of Dr Adam Smith know little of its history, or of the character and circumstances of its author.

Very unlike the literary productions of modern days, it was the result of *ten years' labour*. It was not merely written during ten years of a man's life, the product of occasional application or of leisure hours. Smith, who was a quiet bachelor, living with an aged mother, and wholly a being of study, retired from the busy haunts of men to write this book, and was *completely occupied by it* for ten years. Such, we suspect, is the true way to make great books and consequently great and enduring reputations.

The retreat of Smith during these ten years was his mother's house, in the seaport town of Kirkcaldy, on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, opposite to Edinburgh. He could here see the busy capital, where lived his friends Hume, Blair, Robertson, and others; but he seldom went thither. Having been born in Kirkcaldy and brought up at its grammar school, he had some old friends of youthful days there, and with them he maintained a little intercourse. Beyond this he was almost a hermit. The space occupied by his remarkable labours was from the year 1766 to 1776, when the work was published, at which time the author was fifty-three years of age.

A stranger, passing through the long rambling town of Kirkcaldy, will very probably observe, inscribed over an entry or alley, 'DR ADAM SMITH'S CLOSE.' He may here see the house, and even the room, where this great work was concocted. About twenty years ago, the following account of the residence of Smith was written by a gentleman of Kirkcaldy in obedience to an inquiry which had been addressed to him:—

'The house in Kirkcaldy which was inhabited by Dr Smith, his mother, and Miss Douglas, a cousin, is a house of three storeys, situated on the south side of the street (nearly opposite the shop of Mr Cumming, bookseller), now the property of the heirs of Michael Beveridge, haberdasher. About the centre of the front is a close or entry by which you pass in ascending to the second and third storeys. At the extremity of the close is a large court or open area in rear of the house. On the east or left side of this court is a building at right angles to the front building, locally denominated a *back jamb*. This back jamb contains the staircase by which you ascend to the second and third storeys, and also several apartments. Dr Smith occupied the third storey of the house, and his study was the southernmost room of the back jamb, a room I estimate (I visited it to-day) about fourteen feet by ten, having one window looking into the back court, and another in the gable or south wall of the back jamb looking towards the sea. The fireplace is in the gable. Between the fireplace and the side of the window is a space of about three feet: there stood the doctor's chair; and here he sat by the fire, the one knee over the other, reclining

his right shoulder against the wall, dictating his immortal work to his amanuensis, Rob Reid, who sat on the opposite side of the fireplace at a small table fronting the doctor. Dr Smith wore a tie-wig, and when sitting in the position I have described, in deep meditation, he frequently leaned his head against the wall, by which, in process of time, the paper of the wall became stained by the pomatum on his wig. This stain or mark remained on the wall for many years after Dr Smith left Kirkcaldy, but is now no longer visible. The house became the property of Andrew Cowan, merchant in Kirkcaldy, who carefully preserved the greasy mark upon the wall during his life. After his death the property passed into the possession of one who, though he knew sufficiently well the practice of amassing wealth, knew little of the principles developed in the "Wealth of Nations," and cared as little for this curious relic of its celebrated author. The room has been divested of its antique papering, and along with it the greasy mark of the philosopher's wig. The curious old mantelpiece has been replaced by one of more recent fashion, and the room itself is disjoined from the third storey by a partition; the entrance to it is now by a stair from the second storey.

'I cannot say I ever saw this mark myself, but several gentlemen who knew Dr Smith, and who were well acquainted with the position of the mark, have pointed it out to me as I have now described it. I have some doubt that Mr Fleming has been deceived by his memory in stating that he has *seen* the mark. I have a distinct recollection of having visited the room a number of years ago along with the late James Sibbald, M.D., and some others, of whom perhaps Mr Fleming was one, when we attempted a subscription for a bust of Dr Smith, which, to the disgrace of Kirkcaldy, could not be effected, and at that time I know the mark was obliterated.

'I presume you are aware that Dr Smith's father was comptroller of customs in Kirkcaldy. His mother was of the family of Douglas of Strathenny in Fife, and the doctor stood in the relation of grand-uncle to the present Robert Douglas, Esq. of Strathenny. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of Kirkcaldy, under the tuition of David Millar, a celebrated teacher of that period. A gentleman now in Kirkcaldy, whose father was a class-fellow of Smith's at Kirkcaldy school, states to me, on the authority of his father, that when at school he displayed no superiority of intellect to his contemporaries, but his mind always kept hold of whatever it acquired; that he never cordially joined in any of the pastimes or youthful frolics of his schoolfellows, but after school hours went his way quietly home. Whether this proceeded from a natural disinclination to schoolboy amusements, or whether his delicate constitution prevented him from taking part in the games of his more robust schoolfellows, my informant cannot say. It was during the time that he was professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow that he composed his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. He left his chair in Glasgow to travel with the Duke of Buccleuch (grandfather of the present duke), who settled an annuity on the doctor. It was after his return from the continent with the duke, and before his appointment in the customs, that he composed his "Wealth of Nations." It is generally understood that he contemplated this work some years before this period, and had digested an outline of his subject; but when he came to prepare the work for the press, he found it would be more convenient to have an amanuensis to

* The original letter from which these extracts are made has been found among the papers of a lady lately deceased. Being without an envelope, we know not to whom it was addressed. It may have been published before, but we deem this not likely.—Ed.

transcribe for him. For this purpose he engaged Robert Reid, a weaver in Linktown, to attend him in the evening, after he had finished his daily labour at the loom. In pursuance of this plan, Rob, who wrote a fair hand, attended the doctor in the evening, and wrote out the cogitations of the day. To give you some idea of the care and attention bestowed by the author upon his subject, I am informed by a gentleman here that Rob Reid has assured him that he (Reid) "is certain that he wrote the 'Wealth of Nations' fifty times over before it was printed." Making even a large allowance for exaggeration in this assertion, sufficient remains to prove that the author had been at very great pains to render the work complete; and the character of the work justifies the pains he had taken.'

Dugald Stewart, in his memoir of Smith, relates a curious anecdote of his infancy. 'An accident which happened to him when he was about three years old, is of too interesting a nature to be omitted in the account of so valuable a life. He had been carried by his mother to Stratherry, on a visit to his uncle, Mr Douglas, and was one day amusing himself alone at the door of the house, when he was stolen by a party of that set of vagrants who are known in Scotland by the name of tinkers. Luckily he was soon missed by his uncle, who, hearing that some vagrants had passed, pursued them with what assistance he could find, till he overtook them in Leslie Wood, and was the happy instrument of preserving to the world a genius which was destined not only to extend the boundaries of science, but to enlighten and reform the commercial policy of Europe.'

It is not unworthy of remark, that Smith was one of the many instances which could be brought forward against the too gallant theory that men possessing extraordinary genius are chiefly indebted for it to their mothers. While the mother of Smith was an ordinary woman, the talents of his father had been evinced by his being raised from the duties of an ordinary writer to the signet to be private secretary to the Secretary of State for Scotland. The father, however, having died before the son was born, Smith was indebted to his mother for the care which brought him through a sickly infancy, and for much domestic happiness during the long period of sixty-one years that she was spared to him.

Adam Smith enjoyed the dignified situation of a Commissioner of the Customs in Scotland for the last fifteen years of his life, and during this time he lived in Edinburgh. The house he occupied still exists in the Canongate, but is much altered, besides being vulgarised by the neighbourhood of an iron-foundry. It used to be called Panmure House, having been originally the town mansion of the Earl of Panmure, who was forfeited for his concern in the rebellion of 1715.

It is interesting to know respecting Adam Smith, that he was an artless, unworldly man, of perfect purity of life, and extraordinary benevolence. As a consequence of his so exclusive devotion to study, he was remarkable for absence of mind, and for a habit of speaking to himself. It is a veritable anecdote told of him in Edinburgh, that a fishwoman was impressed by his uncouth manner and his loud mutterings as he passed along the street, with the idea that he was a lunatic, remarking pathetically to a companion, 'And he's weel put on too;' that is, well-dressed—her sense of the calamity being greatly increased by its contrast with his obvious good circumstances. He lived very inexpensively—being, as he himself remarked, 'a beau only in his books.' It therefore gave surprise that at his death he did not leave much money. The explanation at length appeared, in various cases which came to light, making it certain that he had been in the practice of giving large sums in charity, though with such modesty that the fact was not suspected in his lifetime.

So kind, gentle, self-devoting, and inoffensive was the philosopher to whom was vouchsafed the first clear insight into the principles which rule the great material interests of man in society.

MOHALLET ABOU ALI; OR THE INHOSPITABLE VILLAGE.

THERE are two different modes of ascending the Nile, according as travellers are in a hurry, or leisurely disposed. In the first case, you must be in a perpetual conflict with the captain of your boat and the crew; you must coax or bully, promise or threaten; you must be up with the first streak of day, and see that there is a due supply of loaves on board, that one of the men has not gone ashore on the understanding that he is to be waited for on the next reach, and that none of the tackle wants mending; you must take care that a sufficient number of hands go to the tracking-rope; you must be deaf to the thousand reasons urged for stopping at every village, where some one is sure to have a friend or a relation; and you must storm and rave if the boat runs a-ground until it is got off again. At least this is the system adopted, whether from necessity or not. I have made such a trip once, and never wish to do so again, for the celerity gained is but comparative. Unless a good wind serves, your progress must, after all, be slow, and there is a great deal of bustle and annoyance without any corresponding advantage.

I always preferred the other way of going to work, especially in my excursions along the shores of the Delta. The object was not so much to leave so many villages and so many palm-woods in the rear, as to escape from absolute repose. A few hours' sail suffice to reveal all the variety of which the landscape is susceptible. There are no new prospects to expect, no new points of view to attain. The same kind of country spreads on all sides in its vast monotonous tranquillity. Plain and wood, wood and plain, succeed and resemble one another; the village you reach is the counterpart of the one you have quitted; and the same white tomb seems constantly gleaming from the same copse. Even the river, with its islands, its creeks, its tortuous branches, its lake-like expanses, its sombre eddies and shining shallows, appears to take a delight in repeating itself. The eye is perpetually recognising characteristics it had before observed. The long rows of birds that are seen each morning on the edge of some vast sandbank, make their appearance again in the evening, as if the current had refused to permit an ascension, and kept the boat all day in the same place. The sky has an aspect equally unchanging with the earth: the sun glares down from dawn to eve in unsullied brightness; it rises from the horizon unattended by clouds, and sinks, when its course is run, in a vapourless west.

Yet it must not be supposed that this want of striking variety introduces any sense of weariness into the mind. There is something in the climate of Egypt that disposes one not to seek for violent contrasts, but to allow with pleasure the approach of such ideas only as impress themselves by almost imperceptible degrees. I was always happy on the Nile, always content with myself and with the world. In the absence of the excitement created in other countries by the perpetual alternation of hill and valley, of rocky or wood-lined vias opening and shutting in on either hand, of ruin-crowned rocks or shadowy hollows, of torrents dancing in the sunshine, or lakelets sleeping beneath the umbrage of outstretched branches—I found pleasure in watching the little accidents that diversified, to an attentive eye, the scene that at first appeared so monotonous. Seated on the roof of the cabin, I endeavoured to become acquainted with the outline of every palm-grove, the peculiar beauties of every minaret, the dimensions of every tomb, the direction of every canal. I traced the progress of little caravans as they wound

along the embankments; I marked the varieties of the aspect, or the progress of the river in eating away its banks, or devouring little islands, or creating others. There was always something to see and notice: here a drove of buffaloes immersing their huge bulk in the water; there a number of camels and asses with their owners waiting for a ferry-boat; now a flight of pigeons; then a legion of aquatic birds. The variety in the craft afloat is great, from the vast unwieldy *dahabieh*, with its house-like cabin, and lofty prow, and sails more than a hundred feet in length, to the little canoe impelled by a square yard of canvas.

We had left Fouah early in the morning, and by taking advantage sometimes of a light breeze that came sighing across the waters, sometimes of the tracking-rope, had made about a dozen miles, when the *reis* (captain) with a complacent air announced that, satisfied with the day's work, he meant to stand over to a village that was in view on the western bank, and lie to for the night. As we had no particular object in hurrying on, we might have submitted quietly to this lazy plan, had he not, with true Arab loquacity, proceeded to give fifty reasons for a delay. At the third or fourth we stopped him, and announced our determination to proceed. He had unconsciously furnished us with an object, excited our imaginations, whetted our curiosity. Unfortunate man! he did not know that it is the weakness of the European in his travels to seek rather than to avoid danger: so he told us that if we passed on, the breeze that was beginning to crisp the surface of the river would bear us about night to Mohallet Abou Ali, a village celebrated for inhospitality, where strangers were always insulted, ill-treated, sometimes robbed and murdered.

'This is delightful!' said my companion. 'I am not quite so Oriental as you, and confess that this indolent *keyf* was beginning to be wearisome. A village of robbers will be an agreeable episode.'

'I agree with you,' replied I, 'for you exaggerate my Orientalism. It is true I feel an ineffable sense of well-being in this dreamy kind of life—that the rocking of the boat and the splashing of the waters, and the lazy contemplation of this beautiful country as it steals by, produce sensations sufficiently keen to occupy my mind; but I am not yet insensible to the spur of novelty, and our *reis* has succeeded in rousing me. Ho! then, for Mohallet Abou Ali!'

And the boat, which had already begun to incline towards the village on the opposite bank, resumed its former direction; the breeze filled our vast sail; we turned a long, low point; the breeze increased; the waves began to rise; the breeze became a gale; and on we went, until, a little after sunset, we reached a long, low shore, where two or three boats made fast announced the neighbourhood of a village.

The short twilight of the East was already nearly over. All was dim and uncertain; the river passed like a vast phantom, the skirts just rustling against the shadowy banks; at some distance inland we could distinguish a pile of buildings, dark and sombre, which we judged to be the village, rising at the extremity of the vast flat, alongside which we were moored. The boats near us were deserted; save one, in the cabin of which we could discern a figure going through the evolutions of prayer. All was silent. Our crew seemed oppressed with fear, and spoke in an undertone. None of them seemed inclined to land; but they all sat before the mast in a circle, deploring no doubt the rashness which had brought them into so dangerous a position. Suddenly we heard in the distance a noise, as if some huge marine monster was beating the river with its paws. It came nearer and nearer, and presently rounding a point, a huge flaming eye came in sight! It was a steamer from Cairo; and she soon vanished in the gloom.

The tea passed in silence, but the prospect of a visit to the inhospitable village still retained its seduction; and duly armed with our pipes, we were soon traversing

the flat, followed by the trembling Ahmed. After a couple of hundred yards, we found our feet sinking in the mud, and by stooping down, discerned a broad expanse of water before us. We beat a retreat, and again and again tried our luck, but each time were stopped by the same obstacle. We said it was disagreeable, but Ahmed declared that it was fortunate: that it was better to return and sleep in the boat, and that we could explore the village in the morning. Necessity was about to force us to adopt this plan, when we discerned half-a-dozen men approaching us armed with spears or staves, we could not tell which. They asked us gruffly what we were doing there; but on our saying that we wished to go to the coffee-house, offered to point out the road.

'Do not go,' whispered Ahmed; 'you see they have come out armed to attack us.'

We had no faith, however, in robbers, and followed our guides, who took us to a kind of ford, and introduced us safely into the sombre streets of the village. This done, they returned towards the river, leaving us in some uncertainty whether or not they were actuated by evil intentions. Ahmed strongly advised us to return and defend our property; but we urged that there would probably be as much difficulty as before in finding the ford. So we continued to grope along through the darkness, much astonished at perceiving no lights, and not the trace of a human being. At length, however, we heard a murmur of voices down a narrow lane; and led by this, reached a low door, through the interstices of which a dim light gleamed. We knocked, and were admitted into a spacious coffee-house crammed with people, who, as they expressed no surprise at seeing us, probably expected our arrival. It was at once evident that there was something peculiar in the character of the inhabitants of Mohallet Abou Ali. Nobody returned our greetings with cordiality; some affected not to hear them; a few responded merely by an uncivil stare. It was with difficulty we procured a seat; and when we did so, it was very far from the seat of honour, usually conceded in all Egyptian villages to a stranger, of no matter what creed.

This reception was far from being of good augury, but we had come with a determination to be agreeable to ourselves and others. We offered pipes and tobacco, which, though reluctantly accepted by some, constrained evidently the good-will of others. This supplied us with an idea, and we diplomatically resolved at all events to create a party in our favour. By degrees the host, who had received us with contemptuous indifference, began to relax as he counted the cups of coffee we ordered; and Ahmed, who had at first sat on the ground moody and uneasy, bestowed approving glances upon us, and collecting his Italian, said, 'Buono, buono, signori!' The evil-disposed, meanwhile, who had evidently endeavoured to prepare us a disagreeable reception, finding that they were reduced to a minority, sat in gloomy groups on one side, principally collecting round an Arnaout soldier, who twisted his moustache most ferociously.

Presently a young man began to sing the song 'Doos, y a lellee!' once so popular in Egypt, but now replaced in the great towns by more modern productions. Upon this Ahmed, who piqued himself on being a connoisseur, could not restrain a show of contempt, and continuing his reflection in Italian, said, 'Ma è buono perquesti porchi!' ('But it is good enough for these hogs!')

'Hogs! Who are hogs?' inquired the Arnaout, who understood the single word, looking inexpressibly vicious at Ahmed.

Ahmed offered an explanation, and the song proceeded. It was terribly long; the singer did not spare us a single quaver or a single repetition; and his hearers applauded enthusiastically at every line. The scene was a curious one to behold. A large room, with doors and windows closed, was but half-lighted by a small oil-lamp that swung by a cord from the ceiling. In one corner was a little square place, partly divided

off, that served as kitchen and office, where all the utensils connected with the establishment are kept—as pipes, shishkes, coffee-pots, zerfs, frizans, &c. including a large jar of water. The glare of a charcoal fire illuminated the face of a one-eyed, half-naked waiter, who superintended the cooking operations; whilst the master bustled about, serving and receiving payment. The company was disposed around on divans, or in the centre of the apartment on little seats of palm-wood. It was easy to distinguish the notabilities of the place. The Sheik-el-Beled, who should have performed the duties of hospitality towards us, sat apart in voluntary obscurity. He was hesitating between the prejudices of his people and fear of the displeasure of a Frank. Near him were two or three Fellahs of the better class, in turbans and clean blue shirts, probably small proprietors; there were also a few shopkeepers—the dealer in tobacco, who discoursed learnedly on *troubak*; the clothier, who made a voyage to Cairo or Alexandria four times a year to renew his stock; the barber, who was easy to be recognised by his loquacity; and the indigo dyer, who was still blue from top to toe. The remainder were for the most part ordinary labourers, with the exception of the *Arnaout*, and a few captains of boats or common sailors. This collection of *tarbooshes* (turbans), *libdehs* (felt caps), and *takiahs* (white skull-caps)—of faces bearded or unbearded, sallow or brown, scowling or jovial—of jackets, shawls, blue shirts, or blue trousers, and naked legs—of pipes of all dimensions—of wreaths or clouds of smoke—would have formed, beneath the dim gleam of the centre light, an admirable subject for a painter, especially as the singer, who had taken up his position near the door, formed a point of attraction for all eyes.

I really forget how the harmony of the scene was disturbed. It could not have been the tea; it could not have been the excitement of the adventure with the steamer; it may have been indignation at the scowling glances now and then directed by some bigoted group towards us; it may have been fatigue at the length of the song; it may have been something else—mere exuberance of health, for example—but I think I remember, whilst the inhospitables were venting their admiration somewhat impiously at a passage more licentious than usual by a sonorous 'Ullah!' that a joke was uttered by one of us that tickled our fancies so extremely, that a peal of inextinguishable laughter, rising by degrees into a perfect crow of delight, burst forth. All was immediately confusion. Black beards shook, white teeth gleamed, round eyes flashed, everybody rose, and it will easily be imagined that we rose also. The time for retreat was come, but we found the door by which we had entered blocked up by a crowd of the most infuriated. We paid what we owed; and amidst a perfect Babel of voices, made our exit in another direction, leaving the anger of the Arabs to evaporate, as it usually does, in exclamations and oaths. We found ourselves in a kind of bazaar, perfectly deserted, and had some difficulty in making our way out. Succeeding at length, we returned towards the boat, but soon perceived that we were pursued by a number of men armed with long sticks. Their courage had got up as soon as we disappeared, and the most fanatic had no doubt made dreadful vows of punishment against the irreverential infidels. 'We shall all be killed!' said Ahmed. 'Let us run to the boat, and get the guns!' We judged it better to wait for the pursuers, who, perceiving that we turned back tranquilly towards them, came to a halt. One or two approached, and I asked them if they had any fowls to sell. The question was received as a good joke, and raised a laugh, under cover of which we crossed the ford, and walked across the flat in the direction of the tall masts which we could dimly see in a line along the shore. The valiant 'Mohallet-Abou-Allians,' as we described them, remained talking furiously together for some time; but they did not approach, and at length returned no doubt to their coffee-house to anathematise us.

The instructive part of this adventure did not escape me. I reflected that it was both imprudent and improper to shock the prejudices and show any contempt for the customs of the people in whose country one travels; and profiting by my experience, I never afterwards, in any village, whether reputed inhospitable or not, met with the same reception as at Mohallet Abou Ali.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS AND LONDON THEATRES.

THE relation in which the journals and theatres of London stand towards each other involves many curious particulars, which are liable to be very imperfectly understood by all but the initiated. We propose endeavouring to give an impartial and dispassionate view of it.

It is not an imperative law, but it is something like an imperative custom, for every theatre in the metropolis to give a free admission for two to every metropolitan journal. It sometimes happens that a newspaper, choosing to indulge in a series of bitter diatribes against a particular theatre, has its orders stopped; but instances are rare, and such feuds are in general soon patched up. The rule adopted by the manager of the two most flourishing theatres in London is to accord a double free admission to any literary or political journal of a year's standing. Some such restriction as this is absolutely necessary to prevent a theatre from being deluged by the nominees of the scores of trumpery, catchpenny journals which spring daily up in mushroom swarms only to wither and die after a few weeks of struggling existence. We believe, indeed, that previous to the rule of a year's existence being more or less acted upon, not a few quasi-theatrical journals were started for the express purpose of getting orders—the produce of the sale of these admissions forming the chief revenue of the paper; at the present time, however, the vast majority of newspapers writing orders are established and respectable prints.

At first sight, the number of persons thus nightly admitted free may appear to be a very serious pull upon the treasury of the theatre. A little inquiry into the practical working of the system, however, will prove that—allowing for exceptional instances—the grievance is more theoretical than practical. As the vast majority of the 'order' audience is composed of persons who would not go to the theatre unless they had orders, it follows that they do positive pecuniary harm to the management only when they take up room which others would be willing to pay for. But the cases are exceedingly rare in which this, to any great extent at least, takes place. No manager counts, upon the average of nights, on completely filling his house with a paying audience; on the contrary, we believe that most managers would be very happy could they compound for two-thirds of the boxes being fairly and legitimately occupied upon an average of nights: it follows that the remaining third of the space may not only without loss, but with positive advantage to the theatre, so far as keeping up appearances goes, be occupied by persons who enter free of charge. The proof that such is the case is to be found in the fact, that not only is there in most theatres a tolerably long free-list—that is to say, a list of ladies and gentlemen having on different grounds complimentary admissions totally distinct from the press orders—but that there is frequently a pretty copious issue of manager's orders, generally distributed a short time before the performances begin, and only available if presented before seven o'clock, so as to compel their bearers to aid in what is always an essential matter in keeping up theatrical appearances—the formation of an apparently good house at the raising of the curtain. The *habitué* of the London theatres will tell at a glance the probable proportion of paying and non-paying audience—when a 'house is money'—when it is made up of 'paper'—or when, in still more pro-

often these criticisms—so neat, so pungent, so full of tact and taste—have been dashed off, as fast as pen can go over paper, often amid the buzz of a crowded supper-room, and despatched to the printing-office, perhaps an hour, perhaps half an hour after the fall of the curtain.

A. B. R.

ORIGIN OF THE CHOUAN INSURRECTION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE proclamation of the republic during the progress of the first French Revolution, as is pretty well known, led to the civil war in the western provinces of France, when the untutored peasantry of Maine and La Vendée with marvellous though mistaken heroism took up arms for the royalist cause; keeping the republic, as was said, in a state of fever, and exciting a contest compared with which, to use the words of the brave General Hoche, upon whom devolved the task of suppressing it, all others were but play. The long-continued action of oppressive laws had done much towards screwing people's minds up to the resisting point; and of all causes of irritation none was more grievous than the *gabelle* or salt-tax. In Maine the price of salt was thirteen sous the pound; and while the gentry obtained an annual supply of the indispensable commodity free of duty, the poorer portion of the population were compelled to buy it from the government stores, where they were cheated both in quality and measure. Even if disposed to forego the use of salt altogether, they were interdicted availing themselves of this resource: the law fixed a minimum quantity which each inhabitant was forced to pay for. Recusancy was punished by fines, and smuggling by bullets; yet a large contraband trade in salt was actively carried on by a class of men called *faux-saulniers*. Nearly every peasant on the frontier of the province pursued the dangerous occupation: with a double sack on his shoulders, and armed with his long pole, which enabled him to leap hedges and ditches, he eluded the vigilance of the *gabelleurs*, or fought them if necessary: braving all dangers with a courage worthy of a better cause.

I had taken up my abode for a time in this part of the country, with a view to observe the present condition of its inhabitants, who retain many points of their ancient character. Among others, I had become acquainted with an honest miller, whose mill stood on a tributary of the Mayenne, and had heard him speak of one of his compatriots, the last representative of the adventurous guerillas of former times. I longed to see the old hero, who lived in a neighbouring village, and gather from him any particulars respecting his once-dreaded companions. The miller consented to drive me over in his car; 'But,' said he, as we rode along, 'it will be difficult to get him to speak, for he is always afraid of a reckoning. He is nothing more now than an old innocent, passing his days in knitting garters and hearing children say their catechism. But he has stopped diligences in his day, shot patriots, and decorated dogs'-tails with the tricoloured cockade. If you really wish him to relate his history, provide yourself with a bottle of cognac. You know that we must carry milk when we want to entice snakes from their holes.'

However this might be, it was evident that the miller on his part knew something of the matter in question. Shortly afterwards we came to a tree with a small cross nailed to the bark, before which a young girl was kneeling in apparent devotion.

'Ah, you are looking at the tall elm,' observed the miller as he checked the horse: 'in the time of the war that hollow trunk was the best hiding-place of the Chouans. A few years ago the skeleton of one of them was found inside there, with his musket and beads; the priests came and buried him, and nailed that fourpenny cross to the tree, and since then the people hereabouts take off their hats to it, or do still better, like that *tête blanche* there at her devotions. But, *pardi*, 'tis Jeannette; a descendant of the Brothers Chouan!'

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'Just so. You would like to see her; eh? Hark ye, Jeannette, you have had enough of paternosters for once: it is not polite to show only your heels to the passers-by.'

The young girl made no movement. I expressed a doubt as to her having heard.

'Bah!' rejoined the miller, 'she has a quicker ear than a mole; but she won't disturb herself without a reason. I say, Jeannette, I have told the gentleman that you are the prettiest maiden in the parish; let him see that I have spoken truth.' Still no answer. 'Don't keep me waiting,' continued my companion; 'I have ten crowns' balance of account to pay over to you.'

The white headdress moved almost imperceptibly, but was not turned towards us. The miller laughed aloud—'I give up,' he said, again putting the horse in motion, 'since the ten crowns won't move her. You see that the young rogue can be deaf, and dumb too, when she likes. She is a true daughter-in-law of the Widow Poiriers.'

'And who was she?' I asked.

'The mother of the Brothers Chouan,' answered the miller; 'her freehold was called Les Poiriers; and among us each one takes the name of the land he cultivates. I can tell you her history, if you have never heard it.'

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'You must know, first of all,' continued my companion, 'that the Cottereau family were sabot-makers from father to son, and lived in the middle of the woods in cabins built of leaves and chips. There their children were born, and brought up like wolves, with no other nurse than their own good pleasure. When of the proper age, they took their poles, and became *faux-saulniers*, after the example of their fathers. It appears that such a mode of life made them in time so gloomy and savage, that the people of the country gave them the name of Chouins,* which since then has stuck to the family. The father of the three Cottereaus was, however, more sociable. By his sole aid he had obtained some education, and came every Sunday to Les Poiriers to read the lives of the saints to the men, and teach the holy service to the young girls. It was in this way that he made the acquaintance of Jeanne Moyné, and that they fell in love with each other: but the farmer could not give his daughter without disgrace to a man who had never cultivated the earth: so the lover was dismissed, and Jeanne received orders to bestow her heart elsewhere. She made no reply to the command: she neither prayed nor wept; only a few days afterwards she fled from the farm, and to let it be understood that she should not return, left her distaff and porringer broken at the door of the stable! Cottereau, who was waiting for her upon the road to Laval, conducted her to his cabin in the forest of Coucise. But Jeanne gave him to understand that she would not reside with him until they had been married by a priest. On the Sunday, therefore, they started for Saint-Ouën-des-Toits. The young girl went alone into the church to speak to the rector, but, as it happened, he had just mounted the pulpit to deliver the monitory. After having reprimanded those of his parishioners by name who had neglected the offices of the church, or worked on holy days without a dispensation, he announced that a girl of the neighbourhood had just caused much scandal by quitting her home to follow her lover; and he called upon her, according to custom, to confess her fault before the assembled parishes, under pain of excommunication. Thereupon Jeanne, who was kneeling in front of the pulpit among the other *têtes blanches*, and who had kept her head bent down to avoid recognition, suddenly stood up with a tranquil countenance, and began to recite her *confiteor* with audible voice. As you may suppose, this was a great

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Here I interrupted the narrative, to inquire whether Jeanne had not reason soon to repent her marriage with the sabot-maker.

"Not that I know of," replied the miller. "Cottereau was a severe man, but without *badness*, as they say here. He, however, died early; and then the widow came to live at Les Poiriers, which had been left to her, with her two daughters and four sons, among whom was the famous Jean Chouan.

"Before declaring war against the Blues," pursued my companion, whom I was glad to find in a talking vein, "Jean had become the most celebrated faux-saulnier of the province of Maine. He was always full of schemes to cheat the gabelleurs, and led the *contrebandiers* into many a scrape with his usual phrase, "there's no danger!" But in spite of his cleverness, he did not always escape without penalty or prison, only he revenged himself by new tricks. One day the officers from Laval, who had often imposed fines upon him which he would not pay, came over to seize the effects on the farm; but the Cottereaus, warned in time, carried away their property to neighbours' houses, and the officers found nothing but the four walls. However, they were not at a loss: the house had just been newly roofed, and they called in workmen to take off the slates and rafters, in order to sell them to the highest bidder. Jean would not quarrel with those who kept within their duty; instead of complaining, he himself aided in the work of unroofing, and in the evening invited the officers to see whether it had been done to their liking. His majesty's servants, who glorified themselves on a triumph, came without mistrust; but scarcely had they entered than Jean double-locked the door upon them, declaring, that since they prepared roofless houses for others, it was but fair they should make a trial of them; and as rain began to fall, he wished them good-night, and rejoined his companions in the village.

"That trick, I have heard my uncle say, cost him more than two hundred crowns; and before long he and his two brothers, the faux-saulniers, were tracked like foxes. The Poiriers family was ruined by judgments and seizures: they were in debt to everybody—farmer, miller, and baker: Jean grew yellow with spite and vexation at not being able to run a bag of salt without being taken. At length he started with a party of awkward fellows, all determined to open their way with their poles. They met the gabelleurs; there was a fight, and Jean killed the boldest of the opponents, Little Pierre, surnamed the *Fin Gabelou*. All the faux-saulniers present at the murder were in consternation, and clamoured for Jean to betake himself to Brittany, where he might hide for a time. "There's no danger!" he answered; and the same night he was in jail at Laval! His condemnation was certain, for offences against the salt-laws were judged by the very administrators of those laws, who were sure to pronounce in their own favour. The news of the event was brought to Jean's mother as she sat milking the last goat which confiscations had left at Les Poiriers. She sprang up in terror, exclaiming, "Heavens! the vagabond will be hanged." But taking courage again directly, she put on her best pair of shoes, as the old ballad says, and hastened to the chateau of the Princes of Talmont, who had always protected her family. As ill-luck would have it, they had just set out for the court. The widow sat for an hour on the staircase of

the mansion like one condemned waiting for the final stroke. At last she started up, saying, "There's only the king can pardon Jean;" and, as the song again mentions, carrying her shoes in her hand, she set out for Versailles.

"And did she arrive there?" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"On the fifth day," rejoined the miller, "she had travelled seventy leagues upon the *hide of her feet*, without stopping except to beg for a morsel of bread when she was hungry, and a bed of straw in the barn when sleepy. But on reaching Versailles she learned that the Talmonts, through whom alone she could be admitted to the king, had delayed at some chateau on the route, no one knew where, and perhaps would be a long time before they came. This time poor Jeanne lost all heart. She passed a whole night on her knees before a crucifix without ceasing to weep; she knew no one at Versailles except the Prince of Talmont's coachman, a rustic from Saint-Ouën-des-Toits, who was quite overcome by the sight of so many tears, and asked her whether she had the courage to speak to the king all alone. "To save Jean," she answered, "I would speak to the pope!" "Well, then," replied Jerome, "I'll risk my place and all to serve a compatriot. You shall get into the prince's coach; the guards will think it is he going to pay his duty, and will let us pass the gates without a word; and when the king comes out of the grand vestibule to step into his coach, you must go and throw yourself at his feet; and pray Heaven to put words into your mouth, for it is the fate of all of us that will be decided!" The project was executed that very day: Jeanne took her seat in the coach, waited for the king, and as soon as he appeared ran towards him, crying, "Pardon, monseigneur; the Gabelleurs have ruined us, and now they want to hang my son because he made himself a faux-saulnier. Save Jean, monseigneur: there will be seven of us to pray to God for you!"

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We had in fact just turned into an avenue of plum-trees, leading to the farm of Boutières, and were just in time to assist at the annual harvest festival. I felt double pleasure in a ride during which I had learned so much respecting the origin of what will long be remembered as *La Chouannerie*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LOW-PRICED PIANOFORTES.

WE are very glad to learn that the spirited conduct of Messrs Collard and Collard in lowering the price of a certain class of pianofortes has been attended with distinguished success, in as far as a very considerable sale has been obtained for these instruments. The merit of the firm deserves to be the more handsomely acknowledged—to use a phrase of Johnson's—since it is one of a very small number of British pianoforte makers who may be said to constitute the first class. It is so seldom that a first-class house is disposed to take a lead in innovations for the benefit of the public, and its doing so is so sure to expose it to odium among its *confrères*, that our recurring to the subject on the present occasion seems but the simplest justice.

often these criticisms—so neat, so pungent, so full of tact and taste—have been dashed off, as fast as pen can go, over paper, often amid the buzz of a crowded supper-room, and despatched to the printing-office, perhaps an hour, perhaps half an hour after the fall of the curtain.

A. B. R.

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It is right, however, to state at the same time, that the highly respectable house of D'Almaine and Co. have, from even a period before our first allusion to the subject, been making movements towards a popularisation of the pianoforte. An upright instrument of elegant structure in rosewood, with metallic plate, and a keyboard extending to $6\frac{1}{2}$ octaves, has for several years been made by them, at thirty guineas. Since the end of last year, the price of this instrument, for the excellence of which we have seen high testimonies, has been reduced to twenty-five guineas. We find that our friend Mr Purdie of Edinburgh makes similar instruments at the same price. D'Almaine and Co. have even succeeded in producing instruments in fine cases, which they will be able to offer at twenty guineas, or, if successful with a contemplated substitute for ivory, at twenty pounds, the latter being the price which we have ideally set up as that which would secure a great extension of the use of the instrument among the middle classes of the people.

In the choice of a pianoforte, so much must depend on the character of the maker for giving assurance of quality and durability, that the productions of makers as yet devoid of a name are generally felt to be unworthy of consideration. Nevertheless, having expressed a desire to see pianofortes brought down to twenty pounds, we feel bound to notice the first intimation which reached us of this being accomplished. Mr Thomas Fisher of Gower Street, Bedford Square, having informed us that he has made a $6\frac{1}{2}$ piccolo, with metallic plate, pine case French polished, and the usual furnishings, at twenty pounds, we requested a friend of adequate skill to examine it and report. The report is as follows:—'It is a very good school-room piano, suitable for rough usage. The tone is clear, full, and rather loud than otherwise—something like the old-fashioned upright pianos. It wants in softness and richness, and would be more fitted for hard practising than for drawing-room music, or as an accompaniment to the voice. The appearance of the instrument is quite plain, though not inelegant. Altogether it would be a most useful instrument where the modern refinements of tone were not required.'

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST DISASTERS AT SEA.

The loss of so many lives by the sinking of the *Orion* steamer has, as usual in such cases, forcibly turned the attention of the public to means of prevention and remedy.

We fear it is almost vain to think of regulations against such disasters. Were there a liability to a very frequent running of valuable vessels on rocky coasts in the most favourable circumstances for keeping a safe course, it might be possible to regulate with advantage: but such accidents being rare even under the present imperfect arrangements, it appears to be impossible to sustain a proper amount of vigilance and care in the case. It is from this cause that sailors never have the idea of danger or possible disaster before them. Each feels that he never yet has been drowned, and hence he argues how unlikely it is that the circumstances which produce drowning are to take place before to-morrow. Were he, on the contrary, to be drowned once a week for two months, one can imagine him taking precautions so as not to be drowned above once a month for the future. Unfortunately for him, he cannot be drowned above once, and that is so seldom that the idea has no effect upon him. So it is with other dangers. We have been told by a gentleman who once crossed the Atlantic in a first-class steamer, that, considering the carelessness he saw in the use of lights by the crew and servants, it was a perfect marvel to him that the ship was not burnt. Each sailor, we presume, reflects that he never yet has been in a ship that took fire at sea, and that therefore it is very unlikely he ever will. Against a contingency so exceedingly slender, human foresight does not work. A vessel takes fire now and then, and the effects are dreadful. But the

sufferers are beyond benefiting by experience, and, as for others, why they all along knew that such a thing does happen occasionally, and they now feel that it is as remotely possible in their particular case as ever.

In the case of the *Orion* one circumstance was highly characteristic. The boats were quite unready to be let down into the sea to save the passengers, and, accordingly, one of them being to be disengaged only by cutting the fastenings, it went down end foremost, and canted a multitude of people into the water. Did any one ever see the boats in a better state of preparation? Our recollections of them in general bring them before our mind's eye as filled with barrels or other packages, as if the officers and crew (and this we believe to be the general case) despised the precaution of taking boats for the saving of lives in case of shipwreck, and, submitting to the taking of them with reluctance, were determined to signify for them all possible contempt.

While it may be difficult, or almost impossible, from the nature of the case, to keep up a vitality in any regulations for the protection of life at sea, there is nothing to prevent passengers from taking a precaution which, in a large class of cases, may prove the means of saving their lives. A swimming-belt, effectual for sustaining a full-grown person in the water, can be had for nine or ten shillings, and it does not take up more space in a carpet-bag than a night-shirt. The utility of this simple article has been often pointed out, and it is to be seen in shop-windows in almost every large town; yet its serviceableness does not seem to have been generally apprehended; otherwise we should surely have heard of some one of the unfortunate passengers by the *Orion* having been fortunately possessed of such an article. On that disastrous occasion, the circumstances were precisely those in which a swimming-belt can be used advantageously, the whole necessity being a mere sustentation of the person in the water till help should arrive. Yet not one of the hundred and thirty passengers had taken this simple precaution. The result was that wild scene of helpless struggling in the water, from which it seems a wonder that any one besides the few able to swim should have escaped. The loss of the *Pegasus* in July 1846 was a precisely similar case. In a calm sea, on a summer night, close upon shore, every one of the passengers would have been almost sure of escaping to land if provided with this simple and inexpensive contrivance. After that sad affair, the newspapers were clamorous for air-cushions and life-buoys being carried in every steamer, as a provision against this class of accidents; but time passed on—and the suggestion was forgotten with the circumstances which had called it forth.

A STRANGER CHALLENGED.

What right, we should like to know, has the word 'party' to come in and usurp the place of the good old word 'person'? There is no such thing as a person or an individual now. The abstract idea of a human being is for the present to be described as 'a party.' We used to regard the word party long ago as usually a plurality—an assemblage. For example, a marriage-party, a dinner-party, a whist-party. Now the idea is concentrated into a single person. We hear of a party thrown from a curicle, and think of a number of people hurt in consequence; when, behold, the party is only one, and he escapes with a few bruises about the head. A house is for sale, and the agent tells us that several parties have been inquiring after it, as if people came in troops, when the fact is, they came but single spies at the most. A waiter at your hotel tells you there are several parties in the public-room: you go in expecting a crowd, when behold there are only three gentlemen, each sitting at a separate table, and the whole making a sufficiently meagre show. There is a provoking dubiety in all this, and the more provoking that it is unnecessary, seeing that there can be no sort of objection to the use of the proper word person.

The misuse of the word party took its rise a few

years ago in mercantile circles. It is often, of course, necessary in such quarters to speak of bargains or negotiations, in which cases there are always two parties concerned. Here the word is rightly used, whether there be one or more men on each side. It may be A and B against C, when of course A and B form the one party in the affair, and C, singly by himself, the other. Mercantile men, having so often occasion to speak of individuals in this way as parties, came at length to lose sight of the distinction between the two, and used the word party for individual on all occasions, whether right or wrong. This, however, should be resisted in literature, and even in conversation, as a vulgarism, and we proclaim war against it accordingly.

STATE OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

At a late meeting of a farmer's club in Berwickshire, Professor Johnston gave an account of a tour which he had recently made in North America with a view to ascertain the state of agriculture in that quarter of the world. An abstract of his observations will be read with interest during the present contentions on rural matters:—

'The professor mentioned that the state of agriculture in the northern parts of America, in our own provinces, and in New England, was generally what the state of agriculture in Scotland probably was eighty or ninety years ago. In some parts of New Brunswick they are very nearly in the precise condition in which Scotland was 120 years ago. Go as far west as you like, and as far south as you like, the same general description applies to the whole. In regard to the cultivation of land in America, its condition arises from a variety of causes, and very few considerations will enable you to understand how it has come about. If you ask yourselves to what class does the majority of emigrants belong, you will have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion. Look at the great crowds of people who go from Ireland, from the Highlands of Scotland, and the hundreds of thousands proceeding from the great towns of England and Scotland—ask yourselves of what class they consist—what amount of intelligence and agricultural knowledge they possess; and in the answer to this you will at once find the key to the state of the land in the whole northern part of America. Now, what has been their procedure—by what kind of procedure have they brought about the state of exhaustion to which the soil has been reduced? Of course in speaking of the exhausted soil he did not refer to the virgin soil which had never received the plough or the spade, but to the soil under their cultivation, and which they were now exhausting. The forest was in the first place cut down and burned, after which the ashes were scattered, and a crop of wheat and oats was sown; when this crop was cut down another was sown; but they did not always remove the straw—they do not trouble themselves with any manure. The second year they sowed it again, and harrowed it, and generally took three crops in succession. When they can take no more out of it, they either sow grass seeds, or, as frequently, let it seed itself. They will then sometimes cut hay for twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty years in succession; in fact, so long as they can even get half-a-ton an acre from it. The land was then broken up, and a crop of oats taken—then potatoes—then a crop of wheat—and then hay for twelve years again; and so the same course was repeated. Now this was the way in which this land was treated; this was the way in which the exhaustion is brought about. This exhaustion existed in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Lower Canada, in Upper Canada to a considerable extent, over the whole of New England,

and extended even into the state of New York. Well, but what steps were they taking to remedy this state of things? Were they doing anything to bring back the land to a productive condition? and in order to do this, were they taking steps to put any knowledge into the heads of those who cultivate it? Now on those points he was happy to say that he could speak very favourably. But what inducement had they to make these exertions? They grow corn enough—they have no want of agricultural produce as we have: but when he told them what was the condition of New England in reference to the Western States they would understand. All the new states—all the virgin land where wheat was cultivated—yielded a crop for little or nothing, but it could not yield by any means a large crop. In the state of Michigan, between Lake Superior and Erie, the average produce was not twelve bushels an acre; but it was got for nothing. In New Brunswick, which was very thinly populated, he was told that ten bushels an acre paid well—but the produce was not large. In the Western States they were unable to produce it very cheaply. At the time I was there the prices varied from 60 to 80 cents a bushel—that is, 100 cents being 4s. 4d. In the extensive Western States and part of New York, where it was shipped to England, the price varied according to the distance. Now, the condition of things in the Western States in reference to England was precisely the same as the condition of England in reference to the wheat-producing countries of the Baltic. The condition of the farmers was exceedingly bad, and in Maine he was informed that they were all in a state of bankruptcy. The land was all mortgaged, which hung like a millstone round their necks, and was worse even than the state of the farmers in this country. They were thus unable to compete with the western parts of New York or Lake Ontario. They had all heard of the famous wheat of Genesee, where the land was more fertile than in any part of Great Britain, and he learned there that they were laying the land down to grass, because they could not afford to grow wheat. As a remedy for this state of things they were establishing agricultural societies in the different states, and the legislature was providing funds to support these societies and for the diffusion of knowledge. Let him now come to another point of great importance, and to which they would perhaps like him to advert—namely, what will be the effect of an improved condition of agriculture in America upon us—what influence will the growth of wheat in the States have upon us—or what influence is the progress in agriculture, consequent on this great desire for improvement, likely to have upon the state of agriculture in Great Britain? In New Brunswick, New England, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and New York, the growth of wheat has almost ceased; and it is now gradually receding farther and farther westward. Now when he told them this, they would see that what he believed to be the case was really the case: that it would not be very long before America would be unable—in fact the United States were unable now—to supply us with wheat in any large quantity. If we could bring Indian corn into general use we might get plenty of it; but he did not think that the United States need be made any bugbear to them. He believed the great source of competition they would have to contend with was the Baltic and the countries on the borders of the Black Sea. Now, in regard to the other point—namely, what effect will the desire for improvement in agriculture have upon the agriculture of this country?—it ought to stimulate us to still greater exertion. Sure he was, that with proper exertion, we would always keep a-head of them. There was as good blood in this country as ever went out of it. He hoped English and Scotch heads and hearts would not become languid and dull on a matter of such moment as this, but that they would continue to beat them, as he was sure, from what he had seen, that they were able. What the Americans did well, we ought to be able to do better.'

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

In 1620 the Anglo-Saxon race numbered about 6,000,000, and was confined to England, Wales, and Scotland; and the combination of which it is the result was not then more than half perfected, for neither Wales nor Scotland was half-Saxonised at the time. Now it numbers 60,000,000 of human beings, planted upon all the islands and continents of the earth, and increasing everywhere by an intense ratio of progression. It is fast absorbing or displacing all the sluggish races or barbarous tribes of men that have occupied the continents of America, Africa, Asia, and the islands of the ocean. If no great physical revolution supervene to check its propagation, it will number 800,000,000 of human beings in less than 150 years from the present time—all speaking the same language, centred to the same literature and religion, and exhibiting all its inherent and inalienable characteristics. Thus the population of the earth is fast becoming Anglo-Saxonised by blood. But the English language is more self-expansive and aggressive than the blood of that race. When a community begins to speak the English language it is half-Saxonised, even if not a drop of the Anglo-Saxon blood runs in its veins. Ireland was never colonised from England like North America or Australia, but nearly the whole of its 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 already speak the English language, which is the preparatory state to being entirely absorbed into the Anglo-Saxon race, as one of its most vigorous and useful elements. Everywhere the English language is gaining upon the languages of the earth, and preparing those who speak for this absorption. The young generation of the East Indies is learning it; and it is probable that within fifty years 65,000,000 of human beings of the Asiatic race will speak the language on that continent. So it is in the United States. About 50,000 emigrants from Germany and other countries of continental Europe are arriving in this country every year. Perhaps they cannot speak a word of English when they first land on our shores; but in the course of a few years they master the language to some extent. Their children sit upon the same benches in our common schools with those of native Americans, and become, as they grow up and diffuse themselves among the rest of the population, completely Anglo-Saxonised. Thus the race is fast occupying, and subduing to its genius, all the continents and islands of the earth. The grandson of many a young man who reads these lines will probably live to see the day when that race will number its 800,000,000 of human beings. Their unity, harmony, and brotherhood must be determined by the relations between Great Britain and the United States. Their union will be the union of the two worlds. If they discharge their duty to each other and to mankind, they must become the united heart of the mighty race they represent, feeding its myriad veins with the blood of moral and political life. Upon the state of their fellowship, then, more than upon the union of any two nations on earth, depends the well-being of humanity, and the peace and progress of the world.—*American paper.*

RATS FOR THE TABLE.

There are parts of the world besides China where even rats are eaten, and such rats as would astonish those accustomed to the British species, which, take even the largest, are Lilliputian as compared with a native of the East Indies, first satisfactorily described by General Hardwicke in the seventh volume of the 'Linnæan Transactions.' The specimen he described was a female, and weighed two pounds eleven ounces and a-half; its total length being two feet two inches and a-quarter. He assures us that the male grows larger, and weighs three pounds and upwards; so that the natives have before them on table an animal as large as a wild rabbit, and doubtless, as they have no prejudices or scruples, just as palatable.—*White's Popular History of Mammalia.*

PROGRESS.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things *fixed*, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal *progress*; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to *preserve*, and not to *improve*. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.—*Dr Arnold.*

THE NECROMANCY OF THE PAST.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

FRUITS seem sweeter when the season
Of their flourishing is o'er;
Scenes are fairer, for the reason
That we ne'er may see them more.
Oft amid an orchard, swelling
With red, fragrant apples, I
Languish for that Indian dwelling
Where my eager youth went by:
Languish for the mangoes golden—
Sweet guavas, pink at core—
Or pomegranates, inward holding
Crimson kernels in rich store!
Papaws, in the sunshine, yellow,
Clustering thick 'neath foliage broad—
Plantains, primrose-hued and mellow—
Tamarinds that shroud the road;
Custard-apples, white and milky,
With a food most like their name—
Sweet rose-apples, odorous, silky,
On a tree of stalwart frame;
Figs, the coolest fruit that quenches
Fevered lips 'neath tropic skies;
And such flowers as no dew drenches
'Neath our northern Flora's eyes!

Wherefore prize the things we have not
Thus above what we possess?
These were mine, yet *then* they gave not
To the mind contentedness!
In those days, I do remember
How I longed for British land:
The very snows of home's December
Warmed 'neath fancy's genial hand!
Cowslips from the mead, primroses
Gathered from the hillside dew,
More I prized than brightest posies
Gleaned 'neath skies of cloudless blue!

When the babool's perfumed blossoms
Swung their goldlike tassels near,
I bethought me of kind bosoms
Decked with pinks and violets dear;
And the moogra, white and fragrant,
Twined 'mid hair as black as night,
Seemed to fancy's dreamings vagrant
Neither half so sweet or bright
As the snowy lilies, treasured
In our early summer day:
Ah! how seldom things are measured
Justly, till they pass away!

For the absent ever longing;
On the past still heaping praise;
Bitterly the present wronging
With complaint's insensate lays;
We but throw athwart the future
Shadows, sure to brood when all
Echo's sweetest songs are muter
Than torn Silence in her hall!
Why is this? Why place such value
On life's vainly-squandered gold?
Why, when gentle voices call you,
Turn to those now dumb and cold?
Why, when evening's shadows round us
Paint the fields of youth no more,
Scorn the wreaths that may have crowned us
For the thorns within their core?

Subtleties of the affections
We may question, aye in vain,
Making still our heart-elections
'Gainst decisions of the brain.
God hath given us tastes and feelings;
And to regulate their choice,
We must look for such revealings
As *His* will alone employs!

Theories that prate of reason
As a study taught by men,
Are like sudden schemes of treason
Planned within a lion's den:
One fierce, passionate experience
Proves how fallacies are crushed,
Just as traitor-tongues, at variance,
'Neath the lion's paws are hushed!
Love, and joy, and innocent likings,
Have their laws for hearts, not heads:
The spider web of metaphysics
Honest feeling tears to shreds!

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A BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

I do not want a wife—at least at present. I am not seven-and-twenty, but thirty-four: and I have not L.300 a year (nor indeed 300 pence) independent of my profession. It is essential that these statements should be understood, for the better comprehension of the scheme of villany in which I have been, and am at present, engaged.

Furthermore, I believe my handwriting has already, more than once, given many persons reason to form a tolerable conception of my character, without the aid of a graphiologist. And as to my self-knowledge, I understand my own disposition pretty well. I am perfectly aware of my faults when at times I know I am doing an absurd, selfish, ill-judged, cowardly, illiberal, or at least doubtful thing. This keeps one half of my disposition in constant warfare with the other. Sometimes the *âme* is powerful enough to conquer the *bête*: sometimes the former miserably gives in. However, suffice it to say, that, from practical reasoning, I know most of my failings: indeed my better-half (of my disposition) occasionally murmurs, 'You have said a sharp unkind thing, and hurt another's feelings wantonly, and without chance of appeal;' or some similar chiding: and then I am sure to suffer far more within me than the aggrieved. With all this, I do not want anybody to teach me what I am: more especially for a shilling.

I am not by any means a sporting character. I never made a bet in my life, beyond a hopeless pair of gloves. In the course of a tolerably active career, of that unsatisfactory and wearing-out kind known as 'upon town,' I never saw a prize-fight: nor, judging from the hideous and unsavoury ruffians I once fell amongst returning in a train from the battle-field, have I any wish to. As to racing, the fluctuations of betting are a greater puzzle to me than the politics of Central Europe. This very last Derby Day—on the 'hill,' in a good position, and surrounded by friends who bawled themselves bloodshot as *Voltigeur* thundered along the turf—I never saw the race. I was engaged in conversation at the time with something a great deal more interesting; and, on being informed by a friend (who was standing on three cushions, put on a hamper, and elevated finally on the seat of the box) 'They're off!' with a vehemence that nearly shook him over, I replied, 'Oh, are they? I daresay it's all right,' and continued my conversation.

'But what do we care about all this?' ask my readers, I have no doubt, by this time. A moment's patience, if they please, until I explain, simply, that, from mere idleness and curiosity I have been lately having a great deal of quiet fun to myself amongst the strange advertisements of the day, relating to the above and other

topics. And some of the odd things that have come under my notice I am anxious to bring before them.

A few weeks back, at the expense of a guinea, I drew up and inserted the following advertisement in one of the most popular of our London weekly papers. I reversed my initials—made my bookseller my accomplice by requesting him to receive the answers—and was fortunate enough to get a place at the top of the best column, above two others of a similar nature:—

MATRIMONY.—A Gentleman, aged 27, of good education and connexions, with an income of L.300 a year, independent of his profession, is desirous of forming a Matrimonial Alliance. The lady must not be older than himself, of pleasing manners, and conversant with the usages of society. Property is not so much looked for as an agreeable companion, in whom also a knowledge of music or singing would be desirable, but not indispensable. Ultimate happiness and benefit to both parties is the sole object of this advertisement, and answers will meet with every attention. Addressed, prepaid, to S. A., Library, 42, Tottenham Court Road, London.

At the same time I replied to various other advertisements: but my business at present is with the matrimonial one.

It appeared in the Saturday edition of the paper, and on Monday morning I had two answers. Seven more came in the evening—four more on Tuesday, and two on Wednesday, when they ceased, amounting altogether to fifteen. I believe most of these to have been, *bonâ fide*, seriously sent. Let us now see the nature of these communications.

But firstly, in my own defence, in case I should be attacked with the charge of acting dishonourably towards my fair correspondents—more especially as several of them almost demand secrecy—let me state that I believe myself fully justified in publishing their effusions, in order that the lesson may not be without its moral. The 'ultimate happiness and benefit to both parties' mentioned as 'the sole object of the advertisement' may yet be achieved. When a woman, in whatever position of life she may be, so far loses all caution and sense of position as to reply to an anonymous communication, she must abide by the consequences. The folly of such a proceeding cannot be too severely reprehended, or, as in this instance, punished. In my case the 'L.300 a year, independent of my profession,' was evidently the bait. Why should a young man in the favourable position which I assigned to myself be driven to advertise for a wife? Was I an oaf, unfitted for the manners of polite society, or did any moral taint hang about me that quarantined my entrance into its circle? Was there no one amongst my 'good connexions' who would have me? What were the chances that I was not a swindler, a broken-down *roué*, a fiend in temper and person, a villain generally, or perhaps already married? I had said nothing about references—they were neither given nor required: did this look like an

honourable transaction? And how could it be supposed that any man would risk the future comfort of his entire life on an acquaintance with disposition and character formed on the questionable judgment of an anonymous rendezvous?

But to the replies: and here they are, transcribed most faithfully, with every peculiarity of orthography and punctuation copied. The words printed in italics were underlined in the originals; and, as is usual in female correspondence, betray a singular emphasizing of those entirely unimportant. When initials are used, I have changed them.

The first was written in a bad hand, which the writer had tried to make dashing by flourishes:—

'Sir—Having seen your advertisement in the ——— and wishing to enter into the holy state

'I am a perfect mucian both Instrumental and vocal and equally domesticated should this meet your *views* please to address ———.

Mr S. A.'

The next was better in the penmanship, and slightly scented: it was delivered with the preceding one:—

'Let me unplore of you not to think me immodest but your frank advertisement impels me from its Gentlemanly tone to think in you a consummation of my wishes may be found, remember that I rely implicitly on your honor when I thus confide I am 21 years of age of excellent family and am moving in an unexceptionable sphere. It would ill become me to speak of my beauty my figure tastes habits manners accomplishments or aimability of disposition nor should it be my task to pourtray the intellectual acquirements which are thought to enhance the value of all such gifts suffice it they have been enough to procure me many enviable offers but amongst them all there was not one whom I could truly love and none shall have my hand unaccompanied by my heart yet I have often longed for one to love and look to and to cling to with a woman's first affection. I snatch a few moments only left to our sex in the after dinner Drawing room or I would say more Answer this and be discreet as you are secret for I risk much in thus outstepping womans bounds through my desire to know you fully, Adieu.

'Address ———.'

If this silly girl comes to see her epistle thus in print, she will learn at the same time how absurd must have been her fiddle-faddle sentiment, that created anything to 'cling to' in the unknown writer of a really very commonplace advertisement.

The next has higher pretensions:—

'Sir—If conquering the natural repugnance a woman must not unnaturally feel in replying to a matrimonial advertisement such as I now adventure upon she boldly braves the world's opinion and answers it what can she expect? scorn contempt and silence? Such would be the answer of many or of most, but such would not be could the inward workings of a much tried and long suffering heart be laid bare to the gaze. I would beg of you to believe that nothing but faith in manhood's truth which I would fain think would not wilfully trifle with feminine unprotectedness could prompt me to this step. I have for the last twelve years been thrown upon the world constrained to seek my bread upon the troubled waters of human life, and neither the strength nor the opportunity has been denied me. In years I number 29 summers, in person not unattractive, and for money I have nearly five hundred pounds and for my mental qualifications the fact of my having been for five years instructress to the ladies of ————Esq' of

—— and other noble families must vouch. I can say no more, but destroy this letter and let no evidence remain of the weakness of, Sir,

yours,

E. M.

'Should you entertain this reply I will meet you in St ——— Park, on Wednesday evening after seven and before eight o'clock. I shall wear a Barège dress, blue with white stripe primrose coloured bonnet with feather and fall, and should you have a geranium in your coat I will accost you.'

There was something very displeasing in this letter—the attempts at 'fine' writing, and trash about 'manhood's truth,' and 'feminine unprotectedness,' more than counterbalanced the five hundred pounds. I hated also the sentence, 'In years I number 29 summers.' Why could not E. M. say she was nearly thirty?

No. 4 came to the point at once, as follows:—

'Miss F—— will be most happy to meet S A in ——— Square, on Thursday evening at 6 o'clock: Miss F will be dressed in a white silk bonnet, glacé silk cloak and dress, and will walk between the Nos. 30 and 48.'

This was written in a nice ladylike hand; so was No. 5, but hazy in composition, and without a stop the whole way through:—

'A lady aged 24 years possessing an amiable disposition agreeable manners and personal attractions would be happy to have an interview with the advertiser and the object may perhaps be best attained should he feel inclined to walk in the Clapham Road near Kennington Gate between the hours of 3 and 4 tomorrow afternoon and in order that no mistake should occur he should wear a piece of scarlet geranium in his button hole and carry an umbrella and should a lady inquire of him the way to Clapham he may conclude it is the writer To prevent *misunderstanding* she thinks it necessary to state that she has not any property and that she is a good musician and Vocalist.

June 26th.'

It is odd that two of the ladies should fix on a geranium as a mark of recognition. With these ready appointments on their sides, the wonder becomes, not so much that they should trust the author of the advertisement, as that they should think him likely to choose a companion for life under such circumstances. No. 6 was as follows:—

'Sir—In answering your advertisement in yesterdays Times respecting a matrimonial alliance I venture to treat with you for being left an orphan I find that I want a kind protector and one who would really make me his companion. My Age is twenty-five. I cannot boast of any property at present. My Education has been good but plain and without accomplishments I have been accustomed to the usages of society having lived as companion to a lady for several years Should you feel disposed to take any notice of this please to address to F. B. N. Post Office ——— St. St James's.'

No. 7:—

'E. N. F.—a young lady aged 22, of a highly-respectable family, residing in ———, being desirous to settle in life, with a view to render the home of some kind and worthy individual "cheerful and happy" will have no objection to an introduction to S. A, believing his advertisement to be candid and honourable, should S A feel disposed to answer this, address ——— Post Office ——— until called for.'

'The writer of this does not sing or play, but the family is very musical.'

Even had I been inclined to have had my home rendered 'cheerful and happy' by the writer of the above, there was something uncomfortable in the notion of the musical 'family;' and the wording of the letter almost suggested the idea that I should be obliged to marry them all, thus bringing a concert about my ears that would soon have promoted discord. No. 8 was certainly more satisfactory, albeit its fine crowquill hand took some trouble to decipher. It ran thus:—

'A young lady under 27 of good connexions and well educated, voice generally considered pleasing and fond of music, with a small income at present, anticipating property at a future period, fond of literature and retirement, (though if not presuming on being explicit in offering her sentiments, she considers vivacity at times agreeable and efficacious in smoothing the roughness of our path in this world) can meet S. A. in front of the — church, on Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.'

No. 9. was brief and inexplicit. It was written in a hand very like that used in making out manuscript washing bills; was entirely without stops, and betrayed some ignorance of composition, as will be seen:—

'Sir trusting you will excuse the liberty I have taken in intruding myself to your notice or writing to a stranger which is indeed very unlike me I am only on a visit from the country may I wait your reply in sincerity and truth your real sentiments and am yours respectfully

M. B. A.

'Address, post office —.'

No. 10 was equally deficient in detail, but better written. The lady had, however, odd notions of capitals, which were used as shown:—

'Sir—It is with great reluctance I assure you that I take the liberty of Addressing you without the Introduction generally expected on such Occasions but I am happy to say my Character is such that it will bear the Strictest investigation and my Family is respectable your answer will Oblige your Obedient Servant S. J.

'Address, Post Office — road.'

There were two or three followed in the same style—written in neat feminine hands, all claiming to be under 25, with a slight knowledge of music, and expectations of small sums. One expressed a long-felt wish 'to be united to a party of gentlemanly habits and good family.' Another requested that all letters might be posted (an address was given, and I found from 'Kelly's Directory' it was a correct one) so as to arrive between 11 and 4: I presume whilst the father or guardian was 'in the city,' as it was dated from a suburb.

No. 14 was, to my thinking, the most agreeable of the lot. It was beautifully written, and well punctuated:—

'Sir—Having seen your advertisement, allow me first to state my age which is twenty-one. I am generally considered to be possessed of pleasing manners; but that, of course, may be owing to the partiality of friends. I possess but a very slight knowledge of music, but for the gratification of a person I loved should be but too happy to acquire it; and last, but not least to be mentioned, is what I fear may prove the barrier to a further acquaintance—namely, that my hand and heart are all I have to offer. Possibly some pecuniary arrangement may be necessary to your views, if so permit me to wish you a successful termination to your suit, and to remain

Your unknown correspondent

L. S. A.

Should you deem this worthy a reply, address to me at

the Post Office. —. Pentonville, to be left until called for.'

I was almost sorry that, to all appearances, so nice a girl should have answered the advertisement; but this public reproof—private so far as she herself is concerned—will do her good.

The last was the longest, and the writer laid some claims to being a poet. The hand was good, and apparently known to be so, for the letter was written with care: but it was on embossed paper—such as we see valentines on—and sealed with fancy wax. Let us see what it said:—

'Sir—Having seen an advertisement in the — of last week, from a gentleman requiring a wife, permit me to offer myself as a candidate.

'I am the eldest daughter of a highly respectable tradesman, carrying on an extensive business at the West End. I am of a medium height, prepossessing appearance and lady-like manners: and I may say, without presumption, that it is my good fortune to be gifted with three choice blessings—excellent health, a sweet temper, and a contented disposition. My age is twenty three, and I am of the established church. I have been well educated and accustomed to good society; and am thoroughly conversant with all necessary household duties. My friends and connexions are of the highest respectability. With regard to pecuniary affairs I have not any settled income at present, being at home with my friends.

'Should you think this communication worthy of notice you will oblige me by addressing a reply to

F. C. L.

Post Office
Brook St.'

(The following lines were enclosed:—)

'In choosing a Husband, the man to my mind,
Must be sensible, gentle, benevolent, kind;
Of a temper quite firm, yet devoid of self-will,
If on good once resolved, pursuing it still;
Of a spirit so great as to keep out of debt,
And at troubles unsought for, disdaining to fret.
I'd have him be lively, yet not void of thinking,
All gaming detesting, and not fond of drinking,
With a heart to enjoy what his hands may have got,
Contented and cheerful whatever our lot;
I'd have him esteemed by the good and the wise,
Not a man of the world, though striving to rise;
He must love me too well, at small errors to frown,
And with me at his table sit happily down.'

Here, then, ended my correspondence. Seriously, it was somewhat depressing to see so many aspirants to an imaginary hand: and I began to think there was some truth in a theory lately started in society, that husbands are becoming extinct. As I have stated, all these letters had an air of truth—there was no attempt at disguised handwriting in any of them: and they were evidently penned by females. To these, I would now repeat my opinion of the silliness of thus replying to the advertisement.

Let them think, for one minute, of the risk they ran in so doing. Suppose—and nothing would have been easier—I had handed over their letters to any of my young men friends, and told each to pursue the subject and see what came of it, for another article: how seriously they might have been compromised!

Or suppose, again, that I had given them all an appointment, at the same time, in the street before my house, and then sat at the window with my friends, for our amusement. Worse jokes than this have been played upon persons less culpable of running their heads into a trap. Fortunately for them I had a fixed serious

purpose from the beginning: and this I kept entirely to myself until the present moment. Nobody has seen the letters but myself, and they will now be destroyed, so that all traces of the writers will be obliterated. Their contents will only appear in this present warning: and I trust that my fair countrywomen will profit by it: and regard me rather as a friend, than a betrayer, of 'unprotected females.'

So much for my advertisement. My other experiences have been gained from those that I have answered myself: and a wonderful new world they have opened to me. Certainly the old proverb, that one-half of us does not know how the other lives is far above the mark: rather say one quarter knows nothing of the other three.

LONDON GOSSIP.

July 1850.

THE dispersive quality of heat is well exhibited here, in the mighty capital at this time: the fervour of a July temperature is too much for even metropolitan allurements. From the Queen of the realm to the queen of the household, all who can are on the wing, or giving the preparatory flapping. Other as well as canine noses scent the game: the Opera and the season are both sighing their last; there are no more feasts, and so sportsmen are speeding northwards for moorfowl. Cheap excursion trains, and trips to the continent, enable not a few for a brief period to shake off the 'strong urgencies' of business, and recruit themselves for another twelvemonth of toil. While those who cannot or will not flit, creep about in the stripe of shade wherever they can find it, with the bewailing remark, 'How empty town is!'

Gossip is, therefore, as may be expected, desultory, and I can promise you little more than sundry gleanings, the last of the season. Whether they can be made to serve with dilution until the stir begins again, remains to be seen. Our learned and scientific societies have begun their long vacation after crowding all arrears of work into their last evening meeting. At the Civil Engineers, papers were read on lattice, lift, and tubular bridges, on malleable iron, railways, and locks and keys. It appears that the oldest lock known is of Egyptian manufacture; its age is 4000 years: Chubb has not so much to boast of after all; notwithstanding that his locks with six tumblers are capable of 86,400 different combinations, which number, by a very slight change in the key, is increased to 864,000; and taking the three different sizes of keys, the whole number of changes would be nearly 8,000,000. Another paper was about 'printing machines.' On which subject we are told that 'on the 7th May 1850, the Times and Supplement contained seventy-two columns, or 17,500 lines, made up of upwards of a million pieces of type, of which matter about two-fifths were written, composed, and corrected after seven o'clock in the evening. The Supplement was sent to press at 7:50 P. M.; the first form of the paper at 4:15 A. M., and the second at 4:45 A. M.; on this occasion 7000 papers were published before 6:15 A. M.; 21,000 papers before 7:30 A. M.; and 34,000 before 8:45 A. M., or in about four hours. The greatest number of copies ever printed in one day was 54,000, and the greatest quantity of printing in one day's publication was on 1st March 1848, when the paper used weighed seven tons, the weight usually required being four and a-half tons; the surface to be printed every night, including the Supplement, is thirty acres: the weight of the fount of type in constant use is seven

tons; and 110 compositors, and 25 pressmen, are constantly employed.' Besides this power in living muscle, there are three machines of four cylinders each, and two with vertical cylinders, all employed in manufacturing news for the four quarters of the globe.

A batch of papers was read at the closing meeting of the Royal Society; among them an important one by Mr Newport on the generation of reptiles, in which some hitherto-unsettled points are determined; one also by Lord Rosse on the nebulae as they appear in the reflector of the monster telescope. One of them, spiral formed, is a most extraordinary and magnificent object, inciting to grand speculation on stellar formation and movement. We are to know something more about these by and by, if the sky and the atmosphere will but be propitious. To descend from celestial to terrestrial matters: Faraday has given a lecture at the Royal Institution on the 'philosophy of water and ice.' A huge lump of Norway ice which stood before him served him for illustration and experiment. Perfect ice contains no air; it behaves in certain cases as airless water does, which will not boil until heated to 300 degrees, and then it explodes; so ice explodes when melted and boiled under oil; as the lecturer showed by small lumps dissolved and heated in flasks. Pressure, too, has much to do with thawing and freezing: under very great pressure, water will not freeze at 32 degrees.

Of course you know—at least you and every one else ought to know—that the bill to abolish intramural interments has passed the Commons: the sooner it becomes a law the better. The Sewers' Commission are at work: they mean to commence their great task of drainage on the 'Surrey side:' this is as it should be, the worst first. And we are promised that from Vauxhall down to Deptford no sewer shall discharge its contents into the Thames. The grand outlet for the south bank will be below Deptford, and contrived so as to flow only at the fall of the tide. If saving the river from pollution is to be the essential principle of the new system, we shall have good reason to congratulate ourselves. We are told, too, that no needless delays will occur; that 580 miles of sewer have been surveyed and levelled on the north side; that 100 miles more remain to be done; that the survey map will comprise 900 sheets, 270 of which are engraved, and all the rest in hand, besides 44 sheets of the reduced map. If the Commission do really perform their promises, they will better deserve to hoist the besom as their standard than did the doughty old Dutchman Van Tromp.

Philosophers abroad are working diligently at many interesting branches of physical science: magneto and muscular electricity, dia-magnetism, vegetable and animal physiology: Matteucci in Italy, Bois-Reymond, Weber, Reichenbach, and Dove in Germany. The two maps of isothermal lines for every month in the year, lately published by the last-mentioned *savant*, are remarkable and most valuable proofs of scientific insight and research. If they are to be depended on, there is but one pole of cold, situate in Northern America; that supposed to exist in the Asiatic continent disappears when the monthly means are taken. These maps will be highly useful to the meteorologist, and indeed to students of natural philosophy generally, and will suggest other and more extended results. Among the memoirs brought before the Natural History Society of Vienna, is one by M. Frauenfeld on 'the limits which nature puts to the too great abundance of insects.' The great differences in the numbers of insects in different seasons is attributed by this author in great part to the unequal proportions of the sexes. When females predominate, the species will be very abundant the fol-

lowing year; but as nature never permits a permanent disturbance, the equilibrium is re-established, and in turn the males are most numerous, which reduces the species to infinitely weaker proportions. Another cause consists in contagious maladies, which, according to the seasons, attack some, and spare others. Variations of temperature, the absence or presence of snow, unequal numbers of insectivorous birds, are also causes of irregularity in the numbers of insects; and last, the unequal appearance of one species generally produces an unequal appearance of another to feed it off.

A communication from M. Trémaux, an Abyssinian traveller, has been presented to the French Academy by M. Geoffroy St Hilaire: it gives an account of the sudden difference which occurs in the races of men and animals near Fa Zoglo, in the vicinity of the Blue Nile. The shores of this stream are inhabited by a race of Caucasian origin, whose sheep have woolly coats; but at a few miles' distance, in the mountains of Zaby and Akaro, negro tribes are found whose sheep are hairy. According to M. Trémaux, 'the differences and changes are due to two causes: the one, that vegetable nature, having changed in aspect and production, attracts and supports certain species, while others no longer appear, or the individuals are fewer. As for the second cause, it is the more surprising, since it produces opposite effects on the same point: where man has no longer silken, but woolly hair, there the sheep ceases to be covered with wool.'

M. St Hilaire remarked on these facts, that the degree of domestication of animals is proportional to the degree of civilisation of those who possess them. Among savage people dogs are nearly all alike, and not far removed from the wolf or jackal; while among civilised races there is an almost endless variety—the greater part far removed from the primitive type. Are we to infer from this that negroes will cease to be negroes by dint of civilisation—that wool will give place to hair, and *vice versa*? If so, a wide field is opened for experiment and observation.

M. Flourens, secretary of the Academy, communicates some particulars relative to the action of certain substances when injected into the arteries. He finds 'that some act on the motive power (*motricity*) only: these are sulphuric and acetic ether, &c. camphor, chloroform, essences of turpentine, mint, and rosemary. Others act on the sensibility without affecting motricity: these are bases of the lycopodæ, hemlock, &c. And further, that the substances which bring on muscular paralysis, some (the ethers above-mentioned) produce the effect by causing a relaxation of the muscular fibre; while such as chloroform cause the paralysis by a tetanic contraction of the muscles. Apropos of this part of the subject, the author of a paper read before the Royal Society at its last meeting, shows that animal growth, in common with vegetable growth, depends on the formation of cells—that cells cannot be formed without the presence of phosphate and oxalate of lime; consequently that the exhibition of phosphate of lime is the remedy for wasting of the muscular fibre, or loss of flesh.

During the past winter Biot worked for several months at a series of careful experiments, to prove that water, when approaching its point of congelation, has no influence on polarised light, and demonstrates its negative in a very satisfactory manner. The effects of certain liquids on the phenomenon in question had led to the supposition that a freezing liquid would show similar results: but now the question is set at rest; the experiments, as Biot says, were made with such scrupulousness, they will not need to be repeated. M. Latour states that inflammatory diseases of the skin may be cured by maintaining the part at a low temperature, and excluding the action of air; and for the latter part of the process, proposes the application of an impermeable coating. A method of preventing the entrance of flies into a room is put forward by M. Delamarre. The plan is, to stretch a net across the open

window or door, which proves an effectual barrier, although the meshes may be sufficiently wide to afford a passage—a fact explained by the supposition that the flies fear a snare. Let me complete these foreign gleanings by two domestic items—the one that, according to the Lancashire central committee, Mechanics' Institutes are more and more declining; the working-classes shun them—a proof, is it not, that those associations do not supply the want felt, or supposed to be felt, by mechanics? And the other, that a project is talked of for rapid steam communication from Holyhead to Dublin by means of a steamer of 12,000 or 15,000 tons burthen, 1200 horse-power, which is to make the passage in three hours, and by its steadiness in the water, preserve the passengers from seasickness.

Our astronomical circles have been set on the *qui vive* by a paper just published in New England on a new theory of planetary movement and perturbation. The setting forth of such a question in the present day may be compared to a throwing down of the glove in the days of knight-errantry; it is straightway picked up by a host of competitors, and is tested and discussed in twenty different ways till its true character has been demonstrated. Ethnology, too, is a subject which our transatlantic neighbours are taking up with their accustomed vivacity; some of their theories are entirely opposed to that of the late Dr Prichard. Dr Morton has laid before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia a paper containing the results of his long-continued researches on the size of the cranium. He has examined and measured 623 skulls of different races, and concludes therefrom that—1. The Teutonic, or German race, embracing, as it does, the Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Americans, Anglo-Irish, &c. possess a larger brain than any other people. 2. The nations having the smallest heads are the ancient Peruvians and Australians. 3. The barbarous tribes of America have a much larger brain than the civilised Peruvians or Mexicans. 4. The ancient Egyptians, whose civilisation antedates that of all other people (Mr Layard says otherwise), and whose country has been justly called 'the cradle of the arts and sciences,' have the least-sized brain of any Caucasian nation, excepting the Hindoos; for the very few Semitic heads will hardly permit them to be admitted into the comparison. 5. The negro brain is 9 cubic inches smaller than the Teutonic, and 3 cubic inches larger than the ancient Egyptian. 6. The largest skull in the series is that of a Dutch gentleman, and gives 114 cubic inches; and the smallest, 58 cubic inches, belonged to an old Peruvian, the difference between these two extremes being not less than 56 cubic inches. 7. The brain of the Australian and Hottentot falls far below the negro, and measures precisely the same as the ancient Peruvian. And last, it appears that whatever may be the distortion, the capacity is not altered. These facts are curious, and valuable so far as they go; the doctor's conclusions have, however, been disputed, so for the present their true scientific value is not established. In how far they assist the great question of the unity of the human species remains to be proved. In Germany another branch of the subject has been taken up in two works published at Halle: one, a 'dissertation on the country inhabited by the Celts, upon the affinity of their language with that of the Indo-Germanic populations, and the influence which their mythology had in the formation of the legends of the middle ages;' the other is 'Considerations on Celtic antiquities, on the Celts in general, and principally on the Celts in Germany,' &c. So you see an inquiring spirit is at work, which is not likely to rest till some further light has been thrown on the subject.

There is nothing especially notable in the way of literature. 'Tours,' 'Travels,' and 'Wanderings,' in rather more than the usual sprinkling, have, it is true, been thrust into print; but one is at a loss to know with what object, unless it be to show in how many

variations a guide-book may be produced. Albert Smith's 'Month at Constantinople' is spoken of as a pleasant exception, one that discusses the obverse and reverse of travel with no little philosophy and shrewdness. All by itself stands Alfred Tennyson's new volume, 'In Memoriam': the first edition was all sold in two or three weeks. Its publication has added to the author's reputation, and widened the circle of his admirers. The way in which the spirit of the poems rises from the despair of grief to the hopefulness of resignation is touching, true, and beautiful, and will waken responses in many a heart. The individual whose death is therein lamented in such mournful music was the son of him to whom we are indebted for the History of the Middle Ages. It will be news to many to learn that the poet has ceased to lead a single life, and entered on that domestic state whose joys he has more than once described.

You will perhaps remember my telling you some time ago of the prize awarded to Max Müller by the French Academy for his philological essays? we have now something further from the same learned author: 'The Rig-Veda-Sanhita, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins;' or Veda of Praise. These writings are said to be some of the very oldest examples of literature, perhaps more ancient than the Hebrew Scriptures; and when the intimate connection between Sanscrit and the languages of Europe is borne in mind, some idea may be formed of the value of such a work to the philosopher, philologist, ethnologist, historian, &c. Being printed in the original character, it is of course beyond popular comprehension, or elucidation except by a scholar. Dr Müller, however, will himself in some measure smoothe the difficulty, as he is about to publish on Sanscrit, and the relation of other languages to it, a task for which his labours have well prepared him. The Brahmins, it is said, at first threw many obstacles in the way, refusing to furnish necessary manuscripts; but their scruples were at last overcome. This volume, which is the first of four, to be all of equal bulk, comprises a thousand pages: the author has been at work upon it for five years, and has diligently availed himself of the resources in the libraries of Paris, London, and Oxford. It is published at the charge of the East India Company, who have very praiseworthy presented copies to numerous learned and scientific bodies at home and abroad.

Foreign literature—French and German—is beginning to be less charged with elementary works on political and social economy than of late. It would appear that notwithstanding all our vaunted progress, we need to be continually reminded of first principles—of what is right and wrong in regard to ourselves and others. One of these works—'Harmonies Economiques'—has just been published by M. Bastiat, a name favourably known in this country. The aim of the writer is to show 'that in spite of the declamations of certain sophists against the exigencies of society, against the limits opposed to individual liberty, it remains proved that, to develop himself as an intelligent and perfectible being, man requires the co-operation of his fellows; that without this association he would soon perish of hunger and cold in isolation. . . . In a material as well as moral point of view, happiness is relative—it is proportioned to the extent of wants; and to seek for equality in this respect, is to establish a yoke which would be so much the more insupportable, as it is in the nature of man to aspire ceaselessly to the improvement of his condition. In proportion as his desires are satisfied, others spring up not less ardent or imperious; and the social state, in not assigning narrow or insurmountable limits to this ambition, has, at one and the same time, responded to the intention of the Creator, and applied the principle of community in a manner much more fruitful than all the systems proposed as substitutes for it. The object of man's organization is to place himself in harmony with the order which reigns in that of the universe, where we everywhere see variety in unity. But that

he may accomplish this work, free competition must be left to individual efforts. It is here that true equality is found, the only possible, which consists in liberty of action to each one in his sphere, so that he may participate, according to his capacity, in the production and distribution of the social wealth. The greater part of the miseries and sufferings of which society is accused as the author, have no other cause than the numerous obstacles which impede the spring of free competition. Instead of calling on government to constitute itself administrator of all individual transactions, its function should be reduced to the task (sufficiently important) of watching over the public safety, repressing anti-social passions, keeping up and perfecting modes of communication, so that trade may be assured of a more and more complete development.'

One more item and then: Lamartine has published a dramatic poem, 'Toussaint L'Ouverture,' which, as its title indicates, represents the revolution in Hayti. The most stirring scene is that in which the troops under Leclerc arrive from France: Toussaint, desirous of learning their plans, feigns blindness, by turning the whites of his eyes outwards—a power with which the poet endows him—and enters the enemy's camp with a guide. He lives there some time unsuspected, and is one day admitted to the council, to hear a message which he is to convey to himself—the leader of the blacks. A negro captain, one of the rebels, enters, and, from spite, offers himself and his troop to Leclerc, and is about to detail all the plans of the insurgents, when Toussaint, suddenly reversing his eyes, rushes on the traitor, kills him with a dagger stroke, and then plunging into the sea, escapes amid a shower of balls. He joins his army, gives the signal for action, troops rush in, the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry are heard, and with this first crash of battle the curtain falls.

MR ARTHUR'S INFALLIBLE JUDGMENTS.

We had not been long settled in the pretty village of S—, where to us the sunshine seemed brighter than elsewhere, and the spring blossoms more luxuriant, when our father signified that we might expect an immediate visit from Mr Arthur—a gentleman of whom we had frequently heard, but whom we had never seen. This announcement occasioned great excitement among us, seeing that we were spinsters of various ages, which need not be particularly specified; hence it may naturally be inferred that the said Mr Arthur was a young eligible 'match,' or at least not a positively old and obstinate bachelor. Nevertheless, Mr Arthur was old, was a bachelor vowed to celibacy, and, moreover, had no fortune to bequeath on his decease, as he merely enjoyed a life-annuity—a fact he made universally public. Our father always spoke of Mr Arthur with the warmest attachment: they had been friends from boyhood; but we 'girls' ever heard his name with a certain degree of awe attached to it. And now he was actually coming to domesticate with us, to take notes by our hearth-side of our sayings and doings!

As the time appointed for his visit approached, we all became quite nervous and fidgetty, much to our dear father's amusement; nor did he in the least spare our nerves, dilating on the accounts we had hitherto received of this formidable personage, until we almost came to regard him as something 'no quite canny.' Report said that Mr Arthur was so close an observer of character—having devoted his life to the study—that the most hidden things in human hearts were open to his penetration. Mr Arthur did not possess second-sight, he did not prophesy the future; but no mystery or concealment of any kind whatsoever was too deep for his discernment to unravel: in short, his eyes read thoughts and motives as ours read print, and the most wonderful stories were in circulation respecting him. He could pick the black sheep out of the flock, though dyed white for company hours!—he could bring forth the bruised dove which hid its gentle head beneath its wing, and needed, but received

no fostering care!—he could detect the 'falsetto' of a husband's 'my dear,' or a wife's submissive demeanour! Alack for the frailties of human kind, what a set of cowards he made us! But fortunately, while wielding such formidable power, Mr Arthur was said never to exert it unkindly: he was benevolence itself—feared by the bad, and loved by the good.

'And who are the good?' said our Eldest; 'for we each know our secret sins and infirmities, and we dare not call ourselves good, even when striving most to resist evil.'

'Ah, dearest Mary,' we exclaimed in chorus, 'you can have nothing to fear from Mr Arthur's mysterious reading: your heart is a pure unsullied page.' But sister Mary shook her head and sighed.

We revered and loved her as the pattern of all womanly virtue; 'and if she is afraid of being known,' said we, 'what will become of us?' We privately expressed earnest wishes that Mr Arthur were in Australia or at the North Pole; for when with the most finished actresses this wizard always managed to obtain a sly peep behind the scenes, what had we untutored simple lasses to expect? Nothing less than that all our follies, weaknesses, and delinquencies, should be dragged forth and exposed piecemeal!

Great was our surprise, therefore, on first beholding the formidable old gentleman; and vast was our relief when, after a few days' domestication, we came to the conclusion that report had exaggerated in this case, as in many others, and that Mr Arthur was not to be feared after all. Our sister Mary, indeed, said nothing; we could not get her to speak: she only smiled, and answered, 'We must ask Mr and Mrs Sedley here to dinner.'

But before saying a word about this couple, Mr Arthur must be more particularly introduced to notice. He was a small spare person, critically neat in his attire; but with an absolutely silly expression of countenance. This was partly owing to his always having his mouth open—gaping about as it were—with constantly downcast eyes—eyes of the lightest blue when visible—inexpressive and quiet. Mr Arthur always wore his hat on the very back of his head—we often wondered how it kept on at all—his white hairs streaming down to his shoulders. He spoke little, was a great walker, reader of the newspapers, and chess-player, and made himself as much at home with us as if we had all been brought up together.

We detected no covert watchfulness, no stealthy observations, and our suspicions were lulled: we became free and easy, as if no Mr Arthur basked in the sunshine of our dear fireside. Once, indeed, we experienced an alarm: our father and his friend were apparently deeply engrossed with a long-contested game of chess, and two of us girls differing about some trifle, a hasty word was spoken. Our voices were raised but a semitone; but we saw Mr Arthur regarding us from out the corners of his meek blue eyes—furtively, with downcast lids, but still regarding us. We looked at each other, and made our escape from the room as quickly as possible. 'Then it is true after all, and he is reading us!' we exclaimed; but the alarm passed away, and we began to think we must have been mistaken—Mr Arthur was so absent, so devoid of interest in everything going forward around him; while our sister Mary, pursuing the even tenor of her way, unruffled, and in the performance of daily duties, merely said with a pleasant smile, 'Let us ask the Sedleys to dinner.' Now we all perfectly understood what our Eldest meant by asking the Sedleys to dinner, and the inference to draw from it, which was this—that Mr Arthur was a mysterious reader of human kind, and that the Sedleys were to be read by him. However, this by no means set our minds at rest regarding ourselves, though it called off our attention to a subject which had been canvassed among us for many months, with various opinions thereon: this subject was the Sedleys themselves, and their true characters.

They resided about a mile from the village in a dilapidated sort of half-farmhouse called Elder-trees, from the vicinage of many of these trees, surrounding a large dark pool of water, where Mr Sedley bred tench. Elder-trees was a quiet, neglected spot: there was a certain aspect of desolation and hopelessness about it which seemed to hint that in the home something was wanting—something indefinable; but whether a master or mistress's ruling hand, who could say? Mr Sedley was an athletic, finely-formed man of fifty or thereabouts; an amateur farmer and enthusiastic sportsman: he was considered an extremely handsome personage by those who admired a florid complexion, Roman nose, and curling jet hair. These personal attractions were united to a jovial hearty manner, which, if not refined, was not absolutely ungentlemanly: he was a great talker on all topics, and liked to be thought a clever man; our Eldest had found out this weak point. She had also hinted at other failings, but we turned a deaf ear to aught that disparaged our favourite. In short, Mr Sedley was a popular person—his wife quite the reverse: the world is easily deceived by appearances—mere surface-work passes current—whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones! Mrs Sedley was less than half her husband's age, though she had been married many years; she was a pale, young creature, and usually pronounced plain, but with fine eyes. Her manners were nervously timid and cold; she spoke little, and seemed averse to society: matrons shook their sagacious heads, and whispered that they pitied poor Mr Sedley—he had much to endure from his wife's habitual ill-health and peevishness; he spoiled her, indulged her fancies, coaxed and coddled her into fancying herself an invalid! Witness how often, when they were invited out together, Mr Sedley made his appearance alone—pleading headache, or some other convenient ailment, as an excuse for Josephine's absence; and often when Mrs Sedley kept her engagement, swollen eyes, as if from weeping, and manners marked by melancholy, rendered her society more of a bore than a pleasure. Mr Sedley on these occasions evinced great concern and tenderness towards Mrs Sedley; while she—sulky thing! said the ladies—gave no answering sign in return for all this obvious demonstration of affection. Our Eldest was wont to say that she disliked Mr Sedley's eyes—she mistrusted their glance—'for the tongue may deceive,' said Mary, 'but rarely the eye.' We who had been accustomed to see Mrs Sedley only in her quiescent state, were not a little surprised at the change we witnessed one evening when she came to us during the unavoidable absence of her husband on some business matters. Her hilarious laugh, beautiful eyes lit up by animation, and her heightened colour, made us doubt her identity: this gay, pretty creature, the moping, sickly Mrs Sedley? And when, on departing, she gracefully thanked us for a 'happy evening,' there was a tremor and sadness in her voice which seemed to say, 'happy hours are rare with me.' Nevertheless we girls continued to lean towards the side of the strong; and though our sister Mary pronounced Mrs Sedley 'no ordinary being,' we failed to discover any attractions in her silence, pale, jaded looks, and unsocial habits; so we perfectly understood Mary's placid smile when she said, 'We will invite them to dinner, and introduce them to Mr Arthur.'

For once in a way, they both came. Mrs Sedley was looking her best, but not as we had seen her on 'the happy evening'; she sat next Mr Arthur, and contrary to his habit, the old gentleman paid much attention to his timid neighbour, and drew her into conversation. She often glanced uneasily towards her husband; but he, after once or twice regarding Mr Arthur, seemed satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, and gave himself no further concern about his wife, but betook himself to an adjoining apartment where there was a 'rubber' in preparation. We heard Mrs Sedley's low gentle laugh; we heard her sweet voice; and Mary, by a warning look, cautioned us not to disturb the couple,

so pleasantly engaged, and apparently so well pleased with each other. Mr Arthur's face no longer portrayed vacancy; he was earnest, interested, and spiritual; yes, actually spiritual, as he gazed upwards with those deeply-set eyes, and put back his flowing silver locks from his high forehead. We overheard them: they were revelling in the dream-lands of poesy, and our Eldest said tenderly, gazing upon the now lovely Josephine, 'Poor thing, 'twere pity to bring her back to earth again.'

Mr Arthur had many opportunities after this of reading the Sedleys, and we believed he had succeeded in doing so most thoroughly; but whatever was the result of his observations, with his usual prudence, they remained undivulged. We had suspicions, indeed, that he had dropped hints to our sister Mary, for she often looked sadly at Mrs Sedley, the tears coming into her eyes, while her manner towards Mr Sedley was more distant than formerly. 'Honest soul! she never gave the cordial hand or friendly greeting but as they came truthfully from her heart. Much we marvelled that Mary attempted no intimacy with Mrs Sedley, seldom went to Elder-trees; but whenever she met that lady, which was indeed but rarely, we remarked a loving cordiality in her mode of address which few persons elicited. She could not help showing what she felt, and Mr Sedley became stiff and distant proportionably. Was conscience whispering a rebuke, or did he feel himself misjudged?'

Well, time rolled on; changes came with time, and when some of us married, and left the village of S—, we forgot all about Mr Arthur, the Sedleys, and village gossip in general. I had been abroad with my husband for many years, and the first Christmas after our return to England was passed at the old-fashioned hospitable mansion presided over by my husband's mother. She was an octogenarian, but a lively, charming old lady. There were other guests expected, and amongst the rest, we were told a Colonel and Mrs Devereux were coming, of whom my mother-in-law spoke in raptures. 'They were so gifted, so gay and delightful, so fond of each other; the bloom of their love quite refreshing to witness—their story was so romantic too.' Thus the lively ancient ran on, exciting our curiosity to the utmost, but refusing to gratify it until we had become acquainted with the 'charming pair.'

Could it be possible?—did not my eyes deceive me? or did I, indeed, behold in Mrs Colonel Devereux the cidevant Mrs Sedley of Elder-trees?—Mrs Sedley as I had seen her on the 'happy evening' in our cheerful home at S—, far more radiant and beautiful than then; as young in appearance too, for happiness is an unailing renovator. She recognised me instantly, her colour changed, and her voice faltered; but as she turned towards her husband, whispering a few words in his ear, I read by the glance that passed between them a history of perfect sympathy and wedded happiness. We spoke of Mr Arthur; he had not been long dead; and I learnt that he had been Colonel Devereux's guardian and dearest friend. When I heard the singular episodes of Josephine's past life, I ceased to wonder at the almost mysterious veneration she cherished towards his memory. It gladdened the heart of our Eldest when the following particulars were duly transmitted to her, for the best of us like to find we have not erred in our judgments:—

Mr Sedley met with an accident shortly after we left S—, which brought on a lingering complaint, ultimately causing his death. During the two years he lingered between the confines of time and eternity, Mrs Sedley was an unremitting and devoted nurse, never quitting her husband's sick couch, and being nearly worn to a shadow when death at length released the sufferer. Mr Sedley's death brought also a release from suffering to her; for it is more than probable had she not been blest with an excellent constitution, the one drop of water which had for years been falling on her head, would have penetrated the brain, and wrought ruin to the delicate fabric of humanity. Mr

Sedley left the whole of his property to his wife; it amounted to about £400 a year, but hampered with the proviso, that in the event of her contracting a second marriage, she was to forfeit all claim to it, unless the aspirant to her hand possessed an income to the same amount, subject to no contingencies or casualties, such as business or speculation might engender. He also placed a small casket in Mrs Sedley's hands, exacting from her a solemn promise that in the event of her accepting an offer of marriage after his decease, whether forfeiting her income or not, she would deliver the said casket into the custody of her intended husband, charging him to examine the contents immediately, to examine them alone, and to receive them as a legacy bequeathed by the dead, for her sake and his.

Mrs Sedley gave the required promise, and accepted the trust: her sensitive, tender heart shrank from refusing a dying man's last request; but there was a look in his eyes when the vow was spoken which made her heart sink within her. What could that casket contain? Ah, it will never be opened! thought Mrs Sedley, for I have had enough of matrimony; and who would think of a crushed and faded flower when spring-buds are opening in glory all around.

Her first marriage had been to please her parents: within three years after Mr Sedley's decease she met Captain Devereux, and now thought of marrying to please herself. His income was nearly double her own, hereditary landed property: he loved and wooed her; nor when she had whispered the final 'yes' was the remembrance of the casket forgotten. She loosened the key from a chain which hung around her neck, and gave it to Captain Devereux as he quitted her side with a curiosity to penetrate the secret almost equal to her own. He found nothing within save a letter, and it contained but few words: it was as a voice from the grave, long confined within those iron bands, but bursting forth at length to light, in hollow murmurs of dim import. The dead addressed the living: the purport was to rescue a brother man from irremediable misery, in a solemn warning to abstain from wedding Josephine Sedley, whose specious arts would be all exerted to appear in a fair light: 'but beware of her; turn away and flee ere it be too late, and your doom sealed for life.' Thus it concluded. The handwriting was that of the late Mr Sedley, and it bore his well-known signature.

Incredible in fiction would these particulars appear, but we are dealing with facts, and painting men and women as they really acted and felt. Captain Devereux was excessively shocked and startled as he perused and reperused the extraordinary missive. Josephine had studiously avoided speaking of her first husband or her former life, and seemed fluttered and pained by any reference to that topic; her health was still variable, and she often betrayed an uneasy restlessness of manner, which might indeed be attributed to many causes. Captain Devereux regarded it as an evidence of a sensitive disposition, too prone to dwell on early sorrows or disappointments, for he could not look on Josephine without feeling the conviction that she had known suffering. He did not hesitate on the course to pursue, but laid her deceased husband's letter before Mrs Sedley, watching her intently as she read it. Her countenance changed not, but tears coursed down her pale cheeks as she merely exclaimed, 'It is cruel thus to persecute me from the grave! but oh, Edward,' turning to Devereux, 'you do not believe this?' Her eyes beamed with love and truthfulness, and his suspicions, if he had momentarily indulged any, were disowned at once; but Josephine's wounded heart had noted the transient shadow, intangible to all but her, and she sank down weeping bitterly, burying her face in her hands. No persuasions could induce her to divulge aught connected with her past history save the general outlines of family and fortune. She always gave one answer: 'A wife's lips ought to be inviolably sealed during life, and death may not dissolve the spell.'

A sad change crept over the young widow from this time; her cheek became paler and paler, and like one quite weary and exhausted with the struggle of life: even her lover had not power to rouse the bruised spirit. That fatal letter had cast a blight over her from the grave; and she at length summoned up resolution to tell Captain Devereux that their engagement must end: she had no power to disprove the cruel statement so fearfully made.

'Your whole future life, my Josephine, will disprove it,' he exclaimed. But her morbid sensitiveness would in all probability have caused her to shrink from ever becoming his wife, had not Mr Arthur providentially made his appearance at this juncture, and set all things to rights. The worthy old gentleman had been absent on a foreign tour, and great was his delight when he found that his young friend's future bride was the Mrs Sedley in whom he had been so deeply interested when at S—. He heard the story of the casket from Captain Devereux, its effect on Josephine, her refusal to exculpate herself by casting blame on the departed; and Mr Arthur's blue eyes sparkled as he rubbed his hands exultingly, saying, 'Right again, my boy—right again. I am never wrong in my judgments—never shall be. She is a noble creature, though perhaps a little too over-refined and fastidious, if that be possible. I read both her and her deceased tyrant—yes, you may start, for tyrant he was, and of the kind that breaks a woman's heart in the dreariest manner—under a show of kindness! Talents, hopes, health, all buried beneath his overwhelming selfishness and egotism, for I made myself acquainted with their private history. My heart bled for the poor young creature; but I said to myself, "None can save her: her doom is fixed: death is her only release;" and death, you see, did release her.'

'But did Mr Sedley positively ill-use his wife, my dear sir—surely he would not have dared to do that?' questioned Captain Devereux with flashing eyes.

'Well, he didn't beat her certainly; but mark me, Devereux, he was *jealous*—jealous as a man, jealous as an inferior—for he knew her superiority of mind to his own, and he quailed beneath that knowledge, and brushed her down. He was old enough to be her father, and he married her as a child; but the child became a woman, and his jealous love might almost have been termed hate; for it was not only those of his own sex on whom he looked with suspicion when they approached his wife, but women shared the same fate, and he grudged her a female friend. They had no children, and poor Josephine endeavoured to supply the void by dumb pets, on whom she lavished perhaps too much attention. Mr Sedley destroyed these more than once: the very books she read he disliked; and he was never satisfied unless she was darning his stockings, mending or making, or assisting in culinary preparations for his gratification! Women, he said, were fit for nothing else. He hated fine ladies; and he ought by rights to have married his cook. He had no pride in her beauty or talents. He was a handsome man, wished to be thought a clever one; and so he domineered over his wife, who had not spirit or power to check or stem the torrent of violence, which for long intervals slumbered, and oozed forth drop by drop on the victim's devoted head. He left her material, but endeavoured to wrest from her all spiritual comfort, for he knew the effect such a letter would have on her tender mind. In my opinion, Sedley ought to have been placed in a lunatic asylum; and if he had not been taken off as he was, I have no doubt he would soon have killed Josephine. Few women would have endured ten years of jealous madness as she did, so heroically and silently withal. I'll be answerable for her future conduct, Devereux,' continued Mr Arthur smiling; 'and now fix the day for the wedding; and tell her all I have told you.' Presently he added in a more serious tone, 'Tend the flower: place it in your bosom: though faded, it will revive with warmth and care, and repay you a thousandfold with its rich perfume.'

Mr Arthur lived long enough to watch the expanding blossom in all its summer beauty, and to rejoice that he had been made the instrument of saving one, so gentle and good as Josephine, from despair.

'Ah,' said our Eldest when she heard the tale, 'I am so glad I thought of asking the Sedleys to dinner.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CHLOROFORM.

THE following letter appears in the 'Manchester Examiner and Times' of June 22:—'Sir—May I take the liberty of inquiring, through the medium of your columns, whether any, and what medical gentleman or dentist in Manchester, uses chloroform in surgical operations? Has it been introduced into any hospital here? There have been accounts of its use having occasioned death in London, and I am informed that great prejudice exists in this town against it. In Chambers's Journal for May last (page 280) there is a method of *testing* and *purifying* chloroform given; and I understand that the cause of death in the London cases arose either from impurity of the chloroform or the unskilfulness of the medical practitioner. I should also much like to know whether the mode of purification mentioned in Chambers's Journal is adopted in Manchester, and whether chloroform has caused death in any case here. It seems to me that if a medical man in this town would devote his attention to the subject, and procure pure chloroform, he would get well rewarded for his pains, and it would be a great boon to the inhabitants. —Yours very obediently, J.'

This letter is very reasonable. Chloroform of any kind is as yet little used in Manchester. The 'profession' there seems not prompt in making advances or adopting novelties, and they have not yet become generally aware, or at least not generally convinced, that chloroform of a pure quality, used with due care, is a safe application. As throughout England generally, there was first a wretched kind of chloroform used, which was seen to be dangerous, and then it was assumed that chloroform was a pernicious article, which it was the duty of cautious surgeons to avoid. The lucid explanations given by Professor Gregory before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, which we lately reported (No. 331), have not yet produced their proper effect in the south.

Men remark with wonder the great improvements of our day, by which personal locomotion and the transmission of intelligence are so immensely facilitated. There was a striking proof of this given on a melancholy occasion very lately, when the death of Sir Robert Peel, which took place near midnight, was promulgated in the papers published next morning in Edinburgh, exactly as in those of London. The rail and the electric telegraph perform wonders in some departments of our social state; but they seem to be useless in others. Here is a city full of medical men of high character, amongst whom a medicament most important to humanity takes its rise, and comes into general use. It has been for upwards of two years extensively and most successfully employed, in all kinds of cases, from tooth-drawing upwards. Thousands of people have taken it by way of experiment—nay, for amusement! In all, it is estimated to have been applied in this city upwards of eighty thousand times, and that *without the occurrence of a single accident!* One would think that such a fact would in these days soon be generally known. It lies open, palpable, before the whole world. Yet, strange to say, chloroform is little more than barely known in another British city, little more than 200 miles off, full of the most active, intelligent population in the world. It is throughout England the subject of a prejudice which a knowledge of the actual facts would at once dispel. Does not this show that the improvements are only in the physical machinery; and that when we come to the intellectual or moral, things are found as rusty as ever?

The plain truth regarding chloroform is, that in one city, where it is used pure, and with care, it is extensively and most beneficially employed. In other parts of the empire, where it has been made impure, and administered in an improper manner, it has been detrimental. In these other places, a pure article would of course have the usual good effects; but against this result there is an obstruction in the difficulty of transmitting an important truth from one mind to another. The only hope for the unfortunate public in this case is, to refuse to submit to a surgical operation until the attending practitioner has provided himself with the proper article entitled to the name of chloroform, and accomplished himself in the art of using it.

THE 'CANNY' SCOTCH.

In a late parliamentary debate, when a particular speaker opposed the claims of certain persons in Greece claiming compensation for alleged injuries from the government, it was deemed sufficient presumption against one that he was a Scotsman—'a canny Scotsman'—this implying that he must necessarily be seeking to cheat and overreach, and that the claim therefore ought to be disallowed. This seems to us an unjust imputation, and one which, as calculated to be offensive to a whole nation, it is unwise in a British legislator to give vent to. It is not uncommon, however, in public proceedings in England, to accept some allusion of this nature to Scotland as an exceedingly good joke. To a Scotsman who, besides his home experiences, has some personal knowledge of London and of English modes of doing business generally, the joke has a very strange aspect. He feels that, at home, he is living among a people who, under all drawbacks on account of whisky (grievous as these are), are still in the main a moral—yea more, a *simple* people. He seldom finds occasion to be watchful or suspicious in his dealings with strangers of his own country. Swindling, pocket-picking, and house-robbery, are offences so rare, that he scarcely has to be at all on his guard against them. The charities of life are conspicuous everywhere in the land, unblighted by mutual fears. In London, on the contrary, he finds a predominant and ceaseless apprehension of danger from rogues. In his lodgings, walking the street, hiring a cab, making a purchase in a shop, he finds himself purely an object of spoliation, his best hope being, that he will get off without more than an average amount of sacrifice. He finds every one expressing more or less in his ordinary demeanour that he is on the defensive against his fellow-creatures. To live un plundered, and not continually overreached, it seems to be necessary to have an immense amount of special local knowledge, without which the stranger must of course suffer. It is not many years since a London periodical work gave a series of papers exposing the false pretensions of almost every class of traders, and showing that in whole streets there was not a single window which did not tell lies for the purpose of imposing on the unwary! When the honest, simple-hearted Scotsman, after a day's experience of the almost universal cheating, overreaching, and imposture of the great Babylon, retires to his lodging, and reads an account of a public meeting of Englishmen who have been thrown into 'convulsions of laughter' by some waggish allusion to 'a canny Scotsman'—perhaps merely seeking his own from some very uncanny somebody else*—he is apt to feel that he has learned something like a new version of the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

It is to be feared that large portions of the people of England continue to labour under old traditional prejudices against the Scotch, which, taking their rise in an age of mutual hostility and exasperation, were not

over-true at the beginning, and have long ceased to be true at all. A little reflection might show that keen or smart dealing in trade is, upon the whole, less likely to characterise a people in the stage of civilisation at which the Scotch have arrived, than one in the position of the English themselves. If England, moreover, were to reflect on the immense aggressions she has made upon the world during the last hundred years, in the subjugation of India, and the establishment of colonies, she would come to think less of the adventurous spirit of the individual Scotch. This is a subject on which great misapprehensions are entertained. In sheltering 38,000 natives of England within her borders (as appeared from the last census), almost all of them mercantile men, many of them very prosperous, Scotland is obviously, in proportion to her capabilities, more hospitable to England than is England to her, since the number of natives of Scotland received into that comparatively large and populous country is only 103,000. In Scotland, besides, the English manufacturers of all grades do an immense amount of business by means of men who do not settle in the population—namely, the class called commercial travellers. Settled or peripatetic, English traders meet with all possible encouragement, and certainly with nothing like a spirit of national antipathy, or rancour, or sarcasm, in Scotland. It does not appear to comport very well with English magnanimity, that a contrary feeling should so often find expression in England.

Scotland has for many years given no sort of trouble to the central government. It is an industrious, and therefore a prosperous country, and hence there is little tendency to discontent on political matters. But there is a pretty prevalent notion in Scotland that her reasonableness, or tameness, or whatever it may be called, leads to her being somewhat slighted or overlooked by those intrusted with the conduct of imperial affairs. It is remarked that large grants are made from the state funds for London and Dublin, in comparison with any extended to Edinburgh, and that it is almost impossible, except under very special circumstances, to obtain an imperial support for any of the public institutions in the north. For example, while sixty thousand a year is spent on the British Museum, nothing whatever can be obtained for any kind of museum in Edinburgh, although it is obvious that a certain diffusion, as well as concentration, is desirable for such institutions. The discontent on these subjects is not loud, but it is deep, and always getting deeper. It will be enough to add only a couplet from Burns—

'For God's sake, sirs, then speak her fair,
And stralk her canny wi' the hair.'

THE BUCCANEER.

In this country the supremacy of physical force is at least theoretically at an end. National wars are denounced as impolitic and unnecessary, as well as cruel and impious; personal conflicts among the lower classes excite only contempt and disgust; and when a gentleman is called to the arbitrament of the duello, he turns his back upon the inviter, telling him significantly that he pays his police rates. Under such circumstances, how is it that we read 'Ivanhoe,' and other romances of chivalry, with undiminished delight, and that we retain all our old interest in the perils and achievements of mere animal courage? The reason is probably to be found in our instinctive recognition of the progressive development of the race to which we belong. There have been times, and there are still countries, where physical strength and iron nerves occupy the place of moral virtue, and where the capacity to give and endure hard blows are the test of real greatness. Each stage of social development has its own heroism; and knowing this—or rather *feeling* it—we may read with interest, and perhaps admiration, the details of deeds which in our day would consign their authors to the hulks or the gallows.

* The word 'canny' is generally used in Scotland in the sense of gentle, calculated for good. In England, apparently in some confusion from its resemblance in sound to 'cunning,' it is usually accepted as meaning sly and knavish. Jamieson gives both senses; but the latter is apparently obsolete in Scotland.

The author of a work before us*—which can hardly be termed a work of fiction—is aware of the principle here hinted at; and he strives from the commencement to impress upon his readers the fact, that the Buccaneers of whom he treats were not pirates in our sense of the term, embarrassing commerce, and distracting the onward course of civilisation, for their own personal gains, but men called up by the exigencies of events, and belonging essentially even in their crimes to the epoch. Spain asserted an exclusive property in the new world, and vessels of other nations presuming to show themselves in the Carribean Sea were treated like poachers on a private manor. This unheard-of arrogance gave rise to a coalition against the Spaniards, which subsisted in these latitudes even when the different nations at home were at peace with each other. Spain was the only enemy, and with her there was never 'peace beyond the line;' the other Europeans, in public avowal of their confederation, calling themselves the 'Brethren of the Coast.' The Spaniards, who considered their right to the new world as indefeasible, inasmuch as it was derived from the pope, looked of course upon these interlopers as pirates; but the Buccaneers themselves assumed the name of privateersmen, and frequently carried letters of marque issued by any European nation with which Spain was at war.

So much for the theory; but the practice, as Mr Reach admits unwillingly, was a very different matter. The European ships which asserted their right to trade in these seas were necessarily at war with the Spaniards; but trade was soon forgotten in the excitement and profit of the strife; the desperate and depraved rushed in crowds to the bloody field; and a war of plunder ensued waged by roving banditti. Thus the Buccaneers—for we must not spare our author's tenderness—although theoretically privateersmen, were practically pirates; and, taking them as a body, they were perhaps the most atrocious miscreants in the world. Still, it cannot be denied that there mingled with the offscourings of the English, French, and Dutch jails some few adventurers of a better class, who would have shrunk from mending their fortunes by taking to the road—as well as many waifs and strays of the ocean, who were driven into the ranks of the Brethren by the storms of fortune. Among these classes, therefore, Mr Reach seeks his hero; and without throwing any permanent disguise over the repulsive features of the trade, he brings his story within the range of modern sympathies by clothing his Buccaneer in the conventional honesty and simple-mindedness of a seaman.

Leonard Lindsay, for that was his name, while on a voyage to Italy as a sailor, was blown into the sea in a squall with a portion of the mast and yard on which he had been employed in securing the topsails. Sustained by a spar, he spends the night in the stormy water, suffering a score of deaths; but in the morning he is rescued by the pinnacle of a Mediterranean felucca, bound for Hispaniola. There he soon learned that it was the intention of his preservers to sell him for a slave (nominally an apprentice) to the French West India Company. By the connivance of a countryman on board, however, he makes his escape, and once more finds himself floating alone on the sea, but this time in a small skiff, and on the coast of Porto Rico. 'For nearly an hour I remained almost motionless, fearing every moment to hear an alarum-gun fire; but the night continued silent, and then with a good heart I took up my oars, and using two as sculls, rowed towards the coast. The land-breeze blew steadily, so I had to tug long and hard. At last, seeing the dusky bank close ahead, I paused to look for a landingplace, but none could I see. The nature of the coast seemed to have changed, the land hereabout being a long, smooth wall of perpendicular rock, sinking sheerly into

the sea, which rose and fell at the base, with a loud hissing, pouring, gurgling sound—not like the deep thunder of surf. I therefore set myself to pull eastwardly in search of a creek or bay. I knew that the moon would presently rise over the land, and in sooth, in about an hour, I noted the glow of her broad disk, peeping over the edge of the cliff ahead of me, and showing it, fringed, as it were, with a line of bushes and brushwood, which curled over the precipice, surmounted now and then by one of the tall, bending palmetto-trees. In about an hour I had moonlight sufficient to see pretty distinctly the great limestone ledges along which I was cautiously coasting—pausing on my oars, now and then, to hear the great buzz of insects and the forlorn cries of night-birds which floated from the land. It must have been near three o'clock, when I saw a black-like opening in the wall of cliff, and very cautiously I pulled my boat inwards. For some time I was in great doubt as to whether I had found a creek, but presently I beheld the two portals of rock between which I was, fairly astern of the boat, and saw and heard the white gleam of the surf breaking on the beach. But the former was too high for me to risk a landing, and I would have pulled out to sea again, but seeing another dark shadowy space upon the left, I made for it, hoping it might turn out an oblique channel leading from the main cove. I was not deceived, and presently the boat glided along a sort of dusky canal, with great rocks on either hand, clothed with rich creeping herbage: trees hanging over either ledge, and as the channel narrowed, meeting, and by their intertwining boughs shutting out the blue sky. Below me the water showed as black as tar, yet sparkling when the undulations from the outer creek caused it to rise and sink upon the bushy banks. Now and then a flutter of wings would echo in the narrow passage, and the loud shriek of a night-bird would drown the noise. Anon a scrambling, wallopping sound, followed by a splash, as of a great animal scuttling from a ledge into the water, would ensue, and again for a time there would be deep silence. In about a quarter of an hour the heave of the sea was no longer felt, owing, as I concluded, to the shallowing of the creek; and then making fast the skiff to a great protruding branch, which I struck my head against, I rolled myself in a blanket which I found Wright had flung into the boat, and was soon asleep, being thus, as it were, safely anchored to the new world.'

The above extract is a fair specimen of our author's style and manner; and the reader will perceive from it, that in perusing the book he will be in the hands of one who exercises no small power over the imagination. If we had room, we should like to quote likewise the legend of 'Foul-weather Don,' which reminds us a good deal of Washington Irving. The ship was some days out of sight of land, when the Don makes his appearance in an old-fashioned boat. He is himself, too, old-fashioned—looking quite as old as his boat; dressed in a high conical hat and feather, with slashed and brocaded doublet, stiff ruff, red stockings, and with great bunches of ribbon in his shoes. It may be supposed that the sailors stared at their strange visitor; but one of them flung him a rope, and the stranger mounted on deck. Foul-weather Don proves to be the spectre of a tyrannical Spanish captain, whose memory had been so far impaired by the consequences of a fire, that he could not recollect where the island was on which he had hidden his treasure. He swore, however, never to return to Old Spain without it, and for a hundred years had continued to sail the ocean in quest of his gold. This is altogether a very good preternatural story, but we can only give its conclusion. The sailor who threw the rope to the old sinner has discovered the gold on a desert island, but is near getting his throat cut by the turtlers in whose boat he is carrying it off. 'The weather getting very thick, the men forming each group began to whisper, and then all at once, as if they had made up their minds, they gave a loud shout, and made a rush at the box; as they did so, they drew knives and

* Leonard Lindsay; or the Story of a Buccaneer. By Angus I. Reach. 2 vols. London: Bogue. 1856.

snicker-sneezes, and cut and chopped at each other, struggling and cursing over the chest. Ned saw the blood splash down on the gold, and he rushed forward to separate them, crying out—"Madmen that you are—look out for the squall first, and fight afterwards." But it was too late, mates. The sky got black, and with a loud roar the squall came, tearing up the sea before it, and in the very centre of the flying foam Ned swore he saw Foul-weather Don, with his arms stretched forth, as if in triumph. In an instant the blast struck the sails, heaving the turtler bodily on her broadside, and as she lurched over, the heavy box of gold fetched away with a mighty surge, and went crashing through and through the frail bulwark, and then with a great plunge down to the bottom of the ocean, there to lie, mates, even until the day when the sea shall give up its dead! All this passed in a moment, and the next instant the ship, as though relieved by having cast forth the guilty gold, righted with a heavy roll, which sent the seamen sprawling across the deck, with their knives in their hands, and bloody gashes in their faces and limbs. The sailor looking down into the sea where the gold had sunk, sees the old captain's boat, keel uppermost.

An adventure as strange, though unconnected with the supernatural, is that of the 'Dwarf Pilot of the Unknown Shoals.' The ship on board of which Lindsay is, now one of the Buccaneers, finds herself suddenly in the midst of breakers when the crew knew of no land nearer than 300 miles. It was an immense and unknown shoal, where a flaw of wind, or a shift in the currents traversing its intricate channels, would be instantly fatal. 'At length the dawn grew pale in the sky, then a red, warm glow brightened above the waves; the thin night-mists rolled away; the seabirds came shrieking and clanging from their nests and holes, and we truly saw a lonely and desolate sight. All around the schooner for miles and miles was a pale-greenish sea, laced, as it were, with bars and streaks of surf, which spread around like open network, and dotted here and there with great smooth banks of bright sand; and low, long reefs like jagged walls rising now and then into a higher point of precipitous rock, which showed perhaps some eight or ten feet above the level of the surf. The blue sea formed the framing of this dismal picture.' They had got, by a kind of miracle, into the very middle of this hopeless range of shoals, banks, and reefs; and to get out, without a miracle, seemed impossible. The day was passed in vain explorations, and they determined on the following morning to begin a new search for an outlet in both the ships' boats. 'About an hour before sunset the men were lounging under the awning which we had set, fore and aft, some of them fishing in the clear water beneath us, when on a sudden there was a great cry of astonishment raised; and looking up from the chart which I was studying, I saw a strange little man, so small, he might almost be called a dwarf, deliberately climbing over the taffrail. A dozen of our seamen rushed to lay hold of him, but he waved his hand, as though there was no necessity for violence, and jumped lightly down on deck. "Where is the captain of this ship?" quoth he in a strange shrill, cracked voice, and speaking English with a slight foreign accent. At this moment Captain Jem came out of the main cabin, and stared heartily, as indeed we all did, to see so unexpected and strange-looking a visitor. The creature—who was so queer and dwarfish a man, that as I gazed upon him I thought of old-world stories of Brownies and uncanny men of the moors—could not have been above four feet high. He had very broad shoulders, and such long muscular arms, that they looked like fore-legs of an ape. His face was big and broad, but not by any means ugly. He had light-blue twinkling eyes and long fair hair, and a beard of a flaxen colour. The little man's dress was as strange as himself. He wore a broad hat, made of great ribbons of strong green sea-weed, very neatly plaited and wrought. He had a linen shirt, not of the cleanest, with a cloth cloak hanging round his

loins, and bound with a broad belt of similar sea-weed to that which formed his hat; while on his legs, which were very short and thick, he wore a pair of coarse canvas drawers. His great brown splay feet were bare. When I say that this strange-looking apparition had a sort of necklace of coral, mixed with small pieces of gold and silver money hung round his neck, that his ears were weighed down with big silver rings, and that in his hand he carried a paddle, with a broad blade at each end, I have fully described to the reader the stranger, who now advanced towards Captain Jem, pulling off his hat, and making a very polite bow. Not to be behind-hand in good-breeding, Stout Jem was nothing loth to return the salaam; after which he asked the little man how he had come on board.

The dwarf had arrived in a beautiful canoe, which was now seen alongside; and in reply to the questions of the captain, he announced himself to be a pilot. To what land? None nearer than 100 leagues. What ships, then, come hither to demand your assistance? None at all. The mystery thickened, and the crew stared at each other. The dwarf continued—"There never was a ship," quoth he, "which came to these shoals but stayed there. There be plenty of room for a navy to lie on these sands and reefs; and then the first gale of wind that comes smashes them faster than e'er a ship-breaker in Limehouse." Here the captain got into a rage, and threatened his visitor with the yard-arm. The dwarf, however, remains cool; and in reply to all the captain's questions as to his trade and his whereabouts, replies merely that if they chose he would pilot them out to sea, and ask nothing for his trouble but the pleasure of getting rid of them.

"What will you do when we get to sea?" asked Bristol Tom.

"What is that to you, old man?" quoth the dwarf: "go your ways, and leave me to go mine. I warrant I should have had more wit than to come blundering in here against my will."

"So you landed here on purpose?" says I.

"Whether I did or no," says the dwarf, "is nothing to you. Do you want a pilot, or do you not?"

The sailors, instead of accepting his offer upon his own terms, endeavour to seize the dwarf; but he bounds over the side, and in an instant his light canoe is floating a couple of fathoms from the side. Then follows a chase in one of the ship's boats, described with great spirit; but the little man baffles his pursuers with perfect ease, and they return, forming a shrewd suspicion that the shoal is haunted.

The dwarf turns out to be one of the treasure-seekers of those days, and he meets with a tragical end, which is the worst part of the story.

To give any connected account of the hero's adventures would be impossible in the space to which we are confined. In fact the whole book is full of adventures, and of the most exciting kind imaginable; and the author seems to be as much at home on the land as on the sea. The escape of Lindsay, when hunted with bloodhounds, is a capital piece of melodrama; and generally the scene-painting is highly effective. The Buccaneers' life is at first described a little too much *en beau*, but at the conclusion this is amply made up for. Before coming, however, to the closing scene, we must mention the regulations of the Buccaneers, which are given from actual history. The principle of the voyage was, 'No prey, no pay.' The booty taken was thrown into a common fund, out of which all on board were paid, in due proportions, after the share of the owners was set apart. Then the salaries of the captain, the quarter-master, the boatswain, the carpenter, and the surgeon, were fixed, and certain sums were determined upon, to be given in compensation for the different species of wounds which we might receive. These compensations were upon the following scale, and they applied alike to all the ship's company:—The loss of a right arm, six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves; of a left arm, five hundred pieces, or five

slaves; for a right leg the same; for a left leg, four hundred pieces of eight, or four slaves; for an eye, one hundred pieces of eight, or one slave; and for a finger, the like sum. As for the proportion of pay, the captain had as much as five ordinary seamen; and the quarter-master, or master's mate, which was my station, that of two. The rest of the crew shared equally, and two boys whom we had on board drew the pay of one able-bodied man. Furthermore, it was stipulated that each mariner, without any distinction of rank, should be daily entitled to two full meals of the ship's stores, besides what game or fresh meat we might fall in with; and the indenture concluded by reciting that all those who signed it by name or mark, did thereby take a solemn oath not to hide or conceal from their comrades the slightest article of value which they might become possessed of, but to fling all, without let or drawback, into the common fund.

These are doubtless good regulations; but the tyranny of the officers, lawlessness of the men, and hideous depravity of the great majority of the crew of all ranks, made the ship not unfrequently a pandemonium. The scene described as taking place on board of one of the vessels, is a picture of savage drunkenness ending in literal madness. The mate smashes some bottles of brandy into a tub, and then sets fire to the whole, the besotted company only shouting and cheering at the feat. But the tub is overturned in their frantic struggles, and a flood of liquid fire surges over the cabin.

"Oh, then, the oaths, the yells, the frantic strugglings, which filled that hell upon the waters! Dozens of bottles had been already broken or spilt, and their contents, surging about, had thoroughly drenched the clothes of the wallowing brutes, who lay sprawling upon the floor. The cabin was in a moment one blaze of flame, in which men with their clothes and hair a-fire, and their faces livid and ghastly in the glare, leaped, and staggered, and sought to clamber on barrels and casks, blaspheming, and screaming, and scuffling madly with each other.

"Up, up!" shouted Rumbold; "up for dear life!" All that I have described took place almost in the time that one sees a flash of lightning. In a moment, without knowing how I had done it, I was upon the deck, with my clothes and hair singed, but otherwise unscathed. As I drew in the first blessed breath of the fresh cool night, a loud explosion shook the deck under our feet, and we heard the tinkling crash of the cabin windows as the glass was blown out of them.

"There went a powder-flask!" cried Rumbold; and then, as if the word appalled him, he staggered back from me, crying, "The magazine—the magazine!—it is just beneath the floor of the cabin!"

"What I did for the next moment I hardly know. It is only a vision of rushing to the davits where a quarter-boat hung—of the rope flying hot through my hand—of Rumbold searching frantically for oars on the deck, while a blue flame streamed up through the skylight and cabin stairs, and the shrieks of the burning men mingled in the roar of the fierce fire!

"But in that vision I had one awful glimpse down into the cabin. May I be enabled to forget what I saw! The masses of fat meat, the dry bedding, the clothes scattered on the floor, masses of them being drenched with spirits, were all flaming together, while the drunkards rolled, roaring and scuffling, on the table and the floor, their flesh actually scorching from the bones! I say no more on't: would I could think no more on't.

"Over the side went we with a single leap down into the surging boat. "Off, off—push off!" And as the pinnace glanced away from the ship, tongues of flame curled and roared out of the cabin windows all round the stern. "Pull for life!" We stretched to the oars like madmen, and the boat flew over the water. The mizen-sail, which was as dry as dust, for there was no dew, caught fire from the blaze, roaring up from the

skylight; and in a minute the scorching element ran all aloft, blazing along the ropes, licking up the broad sails, making the strong canvas tinder, and lighting up for miles and miles the lone midnight sea! There! A bright sheet of red fire shot forth, as if a volcano had burst out under the ocean, the glare showing us for an instant, and no more, a vision of huge beams, and rent masses of timber, flying out and upwards; and then—just as we heard the sound of the explosion, not a loud sharp crack, but a smothered roar, which made all the air shake palpably around us—down with a stately swoop fell the flaming mizen-mast into the sea!

"We sat in speechless horror, unable to move our oars; then all the fire, low and aloft, disappeared with a loud hiss, and a great white cloud of steam rose boiling from the wreck, loud sounds of cracking and rending timber coming forth from the vapour, mingled with the gurgling rush of water pouring into and sucking down the shattered ship. After this, the white smoke rose and floated, like a canopy, all above our heads, and we gazed, and gazed, but saw nothing on the midnight sea.

"They are gone—it is all over," said Rumbold. "Lord have mercy on their sinful souls!"

"To this I solemnly responded, with my heart as with my tongue, "Amen! amen!"

NOTES ON EMIGRATION.

CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.

SOME time ago we noticed the establishment of a colony at Otago, in New Zealand, by a body of individuals belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, and from all recent accounts, it appears that this attempt at systematic colonisation is likely to be crowned with perfect success. Perhaps encouraged by the example of the Otago settlers, and at all events moved by considerations of the importance of colonising on an enlarged social scale, certain persons have formed themselves into an association, with the view of establishing a Church of England settlement in New Zealand. The Canterbury Settlement, as this new colony is to be called, lies on the same side of the middle island of New Zealand as Otago, about 150 miles farther north, and consists of a million of acres of land. The land has been acquired by purchase from the New Zealand Company, which stands in the place of the crown as regards the disposal of waste lands. The association is entitled, by royal charter, to acquire and dispose of lands, and as a corporate body to make all proper arrangements for conducting a settlement.

As formerly stated, we do not give an unqualified approval to the planting of colonies on the basis of one predominant religious denomination; but in this, as in many other things, we must make a choice of evils, and adopt the lesser. Left to itself, emigration is conducted on no plan. Crowds of people in struggling circumstances ship themselves off anywhere, and anyhow; when they arrive in the country of their choice, they scatter themselves abroad in forests and wastes; buy land at a few shillings an acre; toil like slaves for years; and live probably hundreds of miles from churches or schools. They seldom fail to obtain plenty of food; their animal wants are fully supplied; but an intelligent man aims at something besides mere food and shelter. And yet the mass of emigrants get nothing else. The consequence of such undirected plans is a very slow social progress—often a protracted barbarism. What is wanted is a well-considered scheme of colonisation, by which emigrants of various classes—capitalists, professional men, tradesmen, agriculturists, labourers—might proceed with some degree of certainty to a quarter where they could unitedly set up a state of society resembling that with which they had been accustomed. Schemes of this kind have always been most successful when allied with religious principle. A community of faith has formed a bond of union among the first set-

tioners, and an attraction to those who came after them. Some of the old American colonies were eminently successful on this account. Maryland was settled by Roman Catholics, Pennsylvania by Quakers, New England by the Puritans. Ever since England lost these colonies, the practice of sectarian or concentrated emigration has been dropped, and the haphazard plan has been almost the only one followed. An energetic body of Scottish seceders, in planting Otago, may be said to have revived a lost art; and now an association of Englishmen propose to follow in the same course.

The Canterbury Association consists of a number of noblemen, private gentlemen, bishops, and archbishops, at the head of whom is the Archbishop of Canterbury. We observe that the Archbishop of Dublin, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Lord Ashley, are among the office-bearers of the association; and their names alone are a sufficient guarantee for any arrangements that may be adopted. The objects of the association are thus briefly stated:—'It is perceived that adequate provision for man's moral and religious wants in the new country contains the primary element of successful colonisation, not only on account of the importance of such provision *per se*, but also because thereby alone can a really valuable class of men be induced to join in the foundation and settlement of colonies. Upon this idea our plan is founded. We intend to form a settlement, to be composed entirely of members of our own church, accompanied by an adequate supply of clergy, with all the appliances requisite for carrying out her discipline and ordinances, and with full provision for extending them in proportion to the increase of population. As by preserving unity of religious creed, the difficulties which surround the question of education are avoided, we shall be enabled to provide amply and satisfactorily for that object. The committee of management will have the power of refusing to allow any person of whom they may disapprove to become an original purchaser of land; and as that power will be carefully exercised, it is hoped that ineligible colonists may be almost entirely excluded, and that the new community will have at least a fair start in a healthy moral atmosphere. The purchasers of land will have the selection of labourers to be recommended for a free passage; such labourers to be also exclusively *bonâ-fide* members of the English church. As a site for our projected colony, we have fixed upon New Zealand, which offers greater advantages of soil and climate, combined with a greater amount of available and unoccupied land, than any other British possession. . . . In order to provide funds for carrying out the objects of the association, every purchaser of land will be required to contribute a sum proportioned to the extent of his purchase, and all such contributions will be expended, through the instrumentality of the committee of management, according to the wishes and directions of the colonists, from among whom those who are fit and able to take part in the proceedings of the committee will be from time to time added to their number. The principal sources of expense will consist in religious and educational endowments, in the importation of labour, in surveys, and in those public works (such as roads, bridges, and buildings) which may be absolutely necessary to the establishment and maintenance of the settlement. These are things which every good colonist must wish to see well done; but they are such as the isolated efforts of individuals cannot do, and therefore it is necessary to make a contribution to them a preliminary requisite to the purchase of land in the settlement which will benefit by their existence. Ten shillings per acre will be charged for the rural land; and every purchaser of land will contribute to the purposes above-mentioned in the following proportion:—L.1 per acre to the religious and educational fund; L.1 per acre to the immigration fund; 10s. per acre to the fund for miscellaneous purposes, such as surveys, roads, bridges, &c. . . . Such are the main features of the plan; those who bring it before the public propose to themselves a high object, being nothing less than a reform

in our system of colonisation, which might almost appear to have been based on the assumption that colonists have no intellects to be cultivated, no souls to be saved; and that by emigrating they lose their right to the feelings and aspirations, the habits and institutions of Englishmen.' Those who are desirous of joining the colonists, or who wish for further information on the subject, should apply to the secretary, H. F. Alston, Esq., 41 Charing Cross, London.

With regard to the form of government:—'The colonists will sail from England as far as possible an organized society; and it is the intention of her Majesty's government to direct that the settlement of Canterbury may be, if no local obstacles or other unforeseen objections prevent, constituted a distinct province, with a separate legislature. If this intention be carried out, they will possess institutions of local self-government to an extent unexampled in the history of new colonies in modern times; and the enjoyment of this boon alone would suffice to stamp the Canterbury Settlement with a peculiar character, and to make it especially attractive in the eyes of all who are acquainted with the evils of the opposite system. Its colonists will possess complete powers of self-taxation, of legislation upon all matters which concern themselves alone, and of control over all functionaries engaged in local administration, without any interference on the part of other and differently-constituted communities; while it is hoped that the care exercised in selecting those colonists, and their general unity of opinion on topics which form a fertile source of discord at home, will enable them to exercise with peculiar advantage and facility the privileges with which it is hoped that they will be intrusted.'

Two-sixths of the price paid for land are to be set apart for ecclesiastical and educational purposes on a permanent footing. That so large a proportion of the price should be sunk in endowments of this class may appear excessive and inexpedient. But let it be remembered that the dispensation of funds on a liberal principle for churches and schools, is only another name for insuring the settlement of a respectable and 'gentlemanly' community; and if by that means persons of wealth, taste, and education can be induced to settle down together, will not the money be well spent? After having carefully perused the 'Papers' put forth by the Canterbury Association, we candidly avow that we see no reason for a fear sometimes entertained, that the colony will be a mere pendicle of the Church of England, and subordinate to its priesthood. As stated in one of the 'Papers':—'If the object were to extend the church by means of the colony, and all arrangements were planned with this aim in view, then, indeed, either Canterbury would be a priest-ridden settlement, or, as is more probable, the scheme would break down in the execution; but if, on the contrary, the ultimate object is a superior colony, the extension of the church being one of the means employed, in that case, execution being conformable to the design, there will be no spiritual domination in this settlement, but only such religious provisions as promise to make the colony attractive and prosperous.' Further on it is mentioned:—'As respects the attraction of religious provisions, the Canterbury enterprise already furnishes satisfactory proof in the first body of colonists now preparing to emigrate. We allude only to those of the gentry and capitalist classes; for whenever these abound as emigrants, the other classes are sure to be in abundance. We say then with confidence, that as respects numbers and wealth, the body of gentry and capitalists proceeding to Canterbury surpasses those who founded South Australia, Wellington, or Nelson, if it does not surpass all of them put together. Attribute what may be to the uniform fertility of the Canterbury Plains, to the absence of vexing natives, to the climate and scenery, to the full previous survey, and consequent freedom of choice in appropriating land, to the "great names" of the Canterbury Association, and to the pioneering of

such a man as John Robert Godley; award to each and all of these circumstances their just proportions of influence in attracting emigrants of the higher classes; and yet it will be found that the main attraction to Canterbury is the religious element of the plan. Nor has this attracted only the most religious class. By attracting them, it attracts others who see that capital will be most profitably invested in a settlement to which they are attracted in great numbers, and where their wealth, conduct, and example will conduce to a rapid and solid prosperity.

We shall watch with interest the progress of this remarkable settlement, and report to our readers any new circumstances that may seem worthy of being brought under their notice. One word only remains to be added. We are sorry that the term 'Canterbury' has been employed in naming the settlement. All repetitions of old-country names are bad, and this, from peculiar circumstances, is doubly so. It would be much better to seek out and adopt the native name of the district, as in the case of Otago.

LETTER FROM A PAUPER.

A PERSON, who gives us his name, and describes himself as a parish pauper, living in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, writes complainingly to us of an indignity which we have lately committed towards the poor. The letter is so characteristic, that it deserves publicity. We improve only the orthography:—

'Permit me to call your attention to an article entitled "Neglected Children," in the number of your Journal for June 15, in which article paupers and pauper children are mixed up with crime and criminals of every description, as if, in fact, they were guilty of some crime, and ought to be treated as criminals. I should expect from you something more like truth and justice. But before I mention what I complain of, permit me to state some particulars of my life. To begin at the beginning: my father was a soldier, and accompanied Abercromby to the country of the Pyramids, where he experienced the ordinary honours of a soldier. A stray ball went through his leg; and while sitting on the ground in endeavouring to bind up his wound, a mounted warrior gave him a cut across the back of his cranium with a sabre, which greatly disfigured his appearance, and cured him of soldiering. He returned home; was discharged; and became a police-officer in Edinburgh. I was born in Leith Walk in 1819, and while still young, went with my mother to visit her aged father in the north country. Here we resided for nine years, and all the education I got was three-quarters of a year at school. When about nine years of age, my parents removed to Aberdeen. As soon as I arrived in the granite city, I was placed with a distant relative five miles from town, and here I rusticated two years herding cattle. From this I was taken home, and placed in a factory. I wrought at heckling flax for about six years, and then shifted to a cotton-work. My employment consisted in starching, or preparing the yarn with a kind of paste before it is put into the power-loom. Awfully hot work this was; so much so, that on entering the apartment we put off all our clothes except the shirt and a pair of loose trousers. Arms, neck, breast, and legs, were bare, and yet the perspiration was excessive. At this trying employment I continued two years, during which I lost a stone in weight. On leaving the cotton-factory, work was difficult to be had. I went to the country, and helped a relative to keep a toll. It being the depth of winter at this time, a very heavy fall of snow blocked up the road; and it being the duty of tollmen to keep the roads clear of drifts, I went to clear part of the way the day after my arrival. It was a dreadfully cold day; a piercing wind blew, accompanied by sleet and rain. However, I put off my coat, and commenced work, and wrought till I was both wet and weary. As might be expected, I caught a cold, or the cold caught

me. Be that as it may, I got it—and such a cold! I could not speak for three months, and did nothing but cough night and day. People said I had got consumption. They were mistaken, however: I got better. The cough left me, and I was left with an extraordinary shortness of breath. In this state I again obtained employment at the cotton-work; but I now found that if I exerted myself, or travelled a short distance, my breathing became difficult, accompanied with a quick and irregular beating of the heart. Unfortunately I disregarded these symptoms of disease, which I imagined would leave me by and by; and in 1843 I married. I, however, found that the disease was gradually getting worse; so that, in 1849, I was under the necessity of giving up work, and going to the infirmary. For about six months I used all sorts of medicines, both inwardly and outwardly, with blisters of every shape and size, without being in the least relieved. By this time my family, consisting of my wife and three children, were in a state of utter destitution. Some friends advised me to apply for parish relief. This was going against the grain. I endeavoured to find some employment that I was fit for; but my efforts were useless, and I was obliged to apply to the parish. My only alternative was starvation; and I really believe I chose the worst, as the parochial board has kindly allowed me, my wife, and three children, 10s. a month, or 2s. 6d. a week. You, sir, may believe that we will not get fat on that allowance. However, that is not what I complain of; but that my children should be taken to those Ragged Schools, as they are called, to be educated. I am perfectly satisfied that at these schools, where they would mix with criminals, they would learn more evil than good. Yet it is proposed to put all the pauper children into them. It is certainly very hard upon me that because I am unfortunately afflicted both in body and mind, my children should be mixed up with the sweepings of the streets, which would in all probability be hurtful to them during life. Excuse this rather long story, but I could not refrain from stating my objections,' &c.

We deny having implied in the article in question a non-distinction between paupers, simply as such, and criminals. A pauper may of course be a very virtuous person. Our correspondent, for instance, probably is so. His anxiety to keep his children clear of the criminal class argues as much; and we honour him for the feeling which dictates his letter. At the same time, what is society to do? Here is one man who, marrying imprudently when under a disabling ailment, throws himself with a burthen of helpless children on the community. There is another man, dissolute and heartless, who deserts his children, or deliberately allows them to grow up as savages on the streets. Another set of children, perverted by bad example, go about seeking for opportunities of committing crime. In all of these ways a large burthen of unprovided children falls upon the community, who must either take them in charge, or see them grow up as an army of fresh recruits to the criminal class. The question is, Is society to be expected to make nice distinctions amongst these children, furnishing them with separate lodging, schooling, &c.? Society's own answer, we rather think, will be, 'We cannot refine in that way.' The common sense of mankind has everywhere declared that a gift must not be critically scanned. It must therefore be for society to say how far it can go in arrangements for the succour of its outcast children, not for particular parents to claim this and that privilege and favour. We believe, however, that the arrangements are actually, in general, good, and that such complaints as the above are far from being well-founded.

The letter of our pauper correspondent reveals pretty clearly what is, we fear, the general feeling of that class regarding their relation to society. He brings poverty and disease upon himself, and entails the former on his children, without any self-reproach. He is succoured and medically treated at the expense of

his industrious fellow-creatures, without any gratitude. He thinks not of the hardship it is to society to support him and his family; he thinks only of the narrowness of its allowance, and criticises its various arrangements for his benefit. We remember being astounded in our youth by seeing a lame female beggar who had to be carried from door to door by the servants of those who gave her alms, thumping with a stout stick one of her bearers for not carrying her with sufficient steadiness: it was the type of the modern pauper.

SHETLAND WOOL.

The Shetland man wears nothing but the wool of his own sheep; stockings, shirt, drawers, thick Jersey cap, mittens, all are knitted by his family. His trousers are from the same wool, woven in a rude loom. But the wool is of further use in affording the means for the goodwife's indulgence in the luxury of tea. The quality of wool varies: the fleece of some of the sheep is coarse, of others exquisitely fine; so that from two sheep, belonging to the same hill-pasture, one pair of stockings may be made worth fourpence, and another pair worth two guineas; but its general character is a soft fine texture. Practice in the old-fashioned hand-spinning gives to some a beautiful certainty and regularity, competing with and surpassing the thread spun by the finest machinery. The Shetland woman knits from childhood: her ball of worsted and wires accompany her everywhere; into the fields, to be taken up at intervals of rest; even during hard work she plies her industrious fingers, for she may be met on the hill-side with a heavy burthen on her shoulders, bending beneath the weight, but still knitting. She knits, too, when she herself forms the burthen on the back of her little sheltie: his short step does not prevent her knitting. With such constant practice, need we be surprised that some arrive at such perfection in the art? For many years the Dutch were the chief customers for Shetland hosiery. Their fishing-vessels, from five hundred to a thousand, carrying fifteen men each, made Shetland their rendezvous in their yearly visits to the North Sea to prosecute the herring-fishery, and did a considerable barter trade, giving in exchange tea, tobacco, and other exciseable articles; the Board of Customs or Excise, however, deriving no benefit in the matter. But the knitted goods in demand were coarse and cheap, little calculated to improve the manufacture. As the number of Dutch boats dwindled, and with them the hosiery trade, a market was found in Scotland, and finer goods came into demand. The Scotch ladies, good knitters, could appreciate the work. It is only of late years that these goods have been more particularly introduced into England. Fortunately for the knitters, a notion gains ground that woollen clothing is more suited than any other for our variable climate; and the softness of the wool, and the pleasant elasticity that knitting gives, cause these goods yearly to increase in favour.—*Standon on the Shetland Islands.*

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity have been usually concentrated in short pithy sayings, as, 'Keep your head cool, and your feet warm'—'Work much, and eat little,' &c. just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its great principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

'When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain.'

The following is about the best theory of the matter:—Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a contracted one; but when this stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus hus-

bands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensely—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labours beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food, is always debilitated by his pleasures.—*Chicago Dollar Newspaper.*

THE TWIN GENII.

'And this world, ye ken, sir, and nane kens better, was made for Grief as weel as for Joy. Grief and Joy, unlike as they appear in face and figure, are nevertheless sisters, and by Fate and Destiny their verra lives depend on aye and the same eternal Law. Were Grief banished frae this life, Joy wad soon dwine awa' into the resemblance of her departed Soror. Ay, her face wad soon be whiter and mair wo-begone, and they wad soon be buried side by side in ae grave.'—*Noctes Ambrosianae.*

'Il n'y a rien plus près du rire que des larmes.'

THERE are twin Genii, who, strong and mighty,
Under their guidance mankind retain;
And the name of the lovely one is Pleasure,
And the name of the loathly one is Pain.
Never divided, where one can enter
Ever the other comes close behind;
And he who in Pleasure his thoughts would centre,
Surely Pain in the search shall find!

Alike they are, though in much they differ—
Strong resemblance is 'twixt the twain;
So that sometimes you may question whether
It can be Pleasure you feel or Pain.
Thus 'tis that whatever of deep emotion
Stirreth the heart—be it grave or gay,
Tears are the symbol—from feeling's ocean
These are the fountains that rise to-day.

Should not this teach us to calmly welcome
Pleasure when smiling our hearths beside?
If she be the substance, how dark the shadow!
Close doth it follow, the near-allied.
Or if Pain long o'er our threshold hover,
Let us not question, but Pleasure nigh
Bideth her time her face to discover,
Bow of Hope in a clouded sky!

MIT.

London, June 20.

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A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

ARRIVAL—DESCRIPTION OF A DWELLING-HOUSE—BREAKFAST—TIFFIN—SERVANTS.

Chowringhee Road, Calcutta, December 17, 184——'Tis like a dream that I am really here, thousands of miles away from home, every object strange around me—scenes, climate, habits, all equally unlike everything to which I have been accustomed. My head is still confused from the effects of the sea, bewildered by the bustle of the landing, and almost disturbed by my arrival, so that I have difficulty even now, after one whole day and two quiet nights, in collecting my thoughts sufficiently to continue my journal. I finished the story of our voyage at the Sandheads, and begin again according to promise.

Late in the evening of the 15th we ended our long and prosperous voyage. We were towed up the river by a steamer, and anchored opposite to one of the ghauts, or landing-places, where a crowd of boats, servants, and carriages, appeared to be waiting to receive us. It was nearly dark. Indeed the light which enabled us to distinguish the half-naked figures grouped about the broad flight of steps before us, was produced by the many torches carried here and there by this mob of dusky forms, all of whose movements were accompanied by loud discordant cries. The splash of oars was next heard at intervals. There was noise on board too: people jostling one another, strangers arriving, voices inquiring, friends greeting, and shuffling feet resounding on all sides. In the midst of this bedlam a soft voice spoke gently in pretty broken English at my elbow: we were on the deck near the cuddy door, looking with bewildered interest on so strange a scene; and bending down to find out who addressed us, I saw by the light of the lamp on the table a small dark-coloured man dressed all in white, with a red turban upon his head, a lantern in his hand, and no shoes upon his feet; who, bowing low before us, presented a note to Arthur. All that followed was confusion. We were in our cabin again among bags, and boxes, and bundles; we were back upon the deck; we descended the shipside; we were in a covered boat; we went up steps; more turbaned figures bowed before us—a carriage then advancing, we entered it, and drove away through long roads, past large houses and many gardens, all indistinct and perplexing. At length the carriage stopped before high gates; a gong-like bell sounded, the gates opened, and the next thing I recollect was raising myself out of Caroline's arms; from all which incoherent account you will understand in plain English that Edward had been watching for our vessel from the top of the Semaphore Tower, and that whenever he caught sight of the smoke of the steamer, he had hurried home, and sent his servants with carriage and boat to meet us.

I cannot attempt describing that first evening—it was almost incomprehensible. The size of the rooms, the blaze of light, the style of the dinner, the train of servants turbaned and robed, tapping their foreheads, and bowing nearly to the ground as we passed on to the table, filled me with amazement, beside the old familiar voices, last heard in scenes so different. Strange that I should have slept sound after such excitement! I had been very wakeful the last few nights at sea, and probably nature was pretty nearly worn out. We are splendidly lodged; but you will like to have a full description of Caroline's house. You must recollect that this pair of your children are great people—Edward is a *burra sahib*, and Caroline is a *burra bibi*, and so they have a handsome house and all appointments suitable. It stands in what is here called a compound—a piece of enclosed ground laid out in garden fashion; and it consists of three storeys, the plan of each being pretty much the same—one long room extending from front to back right through the house, with three smaller rooms on either side of it. At the end opposite the entrance, running along the whole width of the building, is a deep veranda, rising storey after storey with the house. There is a large projecting porch and a handsome staircase, of such a size as to carry a great body of air up to the higher floors. On the ground-floor, the long room is the dining-room, opening into the veranda, which is filled with flowers, and has steps down to the garden. The six smaller rooms on this storey go by the name of *go-downs*; we should call them store-rooms or servants'-rooms. One is for the *obdur*, the person whose business it is to cool all the liquids; another is for the clerk, who keeps the books, checks the accounts, and also writes for Edward; the third is for the *ayah*, my sister's maid; the cellar, pantry, and lumber require the rest. The first floor is much loftier than the basement—very lofty to my eye. The long room makes a beautiful drawing-room, the veranda a charming addition to it. The suite of rooms on one side belongs to Caroline, that on the other to Edward; but as each of the six rooms has folding-doors into the long room, besides communicating in the same way through one another, and as the two end rooms—his study and her boudoir—open on the veranda, the whole apartments can be thrown into one when necessary. The dressing-rooms at the near end, which are also entered from the staircase, have each a bath-room taken off them, and space for a small spiral stair, that they may be reached from the outside, so that the low-caste servants, who have to attend in this department, never cross the floor of the house. The upper storey is a counterpart of the drawing-room floor. Arthur and I have it all to ourselves; and as the long middle room is unfurnished, we mean to put all our tin cases, &c. into it as soon as we get our goods from the ship and the custom-

house. The veranda is really a luxurious lounge in the early morning. In the evening, people prefer the house-top, which is flat, and is reached by the little spiral stairs belonging to the bath-rooms, carried on for the purpose. This is quite a different arrangement from any we are used to in England, but it is admirably suited to the climate, Cary tells me, as is the style of furniture; though, if you happen to be sitting over the fire in your snug library on a snowy day, when you read my Indian descriptions, you will begin to shiver at the thoughts of the comforts by which we are surrounded.

In the dining-room there is very little to be seen: a table, two side-tables, a sideboard, chairs, footstools, a mat over the floor, and on the plain white walls a row of wall-shades—that is, sconces for lights, which, on account of the numerous insects, and the draught of air from the punkah, are enclosed in tall glass shades. At this season the punkah is not used, we having luckily arrived in the middle of the cold weather. It is merely a long frame of wood, covered with calico, in shape like a door or shutter. It is suspended lengthways from the ceiling by cords, and is pulled by a string held in the hand of a half-naked servant, squatted in some corner out of the way. Punkah is the Indian name for fan; and before some bright-witted European invented these fans on a large scale, people had to be fanned by their attendants, as the natives are still: few of whom have as yet admitted the punkah. The air in the rooms during the hot season becomes insupportable, unless it be kept continually in motion. The drawing-room makes a much more agreeable impression than the very bare dining-room. The height of this storey is very striking—twenty-four feet. Many rooms, I understand, reach to thirty feet, and few are less than twenty: we can imagine the propriety of this in such a climate. The walls are coloured a pale drab, and a surbase of cheenam-painted wainscot runs all along round the room—the floor of which, by the way, is composed of the same material, cheenam, a kind of fine lime. None of the roofs are ceiled. The rafters supporting the floor above are necessarily left exposed, in order that the depredations of the white ants may not escape detection; but in the drawing-room these beams are so ornamented, that the effect, combined with the lofty height, is perfectly agreeable. A finer description of matting is laid down here. There is a good deal of handsome furniture—consoles, marble and ebony tables, chairs, sofas—quantities of sofas—and a footstool before every seat, these being in universal use. Yet the room looks empty, in spite of a number of nick-nacks distributed over the tables. Cary tells me that in a little time I shall dislike to see it more full, space and air being first luxuries here. I should like, however, now to be able to move the chairs occasionally, which is at present quite impossible when they are made either of ebony or black wood, as they have no castors, and their weight is quite beyond my poor strength. The cabinet-work is generally very clumsy, and the art of polishing, finishing, or varnishing properly is as yet unknown. The height of the doorways corresponds to the height of the rooms, varying from twelve to fifteen feet, and they are very wide: you cannot think how very small we all look when passing through them. The door itself is commonly a mere screen of fluted silk, set in a frame raised two feet from the floor, so as to admit of a free draught of air underneath. These screens are only about four feet deep, just sufficient to prevent any one peeping over them. It would hardly do to have a secret to tell in these most public apartments, there not being one mysterious corner safe from a listening ear. The windows are equally gigantic in their proportions; they all reach down to the floor, opening like French windows; but the shutters are Venetians, folding back on

the outside, and always kept closed during the heat of the day. There are glass casements besides—very wretched glass in very clumsy frames—not often cleaned either, I should think; but as nobody ever wants to look through them, the defect in this department the less matters. The drawing-room windows—three large ones—open on the veranda, as do the windows of the boudoir on the one hand, and the study on the other, forming a most enjoyable suite. The veranda is thus very long—the whole length of the breadth of the house—and very wide; the same height as the storey it shades, supported on each stage by six very handsome pillars, between which always stretches a latticework to keep off the sun, on the same principle as the fluted door-screens within, two feet from the floor all along, and rising a little higher than the head.

The kitchens are all out of doors—cook-rooms they call them here. A small enclosed yard is taken off the compound, inside of which are all these offices; and the wall being covered on the garden side with creeping plants, it is rather ornamental than otherwise. You will wonder I have said nothing about servants' bedrooms. They don't want any. They lay themselves down anywhere—on a landing, in the porch, in the veranda, in a deserted room—some merely protected from the cheenam floor by a mat; a better sort lay a mattress on the mat; a still superior class place over their simple bedding a frame of bamboo covered with a coarse sort of muslin gauze, to protect them from the mosquitoes. The men who sleep on the basement storey, which is often damp, have all a sort of low bedstead, something like our trundle bedsteads, to support their mattress. As for our ayah, she, being a Portuguese Christian, and very grand, has a bedstead like ours, a fine mat, good mattress, cotton sheets, a coverlet for cold weather, and proper mosquito curtains, tucked round her as carefully as our own. She came from Bombay with some lady, who, on going home, left her to Cary as the most precious of legacies, for the native ayahs are not generally good here. I must hunt out the best I can hear of for myself to-morrow, for whose sleeping-frame we have certainly sufficient accommodation in some of the numerous rooms belonging to our apartment.

18th.—We were roused about six o'clock on the morning after our arrival, the 16th, by the announcement that the baths were ready. Everybody bathes every morning, some people twice a day. We in this family all take warm baths, prepared in a large oval tub by the water-carrier; but the general custom is to sit on a little stool in a part of the bath-room fenced in by a six-inch-high border of cheenam, and then have *chatties* (jars) of cold water dashed all over the person. After this most agreeable restorative—the hot bath, not the cold—we adopted a graceful negligé; and Arthur in his dressing-gown, and I in my wrapper, we repaired to the veranda, where we were presented with cups of milk-coffee and a sort of rusk; then opening a shutter in the latticework, we peeped out upon what we agreed in thinking a very pretty town view—a mixture of large white buildings and green trees. Such is the general appearance of Chowringhee, which some few years ago was a mere jungle or thicket, as Calcutta itself once was, and would become again were it deserted by the Europeans. Our observations were cut short by the pain of mosquito bites. They became, as the sun rose higher, so exceedingly irritating, that we were glad to re-enter our dressing-rooms and finish our toilets.

The breakfast hour is nine o'clock. It was served in the study, as much, my sister said, out of regard for the books, as from the comfort of the arrangement: if she were not to have her eye daily upon them, the damp of one season, the heat of another, and the white ants above all, would soon make sad havoc among them. All furniture suffers in a degree from these elements of destruction. The houses even have to be regularly inspected every three years, that any symptom of decay may be arrested at the commencement. I found that

breakfast was a visiting time, one or two friends on an intimate footing dropping in on their way to business. Their conversation did not in the least interfere with our proceedings, and there was no light labour set before us, for the meal appeared to me to be breakfast and luncheon in one. Besides the usual tea, bread, butter, toast, eggs—very small eggs, by the way—there was rice boiled plain white, and rice dyed yellow, curry, fish, and cababs, little thin cutlets highly seasoned, fried or roasted quite dry, and strung upon a skewer. The butter was very sweet, but not rich. It had been made just before it was wanted, in a bottle, I believe, by one of the servants, and cooled by the obdar. Buffalo milk being too poor for use in tea, goat milk is preferred, milked at the moment it is required, and sent up with the froth on it. I thought the bread delicious. There were many sorts of it, white, and light, and sweet; but I hear I shall find it to be tasteless when I forget to compare it with what we have been latterly eating on shipboard.

Edward and one of his visitors went off together, Arthur being to follow in an hour, to try to get all our luggage through the customhouse. Caroline, who had finished her household affairs early in the morning, brought her work into the large drawing-room, ready to listen to all my tales of home, when the bell at the great gates announced more company. A single stroke prepared us for a gentleman, two strokes foretold a lady; we were therefore always certain of the sex of the arriving guest, and plenty of both sorts visited us this forenoon; none of them ostensibly to call on Arthur and me, the etiquette of Calcutta, like that of France, requiring the last importation to wait upon the older residents; but we could not help fancying that curiosity had some share in producing this influx, and Cary was vexed she had not desired the porter to keep the great gates closed, as then nobody would have thought of entering, that being understood to mean in the plainest manner 'Not at home.' A very good plan, saving both time and trouble. Arthur returned alone to luncheon, or *tiffin*, as we must call it here—a very substantial repast, served in the dining-room. We had cold meats, fowl very well dressed in a Burdwan stew, some native vegetables, not very good, several dishes of fruit, none of them agreeable to an unpractised taste, wine, and that delightful light bitter beer, cold as ice could make it, the most refreshing of all drinks in this climate—not that it is just now at all too hot. The sun is fierce enough in the middle of the day, and might then for a few hours annoy those much exposed to it, but the temperature within doors is very pleasant. The mornings and evenings are indeed rather cool, and the nights are cold, the thermometer on the landing, each time I have looked at it on my way to breakfast, was only 58 degrees. After *tiffin*, as we were sure of no more interruptions, nobody ever calling so late in the day, we busied ourselves with the contents of one trunk it had been represented we could not do without. I had packed it with a few essentials in case of any delay about the rest of our boxes, and I had also put into it some little presents from the family at home to Edward and Caroline. It contained also the little offerings of their children—copy-books, exercises, drawings, needleworks, gifts so precious to bereaved parents. Poor Cary! she carried them all off to her own apartments, jealous seemingly of any other eyes examining these treasures. She had questioned me minutely about everything concerning the little creatures over and over again, and she had listened with calm interest to my answers, but the sight of the children's handiworks overcame her. I did not meet her again till the seven o'clock dinner, and both she and Edward were quite subdued in spirits all the evening. We retired to bed at ten, the usual hour when there is no company, it being the custom to rise very early in the morning.

Warned by the interruptions of the day before, we were wise enough yesterday to close our gates, as we had a great deal of business to get through. All our

ship luggage arrived, not very much deranged by the unceremonious unpacking and repacking which had been the amusement of the customhouse officers. Also, we had our establishment to arrange; for not only will no servants here wait on more than one master, but every master requires near a dozen servants to assist in attending on himself. The family domestics, therefore, numerous as they are, are useless to us; and so we have to hire a set of our own, moderate as must necessarily be our expenditure. This is no sort of annoyance to our hosts. All servants in this country are on board-wages: where or how they eat nobody seems to mind; they sleep either at their own homes or all about the house, as I have described to you; and those who attend at table follow their masters wherever these may happen to go, to wait on them at every house to which they may be invited. The wages are paid monthly, and are very small, though of course proportioned to the dignity of the different offices. For a few rupees, more or less, they all feed and dress themselves, and furnish their own bedding, receiving little beside their pay, except perhaps a new turban or cumberband if the master be particular in desiring them to wear the colours of his home livery. Trifling as this sum is, it must be ample, as they are all married, and no women going to service here almost, or indeed doing much labour of any kind, on the husband's earning depends the whole support of the family. The only females in any house are the *ayah*, the *amah* or *dye*, who nurses the children, and the *matronee*, or low-caste waiting-maid.

19th.—We shall very soon have our retinue organized. For Arthur and me, who have, as you know, been accustomed to wait on ourselves, or we should not be now in the far East, to fight our way to fortune in this sultry land, the following train of attendants is considered requisite:—Arthur must have a personal servant, who, doing nothing more than help him to dress and undress, and take care of his clothes, must have two assistants, his mate, who works under him, and a *mehter*, or sweeper—a low-caste person; also a *dirjee*, or tailor, to make and mend: the valet, called a *sirdar*, is the chief of the bearers, or *punkah-wahlers*—literally, *punkah-pullers*; they would carry the palanquin if we had one, and they do all the lighter part of a housemaid's work—an easy enough task where there are neither grates, nor curtains, nor carpets, very little furniture, and the bed-making consisting only of turning a mattress, shaking a pillow, and laying a sheet smooth; they have also charge of the lamps, little glass cups filled with water, having some cocoa-nut oil poured on the top, and a wick set in them. We mean to do with one of these gentry, if we can manage it, at least till the time comes for using the *punkah*. We have also each of us a table attendant, or *kitmudgur*, and one *chuprassie*, or messenger. I must have an *ayah* to wait on me, and a *matronee*, or female sweeper, to wait on her; and I mean to do without a *dirjee*. Just add up all these attendants on a poor barrister and his wife visiting rich relations, who would be living at home with scarce a servant at all. There's a *dhobee* also, or two I believe, to wash our clothes, and a *theestie*, who brings us all the water wanted. Such a suite sounds very grand; but really one good English maid would go through more work than all these poor creatures together, who sleep, and eat, and smoke, and gossip twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four.

Imagine the number of Caroline's servants. The *sirdar*, who is Edward's valet, his mate, four *punkah-wahlers*, the *dirjee*, *dhobee*, and sweeper, four *chuprassies*, or *hir-karees*—they are called indifferently either—messengers, with their chief, or *jamadar*, who wears a dagger with a tassel to it sticking in his cumberband—a very great man indeed, devoted to the service of his lady, sitting always outside the drawing-room door, to announce visitors, by preceding them into the presence, and to deliver the messages to his followers, who carry them—a groom of the chambers in fact—three *kitmudgurs*, who wait at table, one of whom has charge of the wines and other

liquors, even helping the guests without interference, no other attendant ever being allowed to touch a decanter: he still goes by the old-fashioned name of *obdar*, for he still cools the wines, though not by the old tiresome saltpetre process, now quite superseded by the introduction of ice; then there is a cook and two assistants, a porter, a gardener, and four very splendid gentlemen in scarlet robes edged with gold lace, who carry long silver sticks in their hands, from whence their name of *chobdar*. These ornamental appendages to the great men of the place are paid by the Company, and were originally employed only on state occasions, preceding the judges into court, or the other high officials into their offices; but it has grown into a habit to have two of them ever on duty, and to take one of them out with the carriage, even with the ladies of the great men when visiting. The head of this establishment is the *consomaun*, answering to our house-steward, on whom the whole management of the household devolves: he markets, hires the inferior servants, keeps the stores, the plate, and the weekly money. The stable is quite a separate affair: there are two coachmen, who do nothing but drive; a *syce*, or groom, to every horse; and grass-cutters, who have to hunt out and grub up the forage—grass roots—for no herbage is visible till the rains set in, which, with the addition of a small pea called *gram*, used instead of corn, constitutes the food of the horses. Before the children went home, there was a large train of servants kept for them. Besides Caroline's own ayah, and *dirjee*, and *matrance*, there was an attendant, male or female, for each child, according to its age, not sex; bearers to drag the little carriage in which the infants took their airings; a *syce* for each pony used by the elder ones; *dhobeas*, *dirjee*, *bheestie*—all belonging exclusively to the upper storey where Arthur and I are now established, with very near as full a suite. Were it not for the *consomaun*, such a crew of idlers would be rather unmanageable; and as for selecting our portion out of such a poor-looking set as came to offer themselves, we could not have attempted it without his assistance.

The people in this part of Bengal are said to be physically and morally far below the general standard. Caroline's ayah looks down extremely on them. She is certainly active and intelligent beyond the rest; yet I hardly think much of the European blood can now remain amongst these descendants of the early Portuguese merchants. As for their religion, it would be still more difficult to trace any of the genuine gospel in the few traditions of it they retain, mixed up with much of the Mussulman's fatalism, and the superstitious devotion of the Hindoo to caste and custom. One or two of our servants are Mussulmans, a gentle people, more decent in appearance than the lower orders of Hindoos; much better dressed too; no naked portions of dark skin to shock English eyes: they all wear trousers, white or coloured as may be, but tight fitting; a long tunic of white cotton open at the breast, a turban, and a belt when in full dress, slippers when not in presence of their superiors. The *consomaun* is very handsomely dressed, as befits his superior station. The *punkah-wahlers*, or bearers, are nearly naked—just a cloth about the loins, and a turban: they all move like phantoms; not a footfall is ever heard; the bare sole treads soundless on the matted floor; the soft dress brushes noiseless against obstructions; there are no doors to shut; the low-toned voice is never obtrusive; they move slowly, never hurry, and they watch those they serve with such scrupulous anxiety, that when once accustomed to our ways, we very seldom have to ask for anything. I am not quite sure that I shall like this sort of forestalling of my inclinations. I felt inclined to rebel to-day at dinner, at ale having been brought to me at the same period of the repast as I had called for it yesterday; but the beseeching manner of my gentle flapper, the fat *kitmudgur*, made me feel there would be unkindness in refusing him; so perhaps I have condemned myself to Abbott's pale ale during the

rest of our residence in India. We shall have our own servants to-morrow, when we may, I think, represent to them that we dislike what we call officiousness: the feelings of that fat, most civil waiter I could not have wounded.

BARON REICHENBACH'S RESEARCHES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Of the two classes of sensations produced upon sensitive subjects by magnets, crystals, bodies of high chemical affinity, heat, light, electricity, chemical action, vital action, the human hand, and the heavenly bodies, we forbore in our last article to make special allusion to the second, or the sensations of luminosity which *odylic* bodies cause in a darkened room. Our reason was, that the author, although including the luminous phenomena in his earliest treatise, has devoted the subsequent treatise exclusively to this department of the subject, and has laid out systematically the results of his observations on each of the specific luminous appearances that showed themselves.

The Odylic Glow.—To the sensitive person, a magnet in the dark seems to glow with a feeble light, as if it were phosphorescent or heated; but the light seems quite different from any of the shades of heated iron. In its feeblest form it is a dull dark-gray; but as the intensity increases, it rises to whitish and yellowish, and generally assumes at the northward pole a bluish, and at the southward pole a reddish tint. The two colours of blue and red are as characteristic of the two *odylic* poles respectively as the cool and warm sensations; the blue corresponds to the cool agreeable sensation; and the red to the opposite sensation of warmth and discomfort. The action of other magnets greatly modifies the glow of the one specially made use of; and consequently the earth's magnetism has an influence, which comes out by varying the position of the magnet. The intensity of the light, as well as its colour, may be affected by extraneous *odylic* agents, in a manner depending on the action of those agents, which action may be either conspiring or conflicting. If the earth's magnetism be made to coincide with the magnetism of a bar, by placing the bar in a conformable position, or with its north end to the north, the colours will be made deeper; while in an opposite arrangement, the glow and colour become dull and turbid. When a horse-shoe magnet is closed by its armature, the glow of the curve is increased, and of the ends diminished; whereas an open magnet is always brightest at the ends. The intensity of the light and colour seems in all cases to be proportional to the intensity of the magnet. The same appearances are shown by crystals and the living hand.

Odylic Flames.—On this head the baron introduces his experiments in the following terms:—'In the preceding experiments on the glow, the flames flowing from the magnetic poles followed everywhere the same course. This phenomenon forms the second degree in the scale of the *odylo-luminous* appearances, and consists in a light, which, to the more feebly sensitive, appears as a vague gleam over the poles, but which the more highly sensitive, according to the degree of their perceptive power, saw gradually passing into the aspect of a real flame, under which name they described it. There are magnets which exhibit the glow without the flame, but none which have the flame fail to exhibit the glow. The glow is always the first luminous appearance. I once had a horse-shoe, which had become so weak as not to carry its armature, but still retained perceptible traces of magnetism. I showed it to Mademoiselle Zinkel in the dark chamber, at a time when she was very highly sensitive to *odylic* light. She saw the whole magnet glowing, but could perceive over its poles no flame, only a feebly-luminous smoke. When the *odylic* intensity is increased, the flame is added. We are entitled to assume that the flame exists everywhere, but we can only speak of it where it becomes visible.'

Out of many experiments on various sensitives, he selects as an example the following description by Mademoiselle Atzmansdorfer:—'Towards the end of summer, when she is generally better, she saw, on a weak bar magnet of twenty inches, flames little more than an inch in height. At the same time she saw, on the poles of a seven-bar horse-shoe, flames of eight inches high. Afterwards, when more sensitive, the largest of my magnets, a heavy horse-shoe of nine cast-steel bars, was placed before her in the dark. Although she did not know which magnet was used, she saw again, as she had done a year before, flames of fully five feet in height burning on both poles. They were so large, that when the poles were upwards, they rose, and united into a column of fire. She could see, by the somewhat different colours of the flames given out at the two poles, that this column was formed of two, the one yellowish-white, the other bluish; the former smaller than the latter. The whole dark chamber was so illuminated by them, that she could see in it the outlines of all objects. Between the limbs, which had a white odylie glow, she saw the whole space filled with threads of flame, and the outer surface of the steel enveloped all round in a fiery down, which undulated, and appeared to flow sometimes towards one pole, sometimes towards the other. At the planes of junction of the lamellæ, and at their edges and covers, where they form the poles, there were separate small flames flowing out laterally, and strongest on the outer corners, where they at last ended in sparks, which flew singly away.'

The author made a great number of observations on those flames, with a view to detect all their peculiarities. He describes the effects of the contact of the magnet with other magnets in all possible ways; but perhaps the most singular feature attending them is their upward motion and susceptibility to the breath. They can be blown or fanned about like a column of smoke. This would seem to indicate that they are some ponderable substance like air, or the illumination of a ponderable medium, either air or something that air can impel hither and thither. Whether or not it be illuminated air, can be tested by placing the magnets in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, which, as we shall afterwards see, was actually done.

The author makes the following practical application of the experiments regarding the odylie flames:—'In concluding these details concerning the odylie flame, I shall make one more practical application. It is a fable widely spread in Germany, and which has been often made by our dramatic poets the ground-work of the most striking scenes, that ghosts, witches, and devils, assemble for their hellish dance by night on the Blocksberg. Everything in the world, even such a fable as this, has a cause or origin in nature; and we can now see that this myth is not destitute of a natural foundation. It has long been known that high on the Brocken there are rocky summits which are strongly magnetic, and cause the needle to deviate. More minute investigation has proved that these rocks contain disseminated magnetic iron ore or lead-stone; as on the Ilsestein, the Schnarher (Snorer), &c. The necessary consequence is, that they send out odylie flames. Now when persons of high perceptive powers for odylie light happened to come on such places in a dark night, as must often have been the case with hunters, charcoal-burners, poachers, woodcutters, &c. they necessarily saw, on all sides, delicate flames of different sizes and colours, flaming up from the rocks, and in the currents of air flickering hither and thither. Who could blame these persons, imbued no doubt with the superstitious feelings of their age, if they saw, under these circumstances, the devil dancing with his whole train of ghosts, demons, and witches? The revels of the Walpurgisnacht (the night which ushers in May-day) must now, alas! vanish, and give place to the sobrieties of science—science which, with her torch, dissipates one by one all the beautiful but dim forms evoked by phantasy.'

Odylie Threads, Fibres, Down.—Magnets, besides the

polar flames at their edges and solid angles, emit lights in the form of a fibrous down. Mademoiselle Atzmansdorfer saw, 'both in a nine-bar and in a seven-bar horse-shoe, the space between the limbs full of fibrous flames, and the whole surface of the magnet clothed in a fine fiery down.' 'These delicate emanations also exhibited colours. Mademoiselle Zinkel saw the down between the limbs of the simple horse-shoes, red on the one side, and blue on the other, playing into one another, so that the interior space had a variegated appearance. With compound horse-shoes, this was still more strongly marked, because each limb, from the stratification of colours in it, had both red and blue down, extending, within and without, from the poles to the curve.' The author observes with reference to the nature of this appearance:—'I do not regard these appearances as of a peculiar kind, but rather consider them as of the same nature with odylie flame generally. The cause of them probably lies in inequalities in the efflux from the minutest points of the surface of the magnets. Since we know that edges and solid angles give rise to stronger emanations, I think we are justified in concluding that finer inequalities may serve as points of efflux, and thus give rise to the formation of threads, fibres, and a downy form of light. They are locally concentrated currents of odyle in the general odylie current, blue from the negative, and red from the positive pole.'

Odylie Smoke.—'Mademoiselle Zinkel saw, in a series of experiments, to enumerate which would be tedious, on every magnet of any power the red flame passing into a thick, heavy, feebly luminous, reddish-yellow smoke, and the blue flame ending in a fine, ethereal, grayish-blue vapour. On smaller and simple horse-shoes, these cloudy emanations were from four inches to a foot or more in length; on the nine-bar magnet often as long as an arm, and when it had been strengthened, six and a-half feet long. Magnets of great intensity appeared to her, especially during the catamenia, covered near the poles with a thin vapour. Above the stratified flames of compound horse-shoes, she saw the smoke rise to the length of an arm. . . . In the presence of Mademoiselle Atzmansdorfer, and in the dark, I drew lines with phosphorus on paper, and showed her the luminous vapour arising from it, and also the effect of blowing on it. She assured me that it had the greatest resemblance to the odylie smoke, except in the intensity of its light, that of the odylie smoke being beyond comparison paler and feebler; it was also not so green, but more blue and reddish.'

The author is of opinion that the flame and smoke 'are perhaps only the same phenomenon, varying on the one hand in degrees of intensity, and on the other differently perceived according to the sensitiveness of observers, or in the same observer according to the more or less perfect development of his perceptive power, either from variations in his natural state, or from the effect of longer or shorter exposure of the eye to perfect darkness.'

Odylie Scintillations.—'The finest development of this phenomenon was seen by Mademoiselle Zinkel in a large electro-magnet, excited by the current from a powerful Smee's battery. Not only did the sparks fly out on all sides from the large variegated flame, but they formed a shower, or rather a stream, which rose constantly to the ceiling. They were so bright that she could not conceal her astonishment at my not being able also to see them. . . . The occurrence of this phenomenon, established as it is by the unanimous and uniform testimony of so many sensitives, both diseased and healthy, and confirmed by countless repetitions, admits of no doubt. I do not allow myself for the present to form any conjectures as to its nature, or even the relation which it bears to the other phenomena of magnetism or of odyle with which it is associated. I can here only establish the physical fact, as it actually presents itself to the eyes of the sensitive.'

The baron next goes on to detail the results of experiments upon the effect of the pressure of the atmosphere upon the different luminous appearances above described. By enclosing magnets in the receiver of an air-pump, and exhausting the receiver, he found that almost every form of the light became much brighter and stronger; the glow was more intense, and flames more brilliant. The smoke does not follow the same law; extreme rarefaction had the effect of causing it to disappear. Thus it would seem that magnets actually emit a ponderable effluvia, just as odorous bodies emit an effluvia of smell, but of an excessively thin and feeble character, requiring an exalted sensibility for its detection. There is thus suggested to us the existence of an entirely new property of matter, such as, if thoroughly cleared up, may throw light upon the parallel property of smell, which is not in all cases explained by the evaporation of volatile ingredients.

Colours of Odylic Light.—We cannot enter into the author's minute researches on this part of the subject, intended to prepare the way for the identification of the aurora with the odylic appearances. He found, on close examination, that the light at the poles of the magnet was not of a single colour, but an iris succession of colours more or less complete, one being predominant at each pole. He sums up the phenomena in their application to the aurora as follows:—"But now that we know, from the preceding researches, that flaming lights exist over magnetic poles larger than the magnets from which they flow; when we learn that these flaming appearances are movable, undulating, often moving in serpentine windings, like those of a ribbon agitated by the wind, becoming at every moment larger or smaller, shooting out rays, scintillating, variegated in colour, and often nebulous, vaporous, and cloud-like; when we find that with our breath we can cause it to flicker backwards and forwards; when we observe that it increases in a rapid ratio, in size, intensity, and brilliancy, in rarefied air; and lastly, when we see it followed at every step by the play of rainbow colours, &c. &c.—there remains hardly one essential mark of distinction between magnetic light and terrestrial polar light; unless we regard as such the difference of intensity and amount of light, in virtue of which the polar light is visible to every ordinary eye, the magnetic light only to the sensitive eye."

The undulations and serpentine windings which the aurora borealis often displays, are, on the supposition of the identity of the two lights, naturally and simply explained by the motion of the wind, which causes the light of the earth to wave to and fro in more or less rarefied strata of air, precisely as our breath does with the odylic light of magnets. The constant alternations of greater and smaller size in the aurora, correspond exactly to the unsteadiness of the magnetic light in our experiments. The powerful light from great and undetermined heights in the atmosphere, observed by some travellers to lie higher than the higher clouds, agrees beautifully with our observations on the magnetic light in the exhausted receiver, where the odylic light increased strikingly in size and brilliancy under half of the ordinary atmospheric pressure. But the equally well-attested and even more numerous observations of other travellers, who have studied numerous polar lights with the most conscientious attention in the polar regions, to whom their height appeared very much less, and who often described them as luminous clouds, also harmonise perfectly with the nature of the odylic light of magnets. We have very frequently, in the course of these researches, met with the odylic phenomena of luminous nebulae or vapours, flame-like smoke, or whatever name may be given to the varieties of this appearance. It also increased in strength under diminished pressure. This is the cause of the appearance of luminous clouds constantly rising, which render complete the parallel between the odylic light of magnets and the polar light of the earth."

* In connection with this part of the subject, an old

remark made by the Swedish philosopher Wilke deserves to be recalled to memory—namely, "that disturbances of the magnetic needle always precede the appearance and the motions of the aurora borealis." This, as we have seen, agrees most exactly with the phenomena of odylic light; for these always occur later and more slowly than the associated magnetic or electric effects, which are only followed by the odylic effects after an observable pause. The same facts which I have ascertained in my dark chamber were, therefore, many years ago noticed in the wide expanse of heaven by other observers."

The editor has added a short appendix, in which he describes experiments made by himself, in corroboration of Baron Reichenbach's results. It is obviously desirable that the experiments should be repeated as much as possible; but we must bear in mind that they require all the nicety and precautions belonging to any other abstruse department of experimental research, and cannot be done justice to by the random attempts of unskilled curiosity and imperfect appliances.

HOW TO LIVE IN LONDON ON A SMALL INCOME.

THERE have been many useful little books published within the few last years, under such titles as 'The Poor Gentleman,' and 'How to Live on Fifty Pounds a Year.' They profess to point out to persons of very straitened incomes how they may contrive to maintain an appearance of *outward respectability* on the slenderest means—on an income, in fact, very little superior to the ordinary, and far beneath that of the skilled, mechanic. I cannot help thinking, however, that most of these little books are to a certain extent *made up*, and not the result of real experience or even direct observation, because I find in some the various items of expenditure entirely disproportioned to the gross income, while in others they seem to fall short of what may be fairly appropriated to each charge. I, unfortunately, can write on this subject from experience, for it so happens that, having been, by unforeseen calamity, reduced from two thousand a year to a mere pittance, I have been compelled for a twelvemonth past to realise something like the very problem involved in the second title above quoted. I am now, in short, a poor gentleman. If the reader chooses to listen for a brief space to my story, I think he will be informed of the chief arrangements actually required to maintain a respectable existence on the scale in question.

Having come to the metropolis in hope of procuring some employment, about the spring of last year, I secured a very pleasant furnished lodging, in the best part of Notting Hill, at 6s. a week. My domicile consisted of a small sitting-room and bedroom, not quite so lofty or spacious as apartments would generally be in *Belgravia*, but sufficiently large and airy to answer my purpose. Bed and table linen, and attendance at breakfast, the only meal I took at home, were included in the rent. The literary pursuits in which I shortly became engaged fully occupied the day. I may here remark with what pleasure I became in a little time aware of the ample resources which are at the command of the poor student in London. Independent of our splendid National Library at the British Museum, there are two others—that of Sion College, and Dr Williams's in Red Cross Street—which contain very valuable collections of books. There is also for the Oriental scholar an excellent library at the East India House; and all these, by the liberality of the trustees or directors, are easily accessible to any respect-

able person. Previous to the setting in of winter, I removed to a comfortable lodging in a very airy street, in the vicinity of Leicester Square, paying for a bedroom, with attendance as before, 6s. 6d. a-week. My days passed away cheerfully, for my mind being fully occupied, had no leisure to turn inwards, and reflect on the vicissitudes I had experienced. The labours of the day over, I repaired to the Whittington Club, to partake of a frugal dinner, followed by coffee, after which the remainder of the evening till midnight was generally passed in the reading or drawing-room of the club.

I will now proceed to detail my weekly expenditure, which has, from stern necessity, been confined within such narrow limits as not to admit, even in the extreme rigour of winter, of a fire in my room to breakfast by. But although at first this comfort is missed, it is surprising how soon one becomes accustomed to the want.

	s.	d.
Lodgings, including cleaning of shoes, - - -	7	1
Breakfasts (tea, sugar, milk, butter, and bread), - - -	1	4½
Dinners (coffee, and biscuits), - - -	5	6
Washing, - - -	1	2
	15	14

Being per annum, L.39, 6s. 6d.

Sundays being always passed with some friends, I have not included in my expenses, though I should on this account put down occasionally a sixpence for a bus; nor have I set down anything for wearing apparel, for, being possessed of a good stock of all descriptions of clothes, I have not had occasion during the twelve-months to expend more than a pound in this way. What I have given above is actually and *bonâ fide* a true return of my personal expenditure; and it will, I think, prove what can be done, when the exigency of the case requires it, by a determined course of the most stringent and rigorous economy, and by the unwearied exercise of self-denial and uncomplaining patience.

I am sensible, however, that it is on much too limited a scale for a young person with a moderately good appetite, nor would I recommend it to such a one, as, unless compelled thereto by dire necessity, it would be inconsistent with the generous feelings of youth, and would, if indulged in, necessarily lead to mean and miserly habits, which I am the last to hold up to imitation. But I will proceed to offer what I consider to be a tolerably fair estimate for a bachelor, who is compelled only to live frugally, not narrowly. As a necessary preliminary, without which all the rest is mere moonshine, I will suppose him, either from the sharp spur of adversity, or from having been originally condemned to narrow means, to have acquired that self-discipline, and those fixed habits of self-control, which will enable him to submit cheerfully to his lot. I believe that the following scale will suffice for a person of limited means and of moderate desires; and if he should not consider it enough, London is just the place where, in some way or other, by the exercise of his wits, he may generally find the means of adding to it:—

	s.	d.
Lodgings per week, - - - - -	6	6
Plain breakfasts, - - - - -	2	6
Dinners (tea or coffee, and biscuit), - - -	9	0
Washing, cleaning boots, &c. - - -	2	6
Pocket-money, - - - - -	5	0
	L.1	5 6

Per annum, L.66, 6s.

The list of prices for breakfast and dinner are those of the minimum class at the Whittington Club; but should it not suit a person's taste or inclination to join that institution, he can live for nearly the same money at any respectable eating or coffeehouse; and the two guineas which he would have to pay as an annual subscription to the club will about pay the fees to waiters, &c. I have not made any allowance for wine, beer, or spirits, as they are scarcely attainable, where the income is very limited, without the sacrifice of something more essential. I can only say for myself that, after having been in the habit of taking a moderate quantity of wine,

I never enjoyed better health, and, as I think, more even spirits, than since I have been obliged to drink plain water; and as a proof that fermented liquors do not render a person more capable of undergoing any extra fatigue, I will mention that I am sometimes in the habit of walking from seven to eight or nine miles without feeling any inconvenience.

It may be some consolation to those who either have met with, or expect, reverses of fortune, to know that I can now, from personal experience, solemnly assert that I am a much more contented, and consequently a much happier man, than when I was in comparative affluence. I will suppose that a young man is not without some friends, or probably relatives, in this great metropolis. In such a case I would recommend him not to be too eager to jump at every invitation to dinner, &c. He will best preserve his independence, and be a more welcome guest at other times, by occasionally declining to avail himself of the proffered hospitality. At the same time there are many little services which he may derive from worthy acquaintance; and, as it occurs to me at the moment, I would advise him to be directed in the choice of a laundress by some respectable family to whom he may be known. Both in the prices charged, and the manner in which his linen is attended to, he will find the advantage of this hint. Estimating an income at barely a hundred a year, I think the margin I have left, of upwards of thirty pounds, will, at the present extremely moderate prices of every article of dress, be found sufficient for that branch of necessities. A person who aims only at appearing gentlemanly, will be more likely to secure real and desirable friends, than by aiming at finery, which he must procure either by contracting debts, or pinching himself in some more requisite expense. In the play of the 'Poor Gentleman' there are some admirable remarks on the *meanness* of incurring debts which a person knows he cannot calculate on honestly discharging, and the loss of that independence and peace of mind which assuredly awaits the embarrassed man. I would advise that the bill for lodgings, &c. &c. should be settled weekly, and that purchases of every kind should be made for *ready money*, which will be found, on the average, to involve a saving of from 20 to 25 per cent.—no small consideration to a man to whom we will suppose every shilling has its value. If a person has a fixed employment, he will of course have his time fully occupied; if he has not, he need not be wholly idle. Books and study should form a part of the daily distribution of his time. Although public amusements must be but sparingly partaken of, they need not be wholly eschewed. The Amphitheatre at the Haymarket, the boxes at the suburban theatres, and the pit at the minor ones, are all at the same price (two shillings). London abounds with places of worship of all denominations, and at many of these there are free sittings. St Paul's and Westminster Abbey will rise to every mind, as places where the beautiful cathedral service is admirably performed. The musical parts of the ordinary service are also presented very beautifully by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, at the Hanover Square Chapel, and by a full choir at St Mark's, Clerkenwell, at the church in Wales Street, and at St Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Before concluding these brief remarks, I will advert to a subject which I deem to be of paramount importance to all persons whose incomes are of a very restricted nature. I will simply premise that I have no wish to 'write up' the Whittington Club; nor, indeed, does it stand in need of such support. The public are gradually becoming acquainted with its merits, as is evinced by the number of members—now about 1900—who support it. What I have simply to remark is, that the varied and rational character of the amusements offered by this club, for the very moderate subscription of two guineas per annum, seems to render it a very suitable resting-place for the poor gentleman. I will just go through the weekly list, merely stating that in the three

summer months—from June to September, when persons are more disposed to breathe the pure air out of doors—some, but not all, of these are suspended:—

On Monday Evenings,	Class for Historic and Dramatic Literature.
... Tuesday ...	Music, Dancing, and Conversation.
... Wednesday ...	Discussion Class for subjects of general interest.
... Thursday ...	A Lecture, generally by some eminent professor.
... Friday ...	French Elocution Class.
... Saturday ...	English Elocution Class.

With the exception of the historic and dramatic class, the subscription to which is 2s. 6d. per quarter, the whole of the entertainments enumerated in this list are free to every member of the club who may choose to attend. In addition to these, a monthly concert of vocal and instrumental music is given on Monday evenings by the amateurs of the club, assisted occasionally by a few professionals, and which may fairly challenge comparison with most amateur performances. There are two reading-rooms, amply supplied with numerous London and provincial journals, French and German papers, five quarterly journals, and all the most popular weekly and monthly magazines, papers, and serials. To the man not overburdened with money, the advantage of good fires and well-lighted rooms will suggest itself.

I have now performed my task. But before I bid adieu, let me urge you, gentle reader, if you are living on a slender income, without any regular employment, to devote some hours of every day to the perusal of such books as may be most congenial to your taste. Whatever you do, do not waste the whole of your time in listless indolence. If you are young and active, cricket, rowing, fives, football, &c. may vary your more solid occupations; but the mind requires to be exercised, to prevent its relapsing into the morbid condition so beautifully described in that touching passage—'My soul is weary of my life: I will leave my complaint upon myself: I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.'

A HUNTER'S LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

SOME years ago the London public were edified by the exploits of an amateur thief-catcher, who was accustomed to lie in wait for rogues as rogues lie in wait for true men. No sooner was a robbery detected, than off he set in pursuit, heading the police like a greyhound, and tearing down his prey before anybody else could come up. This virtuous individual was the son of a baronet; and all the account he could give of his motives was, that in devoting his time and thoughts to the capture of depredators, he merely obeyed an instinct. This was a curious instance of that oddly-directed enthusiasm which receives the name of hobby or monomania, according to the disposition of the observer; but it was a very insignificant aberration from the beaten path compared with the Nimrod-ic passion which haunts the mind of Mr Roualeyn Gordon Cumming of Altyre.

We know that many gentlemen, who look with disgust upon the trade of a butcher, take excessive delight in stealing upon the solitude of a deer, and slaughtering him before he has time to fly; and we know that in India, and other foreign countries, there is nothing considered so exhilarating as one of those tiger hunts by which the tedium of intertropical life is occasionally broken. But to turn into a profession the stalking deer and combating beasts of prey—to abandon, for the sake of the indulgence, the comforts and decencies of civilised life, submitting to hunger and thirst, heat and

cold, and herding with savages and wild animals, and all for many years at a stretch—is surely the very sublime of eccentricity. Salmon-fishing and roe-stalking were the amusements of Mr Cumming's boyhood in the wilds of Morayshire. Then he joined his regiment in India, landing at the Cape to enjoy a bang at the smaller antelopes in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. After hunting for some time in India, he returned in bad health to stalk deer in the Scottish forests; but tiring of the tameness of the sport, he obtained a commission in the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Companies, looking upon it as a license to shoot in the hunting-grounds of the Far West. Disappointed in this view of his commission, he exchanged into the Cape Riflemen, and popped at quails for some time in the country of the Amapoonda Caffres. There was no man-shooting, however, to be had for love or money, the savages being villanously quiet; and he at length made up his mind to sell out of the army for good and all, and declare war on his own account against the wild beasts of the interior.

The expedition he fitted out on what the small sportsmen of this country would consider a princely scale, although he subsequently added greatly to its magnitude—having at one time three enormous wagons drawn by twelve oxen each, with a suitable number of native servants, horses, and provisions in proportion. His 'sinews of war' were neither money nor bank-notes, but goods of different kinds, such as cheap guns and beads, to barter with the natives; for Mr Cumming had an eye to the main chance as well as to sporting and natural history, and was determined to bring home not only a cabinet of prepared specimens, but a cargo of elephants' tusks. All being ready, he set forth into the wilderness, and startled the wild clans with the apparition of a hunter such as they had never seen, and probably never will see again.

On went the wagons, tearing through forests, where the axe was frequently obliged to pioneer their way—over swamps and rocks, across hills and deserts—

* Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire!

At their head, with his rifle over his shoulder, was the master-hunter, a tall, stout man of fourteen stone, dressed in a Highland kilt and wide-awake hat, with a long beard hanging upon his breast, and his arms naked to the shoulder. Sometimes he met with a Boer as solitary as himself, encamped in the wild, in a small tent, and surrounded by his flocks and herds; but as the renown of his exploits spread abroad, he was himself followed by families of the Caffre tribes, to the number of from one to two hundred men. 'These men were often accompanied by their wives and families; and when an elephant, hippopotamus, or other large animal was slain, all hands repaired to the spot, when every inch of the animal was reduced to biltongue—namely, cut into long narrow strips, and hung in festoons upon poles, and dried in the sun; even the entrails were not left for the vultures and hyenas, and the very bones were chopped to pieces with their hatchets to obtain the marrow, with which they enriched their soup.'

Besides the Caffres, our adventurer provided liberally for the birds and beasts of prey which assembled to dispute with him the carcase of his quarry. The black and white carrion crows came first, and then the vultures; and warned by the voice of the latter, the jackals sneaked out of their holes from far and near, and all

* Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa, &c. By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1850.

crowded round the feast. But the jackals occasionally made their appearance in better time, and actually assisted him to capture his prey. 'In the more distant hunting-lands of the interior it sometimes happens that the lion assists the sportsman in a similar manner with the larger animals; and though this may appear like a traveller's story, it is nevertheless true, and instances of the kind happened both to myself and to Mr Oswell of the Honourable East India Company's Service, a dashing sportsman, and one of the best hunters I ever met, who performed two hunting expeditions into the interior. Mr Oswell and a companion were one day galloping along the shady banks of the Limpopo, in full pursuit of a wounded buffalo, when they were suddenly joined by three lions, who seemed determined to dispute the chase with them. The buffalo held stoutly on, followed by the three lions, Oswell and his companion bringing up the rear. Very soon the lions sprang upon the mighty bull, and dragged him to the ground, when the most terrific scuffle ensued. Mr Oswell and friend then approached, and opened their fire upon the royal family; and as each ball struck the lions, they seemed to consider it was a poke from the horns of the buffalo, and redoubled their attentions to him. At length the sportsmen succeeded in bowling over two of the lions, upon which the third, finding the ground too hot for him, made off.'

The native followers, too, assisted sometimes in the chase which fed them; but they sponged without shame upon other hunters of the wilderness, such as the wild dogs. These animals hunt the antelope in packs, the evolutions of which appear to be regulated by what might seem a kind of language, so different are the tones in which their various calls are made. They are unable to crack the larger bones of the prey; and when the natives have the good fortune to be beforehand with the hyenas (which do not come out before sunset) in finding the remains of their meal, they seize greedily upon the marrow-bones, and devour their contents raw. There is another denizen of the wild who depends upon the prowess of his neighbours, being unable to do anything himself but point the way to the prize. This is the honey-bird. 'This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light-gray colour, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild-bees' nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveller, endeavouring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then, and looking back to ascertain if the traveller is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighbouring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil.' The honey-bird, however, is not to be trusted without caution; for sometimes—through misconception, it is to be charitably supposed—instead of leading to a deposit of honey, it lands the unwary pursuer in the mid-day retreat of a lion, or the den of a crouching panther. Our author once followed this equivocal ally to the banks of a river, and to his great surprise found that his introduction was to be to an enormous crocodile.

The adventurer's first shot of any consequence was at a springbok—a species of antelope so called from the extraordinary bounds it takes into the air when pursued. 'They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground, without apparently the slightest exertion. In performing the spring, they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down come all four feet again together, and striking the plain, away they soar again, as if about to take flight.' These animals in their migrations are

compared to swarms of locusts. 'I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north-east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore chest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills in one unbroken compact phalanx. At length I saddled up, and rode into the middle of them with my rifle and after-riders, and fired into the ranks until fourteen had fallen, when I cried "enough!" On another occasion 'some hundreds of thousands of springboks were within his vision' on a single plain; but an old Boer told him that the sight was nothing to what he had seen. "You this morning," he remarked, "behold only one flat covered with springboks, but I give you my word that I have ridden a long day's journey over a succession of flats covered with them, as far as I could see, as thick as sheep standing in a fold."

The oryx, or gemsbok, a much rarer antelope, attracted our author's special admiration. It has the erect mane, long, sweeping, black tail, and general appearance of the horse, with the head and hoofs of an antelope; but the grand peculiarity of the animal is its entire independence of water, which Mr Cumming believes it never tastes. Well would it have been for the hunter if he too had been destitute of the sense of thirst! In his chase of the interesting prey, he lost himself in the wilderness, and suffered frightfully from the want of water. Night came on, and he lay down in the open plain to sleep, with no other clothes on his person than a shirt and a pair of knee-breeches. Shivering with cold, and almost frantic with thirst, he thus lay in the howling waste till morning. The marauding Bushmen depend for safety in the aridity of the deserts they have to cross on their forays upon the Boers and Caffres. The drier the season is, the more energetic are these pedestrian warriors, each of whom conceals for his own use, at regular intervals along the track, a supply of water in ostrich eggs; and knowing that he can only be pursued on horseback, feels secure in the inability of such animals to do without the like refreshment. The Bushmen, too, in driving away a spoil of cattle, travel night as well as day, while their mounted enemies lose the track if they advance after the sun goes down.

The ostrich, whose eggs are thus turned to so important a use, becomes itself the certain prey of the Bushman, if he has only the good-fortune to stumble upon its nest; for he ensconces himself within the ample precincts, and awaits patiently the return of the unconscious proprietor. At other times he clothes himself in the skin of one of these birds, and stalks about the plain like one of themselves, till he is near enough for a poisoned arrow to do its work.

Another species of antelope, a wildebeest, exhibited an extraordinary instance of public virtue when our adventurer, concealed near a pond, was on the watch for a shot at its friends. This was an old-gentleman wildebeest, who, chancing to discover the retreat of the hunter, established himself as sentry over him, keeping just beyond rifle-range, and driving away each troop of his fellows as they advanced to drink. But at length there approached a bevy of lady wildebeests, who, with the heedlessness of their sex, only tossed their pretty heads at the warning of the Mentor, and came bounding on. The old gentleman was desperate. He entirely forgot the prudential rule he had laid down for himself; and coming within range, he received from the vindictive hunter a shot which made him dart off at full speed,

and leave the dangerous and endangered sex to their fate.

On another occasion Mr Cumming fell asleep in his lair, after having discharged both barrels of his rifle, and was awakened by a dream of lions. 'I awoke with a sudden start, uttering a loud shriek. I could not for several seconds remember in what part of the world I was, or anything connected with my present position. I heard the rushing of light feet, as of a pack of wolves, close on every side of me, accompanied by the most unearthly sounds. On raising my head, to my utter horror I saw on every side nothing but savage wild dogs, chattering and growling. On my right and on my left, and within a few paces of me, stood two lines of these ferocious-looking animals, cocking their ears and stretching their necks to have a look at me; while two large troops, in which there were at least forty of them, kept dashing backwards and forwards across my wind within a few yards of me, chattering and growling with the most extraordinary volubility. Another troop of wild dogs were fighting over the wildebeest I had shot, which they had begun to devour. On beholding them, I expected no other fate than to be instantly torn to pieces and consumed. I felt my blood curdling along my cheeks, and my hair bristling on my head. However, I had presence of mind to consider that the human voice and a determined bearing might overawe them; and accordingly, springing to my feet, I stepped on to the little ledge surrounding the hole, where, drawing myself up to my full height, I waved my large blanket with both hands, at the same time addressing my savage assembly in a loud and solemn manner. This had the desired effect: the wild dogs removed to a more respectful distance, barking at me something like collies. Upon this I snatched up my rifle, and commenced loading, and before this was accomplished, the entire pack had passed away, and did not return.'

This conclusion, however, does not satisfy the reader's sense of justice, for ambush-fighting is never respectable. Our author, however, is of opinion that animals are made to be torn to pieces. In describing the horrible suffering of a noble gnou, which was destroyed by wild dogs, he says pathetically, 'Poor old bull! I could not help commiserating his fate. It is melancholy to reflect that, in accordance with the laws of nature, such scenes of pain must ever be occurring; one species, whether inhabiting earth, air, or ocean, being produced to become the prey of another. At night I watched the water, with fairish moonlight, and shot a large spotted hyena.' On another occasion he succeeded in slaughtering a fine white female rhinoceros, which reeled with the last shot, spouting torrents of blood from her mouth and wounds, and screaming as she died. One can scarcely imagine a human being feeling pleasure in such a sight as this; but we must make some allowance for those who go so far beyond the sound of Sabbath bells, and enter into such wild warfare. When Mr Cumming saw groups of vultures gathering over another part of the forest, and knew that it was for the obsequies of an eland—the most magnificent of the antelope tribe, larger than an ox—which he had mortally wounded in the morning, while tears trickled from the creature's large dark eyes, his satisfaction appears to have been at its height. 'That night I slept beneath the blue and starry canopy of heaven. My sleep was light and sweet, and no rude dreams or hankering cares disturbed the equanimity of my repose!'

The rhinoceros above-mentioned, unfortunately for her, was unattended by her guardian angel—the rhinoceros-bird. This little creature warns the huge animal of the approach of enemies, by uttering in his ear a harsh grating cry. 'I have often hunted a rhinoceros on horseback, which led me a chase of many miles, and required a number of shots before he fell, during which chase several of these birds remained by the rhinoceros to the last. They reminded me of mariners on the deck of some bark sailing on the ocean, for they perched along his back and sides; and as each of my bullets told on

the shoulder of the rhinoceros, they ascended about six feet into the air, uttering their harsh cry of alarm, and then resumed their position. It sometimes happened that the lower branches of trees, under which the rhinoceros passed, swept them from their living deck, but they always recovered their former station; they also adhere to the rhinoceros during the night. I have often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountains, and the birds, imagining they were asleep, remained with them till morning, and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to their utmost to awaken Chukuroo from his deep sleep.' The source of their interest in the rhinoceros is in the ticks and other insects that swarm upon his skin.

Another huge mammal, the hippopotamus, appears, from our author's account, to be pretty nearly as harmless and respectable an animal in his native rivers as the individual in Regent Park. He attacked three at once, and after wounding the one he selected, a female, dashed into the waters after her up to the armpits. But the slaughter of the poor helpless brute is too disgusting a story for our readers, and is one of the numerous instances of bad taste afforded by the book. This was a huge creature, five feet broad across the belly. The only difficulty in this kind of sporting arose from the enormous weight of the animals. The river in one portion of the route seemed to be alive with the unwieldy creatures, wallowing in the water in droves of twenty or thirty at a time. The crocodile appears to live on good terms with his scarcely less amphibious neighbours; and our author was astonished at the great size of the former, one individual appearing to be 16 or 18 feet long, with a body as thick as an ox. 'The next minute, one of them popping up his terrible head in the middle of the stream, I made a beautiful shot, and sent a ball through the middle of his brains. At first he sank for an instant to the shot, but instantly striking the bottom with his tail, he shot up above the water, when he struggled violently, sometimes on his back, and then again on his belly, with at one time his head and fore-feet above the water, and immediately after his tail and hind-legs, the former lashing the water with a force truly astounding. Clouds of sand accompanied him in all his movements, the strong stream carrying him along with it, till at length the struggle of death was over, and he sank to rise no more.'

An adventure with a snake—for nothing came amiss to our hunter—is illustrated by an engraving, in which his Caffre servant is seen with the creature's tail over his shoulder, and Mr Cumming grasping its body, and with his foot against a rock for purchase, as they are endeavouring to drag their prey from the hole in which he has taken refuge. The serpent is 14 feet long, and proportionably thick, and both men are unarmed. When they succeed in extricating him, he 'springs at them like an arrow,' and 'snaps with his horrid fangs' within a foot of the hunters' naked legs; but Mr Cumming merely slips out of his way, and picking up a green bough, belabours him with it till he at length kills him. St George's adventure with the dragon was nothing to this, either as regards the fearlessness of the knight or the marvellousness of the event.

The camelopard is another of our author's familiar acquaintances, and we are glad to turn to him from such strange bedfellows as snakes and crocodiles. This gigantic animal is usually found in herds of sixteen, although Mr Cumming sometimes saw thirty, and even forty, in one company. 'These herds are composed of giraffes of various sizes, from the young giraffe of 9 or 10 feet in height, to the dark chestnut-coloured old bull of the herd, whose exalted head towers above his companions, generally attaining to a height of upwards of 18 feet. The females are of lower stature, and more delicately formed, than the males, their height averaging from 16 to 17 feet. Some writers have discovered ugliness and a want of grace in the giraffe, but I consider that he is one of the most strikingly-beautiful animals in the creation; and when a herd of them is

seen scattered through a grove of the picturesque parasol-topped acacias which adorn their native plains, and on whose uppermost shoots they are enabled to browse by the colossal height with which nature has so admirably endowed them, he must indeed be slow of conception who fails to discover both grace and dignity in all their movements.' The giraffe resembles much the trunk of a blasted tree. 'I have repeatedly been in doubt as to the presence of a troop of them, until I had recourse to my spyglass; and on referring the case to my savage attendants, I have known even their optics to fail, at one time mistaking these dilapidated trunks for camelopards, and again confounding real camelopards with these aged veterans of the forest.' In his first encounter with these noble animals he rode into the herd, and shot repeatedly at the one he selected, confronting her, bringing her to a stand, and firing within a few yards' distance. Still she did not fall; and dismounting from his horse, 'while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me,' he completed the murder with a bullet through her neck. The buffalo is an antagonist of another kidney. On one occasion, when hard hunted, 'he had recourse to a singular stratagem. Doubling round some thick bushes which obscured him from our view, he found himself beside a small pool of rain-water, just deep enough to cover his body; into this he walked, and, facing about, lay gently down, and awaited our oncoming, with nothing but his old gray face and massive horns above the water, and these concealed from view by rank overhanging herbage. Our attention was entirely engrossed with the spoor, and thus we rode boldly on until within a few feet of him, when, springing to his feet, he made a desperate charge after Ruyter, uttering a low stifled roar peculiar to buffaloes (somewhat similar to the growl of a lion), and hurled horse and rider to the earth with fearful violence.'

Elephant-hunting, it would appear from our adventurer's report, is by no means the dangerous service it is commonly supposed to be. 'The elephant entertains an extraordinary horror of man, and a child can put a hundred of them to flight by passing at a quarter of a mile to windward; and when thus disturbed, they go a long way before they halt. It is surprising how soon these sagacious animals are aware of the presence of a hunter in their domains. When one troop has been attacked, all the other elephants frequenting the district are aware of the fact within two or three days, when they all forsake it, and migrate to distant parts, leaving the hunter no alternative but to ispan his wagons, and remove to fresh ground.' When urged to departure, however, by the hunter, the animal is dangerous. Mr Cumming having wounded a female elephant, dismounted from his horse to try the effect of another shot at forty yards. His horse, however, had less presence of mind than his master. 'Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly; but on endeavouring to regain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed towards the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind, and on looking about, I beheld the "friend," with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer named Schwartz, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant, quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I, however, determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men, who of course kept at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants, and just as they were upon me, I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to mount, the elephants were so very near, that I really expected to feel one of their

trunks lay hold of me. I rode up to Kleinboy for my double-barrelled two-grooved rifle; he and Isaac were pale, and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge, I was soon once more alongside, and firing from the saddle, I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant.' On horseback Mr Cumming never felt himself in the slightest danger. The elephant charged his enemy, but after a short run, saw that pursuit was hopeless, and as soon as he stopped, the hunter fired again. There is, in fact, much sameness in the accounts our author gives us of this kind of sport, and one is inclined to think that, after the first excitement is over, an elephant-hunt must be a slow affair.

The fat of the elephant is a great luxury to the Caffres. It 'lies in extensive layers and sheets in his inside, and the quantity which is obtained from a full-grown bull in high condition is very great. Before it can be obtained, the greater part of the bowels must be removed. To accomplish this, several men eventually enter the immense cavity of his inside, where they continue mining away with their assagais, and handing the fat to their comrades outside until all is bare.' But before this mining process 'the rough outer skin is first removed in large sheets from the side which lies uppermost. Several coats of an under skin are then met with. This skin is of a tough and pliant nature, and is used by the natives for making water-bags, in which they convey supplies of water from the nearest vley or fountain (which is often ten miles distant) to the elephant. They remove this inner skin with caution, taking care not to cut it with the assagai, and it is formed into water-bags by gathering the corners and edges, and transfixing the whole on a pointed wand. The flesh is then removed in enormous sheets from the ribs, when the hatchets come into play, with which they chop through and remove individually each colossal rib.' The flesh is cut into ribbons, and hung up in the sun for two or three days to dry into 'biltongue.'

The lion-fights are numerous, and one or two of them exciting. The hunter had followed a lioness until she at length turned to bay, and advanced upon her enemy. 'Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws. . . . When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse.' This is a fair example of the lion stories; but on one occasion, when the adventurer was passing the night by the side of a fire made in the wood, one of his Hottentots, whose restingplace was at some little distance, was carried off and partly devoured by a lion. This is the only casualty of the kind mentioned in the book; and with so many encounters, the circumstance is not the least remarkable thing in it.

Upon the whole, there is not so much variety in these anecdotes of woodland warfare as might have been expected; but the book will doubtless enjoy a considerable currency among the Nimrods at home. Mr Cumming returned to this country with a large quantity of ivory, and many specimens of natural history, now exhibiting in London. Two or three months ago he visited Edinburgh, and thinking proper to parade our

streets in the costume he had worn in the desert, he was of course an object of considerable interest to the idle class of the inhabitants—and to the police.

ALIMENTARY REGIMEN.

A PAPER under the above title has recently been read before the French Academy of Sciences by M. de Gasparin, who presents it as the result of long and serious inquiry into the condition of the working population. The subject is one that cannot fail to be interesting wherever large masses of population have to be fed, and nowhere more so than in England. The author discusses the question of changing circumstances, and shows that people do not always live better as their money-condition improves: he instances the inhabitants of central France as a case in point; and there are districts in this country where the same would apply. He insists on the necessity for azotised food, and institutes comparisons of various dietaries. Throughout France the average proportion of azote in food may be taken as from 20 to 26 grammes—about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ounce. He then continues:—‘A remarkable fact which I met with on our Belgian frontier, presents to us another mode of economy exercised upon regimen, even where the supply of alimentary substances is very small. The mining population of the environs of Charleroi have resolved this problem: to nourish themselves completely, preserve health, and great vigour of muscular strength, upon a diet with less than half of the nutritive principles of that indicated by observation in the rest of Europe.’ The distinctive fact appears to be the habitual use of coffee at every meal. ‘On rising in the morning, the workman makes what he calls his coffee: it is a very weak infusion of coffee and chicory mixed in about equal proportions. This drink, to which a tenth of milk is added, constitutes almost entirely the liquid part of the alimentation. Before going to work, the miner takes a good demi-litre (rather more than half pint) of this coffee, and eats a large slice of white bread with butter. He carries with him to the mine similar buttered slices, and a tin bottle, which holds at most a litre of coffee: this food is consumed by him during the day. In the evening, on going home, he eats potatoes dressed with cabbage or some other green vegetable, and finishes this repast with another slice of bread and butter and a cup of his coffee.

‘All the workmen examined during the inquiry state that they eat a loaf in two days. These loaves weigh about 4 lbs., which gives 2 lbs. per day. They eat meat only on Sundays and festival days, and on those days drink 2 litres of beer. Their bread is always white, and of good quality; but it is only a few privileged workmen who eat meat on other days of the week: the exception is very rare. The quantity of butter consumed may be reckoned at 2 ounces per day, and that of coffee and chicory at 1 ounce each also daily. The portion of potatoes and other vegetables cooked together and eaten in the evening is at most $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. During the week the workman drinks neither beer nor any other fermented liquor: coffee is his only beverage.’

After tabulating these quantities, M. de Gasparin continues:—‘It is thus to 15 grammes (about half an ounce) of azote instead of 23 that the albuminous substance which enters into the ration of the Belgian miners is reduced. This nourishment is still inferior to that of the most austere religious orders imposed by mortification. I have studied and analysed the diet of the monks of La Trappe at Aiguebelle. Their pale

complexion, slow walk, the unimportant mechanical labour to which they are subjected, and which the labourers of the country estimate at not a fifth of theirs, all show that their alimentation is at a minimum in the circumstances in which they are placed. Yet it contains 15 grammes of azote, and 402 grammes of carbon, or of hydrogen reduced to six equivalents of carbon.

‘The nutriment of these miners is inferior also to that of the prisoners in our central houses of detention, whose mechanical labour is almost *nil*, resolving itself into easy movements of the arms, which require more of attention and skill than of strength. Their daily diet contains more than 16 grammes of azote and 475 of carbon.

‘Now it must be added that the miner, whose diet is apparently as poor as we have described it, is a most energetic workman; that when French miners—those of Anzin for example, who nourish themselves much more abundantly—attempt to work in the Charleroi mines, they are soon compelled to withdraw, not being able to keep pace with the Belgian workman in the execution of his task.

‘It is to the coffee alone that we can attribute this possibility of contenting themselves with a diet which children would find insufficient; and it is not a question here of nutritious substance, for the analysis demonstrates that the coffee constitutes no more than 1-35th of the nutritious properties of the aliment. It has thus other properties of which careful account must be taken.

‘Does it complete the digestive function?—does it provoke a more complete assimilation of the aliments?—or perhaps it retards the mutation of those organs which do not then require so great a consumption of material for their maintenance or support? On this hypothesis coffee would not nourish, but it would prevent *denourishment*.’

M. de Gasparin then shows from certain tables that the waste in liquid excretion is less when coffee is drunk than at other times, a fact which to some extent supports his hypothesis. He instances the effects of coffee in enabling soldiers and others to endure fatigue, and continues:—‘An old foreman who knows the district well, and has been himself a labourer, informed me that a miner, with his wife and six children, lives on his daily earnings of two francs without making debts.

‘These researches may have important consequences in the condition of a population, and should engage the serious attention of chemists, physicians, and economists. If it were proved that, without injury to health, or to the development and maintenance of strength, the use of coffee admits of a man contenting himself with a diminished nutriment, we should be able to provide with less trouble against the deficit in times of scarcity, and to comprehend the importance of extending the use of this beverage without checking it by high duties.’

Such is the substance of M. de Gasparin's paper, which, though highly interesting, is not perhaps a complete resolution of the question. According to some of our chemists cabbage is eminently nutritive; and it is also true that dogs, fed on none but highly-azotised food, will die at the end of a month with all the symptoms of inanition. As M. Magendie observed when the subject came before the Académie, in feeding carnivora, it is necessary to give them as much of dried meat as they would require in its raw state: in the one case they get nine or ten times as much azote as in the other, with only the same nutritive result. As this learned *savant* stated, ‘everything which relates to the theory of nutrition is yet surrounded by an impenetrable veil. We know nothing or next to nothing upon this important and fundamental phenomenon. We are beginning to comprehend the different operations of digestion, but all that happens after the formation and absorption of the chyle, all that takes place in the

blood, and in the intimate connections of the fluids with the organic tissues, is still enveloped in the completest obscurity.'

Stories for Young People.

THE KITE.

THE setting sun beamed in golden light over the country; long shadows lay on the cool grass: the birds, which had been silent through the sultry heat of the day, sang their joyous evening hymn: the merry voices of the village children sounded through the clear air, while their fathers loitered about enjoying the luxury of rest after labour. A sun-burnt traveller with dusty shoes walked sturdily along the high road: he was young and strong, and his ruddy cheeks glowed in the warm light: he carried his baggage on a stick over his shoulder, and looked straight on towards the cottages of the village; and you might see by the expression of his face that his eye was earnestly watching for the first glimpse of the home that lay among them, to which he was returning.

The same setting sun threw his golden beams over the great metropolis: they lighted up streets, and squares, and parks whence crowds were retiring from business or pleasure to their various places of abode or gay parties: they pierced even through the smoke of the city, and gilded its great central dome; but when they reached the labyrinth of lanes and courts which it encloses, their radiance was gone, for noxious vapours rose there after the heat of the day, and quenched them. The summer sun is dreaded in those places.

The dusky light found its way with difficulty through a small and dim window into an upper room of a house in one of these lanes, and any one entering it would at first have thought it was void of any living inhabitant, had not the restless tossing and oppressed breathing that proceeded from a bed in one corner borne witness to the contrary. A weak, sickly boy lay there, his eye fixed on the door. It opened, and he started up in bed; but at the sight of another boy, a few years older than himself, who came in alone, he sunk back again, crying in a plaintive voice, 'Don't you see her coming yet?'

'No, she is not in sight: I ran to the corner of the lane, and could see nothing of her,' replied the elder boy, who, as he spoke, knelt down before the grate, and began to arrange some sticks in it.

Everything in the room bespoke poverty; yet there was an appearance of order, and as much cleanliness as can be attained in such an abode. Among the scanty articles of furniture there was one object that was remarkable as being singularly out of place, and apparently very useless there: it was a large paper kite, that hung from a nail on the wall, and nearly reached from the low ceiling to the floor.

'There's eight o'clock just struck, John,' said the little boy in bed. 'Go and look once more if mother's not coming yet.'

'It's no use looking, Jem. It won't make her come any faster; but I'll go to please you.'

'I hear some one on the stairs.'

'It's only Mrs Willis going into the back-room.'

'Oh dear, dear, what shall I do?'

'Don't cry, Jem. Look, now I've put the wood all ready to boil the kettle the minute mother comes, and she'll bring you some tea: she said she would. Now I'm going to sweep up the dust, and make it all tidy.'

Jem was quieted for a few minutes by looking at his brother's busy operations, carried on in a bustling, rattling way, to afford all the amusement possible; but the feverish restlessness soon returned.

'Take me up, do take me up,' he cried; 'and hold me near the broken pane, please, John;' and he stretched out his white, wasted hands.

John kindly lifted out the poor little fellow, and dragging a chair to the window, sat down with him on his knee, and held his face close to the broken pane, through which, however, no air seemed to come, and he soon began to cry again.

'What is it, Jem?—what's the matter?' said a kind voice at the door, where a woman stood, holding by the hand a pale child.

'I want mother,' sobbed Jem.

'Mother's out at work, Mrs Willis,' said John; 'and she thought she should be home at half-past seven; but she's kept later sometimes.'

'Don't cry,' said Mrs Willis's little girl, coming forward. 'Here's my orange for you.'

Jem took it, and put it to his mouth; but he stopped, and asked John to cut it in two; gave back half to the little girl, made John taste the portion he kept, and then began to suck the cooling fruit with great pleasure, only pausing to say with a smile, 'Thank you, Mary.'

'Now lie down again, and try to go to sleep; there's a good boy,' said Mrs Willis; 'and mother will soon be here. I must go now.'

Jem was laid in bed once more; but he tossed about restlessly, and the sad wail began again.

'I'll tell you what,' said John, 'if you will stop crying, I'll take down poor Harry's kite, and show you how he used to fly it.'

'But mother don't like us to touch it.'

'No; but she will not mind when I tell her why I did it this once. Look at the pretty blue and red figures on it. Harry made it, and painted it all himself; and look at the long tail!'

'But how did he fly it? Can't you show me how poor Harry used to fly it?'

John mounted on a chest, and holding the kite at arm's length, began to wave it about, and to make the tail shake, while Jem sat up admiring.

'This was the way he used to hold it up. Then he took the string that was fastened here—mother has got it in the chest—and he held the string in his hand, and when the wind came, and sent the kite up, he let the string run through his hand, and up it went over the trees, up—up—and he ran along in the fields, and it flew along under the blue sky.'

John waved the kite more energetically as he described, and both the boys were so engrossed by it, that they did not observe that the mother, so longed for, had come in, and had sunk down on a chair near the door, her face bent and nearly hidden by the rusty crape on her widow's bonnet, while the tears fell fast on her faded black gown. 'Oh mother, mother!' cried Jem, who saw her first, 'come and take me—come and comfort me!'

The poor woman rose quickly, wiped her eyes, and hastened to her sick child, who was soon nestled in her arms, and seemed to have there forgotten all his woes.

The kind, good-natured John had meanwhile hung up the kite in its place, and was looking rather anxiously at his mother, for he well understood the cause of the grief that had overcome her at the sight of his occupation when she first came in; but she stroked his hair, looked kindly at him, and bid him make the kettle boil, and get the things out of her basket. All that was wanted for their simple supper was in it, and it was not long before little Jem was again laid down after the refreshment of tea; then a mattress was put in a corner for John, who was soon asleep; and the mother, tired with her day's hard work, took her place in the bed by the side of her child.

But the tears that had rolled fast down her cheeks as her lips moved in prayer before sleep came upon her, still made their way beneath the closed eyelids, and Jem awoke her by saying, as he stroked her face with his hot hand, 'Don't cry, mother; we won't touch it again!'

'It's not that, my child; no, no: it's the thought of my own Harry. I think I see his pleasant face, and his curly hair, and his merry eyes looking up after his kite.' It was not often she spoke out her griefs; but now, in the silent night, it seemed to comfort her.

'Tell me about him, mother, and about his going away! I like to hear you tell about him.'

'He worked with father, you know, and a clever workman he learned to be.'

'But he was much older than me. Shall I ever be a good workman, mother?'

The question made her heart ache with a fresh anguish, and she could not answer it; but replied to his first words, 'Yes, he was much older. We laid three of our children in the grave between him and John. Harry was seventeen when his uncle took him to serve out his time in a merchant-ship. Uncle Ben, that was ship's carpenter, it was that took him. The voyage was to last a year and a-half, for they were to go to all manner of countries far, far away. One letter I had. It came on a sad day: the day after poor father died, Jem. And then I had to leave our cottage in our own village, and bring you two to London, to find work to keep you; but I have always taken care to leave word where I was to be found, and have often gone to ask after letters. Not one has ever come again; and it's six months past the time when they looked for the ship, and they don't know what to think. But I know what I think: the sea has rolled over my dear boy, and I shall never see him again—never, never in this weary world.'

'Don't cry so, mother dear: I'll try to go to sleep, and not make you talk.'

'Yes—try; and if you can only get better, that will comfort me most.'

Both closed their eyes, and sleep came upon them once more.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the little boy awoke, and then he was alone; but to that he was accustomed. His mother was again gone to work, and John was out cleaning knives and shoes in the neighbourhood. The table, with a small piece of bread and a cup of blue milk and water on it, stood beside him. He drank a little, but could not eat, and then lay down again with his eyes fixed on Harry's kite.

'Could he fly it,' or rather 'could he see John fly it—really out of doors and in the air?' That was of all things what he most longed to do. He wondered where the fields were, and if he could ever go there and see the kite fly under the blue sky. Then he wondered if John could fly it in the lane. He crept out of bed, and tottered to the window.

The lane was very wet and slushy, and a nasty black gutter ran down it, and oozed out among the broken stones. There had been a heavy thunder-shower in the night; and as there was no foot pavement, and what stones there were were very uneven and scattered, the black pools lodged among them, and altogether it seemed impossible for a boy to fly a kite there; for 'how could he run along holding the string!—he would tumble among the dirty pools. There were only four children to be seen in it now, out of all the numbers that lived in the houses, though it was a warm summer morning, and they were dabbling with naked feet in the mud, and their ragged clothes were all dragged. Mother would never let him and John do like that.'

Still he stood, first examining the window, then looking at the kite; then putting his hand out through the broken pane, and pondered over a scheme that had entered his mind.

'John,' he cried, as the door opened, 'don't you think we could fly Harry's kite out of the broken pane!'

At first this idea seemed to John perfectly chimerical; but after some consultation and explanation a plan was devised between the two boys, to complete which they only waited for their mother's return. They expected her at one, for this was only half a day's work.

Jem was dressed when she returned, and his excitement made him appear better; but she saw with grief that he could not touch his dinner; and her anxiety about him made her less unwillingly, than she otherwise would have done, consent to the petition he made, that 'only for this once she would let him and John fly the kite outside the window.' She stifled her sigh as she sat down to needlework, lest she should cast a gloom over the busy preparations that immediately commenced.

The difficulty had been how to get the kite out, because

the window would not open. To surmount this, John was to go down to the lane, taking the kite with him, while Jem lowered the string out of the broken pane.

'When you get hold of the string, you know, John, you can fasten it, and then stand on that large stone opposite, just by where that gentleman is, and hold up the kite, and then I will pull.'

All was done accordingly. John did his part well. Jem pulled; the kite rose to the window, and fluttered about, for the thunder had been followed by a high wind, which was felt a little even in this close place, and the boys gazed at it with great pleasure. As it dangled loosely by the window in this manner, the tail became entangled, and John was obliged to run up to help to put it right.

'Let it down to me again when I have run out,' said he, as he tried to disentangle it; 'and I will stand on the stone, and hold it up, and you can pull again. There's the gentleman still, and now there's a young man besides. The gentleman has made him look up at the kite.'

'Come and look, mother,' said Jem: but she did not hear. 'The young man has such a brown face, and such curly hair.'

'And he's like— Mother, he is crossing over!' cried John. 'He has come into the house!'

The mother heard now. A wild hope rushed through her heart; she started up; a quick step was heard on the stairs; the door flew open; and the next moment she was clasped in her son's arms!

The joy nearly took away her senses. Broken words mingled with tears, thanksgivings, and blessings, were all that were uttered for some time between them. Harry had Jem on his knee, and John pressed close to his side, and was holding his mother tight by the hand, and looking up in her face, when at last they began to believe and understand that they once more saw each other. And then he had to explain how the ship had been disabled by a storm in the South Seas; and how they got her into one of the beautiful islands there, and refitted her, and after six months' delay, brought her back safe and sound, cargo and all; and how he and Uncle Ben were both strong and hearty.

'How well you look, my dear boy!' said the happy mother. 'How tall, and stout, and handsome you are!'

'And he's got his curly hair and bright eyes still,' said poor wan little Jem, speaking for the first time.

'But you, mother, and all of you, how pale you are, and how thin! I know—yes, don't say it—I know who's gone. I went home last night, mother. I walked all the way to the village, and found the poor cottage empty, and heard how he died.'

'Home! You went there?'

'Yes, and the neighbours told me you were gone to London. But I slept all night in the kitchen on some straw. There I lay, and thought of you, and of him we had lost, and prayed that I might be a comfort to you yet.'

Joy and sorrow seemed struggling for the mastery in the widow's heart; but the present happiness proved the stronger, and she was soon smiling, and listening to Harry.

'I had a hard matter to find you,' he said. 'You had left the lodging they directed me to at first.'

'But I left word where I had come to.'

'Ay, so you had; and an old woman there told me you were at No. 10, Paradise Row.'

'What could she be thinking of!'

'No one had heard of you in that place. However, as I was going along back again to get better information, keeping a sharp look-out in hopes I might meet you, I passed the end of this lane, and saw it was called Eden Lane, so I thought perhaps the old lady had fancied Paradise and Eden were all the same; and sure enough they are both as like one as the other, for they are wretched, miserable places as ever I saw. I turned in here, and then No. 10 proved wrong too; and as I was standing looking about, and wondering what I had better do next, a gentleman touched my arm, and pointing first

at the black pools in the broken pavement, and then up at this window, he said—I remember his very words, they struck me so—"Do not the very stones rise up in judgment against us! Look at those poor little fellows trying to fly their kite out of a broken pane!" Hearing him say so, I looked up, and saw my old kite—by it I found you at last."

They all turned gratefully towards it, and saw that it still swung outside, held there safely by its entangled tail. The talk, therefore, went on uninterruptedly. Many questions were asked and answered, and many subjects discussed; the sad state of poor little Jem being the most pressing. At the end of an hour a great bustle was going on in the room: they were packing up all their small stock of goods, for Harry had succeeded, after some argument, in persuading his mother to leave her unhealthy lodging that very evening, and not to risk even one more night for poor Jem in that poisonous air. He smoothed every difficulty. Mrs Willis gladly undertook to do the work she had engaged to do; and with her he deposited money for the rent, and the key of the room. He declared he had another place ready to take his mother to; and to her anxious look he replied, 'I did good service in the ship, and the owners have been generous to us all. I've got forty pounds.'

'Forty pounds!' If he had said, 'I have got possession of a gold district in California,' he would not have created a greater sensation. It seemed an inexhaustible amount of wealth.

A light cart was soon hired and packed, and easily held not only the goods (not forgetting the kite), but the living possessors of them; and they set forth on their way.

The evening sun again beamed over the country; and the tall trees, as they threw their shadow across the grass, waved a blessing on the family that passed beneath, from whose hearts a silent thanksgiving went up that harmonised with the joyous hymn of the birds. The sun-burnt traveller, as he walked at the horse's head, holding his elder brother's hand, no longer looked anxiously onward, for he knew where he was going, and saw by him his younger brother already beginning to revive in the fresh air, and rejoiced in his mother's expression of content and happiness. She had divined for some time to what home she was going.

'But how did you contrive to get it fixed so quickly, my kind, good boy!' she said.

'I went to the landlord, and he agreed at once: and do not be afraid, I can earn plenty for us all.'

'But must you go to sea again!'

'If I must, do not fear. Did you not always teach me that His hand would keep me, and hold me, even in the uttermost parts of the sea!'

And she felt that there was no room for fear.

A week after this time, the evening sun again lighted up a happy party. Harry and John were busied in preparing the kite for flying in a green field behind their cottage. Under the hedge, on an old tree trunk, sat their mother, no longer in faded black and rusty crape, but neatly dressed in a fresh, clean gown and cap, and with a face bright with hope and pleasure. By her was Jem, with cheeks already filling out, a tinge of colour in them, and eyes full of delight. On her other side was little Mary Willis. She had just arrived, and was telling them how, the very day after they left, some workmen came and put down a nice pavement on each side of the lane, and laid a pipe underground instead of the gutter; and that now it was as dry and clean as could be; and all the children could play there, and there were such numbers of games going on; and they all said it was the best thing they had had done for them for many a day; and so did their mothers too, for now the children were not all crowded into their rooms all day long, but could play out of doors.

'Depend upon it,' said Harry, 'it is that gentleman's doing that spoke to me of it the day I came first. This good old kite has done good service, and now it shall be rewarded by sailing up to a splendid height.'

As he spoke, he held it up, the light breeze caught it,

and it soared away over their heads under the blue sky; while the happy faces that watched it bore witness to the truth of his words—that 'the good old kite had done good service.'

ANECDOTE OF A SINGER.

SIGNORA GRASSINI, the great Italian singer, died a few months since at Milan. She was distinguished not only for her musical talents, but also for her beauty and powers of theatrical expression. One evening in 1810, she and Signor Crescentini performed together at the Tuileries, and sang in 'Romeo and Juliet.' At the admirable scene in the third act, the Emperor Napoleon applauded vociferously, and Talma, the great tragedian, who was among the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance was ended, the Emperor conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescentini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was written, 'Good for 20,000 livres.—NAPOLEON.'

'Twenty thousand francs!' said one of her friends—'the sum is a large one.'

'It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces,' replied Grassini quietly.

Indeed few persons were ever more generous, tender, and considerate towards their family than this great singer.

Many years afterwards, when the Empire had crumbled into dust, carrying with it in its fall, among other things, the rich pension of Signora Grassini, she happened to be at Bologna. There another of her nieces was for the first time presented to her, with a request that she would do something for her young relative. The little girl was extremely pretty, but not, her friends thought, fitted for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Her aunt asked her to sing; and when the timid voice had sounded a few notes, 'Dear child,' said Grassini, embracing her, 'you will not want me to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest sopranos in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, and work hard, my love: your throat will win a shower of gold.' The young girl did not disappoint her aunt's prediction. She still lives, and her name is Giulia Grisi.

A LIVING SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

'They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder,' observed Raoul. 'How!—swim it?' I asked. 'It is a torrent there.' 'Oh, no,' answered the Frenchman; 'monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it.' 'Bridge it! and how?' 'Stop a moment, captain, you shall see.' The half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul had stated, of the *comadrejas*, or ring-tailed tribe. One—an aide-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue-parties were detached, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the *comadrejas*—engineers no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*. At length they all collected round a tall cottonwood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manoeuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and

forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, whilst the higher ones leaped to the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapperal, and disappeared!—*Captain Reil's Adventures in Southern Mexico.*

LONG-SUSPENDED VITALITY.

Mr Baird of the British Museum contributes the following extraordinary instance of long-suspended vitality to the July number of the 'Annals of Natural History.'—In March 1846 a series of shells was presented to the museum by Charles Lamb, Esq., collected by him previously in Egypt, Greece, &c. Amongst these were two specimens from Egypt of the *Helix maculosa*, "the snail of the desert," as it is generally called, and which is found in great abundance living on the dry and arid deserts of Egypt and Syria. On the 25th of March 1846 the two specimens were fixed upon tablets, and placed in the collection amongst the other mollusca. There they remained, summer and winter, fast fixed and gummed down upon the tablet, and immured in their prison till March 1850, four entire years after they had been first placed there, and without the slightest suspicion having been awakened that one of them contained a living inhabitant. How long they had been in the possession of Mr Lamb before he presented them to the museum I do not know. About the 15th of March 1850, having occasion to examine some shells in the same case as that in which these two helices were contained, I observed that in one of them a thin glassy-looking covering, the *epiphragm*, had spread over its mouth, and with evident signs that it was but recently formed. Rather surprised at this appearance, I removed the two specimens from the tablet, and placed them in tepid water. After the lapse of ten minutes, I had the pleasure of seeing the animal of one of the specimens begin to gradually come forth, and in a few minutes more walk along the surface of the basin in which it was placed. I immediately upon that removed it from the water, and placed it in a tumbler, where it began to crawl up its side. Next day I supplied it with a small portion of cabbage-leaf, of which it partook readily, though in small quantity. The animal in the other shell was found to be dead. It is not the least curious part of the story that the shell of the living animal was an injured shell, and had been repaired by the animal before it was collected by Mr Lamb, though it evidently had not time to perfect the mouth. It is still alive, and feeds readily, preferring cabbage-leaf to lettuce or any other kind of food I have yet tried. It is now (24th June 1850) engaged in the process of completing the mouth of its shell, having since March made a small addition to its growth.

EVENING GUESTS.

It is in the silence of this lonely eve,
With the street-lamp pale-flickering on the wall,
A spirit were to say to me—'Believe,
Thou shalt be answered. Call!'—Whom should I call?

And then I were to see thee gliding in
With thy pale robes (that in long-empty fold
Lie in my keeping)—and my fingers, thin
As thine were once—to feel in thy safe hold;
I should fall weeping on thy neck, and say
'I have so suffered since—since'— But the tears
Would cease, remembering how they count thy day,
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then, what are these sad weeks, months, years of mine
To thine all-measureless infinitude?
What my whole life, when myriad lives divine
May rise, each leading to a higher good?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved—best!
Sit in thy olden, dear humanity
A little while, my head upon thy breast,
And then I will go back to Heaven with thee.

Should I call Thee?—Ah no, I would not call!
But if, by some invisible angel led,
Thy foot were at the door, thy face, voice—all
Entering—Oh joy! Oh life unto the dead!

Then I, pale-smiling with a deep content,
Would give to thee the welcome long unknown;
And 'stead of those kind accents daily sent
To cheer me, I should hear thine own—thine own!

Thou too, like the beloved guest late gone,
Wouldst sit and clasp my feeble hand in thine;
'T would grieve thee to know why it grew so wan,
Therefore I would smile on, and give no sign.

And thou, soft-speaking in the olden voice,
Perchance with a compassionate tremble stirred,
Wouldst change this anguished doubt to full rejoice,
And heal my soul with each balm-dropping word.

So—talking of things meet for such as we—
Affection, strong as life, solemn as death,
Serene as that divine eternity
Where I shall meet thee, who wert my soul's breath—

Upon this crowned eve of many eves
Thou know'st—a third of life and all its lore
Would climax like a breaking wave. Who grieves
Though it should break, and cease for evermore?

HABITS.

Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such-like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished; and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's 'Life of Jonathan Wild,' in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler. 'Such,' says Mr Fielding, 'was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware that Mr Wild had no money to pay him.'—*Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy.*

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THE EVERY-DAY YOUNG LADY.

THE every-day young lady is neither tall nor short, neither fat nor lean. Her complexion is not fair, but clear, and her colour not bright, but healthy. She is not vulgarly well, but has not the least illness in the world. Her face is oval, and her hair, moderate in quantity, is usually of a soft brown. Her features are small and unobtrusive: her nose being what the French passports call *moyen*—that is, neither one thing nor t'other—and her eyes as gray as glass, but clear and gentle. It is not the eyes that give her any little character she has; although, if you have nothing else to do, and happen to look at them for a minute or so, they win upon you. They are not varnished eyes, in which you can see nothing but the brightness; and not deep eyes, into which your soul plunges as into a gulf: they are mere common skylights, winning into them a little bit of heaven, and giving you an inkling of good temper and feminine gentleness. Neither is it her air, nor manner, nor dress, that stamps her individuality, if she has any, for these belong to the class of society in which she moves; but altogether she gives you an idea of young-womanish refinement and amiableness, and you would think of her again when alone, if there were not so many of her about as to divide and dilute, as it were, your impressions.

The every-day young lady is usually dependent upon somebody or other, but sometimes she has a small independence, which is much worse. In the former case she clings like ivy, adorning, by her truth and gentleness, the support she is proud of; while in the other she gives her L.30 a year to a relation as an inadequate compensation for her board and clothing, and lives in a state of unheard-of bondage and awful gratitude. Her life is diversified by friendships, in which her own feelings last the longest; by enmities, in which she suffers and forgives; and by loves—though almost always at second hand. She is a confidant, a go-between, a bride-maid; but if she finds herself on the brink of a serious flirtation, she shrinks into her own foolish little heart in surprise and timidity, and the affair never becomes anything but a Mystery, which she carries with her through life, and which makes her shake her head on occasions, and look conscious and experienced, so as to give people the idea that this young lady has a history. If the affair does go on, it is a public wonder how she came to get actually married. Many persons consider that she must have been playing a part all along for this very purpose; that her timidity and bashfulness were assumed, and her self-denial a *ruse*; and that, in point of fact, she was not by any means what she gave herself out to be—an every-day young lady.

For our part we have known many such young ladies in our day—and so have you, and you, and you: the

world of society is full of them. We have a notion of our own, indeed, that they are *the sex*; or, in other words, that they are the class from which are drawn our conventional notions of womankind, and that the rest—that is, those women who have what is called character—are counterfeit women. The feminine virtues are all of a retiring kind, which does not mean that they are invisible even to strangers, but that they are seen through a half-transparent veil of feminine timidity and self-postponement. In like manner, the *physique* of women, truly so called, is not remarkable or obtrusive: their eyes do not flash at you like a pistol, nor their voices arrest suddenly your attention, as if they said, Stand and deliver! That men in general admire the exceptions rather than the rule, may be true, but that is owing to bad taste, coarseness of mind, or the mere hurry of society, which prevents them from observing more than its salient points. For our part we have always liked every-day young ladies, and sometimes we felt inclined to love a few of them; but somehow it never went beyond inclination. This may have been owing in part to the headlong life one leads in the world, but in part likewise—if we may venture the surmise—to our own sensitiveness preventing us from poking ourselves upon the sensitiveness of other people.

A great many every-day young ladies have been represented in the character of heroines of romance; but there they are called by other names, and made to run about, and get into predicaments, so that one does not know what to make of them. The Countess Isabelle of Croye is an extremely every-day young lady; but look how she runs away, and how she sees a bishop murdered at supper, and how she is going to be married to a Wild Boar, and how at last, after running away again, she gives her hand and immense possessions to a young Scotsman as poor as a church mouse! Who can tell, in such a hurry-scurry, what she is in her individuality, or what she would turn out to be if let alone, or if the author had a turn for bringing out every-day characters? Then we have every-day young ladies set up for heroines without doing anything for it at all, and who look in the emergencies of life just as if they were eating bread and butter, or crying over a novel at home. Of such is Evelina, who has a sweet look for every person, and everything, in every possible situation, and who is expected, on the strength of that sole endowment, to pass for a heroine of every-day life. This is obviously improper; for an every-day young lady has a principle of development within her like everybody else. If you expose her to circumstances, these circumstances must act upon her in one way or another; they must bring her out; and she must win a husband for herself, not get him by accident, blind contact, or the strong necessity of marrying—a necessity which has no alternative in the case of a heroine but the grave.

Such blunders, however, are now at an end; for a real every-day young lady has come out into public life, and an illumination has been thrown upon the class, which must proceed either from one of themselves or from inspiration.* But we are not going to criticise the book; for that would bring us to loggerheads with the critics, not one of whom has the least notion of the nature of the charm they all confess. This charm consists in its painting an every-day young lady to the life, and for the first time; and it by no means consists, as it is said to do, in the plot, which is but indifferently concocted, or in the incidents, that are sometimes destitute both of social and artistical truth. Anne Dysart herself, however, is a masterly portrait. Its living eyes are upon us from first to last, following us like the eyes of those awful pictures in the dining-room of long ago, which we could not escape from in any corner of the room. But Anne's eyes are not awful: they are sweet, calm, gentle. The whole figure is associated with the quieter and better parts of our nature. It comes to us, with its shy looks and half-withdrawn hands, like somebody we knew all our lives, and still know; somebody who walks with us, mellowing, but not interrupting our thoughts; somebody who sits by us when we are writing or reading, and throws a creamy hue upon the paper; somebody whose breath warms us when it is cold, and whose shadow stands between us and the scorching sun; somebody, in short, who gives us assurance, we know not how, of an every-day young lady.

To paint a character which has no salient points demands a first-rate artist; but to see the inner life of a quiet, timid, retiring mind, is the exclusive privilege of a poet. To suppose that there is no inner life in such minds, or none worth observing, is a grand mistake. The crested wave may be a picturesque or striking object in itself; but under the calm, smooth surface of the passionless sea there are beautiful things to behold—painted shells, and corals, and yellow sands, and sea-plants stretching their long waving arms up to the light. How many of us sail on without giving a glance to such things, our eyes fixed on the frowning or inviting headland, or peopling the desert air with phantoms! Just so do we turn away from what seems to us the void of every-day life to grapple with the excitements of the world.

Anne Dysart is not Miss Douglas's Anne Dysart: she is yours, ours, everybody's. She is the every-day young lady. The author did not invent her: she found her where the Highlandman found the tongs—by the fireside. And that is her true position, where alone she is at home. When she goes into society, unless it be among associates, she is always under some sort of alarm. She is told that there is company in the drawing-room, strangers come to visit—young ladies celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments—and she treads the stairs with a beating heart, feeling awkward and ignorant, and enters with a desperate calmness. The visitors, however, like her, she is so modest and unobtrusive; and the every-day young lady is charmed and even affected by their patronising kindness. She is reputed by these persons as 'a nice girl, rather amiable-looking, but not in the least like the heroine of a novel.' When she visits them in return, she is at first oppressed with a feeling of shyness, but at length still more overpowered by the kindness with which she is received, and she walks to the window to conceal her emotion.

* Anne Dysart, a Tale of Every-day Life. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

In this position our Anne—for we deny that Miss Douglas has any special property in her—comes out strong: 'As Anne now stood, dressed in deep mourning, the blackness of her garments only relieved by a small white collar and pair of cuffs, the expression of her countenance very pensive, her eyes shining mildly in the sunlight which was reflected from the crimson curtain upon her at present somewhat pale cheek, Mrs Grey, as she whispered to Charlotte, "Really, poor thing, she does look very interesting!" felt the influence of her peculiar charm, without, however, comprehending its source.'

Anne attracts the attention of one of the company, a harsh-featured, ungraceful person, under forty, with a large mouth, determined lips, deep-set thoughtful eyes, and a confused mass of dark hair hanging over a large and full forehead. Whereupon she instantly feels uncomfortable and frightened. But for all that, it is settled that the *bête noir* walks home with her; and resting the tips of her fingers on his arm, onward they go, these two fated individuals, in solemn silence. The conversation which at length begins consists of unpolite questions on the gentleman's part, and constrained answers on that of the lady; but at length she is saved from replying to a specially disagreeable and impertinent interrogatory by stumbling over a stone.

'Did you fall on purpose?' said he. The every-day young lady is both frightened and displeased, and being further urged, feels something actually resembling indignation. When they part, it is with a feeling on her part of inexpressible relief, and she thinks to herself that she had never before met so singular or so disagreeable a man.

This is unpromising: but it is correct. The every-day young lady *thinks* of the rough, odd man; and he is struck now and then by a word or a look in her which piques his curiosity or interests his feelings. He at length learns to look into her calm, soft eyes, and sees through the passionless surface of her character some precious things gleaming in its depths. The following quotation will show at what length he arrives:—'Anne pondered for a few minutes. She had a rather slow though a sound understanding. There was some truth in what Mr Bolton said, but so great a want of charity, that she felt from the first as if, some way or other, he could not be quite right. It was some time, however, ere she discovered how he was wrong, and even then perhaps could not have defined it. She answered gravely and modestly, but with less timidity than usual.

"But still, Mr Bolton, it is possible to be both agreeable and sincere. I know it is possible, because I have seen it; and I think that though there is some truth in what you say, yet, as far as my very limited experience justifies me in forming an opinion, I should say that truth, united with kindness, is appreciated; indeed I am sure some people have been liked who never flattered: I knew one person at least whom everybody loved, who would not have told a falsehood for the world, and who was all he seemed."

"I suppose you mean your father? Well, without exactly sharing in your filial enthusiasm, I am inclined to believe that he was a superior man."

"Are you indeed? Why, may I ask?" said Anne very timidly, and venturing for the first time to put a question in her turn.

"Why?" he repeated, with a momentary return of the wonderful smile. "Because his daughter has rather more simplicity of mind, rather more purity of heart,

rather more intelligence, rather less frivolity, rather less artifice, rather fewer coquettish tricks to flatter the vanity, and entrap the admiration, of silly men—in short, rather more *sincerity* than one meets every day: I guess she must have had a father somewhat above the average." Mr Bolton spoke in a low tone, and there was in his voice a depth and a softness that struck his listener's ear as being altogether different from its wont. Whatever this difference might be, however, it was not lasting, for when, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, it was with an exaggeration even of his ordinary harshness both of voice and manner: "But you need not fancy I am paying you a compliment. You are no angel; and even during our short acquaintance, I have discovered in you some faults and follies, and doubtless there are others behind. In some respects you are very childish, or perhaps it would be as correct to say *womanish*." With this rude speech, Mr Bolton concluded, drawing back with an air of having nothing more to say, and assuming a look which seemed to forbid any one to speak to him.

But this wild man chooses her for a wife, proposes for her hand—and is refused. Why so? Because she was an every-day young lady. He was rich; he had good points—nay, great ones, in his character: but he was an uncomfortable man. She could not love him, and she could not think of marrying a man she could not love. Had it been the young clergyman, the case would have been different. A nice young man was he; and, like all other young ladies of her class, Anne had her dreams of gentle happiness, and congeniality of temper, and poetry, and flowers, and sunsets, and a genteel cottage. But the young clergyman could not afford to think of an almost penniless girl for a wife; and so poor Anne's episode was ended before it was well begun; and the affair would have assumed in her solitary heart the enduring form of a Mystery, if exigencies had not arisen to call forth feelings and resolves that brook no such unsubstantial companions.

This every-day young lady had a brother in Edinburgh, and the brother fell into folly, and misery, and sickness, and desperate poverty. He wanted a friend, a nurse, a servant, and she knew that his bedside was her natural post. The difficulty was to get so far with her poor little funds; but this is accomplished, and instead of the outside of the mail on a wintry night, she has even had the good-fortune to enjoy an inside seat, some gentleman being seized with the caprice of encountering the frost and snow. This gentleman, she discovers afterwards, is her discarded lover; and he—how many discoveries does he make! The every-day young lady, thrown into the battle of circumstances, rises with the strife. She who had been accustomed to sit silent, seeming to agree with others in what was untrue, merely from want of courage, now endures without flinching the extremities even of actual want. Now come out, one by one, obvious to the sight, the thousand beautiful things in the depths of her quiet mind; and the eyes of the odd gentleman are dimmed with emotion as he looks at them. Already had she begun to wonder at this man, to call his austerity melancholy, to grieve that he was unhappy, to think what he could be thinking about; and now, when she and her darling brother are saved, protected, held up by his strong hand, the hold he takes of her imagination communicates itself insensibly to her heart. His features lose their harshness; his deep-set eyes become soft; his lips relax; and finally, he cuts his hair. What more needs be said?

But we take leave to disagree with this individual in his idea that Anne Dysart has more simplicity, purity, and quiet intelligence than other every-day young ladies. She is, on the contrary, nothing more than a type of

the class; and the fact is proved by the resemblance in her portrait being at once recognised. We do not stand upon the colour of her hair, or eyes, or other physical characteristics, for these are mere averages, and may be very different in our Anne and yours; but her shyness, hesitation, and cowardice—her modesty, gentleness, and truth—these are stereotyped traits, and are the same in all. But when such qualities rise, or become metamorphosed, to meet the exigencies of life, how do we recognise them? By intuition. We acknowledge in others the principle of development we feel in ourselves. Our fault is, that we pass over as worthy of no remark, no careful tending, no holy reverence, the slumbering germs of all that is good and beautiful in the female character, and suffer our attention to be engrossed by its affectations and monstrosities. Let us correct this fever of the taste. Let us learn to enjoy the still waters and quiet pastures. When we see an every-day young lady flitting about our rooms, or crossing our paths, or wandering by our side, let us regard her no more as if she were a shadow, or a part of the common atmosphere, necessary, though unheeded: let us look upon her with fondness and respect, and if we would be blessed ourselves, let us say—God bless her!

L. R.

INDUSTRIAL GLASGOW IN 1850.

To investigate the condition, effective force, and prospects of an industrial population, is a business not only interesting to the philanthropist, but highly useful also to society at large, as acquainting them with the habits and powers of a distinctive class little known out of its own sphere of action (except by its effects); at the same time that such an inquiry serves also reflectively to stimulate afresh the energies of the artisan, and cheer him onward in his uphill road, through trials and privations, to comfort and independence. Such were the works undertaken, and well performed, by Jelinger Symons, Baines, Gaskell, Bowring, and Villermé; and the writer of this article conceives that by describing the results of his own investigations respecting Glasgow and Clydesdale, he may possibly contribute some small mite of instruction as well as entertainment to the readers of this widely-extended Journal; his present object being to do for Glasgow and Clydesdale in 1850 what Cleland did for Glasgow alone at the beginning of the century—that is, to present a descriptive and moral picture of the city and its connected towns (more especially with reference to its artisan population) in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Glasgow may be said to form the centre of an industrial district, including parts of the counties of Lanark (its own county), Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Ayr. It is not in our power to give a minute account of this remarkable region, but we shall notice the chief subordinate places where commercial and manufacturing industry has taken root. These are—Paisley, the first shawl depôt in the world; Greenock and Port-Glasgow, shipping ports; Kilmarnock, eminent in carpet-weaving; Pollockshaws, Barrhead, Johnston, and other Renfrewshire villages, containing large cotton-spinning and weaving establishments; the Vale of the Leven, including Dumbarton, and the villages of Renton and Alexandria; Lanark and New Lanark, Blantyre, Campsie, and Balfour, towns full of cotton-manufacturing industry; Dalmarnock, Tollcross, and Rutherglen, villages close to Glasgow, and forming an intimate part of its own system of industry; finally, the great iron-mining and iron-founding villages of Airdrie and Coatbridge, the rise of which to importance within the last few years has been one of the most interesting phenomena

of its kind which the history of industry in Scotland presents. Eleven of these various clusters of population gave the following results at the census of 1841:—

Glasgow (parliamentary burgh),	255,650
Greenock (parliamentary burgh),	35,645
Port-Glasgow,	6,943
Paisley,	60,487
Lanark,	7,680
Pollockshaws,	5,390
Renfrew,	2,014
Rutherglen,	5,623
Dalmarnock and Tolcross,	4,000
Blantyre Works,	1,700

So rapid, however, and so constant has been the increase of buildings and immigrants within the last nine years, that Glasgow itself was estimated at the end of 1849 to contain 367,000; in which case these towns cannot comprise less than 650,000 inhabitants.

The Clyde, as far as regards marine navigation, is far more indebted to art than nature, for Commissioner Tucker, in 1652, describes the shallowness of the river as 'every day more and more increasing and filling up, so that no vessel of any burthen can come up nearer the town than fourteen miles, where they must unload and send up their timber on rafts, and all other commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobbles or boats of three, four, or five, and none above six tons a boat.' Nay, our fathers, only seventy years ago, would have deemed that man insane who should have ventured the prediction that sea-borne vessels of 400 tons, from distant foreign shores, would ever unload their freight on the quays of Glasgow. Yet all this and more has been effected: a broad, straggling, shallow stream has been made a narrow and a deep one by an almost incredible amount of human talent and labour, and at vast expense. Whinstone, ashlar-like embankments, and extensive quays of solid, well-wrought masonry, have been constructed to confine its waters within a channel seldom more than 400 feet in breadth; steam-dredging machines have been for years at work in deepening the channel, and preventing the accumulation of deposits; and beacons have been erected to mark the deep-water channel, where requisite, all the way to the Firth; in short, all the resources of such master-minds as those of Smeaton, Watt, Bell, Rennie, Telford, and Walker, have been brought into play to make Glasgow a first-class river-port, and the Clyde—what it now indisputably is—the pride and glory of North Britain. Upwards of a million and a-half has been spent on these improvements, and the result of the deepening of the river is, that it can now be navigated by vessels of 1000 tons. The harbour now comprises fully 10,000 feet of wharfage, more than half of which is provided with powerful cranes, sheds, and ample weighing-machines, for landing, sheltering, and valuing the goods; and such is the amount of accommodation, that large ships of every flag now come into the heart of Glasgow to exchange the raw produce of the Mediterranean, United States, Brazil, the East and West Indies, and Canada, for the manufactures of Clydesdale. This port likewise, which was the first in Britain to engage in steam navigation, can now boast of a steam fleet unequalled out of London. Large and powerful mail-steamers, in the continental as well as home service, float like leviathans in front of the Broomielaw landing-wharfs. One war-steamer, called the *Simoom*, designed for the Indian seas, sailed about three months ago; a splendid screw steamer, the *City of Glasgow*, has lately commenced an intercourse with New York. Such is the Clyde in the middle of 1850.

Turn we now from the Clyde to the city through which it flows, and we shall see no less marked indications of a wonderfully-rapid progress and improvement. What in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a quaint, shabby old town, straggling down from the Cathedral and episcopal palace to the Trongate, Saltmarket, and Briggate, with a population even at the Restoration of only 14,700 persons, has, within the last

forty years, become a fine, tastefully-built city, covering upwards of 450 acres, and boasting of wide avenues, squares, crescents, and terraces, which may almost vie with the modern squares and streets in the western or court end of London. We here subjoin the population from the five parliamentary returns:—

1801,	77,385
1811,	100,749
1821,	147,043
1831,	202,426
1841,	255,650
1850 (estimated),	367,000

Glasgow is essentially a busy mart, a money-getting place, in which the merchant and the manufacturer—with different, widely-different occupations, but harmonising interests—vie eagerly in shrewdness and wary, but by no means unadventurous trading. The merchant wants manufactured goods to send abroad; and the manufacturer is ready to furnish woven fabrics, or chemical products, or manufactured iron, as the case may be, and these too of a sort and quality just suited to the markets to which they are to be consigned. Thus as respects woven fabrics—separate kinds are prepared expressly for certain parts of the world; for what will please a quaint Chinaman will not suit the gaudy taste of a Brazilian or Peruvian; nor would the articles suited to the refined, sober taste of a German, suit a volatile Frenchman or even a London lady. All these transactions, on a truly gigantic scale, are daily carried on with little bustle and no waste expenditure of time, for a ten minutes' interview will often effect the exchange of thousands on a single bargain.

The following statement, which has been drawn up after much patient investigation and inquiry, but can, after all, be only regarded as an approximation to the truth, represents the textile industry of Glasgow in 1850—first, as regards the firms of master manufacturers; and secondly, as regards the labourers in their mills, factories, and print-works:—

TEXTILE ARTS OF GLASGOW IN 1850.

	Firms.	Labourers.
Cotton, Woollen, and Thread-Spinners,	76	25,000
Power-loom Weavers,	24	3,640
Handloom Weavers,	-	3,200
Calico Manufacturers,	240	4,000
Gingham	37	1,840
Muslin	40	920
Silk	22	720
Lace	16	140
Carpet	5	260
Shawl	10	64
Woollen and Worsted Manufacturers,	14	1,570
Rope and Sail Makers,	45	840
	529	42,194
Dependent Trades.		
Printers and Bleachers,	64	1,300
Dyers,	50	1,400
Calenders and Packers,	40	200
Designers and Block-Cutters,	35	500
Cylinder Engravers,	6	750
Miscellaneous,	150	700
Total,	882	47,924

Here we have about 900 firms, consisting, we will say, on an average, of three partners each; and employing, one with another, twenty clerks, packers, and porters—amounting in round numbers to about 20,000 persons—who keep at work in the production exclusively of textile goods, about 48,000 persons. This makes a total of about 68,000 persons supported by weaving industry within the city of Glasgow; and if to these we add 370 more firms consisting of 9300 partners and dependents, employing about 6000 persons in the conversion to useful purposes of iron, glass, porcelain-clay, chemical products and mineral coal, we shall then have a grand total of 84,000 persons directly supported by the manufacturing industry of Glasgow!

This estimate, however, falls very, very far short of the amount of population supported by manufacturing labour within the circle which owns Glasgow as its

central market. The following statement of the people supported by the spinning and weaving business out of Glasgow is as nearly correct as circumstances will admit:—

Paisley, -	49,000
Barrhead,* -	1,610
Greenock, -	3,400
Kilmarnock, -	-
Lanark and Blantyre, -	-
New Lanark,† -	1,094
Airdrie and Coatbridge, -	-
Glasgow itself, -	88,000

The principal crafts of Glasgow calling for notice, independently of the corresponding arts practised in England, are:—

1. Turkey-red dyeing;
2. Gingham weaving;
3. Shawl weaving;
4. Carpet weaving;

And to these arts we must add specially the wonderful factories for the

1. Reduction of iron ore to pig-iron and steel; and
2. The manufacture of large iron-castings, steam-engines and steamboats; and likewise
3. The sail-cloth works of Greenock;
4. Chemical works.

1. *The Turkey-red dye*, which is of recent introduction, is one of those complicated processes involving many details of operation, of which it would be hopeless to attempt any generally intelligible explanation within a reasonable space. *Red madder* forms almost exclusively the dyeing material; but the brilliant red colour requires for its production much care and many processes; repeated dyeings, washings, and bleachings over and again repeated, till the bright, unmistakable red, with its bright white spots, round, lozenge-shaped, or of indefinite pattern, is produced.

2. *Gingham Weaving* is a far more easy process than almost any followed in the district, except calico-weaving, and consists simply of the admixture in the warp or weft of those of white and coloured thread. Both ginghams and pullicates may be either of linen or cotton, or both mixed, and the work is commonly performed by wretched, impoverished handloom weavers, residing in the close, unhealthy districts of the city, or dispersed in squalid hamlets through various parts of the suburbs.

3. *Shawl Weaving*, which now forms the staple trade of Paisley (employing about 6000 hands, working about the same number of harness-looms, with upwards of 4000 women and children, employed in cotton mills, turning about 80,000 spindles), was introduced into that town about thirty-five years ago by a Mr Paterson, who, although there had been imitations made twenty years before in Norwich, Stockport, and Edinburgh, was the first to make it a profitable speculation. In 1823 China crape-shawls were introduced, and various fabrics have from time to time been manufactured for the English and foreign markets, including zebras for Anatolia,

* This village of Barrhead has no place in history; few of the people of Scotland, excepting in Glasgow, and still fewer of the people of England, have ever heard its name mentioned. It is not a burgh; it does not even give name to a parish. Yet what an amazing mass of industrial energy it is! Besides the large cotton spinning and weaving factories employing the above 1610 hands, it contains nine large bleaching establishments, at which 1800 hands are employed; four great calico-printing works, employing 1370 persons; a flour-mill, an iron foundry, a machine-shop, &c. employing in all about 200 hands. Thus the grand total of working people in this village is 4980.

† The cotton-mills of New Lanark now employ fewer hands than in Mr Owen's time, fewer being required to do the same amount of work. The total is 1056. The village contains 38 hand-loom weavers. The educational system retains little or no trace of its originator. It consists of, 1st, a day-school, at which the ordinary branches of education are taught, together with natural history, singing, and dancing, and which is attended by 300 pupils; 2d, an evening school. There are six teachers, four male and two female, paid immediately by salaries from the proprietors.

Syria, and the caravan trade of the East. The Thibet cloth manufacture, however, and that of Cashmere wool, were not introduced till the year 1830, since which period they have made such enormous advances, that the Paisley fabrics now equal those made some years ago by Ternaux and Girard in France. For some years, what with Morrison's improved Jacquard loom, Vergniai's steam metallic rollers, and the numerous improvements introduced by Messrs Kerr, Roxburgh, and Balderston, the shawl-trade of Paisley may be said to stand without a peer in its own department throughout the world.

4. *Carpet Weaving*—which, according to the methods now pursued, presents striking analogies to the shawl business, deserves a special notice with reference to the industry of Kilmarnock and its dependent villages—must be described at some length. Carpets—once a luxury of the rich, now a necessary to all but the poorest—were once manufactured in Kidderminster, Wilton, and some few other districts of southern England; but we are not far from the mark when we say that, in 1850, four-fifths of all the carpet-loom produce of Great Britain is manufactured either in Glasgow or Kilmarnock. In the latter town there are in all 480 looms for carpet weaving, producing annually 782,380 yards, chiefly of the superfine quality (besides rugs), estimated in all at £118,080. So much for the once-despised value of Scotch-carpeting! In fact velvet-faced, Victoria-patterned, Wilton, Brussels, and, in short, all descriptions of carpets or rugs, from Persian and Turkish patterns down to the lowest descriptions of druggeting, are now made in the west of Scotland, and sent to all parts of the world.

Thus far have we expatiated on the weaving-business of this industrious district, not with any invidious view, but merely to show what may be done by the active industry of a new district. The cotton-manufactures of the Clyde belonged formerly to Lancashire; the great woollen-industry of the West-Riding of Yorkshire, once the undoubted possession of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, is now fairly domiciled in Lanarkshire; and the carpet-weavers of Wilton and Kidderminster have found more than rivals in the denizens of Kilmarnock and Clydesdale. The annual value of all these textile products can scarcely be estimated, going as they do both landward and seaward; but the total produce must unquestionably exceed ten millions annually of money revenue.

Let us observe, moreover, that the textile manufactures of Glasgow and Clydesdale do not form more than two-thirds of the whole industry of the district, even when we include their supplemental businesses—such as pattern-designing, cylinder-engraving, block-cutting, shuttle-making, &c.

METALLIC RESOURCES AND MANUFACTURES.—The conversion of mineral produce into articles of necessity and luxury constitutes a branch of industry equally important with, but quite distinct from, those hitherto described; but without these as adjuncts and providers of manufacturing power, the textile arts could not possibly have attained the high importance which they at present possess.

The whole of Middle and Lower Clydesdale is, in fact, nothing more nor less than an immense bed of coal and ironstone lying on a substratum of carboniferous limestone, admirably suited and extensively used for building materials; and this itself rests on a vast mass of gray-wacke, which forms, as it were, the bounding-wall of the coal-field. Coal-pits and iron-mines, therefore, dot the country in all directions for five or six miles around the city; besides which, all the knolls about Airdrie, Coatbridge, Garnkirk, Gartsherrie, &c. bristle with shafts clearly indicative of a vast amount of coal and iron-mining industry. There are in all about a hundred firms and companies engaged in smelting pig-iron, turning it into large castings, and converting it into malleable iron, the whole produce thus manufactured from the black-band ironstone, averaging about 600,000 tons

per annum. Some of the principal of these iron-works are the following:—

Messrs Dixon's at Govan and Calder,	13 furnaces.
Messrs Bairds' at Gartsherrie,	16 ..
Mr Wilson's at Dundyvan,	10 ..
Messrs Dunlop at Tolcross,	9 ..
Monkland Iron Company,	6 ..

All these, as well as several others, employ, instead of the cold-blast, formerly in use, the patent hot-blast, invented by Mr Neilson, which, on attaining the temperature of 600 degrees Fahrenheit, enables the iron-master, with three-sevenths of the fuel formerly employed, to make one-third more iron of a superior quality by the use of coal instead of coke. The advantages of this invention, moreover, are not confined to iron-masters; for the founder, by its use, can cast into goods an equal quantity of iron in far less time, and with the saving of nearly half the fuel employed in the ordinary process, while the blacksmith can produce in the same time one-third more work with much less fuel than he formerly required. The number of men employed in iron and coal mining, and in smelting furnaces, &c. may be thus stated:—

Miners and Colliers,	18,000
Carters, &c.	7,000
Weighers, Clerks, &c.	2,500
Total,	27,500

This is perhaps rather under than over the mark, as no data present themselves of any value later than those to be found in the last census.

Steam-Engine and Iron-Ship Factories.—The business of steam-engine making, so necessary both as an agent of the textile manufactories and as an indispensable requisite for the navigation of the port, has been conducted on the most gigantic scale for more than a quarter of a century, although in this respect it has a strong competitor in Greenock. It would be invidious to single out any firms in particular where so many are engaged in one or other of the branches; all having extensive works admirably arranged, and producing first-rate machinery constructed on the most modern and best-approved principles. The works of Mr Robert Napier, however, at the Vulcan and Lancefield Foundries, are of a nature so distinct from the rest, that we venture on a brief description of them and some of their products, being indebted for our information to the liberality of Messrs Napier themselves.

The manufactures carried on by these gentlemen, so far as concerns the steam-engines, are conducted in two immense factories, covering together nearly six acres of ground, well known in Glasgow as the Vulcan and Lancefield Foundries, besides which they have an extensive ship-building yard at Govan, about two miles below Lancefield on the opposite bank, and a gigantic forge at Parkhead provided with steam and tilt hammers, cranes, and other machinery for effecting the 'uses' or heavy forgings of the engine-shafts, cranks, crossheads, &c. &c. The founding business is performed on an amazingly large scale, and may be divided into three branches—loam-moulding, dry-moulding, and green-sand moulding. It is not an uncommon thing for fifty or sixty tons of molten iron to be employed in casting the cylinder-cases of first-class engines. The brass foundry is quite a distinct department, employed in rough-casting those kinds of engine work for which iron is unsuitable; five or six tons of brass being often used at a single operation! The second branch of the business comprises the boiler-manufacture, which employs a great number of hands as fitters up—that is, adapters of the various plates composing the boilers, and piercing the holes for the reception of the bolts, which the riveters hammer in with astonishing rapidity; the calkers following to close the seams firmly together after the riveting. The third branch includes a large number of machine-workers, who, by the aid of powerful and ingenious mechanism, effect, with a facility almost exceeding belief, borings of wondrous calibre,

planings and slottings of large metallic surfaces, screw-cutting, and numerous other ingenious operations indispensable for the nice adjustment of the various parts of the engines, the very same care and minuteness being required in the largest as well as the smallest members thereof. And fourthly, there comes the finishing department, which includes the turning of the minuter metallic portions of the engines, and the just fitting of various parts with reference to each other in the entire machine. Add to these various draughtsmen and pattern-makers, employed in making drawings and models, with forge-smiths, joiners, and painters, the whole comprising from 900 to 1000 workmen, and the reader may possibly form some slight notion (though a just one he cannot, without a personal inspection) of the vastness as well as variety of the works carried on at these factories. Mr Napier, moreover, contracts for every kind of workmanship and material necessary for the entire furnishing of his ships—such as the cabinet-work and upholstery, carving, ornamental painting and gilding, plumbing, and copper-work, internal furniture and bedding, sails, cordage, &c. &c.; and with respect to one department alone of the ornamental work, it may be stated, by way of example, that on the cabin of the *Emperor*, a steam-ship of 1300 tons now running between Hull and Petersburg, he expended no less than L.300 in artistic and decorative paintings. Nor is it at all unusual for sums varying from L.60 to L.100 to be paid for one or two pictures to adorn the cabin of first-class steam-ships.

The above works, moreover, are quite independent of the building-yard at Govan, where the various plates, beams, &c. are put together by ship-carpenters and iron-ship builders expressly devoted to this class of artisan-ship, about 500 or 800 in number, according to the amount of business going forward. Only a few months have elapsed since the splendid war-frigate already alluded to, the *Simoom*, was launched. Her dimensions are: length from figure-head to taffrail, 280 feet; breadth of beam, 42 feet; depth from deck to keel, 28 feet. This noble vessel, which will perhaps be the finest in the steam navy, has received an auxiliary screw engine. It may be stated, in conclusion, that even in cases where the vessels themselves are not built by Messrs Napier, but at Greenock, or elsewhere, this firm is employed to provide the engines; as in the case of the *Niagara*, an American steam-ship of 1830 tons, the engines of which are of 650 horse-power. We lately found the engines designed for the *Asia and Africa* in the course of building at Lancefield. They are each of 800 horse-power, and had a truly gigantic appearance as seen while being fitted together in the workshop. The *Asia and Africa* has since left the place of her nativity, and made her first voyage between Liverpool and Halifax—the quickest passage on record.

CHEMICAL WORKS.—The manufacture of chemical products is conducted at Glasgow on quite as extensive a scale as at Newcastle. There are several large establishments of this kind on the east and south sides of the town; but they all yield the palm to the works at St Rollox, belonging to Charles Tennant and Co., which now occupy nearly fourteen acres, about half of which space is under cover. The premises comprise upwards of 100 furnaces, retorts, or fireplaces, the smoke and effluvia from which are carried up a gigantic stalk rising 300 feet above the floor of the works, which is a landmark easily visible from all the surrounding neighbourhood. The articles manufactured are sulphuric acid, chloride of lime, soda, and soap; and so alive is the proprietor to the necessity of introducing all the recently-discovered processes, that he has been known to give—over and above the liberal salaries paid to resident chemists—the apparently enormous sums of L.1000 and L.1500 for the exclusive use of a single new process or discovery. In fact the establishment of St Rollox may be fairly pronounced as unequalled in the world.

Glasgow has likewise several pretty large glass-houses; but they will not bear comparison with the

vast establishments of Newcastle, St Helen's, and other towns south of the Border.

Having thus concluded our brief description of the leading branches of manufacturing industry in Glasgow, we proceed to offer a few statements that may illustrate the progress of steam navigation in particular, and also of the navigation generally connected with and issuing from the port of Glasgow.

After several fruitless exemplifications by Messrs Miller, Symington, and others, during the last century, of the possibility of applying steam to the propelling of vessels, Mr Henry Bell of Glasgow applied to a boat purposely built for him a pair of paddles set in motion by an engine of three-horse power, made by himself; and after several experiments this first steamboat on British water, the *Comet*, began plying between Glasgow and Greenock, January 18, 1812, when it succeeded; and it was regarded quite as an exploit that it made *five miles an hour* against a head wind! We insert here, as curious, an advertisement from a Glasgow paper, August 5, 1812:—

‘STEAM-PASSAGE BOAT.
THE COMET.

BETWEEN GLASGOW, GREENOCK, AND HELENSBURGH.
FOR PASSENGERS ONLY.’

The first steamers that ventured out of the Clyde into the open sea were the *Britannia* and *Rob Roy*; the former trading to Londonderry, the other to Liverpool, and thence to Dublin; soon after which, the number of steamers gradually increased, though the engines were still of a clumsy and ponderous make, with many parts attached that were subsequently found wholly unnecessary. A curious circumstance, too, deserves mention, as showing how mere accident may lead to great improvements. The fly-wheel of one of these early engines having got out of repair, it was found that the vessel went on just as well without it, owing to its own momentum; and consequently from that time forward this maintaining power was disused.

It forms no part of our present purpose to detail the progressive improvements in steam navigation during the last thirty years. Enough be it now to mention, that at the close of 1849 Glasgow possessed *seventy* steam vessels: four to Liverpool—the *Admiral*, *Commodore*, *Orion*, and *Princess Royal*, all from 350 to 600 tons burthen, and the two latter of iron; four to Belfast—three of which are of iron, and all from 250 to 500 tons; five to Londonderry and Sligo, from 150 to 400 tons, mostly built at Mr Napier's yard; three to Dublin; two to Campbeltown; one to Stranraer; and nine to the Western Highlands (six of iron); besides which, twenty-four steamers were plying up and down the Clyde, varying from 80 to 120 tons, ten of which ran to Gourock, Dunoon, and Rothesay, five to Largs and Millport, six to Helensburgh, and three to Dumbarton: there being also eighteen tug-boats employed in towing large sailing vessels up and down the river. Since then, in emulation of Liverpool, the first steam-packet has begun to ply direct to New York. These vessels are fitted up with engines of four different descriptions, either oscillating, diagonal, side-lever, or what are termed *steeple-engines*—these being now more frequently used than any other. The number of passengers conveyed in various directions by these floating towns cannot be calculated with any approximation to accuracy; but it must be enormous. In the summer season, when the good citizens of Glasgow are wont to ruralise with their families at Helensburgh, Gourock, Dunoon, Rothesay, Largs, Millport, &c. the steam quay at the Broomielaw presents, especially on Saturdays, an amusing scene of bustle, from the vast numbers of persons in every rank, and of both sexes, who are hurrying away from the smoky city to inhale the fresh breezes of the western ocean.

Pleasure, however, forms but a small part of the business connected with the marine navigation of the Clyde, inasmuch as the largest steam-ships engaged on the

Liverpool and Irish stations are extensively employed by the merchants and manufacturers for the transport both of the raw material and manufactured produce, as well as of large quantities of provisions, fresh as well as salt, from the various ports of Ireland.

Having thus presented an outline of the internal industry, trade, and navigation of Glasgow, we shall next invite attention to a subject equally interesting, though in some respects painful—the state of morals and health among the industrial classes in the Clydesdale district.

‘MODERN MYTHS’—THE GENTLEMAN
BAGPIPER.

A GENTLEMAN, who dates from Preston, Lancashire, gives us the following statement, from which it would appear that the query as to the reality of the Gentleman Bagpiper in a late article called ‘Modern Myths’ is to be answered in the affirmative, though the name and identity of the person are not yet ascertained.

I have in my possession the first part of a work bearing this title—‘Tour of the Wandering Piper Through Part of Scotland and Ireland. Written by Himself.’ It was published in 1833 at Portland, Maine, United States. From the publisher's ‘introductory remarks,’ we learn the circumstance that gave rise to the tour. In the year 1825, at a dinner party in London, a dispute arose between two gentlemen as to the hospitality of different nations. One of the gentlemen was Count Bender, the other a retired officer, who had served under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington during the greater part of the Peninsular war, and sold his commission after the battle of Waterloo. They had been educated together at the same school in Scotland, and a great friendship existed between them. Both being excellent musicians, they agreed to settle their dispute by personally testing the hospitable qualities of the various nations advocated by each: the one to travel as a fiddler in France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands; the other as a piper in England, Scotland, Ireland, and North America, to subsist on what the public might please to give them unsolicited: the one to whom the most was voluntarily given to be declared the winner, and to receive the sum of £5000, which was staked on the result. The pilgrimage was to last five years.

Matters being thus arranged, they prepared to set out on their strange exploit—the count as fiddler, and the other as piper; but an uncle of the latter, who then held a high official situation, heard of their freak, and managed for a time to put a stop to their proceedings. The uncle, however, died in 1827, which left the piper free from restraint; and in June 1828 both parties commenced their wanderings. The fiddler started from Calais; and the piper, after shaking hands with a few friends in Edinburgh, proceeded by coach to Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, ‘that being,’ says he, ‘the very place the Fates had decreed I should commence my pilgrimage as a wandering piper.’ Here, after resting and refreshing himself in a small public-house, he sallied out into the streets, dressed in a gray frock-coat and a broad old-fashioned Scotch bonnet, beneath which he wore a pair of green spectacles. But this, his first attempt, seems somewhat to have shaken his faith; for after playing several hours to a crowd of the natives, they could not manage to scrape together more than 1s. for his behoof. This he refused, and they converted it into Glenurrie whisky, which they drank to the health and prosperity of the worthy piper, whom they declared to be the best player that had appeared in the country since the days of Geordie Lorimer, piper to the Earl of Errol. On the following morning a gentleman, who either knew or pretended to know the piper's secret, spread something abroad which seems to have

given him some uneasiness. He consequently packed up his pipes, and bade adieu to Stonehaven, passing through Drumlithie, Laurencekirk, and Auchinblea, without ever unloosening his musical wallet. The next day he performed a journey of thirty miles, with his whole luggage bundled on his back, consisting of a change of flannels, a shirt, a pair of stockings, and his bagpipes. In the evening he arrived at Kirriemuir, where, writes he, "I was most hospitably entertained by Mr Stewart, a brother piper, who, like every one else, pretended to know me for no less a character than the celebrated Captain Barclay. This I stoutly denied, but without altering his opinion. He, however, forced me to commence business in the streets next morning. Here I gained 6d., and a similar sum in Alyth in the afternoon; 1s. 6d. in Blairgowrie the next morning; and 2s. 11d. in Dunkeld in the evening."

"At Crieff," he continues, "although one of the largest towns I have met with since commencing business, I could only screw out 2s. amongst the inhabitants; and a very conscientious publican, in whose house I had domiciled myself for the time being, only screwed 5s. from me. You will allow this was not a very profitable transaction; but I comforted myself that I was like the old woman who bought a lot of eggs for two shillings, and sold them for one; she said, 'her profit was but small; but no matter, it was always turning over the money.' The inhabitants of this Highland city had a great dispute among themselves about who I really was. One party said I was the Duke of Argyll in disguise, and another that I was Lord John Campbell; and during the time I played in their streets, the worthy Highlanders asked me for 'The Campbells are coming' at least twenty times, out of compliment to myself." He passed on through Muthil, Dunblane, and Bannockburn, with but middling success, so far as his receipts went, although so kindly treated by the inhabitants of each place, that he reluctantly set out for Glasgow, "seated on a beautiful little pony," which a Mr Pitcaithly of Dunfermline forced him to accept for the journey. "I met," says he, "a great many people as I ambled along the road, who all gazed at my grotesque appearance with eyes and mouth. I suppose they either took me for the renowned Sancho Panza, or the no-less famed tailor riding to Brentford."

He seems to have been anxious to get into Ireland as speedily as possible; so that, without playing a tune, he passed through Glasgow, and on to Greenock, where he took the packet to Londonderry. Here, as well as in all the towns and villages which he visited in Ireland at this time, he met with the greatest kindness from all sorts of people. He was invited to play at parties, and was well remunerated for his pains: halls were at his service, so that he might amuse the people without being at the trouble of perambulating the streets; and landlords of inns would rarely charge anything for his food and accommodation. Speaking of Londonderry, he says—"I lodged at Mr T. Patterson's, was kindly entertained, and nothing charged. I sold my wind to good purpose in the streets of the Maiden City: I collected L.2, 13s. 10d. for about three hours' work on the evenings of the 3d and 4th. Now, *Master Frenchee*, what think you of this piece of Irish hospitality? Will the sons of the Grande Nation use their fiddler in the same kind manner as the sons of St Patrick are like to do their piper? Faith I much doubt it; but time will show, and then let those laugh that win. . . . I have said it, and I see I am right—that the Irish, high and low, are the most friendly to strangers of any other nation in the known world." The only place where he met with a want of hospitality was in his inn at Newtown-Limivady; "but the generosity of the ladies and gentlemen, and the inhabitants of that place in general, made up for my host's want of hospitality; for although the town is exceedingly small, yet I received, in return for my Scotch reels, the sum of 11s. 5d." At Coleraine, "I, very Scotchman-like, kept the crown o'

the causeway, with a view to swindle the inhabitants with as little trouble to myself as possible; but, alas! the best laid schemes of men and mice are often frustrated, for my evil genius had been beforehand with me, and whispered it through the whole town that I was a duke, or a lord, or a colonel, or Counsellor O'Connell, playing for a wager of L.5000; that I was obliged to play in all the principal cities and towns in Scotland, England, and Ireland, but was by no means allowed to receive any money. Their eyes were opened, however, at last (but not until I was playing my concluding tune—namely, "We'll gang nae mair to yon toon") by a worthy son of Vulcan, who had made so free with whisky, that he could with difficulty preserve his equilibrium. Not till then did the worthy burgesses of Coleraine see the most fatal error into which they had fallen; but they were not long in redeeming the time, for I had no sooner arrived at my inn than a deputation was sent by the princes of the land to request me to remain another day, and entertain a party of ladies and gentlemen who were to assemble in the town-hall the following evening. After a few hums and haws, by way of showing my consequence, I at last gulped down my wounded pride, and deigned to return them a most gracious answer; and the next day I attended accordingly, and was soon surrounded by a large assemblage of beauty and fashion. . . . My loving subjects then took their departure, but not without leaving me, by way of remembrance, the sum of L.2, 16s. 8d.; and before I closed my eyes for the night, I received L.1 from Mr Young of Glendaff for playing three tunes, which made my receipts at Coleraine L.3, 16s. 8d." At Ballemoney "I did the good people the honour to parade their streets in the afternoon, for which they gave me 14s. 10d., a sum I did not expect from the size of the place. Most of the respectable gentlemen in the place visited me in the evening, so that my time passed away in the same happy manner as on former occasions."

A considerable portion of the piper's narrative is taken up with commenting upon certain paragraphs which appeared in the newspapers about him, and which seem generally to have not a little annoyed him. The 'Glasgow Free Press' gives a paragraph headed, 'A Military Movement,' which he copies and enlarges upon; and in the 'Newry Telegraph' appeared the following:—

"A Scotch piper, reported (we will not say how truly) to be an eminent sporting character, a gentleman, forsooth! in disguise, attracted considerable attention last week in Newry, Armagh, and the neighbouring towns and villages, in the character we have mentioned, for a wager. Be this as it may, we can only say that the *bait* has taken most admirably with the good people of Ireland. Cash was pouring in on this most fortunate piper from every quarter, and it is calculated he has received not less than from *ten to twelve pounds* per day; but then it is no matter—it has been well bestowed, for he is not a common stroller—oh no! he has the honour to be a gentleman *vagabond*. We only wish that the money thus lavishly, and, we will add, shamefully thrown away on a nameless wanderer, had been appropriated to the relief of our wretched countrymen in Paisley, or to some other equally benevolent purpose."

This paragraph he comments largely upon, and is at a good deal of pains to refute some of the statements made. From his own account of what he received at the several places, it is clear that the 'Telegraph's' statement of 'ten to twelve pounds per day' is a gross exaggeration. He lashes the editor of the 'Telegraph' to a great extent, and empties a whole bagful of acrimony upon him, after which he seems to be somewhat eased, but continues to give him an occasional whip throughout the remainder of his narrative.

After visiting Antrim, Carrickfergus, Belfast, Armagh, Newry, Drogheda, &c. taking from L.1 to L.3 in each, he arrives at Dublin. Passing a few flattering remarks on that city, its society, &c. he writes, "I had

been invited by a Mr O'Neil, proprietor of the Ship Tavern, to perform every evening at his house, which is generally well frequented. I accordingly commenced action at the tavern door, and played round Eden Quay and part of Sackville Street, attended by two police-officers and about two thousand hearers. Oh dear me! had my friend Mr Paul Pry, *alias* the editor of the "Newry Telegraph," been there, he would have seen such a *pour* of half-crowns and shillings as would have rent his tender heart in twain. But folks will spend their money in the way that best pleases them, in spite of all opposition. A great many of my followers accompanied me into O'Neil's very spacious coffee-room, where I was mounted on a seat considerably more elevated than the rest. Here I stood, or rather sat, my ground until twelve o'clock at night, in defiance of all the tumblers of whisky punch and quizzing glasses which were levelled against me; for which warlike deed I received thunders of applause, besides a considerable number of small round pieces, bearing the words *George 3d D. G. Britt. Rex. F. D.* on the one side, and *Honi soit qui mal y pense* on the other, which may be Hebrew or Gaelic for what I either know or care, so long as I know that such whirligigs are the sole salvation of my trade. I began now to turn very careless of street-walking, when I found that I could be employed in respectable taverns to greater advantage.

We next find the piper in Cork, where, he says, 'I found, on landing, that my name was already up, for the people seemed to be as well acquainted with all my movements as if I had appeared in the streets with "a piper to let" printed on my back and front. The proprietor of the Lyceum made me an offer of that respectable establishment, *gratis*.' In reference to his performances in the Lyceum, the 'Southern Reporter' of 13th September 1828, says:—

'The Lyceum Hall continues to be filled every evening, *ad plethorem*, by crowds whose curiosity has been so much excited by the minstrelsy of the celebrated Scotch piper, lately arrived in this city. The nature of his undertaking is of itself novel, for it is said that he is travelling to support himself for a certain time by his performances; and we suspect, from the *éclat* with which he has been received, that he will not only accomplish the full terms of his wager, but have a large sum to devote to purposes of charity.'

There was of course no charge made for admission into the hall; but his receipts by donation amounted to L.15.

On reaching Belfast, he found himself almost unable to walk with rheumatism; so that he 'thought it was high time to leave the Isle of wit and liberality, and revisit its twin-sister, the "land o' cakes" and kail-brose, to lay up for a season, and undergo a thorough repair.' In about a month after this, we find him on his feet again, serenading the good folks of Greenock, where, he tells us, that on the 7th of October, a wet and stormy night, he scooped the streets for nearly two hours, receiving for his music 7s. in copper, and a silver sixpence. He then tried Port-Glasgow, where he met with indifferent success; and thence to Dumbarton, where he meets with most hospitable entertainment, and good remuneration for his wind. Paragraphs again began to appear in the Glasgow papers; and thinking that the expectation of seeing such a noted character might have raised a ferment in that quarter, he, in order to give the excitement time to subside, visited Dumfries; and there was he to be seen driving a strong business on the sands where the fairs are held. The subjoined description of one of his exploits, which he states to be perfectly correct, was given in the 'Dumfries Courier':—

'The piper, who is presently going his rounds to fulfil a certain engagement, visited this town during last week. One of the days of his sojourn he appeared on the white sands, and was much applauded by all and sundry. A hero of the *sock*, who had seen at least fifty anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne, asked the piper

to play a certain party tune, and offered him a retaining fee. This proposition was loudly denounced by a sturdy Irish Catholic, who swore he would beat the piper black and blue if he dared to obey an injunction so scandalous. Not contented with this, he followed the musician for some time, and annoyed him so much, that he at last told the fellow that it would require a much better man to break his head or his pipes either. This but led to an angry parley; and to cut the matter short, the minstrel laid aside his instrument, called for a ring, and gave the assailant a splendid spice of his quality. According to report, he fought like a first-rate pugilist, felled his man more than once, and in the course of a very few minutes placed him completely *hors de combat*—that in place of the ring, he soon made him a fit subject for the Dumfries infirmary. Laughter at last gave way to pity. Such as knew Pat washed his face, and carried him home to bed; while the piper quietly resumed his music, and went on his way rejoicing.'

The following day, when on his way from Dumfries to Glasgow, the piper had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he heard a female voice, a full note above concert-pitch, screaming out, 'Hoeh now, your honour, and may the powers above be after looking down in mercy upon you entirely; and sure it was my husband, and no one else, that your honourable lordship was obliged to murder yesterday, thundering bad luck to his father's son that he could not mind his own business, and let your worshipful majesty alone.' 'The purport of this harangue was easily understood,' says the piper, 'and I accordingly gave her the whole of my earnings in Dumfries, amounting to L.1, 10s.'

'At Glasgow,' he writes, 'I hired a lodging in one of the most obscure streets, and engaged a Broomielaw porter for a *wallie* (valet), as he termed it. I never appeared in the character of a piper during the day; but no sooner had "The sun gone down o'er the lofty Benlomond," than the melodious strains of my pipes made the welkin ring. My auditory were in general as numerous, and about as respectable, as what you have seen at an execution in Dublin. Be this as it may, pennies and halfpennies followed so fast on another's heels, that, before nine o'clock, I had commonly as much copper in my pockets as would have loaded *any* ass in the city.'

Our piper now wanders eastward, through Stirling, Alloa, Falkirk, and Linlithgow. Alloa, he remarks, has been long famed for its ale; 'but,' continues he, 'as that is probably the only good qualification it possesses, the less that's said the soonest mended.' The other places mentioned seem to have given him satisfaction. His next appearance is in the kingdom of Fife. 'I had proposed,' says he, 'as soon as I should arrive in Fife, to do business on a pretty large scale. I consequently piped in Burntisland, Kinghorn, and Kirkcaldy, all in one day—the latter of which is one-continued street of three miles long; and it is my humble opinion that the musician who plays up one side of it and down the other for 2s. 11d., as I did, may with great safety say devil take the gainer.' He proceeds eastward, piping through the numerous little fishing towns that lie along the coast. 'While at Leven I was introduced to a Mr Keddie, writer in Cupar, who met me at Ely on Saturday, according to appointment. Had he not done so, I should have met with a sorry reception; but Mr Keddie had invited a very pleasant party to meet me in the evening; and before we parted, we were as well-nigh drunk as Miller Robertson, a famed Scotch piper, who could not lie on a hay-field without holding by the grass.' He of course plays through Anster; but, strange to say, he makes no allusion to the far-famed Maggie Lauder, she whose name, above all others, should waken up strains of rapture in a piper's breast. A few days longer he sojourns in Fife, visiting St Andrews, Cupar, and the other principal towns.

A short paragraph from the 'Scotsman' will give the next view of our piper:—'The piper, who has been for

per annum. Some of the principal of these iron-works are the following :—

Messrs Dixons' at Govan and Calder,	13 furnaces.
Messrs Bairds' at Gartsherrie,	16 ..
Mr Wilson's at Dundyvan,	10 ..
Messrs Dunlop at Tolcross,	9 ..
Monkland Iron Company,	6 ..

All these, as well as several others, employ, instead of the cold-blast, formerly in use, the patent hot-blast, invented by Mr Neilson, which, on attaining the temperature of 600 degrees Fahrenheit, enables the iron-master, with three-sevenths of the fuel formerly employed, to make one-third more iron of a superior quality by the use of coal instead of coke. The advantages of this invention, moreover, are not confined to iron-masters; for the founder, by its use, can cast into goods an equal quantity of iron in far less time, and with the saving of nearly half the fuel employed in the ordinary process, while the blacksmith can produce in the same time one-third more work with much less fuel than he formerly required. The number of men employed in iron and coal mining, and in smelting furnaces, &c. may be thus stated :—

Miners and Colliers,	18,000
Carters, &c.	7,000
Weighers, Clerks, &c.	2,500
Total,	27,500

This is perhaps rather under than over the mark, as no data present themselves of any value later than those to be found in the last census.

Steam-Engine and Iron-Ship Factories.—The business of steam-engine making, so necessary both as an agent of the textile manufactories and as an indispensable requisite for the navigation of the port, has been conducted on the most gigantic scale for more than a quarter of a century, although in this respect it has a strong competitor in Greenock. It would be invidious to single out any firms in particular where so many are engaged in one or other of the branches; all having extensive works admirably arranged, and producing first-rate machinery constructed on the most modern and best-approved principles. The works of Mr Robert Napier, however, at the Vulcan and Lancefield Foundries, are of a nature so distinct from the rest, that we venture on a brief description of them and some of their products, being indebted for our information to the liberality of Messrs Napier themselves.

The manufactures carried on by these gentlemen, so far as concerns the steam-engines, are conducted in two immense factories, covering together nearly six acres of ground, well known in Glasgow as the Vulcan and Lancefield Foundries, besides which they have an extensive ship-building yard at Govan, about two miles below Lancefield on the opposite bank, and a gigantic forge at Parkhead provided with steam and tilt hammers, cranes, and other machinery for effecting the 'uses' or heavy forgings of the engine-shafts, cranks, crossheads, &c. &c. The founding business is performed on an amazingly large scale, and may be divided into three branches—loam-moulding, dry-moulding, and green-sand moulding. It is not an uncommon thing for fifty or sixty tons of molten iron to be employed in casting the cylinder-cases of first-class engines. The brass foundry is quite a distinct department, employed in rough-casting those kinds of engine work for which iron is unsuitable; five or six tons of brass being often used at a single operation! The second branch of the business comprises the boiler-manufacture, which employs a great number of hands as fitters up—that is, adapters of the various plates composing the boilers, and piercing the holes for the reception of the bolts, which the riveters hammer in with astonishing rapidity; the calkers following to close the seams firmly together after the riveting. The third branch includes a large number of machine-workers, who, by the aid of powerful and ingenious mechanism, effect, with a facility almost exceeding belief, borings of wondrous calibre,

planings and slottings of large metallic surfaces, screw-cutting, and numerous other ingenious operations indispensable for the nice adjustment of the various parts of the engines, the very same care and minuteness being required in the largest as well as the smallest members thereof. And fourthly, there comes the finishing department, which includes the turning of the minuter metallic portions of the engines, and the just fitting of various parts with reference to each other in the entire machine. Add to these various draughtsmen and pattern-makers, employed in making drawings and models, with forge-smiths, joiners, and painters, the whole comprising from 900 to 1000 workmen, and the reader may possibly form some slight notion (though a just one he cannot, without a personal inspection) of the vastness as well as variety of the works carried on at these factories. Mr Napier, moreover, contracts for every kind of workmanship and material necessary for the entire furnishing of his ships—such as the cabinet-work and upholstery, carving, ornamental painting and gilding, plumbing, and copper-work, internal furniture and bedding, sails, cordage, &c. &c.; and with respect to one department alone of the ornamental work, it may be stated, by way of example, that on the cabin of the *Emperor*, a steam-ship of 1300 tons now running between Hull and Petersburg, he expended no less than L.300 in artistic and decorative paintings. Nor is it at all unusual for sums varying from L.60 to L.100 to be paid for one or two pictures to adorn the cabin of first-class steam-ships.

The above works, moreover, are quite independent of the building-yard at Govan, where the various plates, beams, &c. are put together by ship-carpenters and iron-ship builders expressly devoted to this class of artisan-ship, about 500 or 800 in number, according to the amount of business going forward. Only a few months have elapsed since the splendid war-frigate already alluded to, the *Simoom*, was launched. Her dimensions are: length from figure-head to taffrail, 280 feet; breadth of beam, 42 feet; depth from deck to keel, 28 feet. This noble vessel, which will perhaps be the finest in the steam navy, has received an auxiliary screw engine. It may be stated, in conclusion, that even in cases where the vessels themselves are not built by Messrs Napier, but at Greenock, or elsewhere, this firm is employed to provide the engines; as in the case of the *Niagara*, an American steam-ship of 1830 tons, the engines of which are of 650 horse-power. We lately found the engines designed for the *Asia and Africa* in the course of building at Lancefield. They are each of 800 horse-power, and had a truly gigantic appearance as seen while being fitted together in the workshop. The *Asia and Africa* has since left the place of her nativity, and made her first voyage between Liverpool and Halifax—the quickest passage on record.

CHEMICAL WORKS.—The manufacture of chemical products is conducted at Glasgow on quite as extensive a scale as at Newcastle. There are several large establishments of this kind on the east and south sides of the town; but they all yield the palm to the works at St Rollox, belonging to Charles Tennant and Co., which now occupy nearly fourteen acres, about half of which space is under cover. The premises comprise upwards of 100 furnaces, retorts, or fireplaces, the smoke and effluvia from which are carried up a gigantic stalk rising 500 feet above the floor of the works, which is a landmark easily visible from all the surrounding neighbourhood. The articles manufactured are sulphuric acid, chloride of lime, soda, and soap; and so alive is the proprietor to the necessity of introducing all the recently-discovered processes, that he has been known to give—over and above the liberal salaries paid to resident chemists—the apparently enormous sums of L.1000 and L.1500 for the exclusive use of a single new process or discovery. In fact the establishment of St Rollox may be fairly pronounced as unequalled in the world.

Glasgow has likewise several pretty large glass-houses; but they will not bear comparison with the

vast establishments of Newcastle, St Helen's, and other towns south of the Border.

Having thus concluded our brief description of the leading branches of manufacturing industry in Glasgow, we proceed to offer a few statements that may illustrate the progress of steam navigation in particular, and also of the navigation generally connected with and issuing from the port of Glasgow.

After several fruitless exemplifications by Messrs Miller, Symington, and others, during the last century, of the possibility of applying steam to the propelling of vessels, Mr Henry Bell of Glasgow applied to a boat purposely built for him a pair of paddles set in motion by an engine of three-horse power, made by himself; and after several experiments this first steamboat on British water, the *Comet*, began plying between Glasgow and Greenock, January 18, 1812, when it succeeded; and it was regarded quite as an exploit that it made *five miles an hour* against a head wind! We insert here, as curious, an advertisement from a Glasgow paper, August 5, 1812:—

‘STEAM-PASSAGE BOAT.
THE COMET.

BETWEEN GLASGOW, GREENOCK, AND HELENSBURGH.
FOR PASSENGERS ONLY.’

The first steamers that ventured out of the Clyde into the open sea were the *Britannia* and *Rob Roy*; the former trading to Londonderry, the other to Liverpool, and thence to Dublin; soon after which, the number of steamers gradually increased, though the engines were still of a clumsy and ponderous make, with many parts attached that were subsequently found wholly unnecessary. A curious circumstance, too, deserves mention, as showing how mere accident may lead to great improvements. The fly-wheel of one of these early engines having got out of repair, it was found that the vessel went on just as well without it, owing to its own momentum; and consequently from that time forward this maintaining power was disused.

It forms no part of our present purpose to detail the progressive improvements in steam navigation during the last thirty years. Enough be it now to mention, that at the close of 1849 Glasgow possessed *seventy* steam vessels: four to Liverpool—the *Admiral*, *Commodore*, *Orion*, and *Princess Royal*, all from 350 to 600 tons burthen, and the two latter of iron; four to Belfast—three of which are of iron, and all from 250 to 500 tons; five to Londonderry and Sligo, from 150 to 400 tons, mostly built at Mr Napier's yard; three to Dublin; two to Campbeltown; one to Stranraer; and nine to the Western Highlands (six of iron); besides which, twenty-four steamers were plying up and down the Clyde, varying from 80 to 120 tons, ten of which ran to Gourock, Dunoon, and Rothesay, five to Largs and Millport, six to Helensburgh, and three to Dumbarton: there being also eighteen tug-boats employed in towing large sailing vessels up and down the river. Since then, in emulation of Liverpool, the first steam-packet has begun to ply direct to New York. These vessels are fitted up with engines of four different descriptions, either oscillating, diagonal, side-lever, or what are termed *steeples-engines*—these being now more frequently used than any other. The number of passengers conveyed in various directions by these floating towns cannot be calculated with any approximation to accuracy; but it must be enormous. In the summer season, when the good citizens of Glasgow are wont to ruralise with their families at Helensburgh, Gourock, Dunoon, Rothesay, Largs, Millport, &c. the steam quay at the Broomielaw presents, especially on Saturdays, an amusing scene of bustle, from the vast numbers of persons in every rank, and of both sexes, who are hurrying away from the smoky city to inhale the fresh breezes of the western ocean.

Pleasure, however, forms but a small part of the business connected with the marine navigation of the Clyde, inasmuch as the largest steam-ships engaged on the

Liverpool and Irish stations are extensively employed by the merchants and manufacturers for the transport both of the raw material and manufactured produce, as well as of large quantities of provisions, fresh as well as salt, from the various ports of Ireland.

Having thus presented an outline of the internal industry, trade, and navigation of Glasgow, we shall next invite attention to a subject equally interesting, though in some respects painful—the state of morals and health among the industrial classes in the Clydesdale district.

‘MODERN MYTHS’—THE GENTLEMAN
BAGPIPER.

A GENTLEMAN, who dates from Preston, Lancashire, gives us the following statement, from which it would appear that the query as to the reality of the Gentleman Bagpiper in a late article called ‘Modern Myths’ is to be answered in the affirmative, though the name and identity of the person are not yet ascertained.

I have in my possession the first part of a work bearing this title—‘Tour of the Wandering Piper Through Part of Scotland and Ireland, Written by Himself.’ It was published in 1833 at Portland, Maine, United States. From the publisher's ‘introductory remarks,’ we learn the circumstance that gave rise to the tour. In the year 1825, at a dinner party in London, a dispute arose between two gentlemen as to the hospitality of different nations. One of the gentlemen was Count Bender, the other a retired officer, who had served under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington during the greater part of the Peninsular war, and sold his commission after the battle of Waterloo. They had been educated together at the same school in Scotland, and a great friendship existed between them. Both being excellent musicians, they agreed to settle their dispute by personally testing the hospitable qualities of the various nations advocated by each: the one to travel as a fiddler in France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands; the other as a piper in England, Scotland, Ireland, and North America, to subsist on what the public might please to give them unsolicited: the one to whom the most was voluntarily given to be declared the winner, and to receive the sum of £5000, which was staked on the result. The pilgrimage was to last five years.

Matters being thus arranged, they prepared to set out on their strange exploit—the count as fiddler, and the other as piper; but an uncle of the latter, who then held a high official situation, heard of their freak, and managed for a time to put a stop to their proceedings. The uncle, however, died in 1827, which left the piper free from restraint; and in June 1828 both parties commenced their wanderings. The fiddler started from Calais; and the piper, after shaking hands with a few friends in Edinburgh, proceeded by coach to Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, ‘that being,’ says he, ‘the very place the Fates had decreed I should commence my pilgrimage as a wandering piper.’ Here, after resting and refreshing himself in a small public-house, he sallied out into the streets, dressed in a gray frock-coat and a broad old-fashioned Scotch bonnet, beneath which he wore a pair of green spectacles. But this, his first attempt, seems somewhat to have shaken his faith; for after playing several hours to a crowd of the natives, they could not manage to scrape together more than 1s. for his behoof. This he refused, and they converted it into Glenurie whisky, which they drank to the health and prosperity of the worthy piper, whom they declared to be the best player that had appeared in the country since the days of Geordie Lorimer, piper to the Earl of Errol. On the following morning a gentleman, who either knew or pretended to know the piper's secret, spread something abroad which seems to have

given him some uneasiness. He consequently packed up his pipes, and bade adieu to Stonehaven, passing through Drumlithie, Laurencekirk, and Auchinblea, without ever unloosening his musical wallet. The next day he performed a journey of thirty miles, with his whole luggage bundled on his back, consisting of a change of flannels, a shirt, a pair of stockings, and his bagpipes. In the evening he arrived at Kirriemuir, where, writes he, 'I was most hospitably entertained by Mr Stewart, a brother piper, who, like every one else, pretended to know me for no less a character than the celebrated Captain Barclay. This I stoutly denied, but without altering his opinion.' He, however, forced me to commence business in the streets next morning. Here I gained 6d., and a similar sum in Alyth in the afternoon; 1s. 6d. in Blairgowrie the next morning; and 2s. 11d. in Dunkeld in the evening.'

'At Crieff,' he continues, 'although one of the largest towns I have met with since commencing business, I could only screw out 2s. amongst the inhabitants; and a very conscientious publican, in whose house I had domiciled myself for the time being, only screwed 5s. from me. You will allow this was not a very profitable transaction; but I comforted myself that I was like the old woman who bought a lot of eggs for two shillings, and sold them for one; she said, "her profit was but small; but no matter, it was always turning over the money." The inhabitants of this Highland city had a great dispute among themselves about who I really was. One party said I was the Duke of Argyll in disguise, and another that I was Lord John Campbell; and during the time I played in their streets, the worthy Highlanders asked me for "The Campbells are coming" at least twenty times, out of compliment to myself.' He passed on through Muthil, Dumblane, and Bannockburn, with but middling success, so far as his receipts went, although so kindly treated by the inhabitants of each place, that he reluctantly set out for Glasgow, 'seated on a beautiful little pony,' which a Mr Pitcaithly of Dunfermline forced him to accept for the journey. 'I met,' says he, 'a great many people as I ambled along the road, who all gazed at my grotesque appearance with eyes and mouth. I suppose they either took me for the renowned Sancho Panza, or the no-less famed tailor riding to Brentford.'

He seems to have been anxious to get into Ireland as speedily as possible; so that, without playing a tune, he passed through Glasgow, and on to Greenock, where he took the packet to Londonderry. Here, as well as in all the towns and villages which he visited in Ireland at this time, he met with the greatest kindness from all sorts of people. He was invited to play at parties, and was well remunerated for his pains: halls were at his service, so that he might amuse the people without being at the trouble of perambulating the streets; and landlords of inns would rarely charge anything for his food and accommodation. Speaking of Londonderry, he says—'I lodged at Mr T. Patterson's, was kindly entertained, and nothing charged. I sold my wind to good purpose in the streets of the Maiden City: I collected L.2, 13s. 10d. for about three hours' work on the evenings of the 3d and 4th. Now, *Master Frenchee*, what think you of this piece of Irish hospitality? Will the sons of the Grande Nation use their fiddler in the same kind manner as the sons of St Patrick are like to do their piper? Faith I much doubt it; but time will show, and then let those laugh that win. . . . I have said it, and I see I am right—that the Irish, high and low, are the most friendly to strangers of any other nation in the known world.' The only place where he met with a want of hospitality was in his inn at Newtown-Limivady; 'but the generosity of the ladies and gentlemen, and the inhabitants of that place in general, made up for my host's want of hospitality; for although the town is exceedingly small, yet I received, in return for my Scotch reels, the sum of 11s. 5d.' At Coleraine, 'I, very Scotchman-like, kept the crown o'

the causeway, with a view to swindle the inhabitants with as little trouble to myself as possible; but, alas! the best laid schemes of men and mice are often frustrated, for my evil genius had been beforehand with me, and whispered it through the whole town that I was a duke, or a lord, or a colonel, or Counsellor O'Connell, playing for a wager of L.5000; that I was obliged to play in all the principal cities and towns in Scotland, England, and Ireland, but was by no means allowed to receive any money. Their eyes were opened, however, at last (but not until I was playing my concluding tune—namely, "We'll gang nae mair to yon toun") by a worthy son of Vulcan, who had made so free with whisky, that he could with difficulty preserve his equilibrium. Not till then did the worthy burgesses of Coleraine see the most fatal error into which they had fallen; but they were not long in redeeming the time, for I had no sooner arrived at my inn than a deputation was sent by the princes of the land to request me to remain another day, and entertain a party of ladies and gentlemen who were to assemble in the town-hall the following evening. After a few hums and haws, by way of showing my consequence, I at last gulped down my wounded pride, and deigned to return them a most gracious answer; and the next day I attended accordingly, and was soon surrounded by a large assemblage of beauty and fashion. . . . My loving subjects then took their departure, but not without leaving me, by way of remembrance, the sum of L.2, 16s. 8d.; and before I closed my eyes for the night, I received L.1 from Mr Young of Glendaff for playing three tunes, which made my receipts at Coleraine L.3, 16s. 8d.' At Balleymoney 'I did the good people the honour to parade their streets in the afternoon, for which they gave me 14s. 10d., a sum I did not expect from the size of the place. Most of the respectable gentlemen in the place visited me in the evening, so that my time passed away in the same happy manner as on former occasions.'

A considerable portion of the piper's narrative is taken up with commenting upon certain paragraphs which appeared in the newspapers about him, and which seem generally to have not a little annoyed him. The 'Glasgow Free Press' gives a paragraph headed, 'A Military Movement,' which he copies and enlarges upon; and in the 'Newry Telegraph' appeared the following:—

'A Scotch piper, reported (we will not say how truly) to be an eminent sporting character, a gentleman, forsooth! in disguise, attracted considerable attention last week in Newry, Armagh, and the neighbouring towns and villages, in the character we have mentioned, for a wager. Be this as it may, we can only say that the *bait* has taken most admirably with the good people of Ireland. Cash was pouring in on this most fortunate piper from every quarter, and it is calculated he has received not less than from ten to twelve pounds per day; but then it is no matter—it has been well bestowed, for he is not a common stroller—oh no! he has the honour to be a gentleman *vagabond*. We only wish that the money thus lavishly, and, we will add, shamefully thrown away on a nameless wanderer, had been appropriated to the relief of our wretched countrymen in Paisley, or to some other equally benevolent purpose.'

This paragraph he comments largely upon, and is at a good deal of pains to refute some of the statements made. From his own account of what he received at the several places, it is clear that the 'Telegraph's' statement of 'ten to twelve pounds per day' is a gross exaggeration. He lashes the editor of the 'Telegraph' to a great extent, and empties a whole bagful of acrimony upon him, after which he seems to be somewhat eased, but continues to give him an occasional whip throughout the remainder of his narrative.

After visiting Antrim, Carrickfergus, Belfast, Armagh, Newry, Drogheda, &c. taking from L.1 to L.3 in each, he arrives at Dublin. Passing a few flattering remarks on that city, its society, &c. he writes, 'I had

been invited by a Mr O'Neil, proprietor of the Ship Tavern, to perform every evening at his house, which is generally well frequented. I accordingly commenced action at the tavern door, and played round Eden Quay and part of Sackville Street, attended by two police-officers and about two thousand hearers. Oh dear me! had my friend Mr Paul Pry, *alias* the editor of the "Newry Telegraph," been there, he would have seen such a *pour* of half-crowns and shillings as would have rent his tender heart in twain. But folks will spend their money in the way that best pleases them, in spite of all opposition. A great many of my followers accompanied me into O'Neil's very spacious coffee-room, where I was mounted on a seat considerably more elevated than the rest. Here I stood, or rather sat, my ground until twelve o'clock at night, in defiance of all the tumbler's of whisky punch and quizzing glasses which were levelled against me; for which warlike deed I received thunders of applause, besides a considerable number of small round pieces, bearing the words *George 3d D. G. Britt. Rex. F. D.* on the one side, and *Honi soit qui mal y pense* on the other, which may be Hebrew or Gaelic for what I either know or care, so long as I know that such whirligigs are the sole salvation of my trade. I began now to turn very careless of street-walking, when I found that I could be employed in respectable taverns to greater advantage.

We next find the piper in Cork, where, he says, "I found, on landing, that my name was already *up*, for the people seemed to be as well acquainted with all my movements as if I had appeared in the streets with "*a piper to let*" printed on my back and front. The proprietor of the Lyceum made me an offer of that respectable establishment, *gratis*." In reference to his performances in the Lyceum, the "Southern Reporter" of 13th September 1828, says:—

"The Lyceum Hall continues to be filled every evening, *ad plethorem*, by crowds whose curiosity has been so much excited by the minstrelsy of the celebrated Scotch piper, lately arrived in this city. The nature of his undertaking is of itself novel, for it is said that he is travelling to support himself for a certain time by his performances; and we suspect, from the *éclat* with which he has been received, that he will not only accomplish the full terms of his wager, but have a large sum to devote to purposes of charity."

There was of course no charge made for admission into the hall; but his receipts by donation amounted to L.15.

On reaching Belfast, he found himself almost unable to walk with rheumatism; so that he "thought it was high time to leave the Isle of wit and liberality, and revisit its twin-sister, the "land o' cakes" and kail-brose, to lay up for a season, and undergo a thorough repair." In about a month after this, we find him on his feet again, serenading the good folks of Greenock, where, he tells us, that on the 7th of October, a wet and stormy night, he scoured the streets for nearly two hours, receiving for his music 7s. in copper, and a silver sixpence. He then tried Port-Glasgow, where he met with indifferent success; and thence to Dumbarton, where he meets with most hospitable entertainment, and good remuneration for his wind. Paragraphs again began to appear in the Glasgow papers; and thinking that the expectation of seeing such a noted character might have raised a ferment in that quarter, he, in order to give the excitement time to subside, visited Dumfries; and there was he to be seen driving a strong business on the sands where the fairs are held. The subjoined description of one of his exploits, which he states to be perfectly correct, was given in the "Dumfries Courier":—

"The piper, who is presently going his rounds to fulfil a certain engagement, visited this town during last week. One of the days of his sojourn he appeared on the white sands, and was much applauded by all and sundry. A hero of the *sock*, who had seen at least fifty anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne, asked the piper

to play a certain party tune, and offered him a retaining fee. This proposition was loudly denounced by a sturdy Irish Catholic, who swore he would beat the piper black and blue if he dared to obey an injunction so scandalous. Not contented with this, he followed the musician for some time, and annoyed him so much, that he at last told the fellow that it would require a much better man to break his head or his pipes either. This but led to an angry parley; and to cut the matter short, the minstrel laid aside his instrument, called for a ring, and gave the assailant a splendid spice of his quality. According to report, he fought like a first-rate pugilist, felled his man more than once, and in the course of a very few minutes placed him completely *hors de combat*—that in place of the ring, he soon made him a fit subject for the Dumfries infirmary. Laughter at last gave way to pity. Such as knew Pat washed his face, and carried him home to bed; while the piper quietly resumed his music, and went on his way rejoicing."

The following day, when on his way from Dumfries to Glasgow, the piper had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he heard a female voice, a full note above concert-pitch, screaming out, "Hoch now, your honour, and may the powers above be after looking down in mercy upon you entirely; and sure it was my husband, and no one else, that your honourable lordship was obliged to murder yesterday, thundering bad luck to his father's son that he could not mind his own business, and let your worshipful majesty alone." "The purport of this harangue was easily understood," says the piper, "and I accordingly gave her the whole of my earnings in Dumfries, amounting to L.1, 10s."

"At Glasgow," he writes, "I hired a lodging in one of the most obscure streets, and engaged a Broomielaw porter for a *wallie* (valet), as he termed it. I never appeared in the character of a piper during the day; but no sooner had "The sun gone down o'er the lofty Benlomond," than the melodious strains of my pipes made the welkin ring. My auditory were in general as numerous, and about as respectable, as what you have seen at an execution in Dublin. Be this as it may, pennies and halfpennies followed so fast at one another's heels, that, before nine o'clock, I had commonly as much copper in my pockets as would have loaded *any* ass in the city."

Our piper now wanders eastward, through Stirling, Alloa, Falkirk, and Linlithgow. Alloa, he remarks, has been long famed for its ale; "but," continues he, "as that is probably the only good qualification it possesses, the less that's said the soonest mended." The other places mentioned seem to have given him satisfaction. His next appearance is in the kingdom of Fife. "I had proposed," says he, "as soon as I should arrive in Fife, to do business on a pretty large scale. I consequently piped in Burntisland, Kinghorn, and Kirkcaldy, all in one day—the latter of which is one-continued street of three miles long; and it is my humble opinion that the musician who plays up one side of it and down the other for 2s. 11d., as I did, may with great safety say devil take the gainer." He proceeds eastward, piping through the numerous little fishing towns that lie along the coast. "While at Leven I was introduced to a Mr Keddie, writer in Cupar, who met me at Ely on Saturday, according to appointment. Had he not done so, I should have met with a sorry reception; but Mr Keddie had invited a very pleasant party to meet me in the evening; and before we parted, we were as well-nigh drunk as Miller Robertson, a famed Scotch piper, who could not lie on a hay-field without holding by the grass." He of course plays through Anster; but, strange to say, he makes no allusion to the far-famed Maggie Lauder, she whose name, above all others, should waken up strains of rapture in a piper's breast. A few days longer he sojourns in Fife, visiting St Andrews, Cupar, and the other principal towns.

A short paragraph from the "Scotsman" will give the next view of our piper:—"The piper, who has been for

some time past perambulating Ireland and Scotland, made his appearance in the streets of Leith last night, imitating Habbie Simpson. Although he fingers uncommonly well, still we think Halbert's fame is in no danger with him. But we think he can use his fists as well as his fingers; for a sailor having popped his eyes too near the silver-mounted spectacles, got such a *north-wester* as made him reel nearly half a league out of his latitude.

And here we lose sight of the piper, for with this ends the first part of his '*Tour*.' That the book from which I have quoted is not a fiction, is made pretty clear by its own nature. Any one writing a fiction of the '*Wandering Piper*' would not have wasted about one-half of his work in ill-natured remarks upon editors of newspapers and other kindred subjects, to which our piper seems to be painfully given. Besides, the fictitious writer would have made a better job of his work: his incidents would have been more various and more interesting. The piper, indeed, must have been very deficient in literary taste; for with the opportunity he had for observing character and meeting with adventure, one would have been led to expect something far superior to the meagre production before us. The '*Tour*,' in short, in its simplicity, bears all the evidence of genuine truth; and hence it may safely be concluded that the piper was no myth, but a real, and in many respects a commonplace man.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE COURSE—CHURCH—CALCUTTA DAY—THE DRIVE.

December 20th.—I have had my first drive to-day—not in the evening, as I expected, but directly after breakfast; it being quite cool enough at this season to venture out in the day-time under the double roof of a carriage, all the sides of which are open or closed at pleasure by Venetians. We had to drive into Calcutta, and then on to the ghaut where we had landed, and there take boat to our old ship, our object being to bring off a few little odds and ends we had left in the cabin, and to superintend the disembarkation of your beautiful pianoforte, which had been such a source of enjoyment to me during our long voyage. The carpenter screwed on the packing-case front again very nicely, and we saw it out of the boat, and away on the heads of four *coolies* (common porters, or day-labourers), who thought themselves munificently rewarded for carrying such a load a couple of miles on beyond the town by receiving half a rupee among them. We stayed on board half an hour longer, to watch the slinging out of some fine English horses, whose miseries it is to be hoped this last unhappy-looking act is to be the end of. They trembled a good deal, poor creatures, when deposited in the broad-decked boat that was to convey them ashore. The river is very grand here—wide, and full, and crowded with shipping, the animation of the scene much heightened by the multitude of little busy boats darting perpetually around the larger vessels. Part of the ceremonies of our return were a little startling. The banks of the Hoogly are so muddy, that, except at quite high water, when the boats can get close up to the steps of the ghaut, people have to be carried to the landing on little platforms, a wooden seat, something like the bottom of a chair set on two poles, which two coolies lift up, and away they plunge with it, very much to the disagreeable surprise of the person who for the first time finds himself thus accommodated. Really, Arthur and I, thus perched up amid all surroundings, must have been an amusing sight to any spectator on the quay of a grade to laugh at us; but at that hour of the day we were pretty safe from observation. In the evening our display would have been public enough.

A good road stretches all along by the bank of the river on a raised terrace at some little distance from the water, to allow for occasional floods. This is the famous *Course*, the fashionable evening promenade. It must

be four or five miles long, beginning so low down as the Docks and Garden Reach, but not being there open to the river, so that the crowd of company who throng to the upper end seldom proceed among the villas of that pretty suburb, a part of the environs I particularly admire, each handsome house standing so snugly in its little park-like grounds bounded by the water's edge. The carriages generally turn at a bridge thrown across a small river or canal called here a *nullah*, near the fort, and then go back to within a short distance from Government House, turning again at a fine ghaut with a well-designed Grecian-temple sort of gateway built over it. The road extends much higher up, passing the Court-house, the Mint, and other public buildings in the town; but this part is not in favour as a drive. Running parallel to this new road by the river half-way across the Esplanade—as the fine open space before Government House is named—is the old Course, which was the Mall in the olden time. It cuts this fine plain right in two. Beyond the outer half, opposite the river, lies Chowringhee, and opposite to Government House is the fort, thus forming a grand square. The whole extent of all we see is flat—perfectly flat; not even a mole-hill rises to break the uniformity of a plain extending hundreds of miles in every direction. Yet it is a pleasing scene. There is no such thing as what we call a street to be seen, with a regular row of adjoining houses: the nearest approach to one is merely a road, with now a house on one side, and then a house on the other, each enclosed in a garden. A very favourite situation is that in which we live, Chowringhee Road, on one side only of which stand these garden-houses. In front of us, recollect, is the open esplanade, the *Mydaum* they call it; and beyond it flows the river, from whence the breeze, unchecked, blows freely into the veranda. At right angles to us, on the right hand, is Esplanade Row, ending with Government House; and there is one mile of open space between that row and the fort. Taking the shipping into the account, it is certainly a strikingly fine Indian city view. Straight rows of garden-houses extend behind the Chowringhee Road far out into the country, and the public offices and the town stand behind the Esplanade Row. There is no natural or artificial irregularity to suggest the curve, the sweep, the waving line of beauty—all is mathematically laid down as if by rule and compass.

The effect is very strange of seeing so far before, behind, and all round—the whole picture swarming with dark, half-naked little figures huddling along, as if on purpose to run over one another, there being no footways. Carriages, palanquins, carts, horses, men—all go along how they can, and where they can; and what a curious crowd it is! The coolies, who swarm over the surface of the ground, ready for the smallest hire to do the work of beasts of burthen, are too poor even to afford themselves a turban—that most essential piece of dress—where the fierce sun-rays beat so cruelly upon the unprotected head; a bit of cloth about the loins is their only habiliment. A higher class, again, appear in coarse canvas or cotton turbans, or at least a skull-cap; and a garment of a simple form, neither trousers nor petticoat, ingeniously put on without any sort of fastening, merely by plaiting it in folds, and tucking it into rolls supported by the hips. This, it seems, is the true Hindoo dress. Those who can afford it, wear besides a white cotton scarf, flung over the upper part of the person, leaving much of the breast bare. A still better grade wear under this scarf a close-fitting shirt, which makes the whole dress decent. The superior castes of Hindoos, and all the Musselmans, are respectably apparelled, as I have described the dress of our upper servants. There is not that picturesque variety of costume I expected to find here; at least this, my first drive, has disappointed me in this respect, and the first impressions of so new a scene should have been the other way. They tell me that there really is much less to remark here on this score than at either of the other Presidencies, more particularly at Bombay, where

Persians, Georgians, Arabs, Jews, Parsees, and Armenians, add by far the most interesting figures to the multifarious groups.

We got back to a late tiffin, and found Cary quite wearied out with the fatigue of an immense levee. Half the ladies of her acquaintance appeared to have called, some of them avowedly to get the first peep of the new fashions; and extremely disappointed they seemed to be at her not volunteering to call my new ayah to exhibit them. They would have been much more disappointed if she had; two bonnets and half-a-dozen gowns being my stock in trade in this line. We have expatriated ourselves, not for the purpose of spending money, but for that of making it, and quickly too; and if visiting is to cost us much in dress or otherwise, we shall have to restrict ourselves to a very select society. We began to-night the regular drive on the Course, turning and returning with a very respectable array of carriages and equestrians. We were introduced to every one that approached us; and Edward invited to dinner two young civilians, one of whom has some employment under himself in the court of the Suddah Adhawlut.

21st.—This being Sunday, we all prepared for church. We drove into the town to the cathedral—St John's Cathedral it is called—a fine building, simply, but neatly appointed. The rows of flounced punkahs hanging down from the high roof struck my unaccustomed eye 'pretty considerably;' and the effect must be singular when they are waving unceasingly over the heads of the congregation. They must put people to sleep I should think. At present they are not in use, the heat not being such as to make them necessary. There was but a scanty assemblage, few very distinguished-looking persons, and not many men. We had a good plain sermon. In the evening, at five o'clock, punctual to the moment, came the carriage round to take us the daily drive. It is a custom never omitted without some unusual reason; and a very salutary custom it is, as the air from the river is delightfully cool and refreshing at that hour. Here is the outline of a Calcutta day:—Very early rising—up at gun-fire, just before it is light. A walk, a ride, or drive before the sun is high for those who like exercise at that time—a bath, a cup of coffee, a rest with a book perhaps—dress, breakfast. The husband to his business, the wife to hers, and then her visits either at home or abroad. Tiffin—undress rest—bathe—re-dress—drive. Dinner at home, and bed at ten: dinner in company leads to later hours. Any break in this monotonous existence is, I hear, a God-send—to those at least who make no other use of the hours of rest than to lay themselves listless on a sofa after wearying themselves with visits and visitors. The tiffin always appears to me to be about the pleasantest part of the day, one or two intimate friends generally remaining for it: it is the most necessary meal too to some, though there are people who do without it, or at anyrate take nothing beyond a bit of bread with fruit; but the generality of constitutions become exhausted by two o'clock, and not dining till seven or eight, they are all the better of a substantial luncheon and a cool glass of beer, or wine and soda-water. Even the juries are allowed time for tiffin. The heat here makes me eat as the bracing cold of a winter's day used to make me do in England.

22d.—Having been exhibited on the Course, and shown in the cathedral, it is incumbent on us now to leave cards at all the houses where we intend visiting. None of the courts being now sitting, Edward borrowed a buggy, and carried off Arthur on a tour of their own. Such a queer machine! 'Tis like a gig with a hood to it, and the hood has a hole in the back, closed at will by a flap, to let in the dust or the air, or both. Caroline and I went in more state in the carriage, list in hand, and a chobdar with his silver stick behind us. We found a great many ladies out, gates close shut, so we left our cards. A good many were in, gates invitingly open, and the porter ready twice to strike the

bell. We did not save our cards though. The natives make such extraordinary sounds in imitation of our names, that it is quite a matter of necessity to announce ourselves. In the real old Indian houses, where the master happened to be at home, the two strokes of the bell brought him to the door to receive us, and offer his arm to help us to mount the stairs. In all houses where gentlemen were present during our visit we were escorted by them back to the carriage: certainly women are treated with peculiar politeness in India. We found our acquaintance all occupied—some with their babies; some with their ayahs and dirjees; some working, drawing, or writing, as at home, for this is the cool and the active season; and some were sitting in little family parties, with intimate friends come in to spend the day, as is very much the fashion here.

It will take us several mornings to get through even my amended list; really the length of the one my sister made out for me was alarming. Some of the distances we have to go are considerable—to Garden Reach, for instance; and it does not do to be out too long in the sun, even under the double roof of a good carriage: there is something very fierce in these noontide rays. These rather long drives will not prevent our faithfully frequenting in the evenings the pretty drive by the Hoogly, as Edward keeps two pair of carriage-horses. I have hardly called your attention sufficiently to that lively scene. The wide Course crowded with carriages, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, the river, more than a mile broad, covered with shipping on the one hand, and the fine plain of the Mydaum on the other, form altogether a picture of no common interest. It amuses me much to watch the strange variety of carriages, drawn by horses no bigger than Galloways, harnessed in the English style, but driven by Mussulman coachmen, who certainly do not look at all at home upon an elevation their forefathers never dreamed of their attaining. Fancy people who never sit on a chair or a stool, or any seat but the floor, suddenly exalted upon the coach-box of an English carriage! They look exactly as if they did not know how they got there; and awkward charioteers they make, in the turps especially, such sweeps as sailors would call good offings at sea. Accidents do happen with such unskilful guides, but more rarely than strangers would believe possible. A running footman attends every horse—the syce who feeds and cleans him. Regal style you will say, as you have not seen it, for the appearance of some of the poor ill-paid men, who can afford no better clothing than that worn by the low Hindoo, detracts a good deal from the grandeur. These men are brought up to run with the horse, whatever his pace may be, and they can keep up very well for a certain time. However, people are beginning to find out there is want of wisdom in tiring the man who is to groom the steed; and many now let the syce cling to the step of the buggy, or stand behind the carriage, hanging on a bit lower than the two chuprassies, or the two chobdars, as the case may be. The Anglo-Indians generally dress their syces much in the same style as they dress their coachmen—a shorter tunic merely, and no trousers—the natives, and a few careless English, are content to leave their poor grooms in their nearly naked simplicity, all except the head. The masters seldom neglect giving turbans and cummerbands, English masters at least, as it is rather the fashion to have these of the colours of the family livery; and the turbans are frequently made up stiffly on a frame, which looks very ugly, quite a different head-dress from the long, graceful, white or red scarf, rolled tightly round the temples. The excuse for adopting this formal substitute is, that these untidy servants regularly pull off all their clothing the moment they are out of sight, and then, when called for, they would not have time to fold on the turban. Some thorough John Bulls add a coloured band edged with gold or silver lace round or across these *bonnets* or *berils*, for they have no resemblance to turbans. I have even heard of a crest stuck up in the front of

them, thus really distorting a beautiful and becoming national head-dress.

Among the carriages of so many forms, an ugly but very comfortable one much struck me, called a *palkee garcy*; literally, a palanquin carriage. It is just a roomy palanquin on wheels, only with a well for the feet, as people sit in it. Surely here is the origin of our useful Brougham? In the palanquin itself the inmates lie, their heads supported by a cushioned desk. This machine resembles a large trunk, with an opening on each side of it. It is borne on poles, one pole at each end, fixed in, about the middle of the panel, and placed on the bare shoulders of all but naked men; two to each pole, who shuffle along in crooked-looking pairs, at a sharp trot, grunting most inharmoniously, as if at their last gasp, while their outside unemployed arms work up and down in time with the motion of their feet. The person inside has a forlorn appearance, as if carried off prisoner somewhere. Yet it is a pleasant way of going a short distance, quite as easy as a chair; and but for the grunt, which makes one fancy the bearers are suffering, I should be inclined to adopt this native vehicle. In this enumeration of Indian conveyances, the common cranchie must not be forgotten, so well described by Bishop Heber as looking like the skeleton of a London hackney-coach. It really seems, when new out of the maker's hands, ready to fall in pieces. It is drawn by the most miserable ponies that were ever seen able to crawl. The harnessing is quite of a piece with the rest of this equipage:—A pole, no traces, but a yoke instead of them, laid across the ponies' backs, supported by two pads, which are fastened to the two collars, and in some mysterious manner all this catches the pole. The driver is perhaps the strangest part of the whole—diminutive as the horses, and wasted like the carriage, with no covering but a dirty bit of coarse sacking round his middle, and a peculiar drapery of the same material hanging about his head; these two parts of the person being what most require protection—the loins from the damp, and the brains from the sun. His attitude, too, is extraordinary. He generally stands leaning forward, one thin arm high above his head, brandishing the bamboo rod with its cocoanut thong over the wretched ponies, which, one way or another, do get along, and pretty fast too, with this rickety machine behind them. Within it sit, maybe, three or four fat natives of some respectability, well turbaned, yet naked from the waist upwards. The Europeans never use these cranchies: if they have not carriages of their own, they hire a palkee, unless they happen to possess one; and if they do not keep a sufficient number of bearers, they can hire as many as they want. Almost everybody has a carriage, however, and two pair of horses, if he goes much out; or at any rate three horses, and perhaps a buggy, as much more agreeable than so many idle bearers; two of these gentry being quite sufficient to do the chambermaid's work in a moderate-sized house.

MIRABEAU.

AN ANECDOTE OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

THE public life as well as the private character of Mirabeau are universally known; but the following anecdote has not, we believe, been recorded in any of the biographies. The particulars were included in the brief furnished to M. de Galitzane, advocate-general in the parliament of Provence, when he was retained for the defence of Madame Mirabeau in her husband's process against her. M. de Galitzane afterwards followed the Bourbons into exile, and returned with them in 1814; and it is on his authority that the story is given as fact.

Mirabeau had just been released from the donjon of the castle of Vincennes near Paris. He had been confined there for three years and a-half, by virtue of that most odious mandate, a *lettre-de-cachet*. His imprisonment had been of a most painful nature; and it was

prolonged at the instance of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his being reconciled to his father, the confinement terminated, in the year 1780, when Mirabeau was thirty-one years of age.

One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau should reside for some time at a distance from Paris; and it was settled that he should go on a visit to his brother-in-law, Count du Saillant, whose estate was situated a few leagues from the city of Limoges, the capital of the Limousin. Accordingly, the count went to Vincennes to receive Mirabeau on the day of his liberation, and they pursued their journey at once with all speed.

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient manorial château created a great sensation in that remote part of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood had often heard him spoken of as a remarkable man, not only on account of his brilliant talents, but also for his violent passions; and they hastened to the château to contemplate a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordinary pitch. The greater portion of these country squires were mere sportsmen, whose knowledge did not extend much beyond the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost in vain to seek for any other book than the local almanac, containing the list of the fairs and markets, to which they repaired with the utmost punctuality, to loiter away their time, talk about their rural affairs, dine abundantly, and wash down their food with strong Auvergne wine.

Count du Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbours. He had seen the world, he commanded a regiment, and at that period his château was perhaps the most civilised country residence in the Limousin. People came from a considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner; and among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial oddities, clad in their quaint costumes. At that epoch, indeed, the young Limousin noblemen, when they joined their regiments, to don their sword and epaulettes for the first time, were very slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers.

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau, who was gifted with brilliant natural qualities, cultivated and polished by education—a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous adventures—occupied the most conspicuous post in this society, many of the component members whereof seemed to have barely reached the first degrees in the scale of civilisation. His vigorous frame; his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a lofty frizzled *coiffure*; his huge face, indented with scars, and furrowed with seams, from the effect of small-pox injudiciously treated in his childhood; his piercing eyes, the reflection of the tumultuous passions at war within him; his mouth, whose expression indicated in turn irony, disdain, indignation, and benevolence; his dress, always carefully attended to, but in an exaggerated style, giving him somewhat the air of a travelling charlatan decked out with embroidery, large frill, and ruffles; in short, this extraordinary-looking individual astonished the country-folks even before he opened his mouth. But when his sonorous voice was heard, and his imagination, heated by some interesting subject of conversation, imparted a high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of the worthy rustic hearers felt as though they were in the presence of a saint, others in that of a devil; and according to their several impressions, they were tempted either to fall down at his feet, or to exorcise him by making the sign of the cross, and uttering a prayer.

Seated in a large antique arm-chair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, those men, who seemed to belong to the primitive ages; so simple, frank, and at the same time clownish, were they in their manners. He listened to their conversations, which generally

turned upon the chase, the exploits of their dogs, or the excellence of their horses, of whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sporting projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are produced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; ameliorations in husbandry; and so forth; and he quite won the hearts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most interest, and by his good-nature.

This monotonous life was, however, frequently wearisome to Mirabeau; and in order to vary it, and for the sake of exercise, after being occupied for several hours in writing, he was in the habit of taking a fowling-piece, according to the custom of the country, and putting a book into his game-bag, he would frequently make long excursions on foot in every direction. He admired the noble forests of chestnut-trees which abound in the Limousin; the vast meadows, where numerous herds of cattle of a superior breed are reared; and the running streams by which that picturesque country is intersected. He generally returned to the château long after sunset, saying that night scenery was peculiarly attractive to him.

It was during and after supper that those conversations took place for which Mirabeau supplied the principal and the most interesting materials. He possessed the knack of provoking objections to what he might advance, in order to combat them, as he did with great force of logic and in energetic language; and thus he gave himself lessons in argument, caring little about his auditory, his sole aim being to exercise his mental ingenuity and to cultivate eloquence. Above all, he was fond of discussing religious matters with the curé of the parish. Without displaying much latitudinarianism, he disputed several points of doctrine and certain pretensions of the church so acutely, that the pastor could say but little in reply. This astonished the Limousin gentry, who, up to that time, had listened to nothing but the drowsy discourses of their curés, or the sermons of some obscure mendicant friars, and who placed implicit faith in the dogmas of the church. The faith of a few was shaken, but the greater number of his hearers were very much tempted to look upon the visitor as an emissary of Satan sent to the château to destroy them. The curé, however, did not despair of eventually converting Mirabeau.

At this period several robberies had taken place at no great distance from the château: four or five farmers had been stopped shortly after nightfall on their return from the market-towns, and robbed of their purses. Not one of these persons had offered any resistance, for each preferred to make a sacrifice rather than run the risk of a struggle in a country full of ravines, and covered with a rank vegetation very favourable to the exploits of brigands, who might be lying in wait to massacre any individual who might resist the one detached from the band to demand the traveller's money or his life. These outrages ceased for a short time, but they soon recommenced, and the robbers remained undiscovered.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the château. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and was on his way home from a neighbouring fair. This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, and spoke but little, which surprised everybody, inasmuch as he was usually a merry companion. His gasconades had frequently roused Mirabeau from his reveries, and of this he was not a little proud. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though he often told glowing tales about his own exploits; and it must be admitted that he took the roars of laughter with which they were usually received very good-humouredly.

Count du Saillant being much surprised at this sudden change in his friend's manner, took him aside after supper, and begged that he would accompany him to

another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to obtain a satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of his friend's unwonted melancholy and taciturnity. At length the visitor said—'Nay, nay; you would never believe it. You would declare that I was telling you one of my fables, as you are pleased to call them; and perhaps this time we might fall out.'

'What do you mean?' cried Count du Saillant: 'this seems to be a serious affair. Am I, then, connected with your presentiments?'

'Not exactly you; but—'

'What does this *but* mean? Has it anything to do with my wife? Explain yourself.'

'Not the least in the world. Madame du Saillant is in nowise concerned in the matter; but—'

'But!—but! you tire me out with your *buts*. Are you resolved still to worry me with your mysteries? Tell me at once what has occurred—what has happened to you?'

'Oh, nothing—nothing at all. No doubt I was frightened.'

'Frightened!—and at what? By whom? For God's sake, my dear friend, do not prolong this painful state of uncertainty.'

'Do you really wish me to speak out?'

'Not only so, but I demand this of you as an act of friendship.'

'Well, I was stopped to-night at about the distance of half a league from your château.'

'Stopped! In what way? By whom?'

'Why, stopped as people are stopped by footpads. A gun was levelled at me; I was peremptorily ordered to deliver up my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. Do not ask me any more questions.'

'Why not? I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Did you notice his figure and general appearance?'

'It being dark, I could not exactly discover: I cannot positively say. However, it seems to me—'

'What seems to you? What or whom do you think you saw?'

'I never can tell you.'

'Speak—speak: you cannot surely wish to screen a malefactor from justice?'

'No; but if the said malefactor should be—'

'If he were my own son, I should insist upon your telling me.'

'Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber was your brother-in-law, MIRABEAU! But I might be mistaken; and, as I said before, fear—'

'Impossible: no, it cannot be. Mirabeau a footpad! No, no. You are mistaken, my good friend.'

'Certainly—certainly.'

'Let us not speak any more of this,' said Count du Saillant. 'We will return to the drawing-room, and I hope you will be as gay as usual; if not, I shall set you down as a madman. I will so manage that our absence shall not be thought anything of.' And the gentlemen re-entered the drawing-room, one a short time before the other.

The visitor succeeded in resuming his accustomed manner; but the count fell into a gloomy reverie, in spite of all his efforts. He could not banish from his mind the extraordinary story he had heard: it haunted him; and at last, worn out with the most painful conjectures, he again took his friend aside, questioned him afresh, and the result was, that a plan was agreed upon for solving the mystery. It was arranged that M. De— should in the course of the evening mention casually, as it were, that he was engaged on a certain day to meet a party at a friend's house to dinner, and that he purposed coming afterwards to take a bed at the château, where he hoped to arrive at about nine in the evening. The announcement was accordingly made in the course of conversation, when all the guests were present—good care being taken that it should be

heard by Mirabeau, who at the time was playing a game of chess with the curé.

A week passed away, in the course of which a farmer was stopped and robbed of his purse; and at length the critical night arrived.

Count du Saillant was upon the rack the whole evening; and his anxiety became almost unbearable when the hour for his friend's promised arrival had passed without his having made his appearance. Neither had Mirabeau returned from his nocturnal promenade. Presently a storm of lightning, thunder, and heavy rain came on; in the midst of it the bell at the gate of the courtyard rang loudly. The count rushed out of the room into the courtyard, heedless of the contending elements; and before the groom could arrive to take his friend's horse, the anxious host was at his side. His guest was in the act of dismounting.

'Well,' said M. De —, 'I have been stopped. It is really he. I recognised him perfectly.'

Not a word more was spoken then; but as soon as the groom had led the horse to the stables, M. De — rapidly told the count that, during the storm, and as he was riding along, a man, who was half-concealed behind a very large tree, ordered him to throw down his purse. At that moment a flash of lightning enabled him to discover a portion of the robber's person, and M. De — rode at him; but the robber retreated a few paces, and then levelling his gun at the horseman, cried with a powerful voice, which it was impossible to mistake, 'Pass on, or you are a dead man!' Another flash of lightning showed the whole of the robber's figure: it was Mirabeau, whose voice had already betrayed him! The wayfarer, having no inclination to be shot, put spurs to his horse, and soon reached the château.

The count enjoined strict silence, and begged of his friend to avoid displaying any change in his usual demeanour when in company with the other guests; he then ordered his valet to come again to him as soon as Mirabeau should return. Half an hour afterwards Mirabeau arrived. He was wet to the skin, and hastened to his own room; he told the servant to inform the count that he could not join the company at the evening meal, and begged that his supper might be brought to his room; and he went to bed as soon as he had supped.

All went on as usual with the party assembled below, excepting that the gentleman who had had so unpleasant an adventure on the road appeared more gay than usual.

When his guests had all departed, the master of the house repaired alone to his brother-in-law's apartment. He found him fast asleep, and was obliged to shake him rather violently before he could rouse him.

'What's the matter? Who's there? What do you want with me?' cried Mirabeau, staring at his brother-in-law, whose eyes were flashing with rage and disgust.

'What do I want? I want to tell you that you are a wretch!'

'A fine compliment, truly!' replied Mirabeau with the greatest coolness. 'It was scarcely worth while to awaken me only to abuse me: go away, and let me sleep.'

'Can you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell me—where did you pass the evening? Why did you not join us at the supper-table?'

'I was wet through—tired—harassed: I had been overtaken by the storm. Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some sleep: do you want to keep me chattering all night?'

'I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. You stopped Monsieur De — on his way hither this evening: this is the second time you have attacked that gentleman, for he recognised you as the same man who robbed him a week ago. You have turned highwayman then!'

'Would it not have been all in good time to tell me this to-morrow morning?' said Mirabeau with inimitable *sang-froid*. 'Supposing that I did stop your friend, what of that?'

'That you are a wretch!'

'And that you are a fool, my dear Du Saillant. Do you imagine that it was for the sake of his money that I stopped this poor country squire? I wished to put him to the proof, and to put myself to the proof. I wished to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society: the trial was a dangerous one; but I have made it several times. I am satisfied with myself—but your friend is a coward.' He then felt in the pocket of his waistcoat, which lay on a chair by his bedside, and drawing a key from it, said, 'Take this key, open my *scrutoire*, and bring me the second drawer on the left hand.'

The count, astounded at so much coolness, and carried away by an irresistible impulse—for Mirabeau spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabeau. It contained nine purses; some made of leather, others of silk; each purse was encircled by a label on which was written a date—it was that of the day on which the owner had been stopped and robbed; the sum contained in the purse was also written down.

'You see,' said Mirabeau, 'that I did not wish to reap any pecuniary benefit from my proceedings. A timid person, my dear friend, could never become a highwayman; a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to understand me, therefore I will not attempt to make myself more intelligible. You would talk to me about honour—about religion; but these have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve. Tell me, Du Saillant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding his purse?'

'I obey without reasoning,' replied the count.

'And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason,' rejoined Mirabeau. 'I study all kinds of social positions, in order to appreciate them justly. I do not neglect even those positions or cases which are in decided opposition to the established order of things; for established order is merely conventional, and may be changed when it is generally admitted to be faulty. Such a study is a dangerous, but it is a necessary one for him who wishes to gain a perfect knowledge of men and things. You are living within the boundary of the law, whether it be for good or evil. I study the law, and I endeavour to acquire strength enough to combat it if it be bad when the proper time shall arrive.'

'You wish for a convulsion then?' cried the count.

'I neither wish to bring it about nor do I desire to witness it; but should it come to pass through the force of public opinion, I would second it to the full extent of my power. In such a case you will hear me spoken of. Adieu. I shall depart to-morrow; but pray leave me now, and let me have a little sleep.'

Count du Saillant left the room without saying another word. Very early on the following morning Mirabeau was on his way to Paris.

THE ENCHANTED ROCK.

ABOUT four miles west-north-west of Cape Clear Island and lighthouse, on the south-west coast of Ireland, a singularly-shaped rock, called the Fastnett, rises abruptly and perpendicularly a height of ninety feet above the sea level in the Atlantic Ocean. It is about nine miles from the mainland, and the country-people say it is *nine miles from every part of the coast*.

The Fastnett for ages has been in the undisturbed possession of the cormorant, sea-gull, and various other tribes of sea-fowl, and was also a noted place for large conger eels, bream, and pollock; but from a superstitious dread of the place, the fishermen seldom fished

near it. During foggy weather, and when the rock is partially enveloped in mist, it has very much the appearance of a large vessel under sail—hence no doubt the origin of all the wonderful tales and traditions respecting the Fastnet being enchanted, and its celebrated feats. The old people all along the sea-coast are under the impression that the Fastnet hoists sails before sunrise on the 1st of May in every year, and takes a cruise towards the Dursey Islands, at the north entrance of Bantry Bay, a distance of some forty miles; and that, after dancing several times round the rocks known to mariners as the Bull, Cow, and Calf, it then shapes its homeward course, drops anchor at the spot from whence it sailed, and remains stationary during the remainder of the year.

The Fastnet, however, it appears, is not the only enchanted spot in that locality; for at the head of Schull Harbour, about nine miles north of the rock, on the top of Mount Gabriel—about 1400 feet above the sea-level—is a celebrated lake which the people say is so deep, that the longest line ever made would not reach its bottom. It is also stoutly asserted that a gentleman once dropped his walking-stick into the lake, and that it was afterwards found by a fisherman near the Fastnet. On another occasion, a female wishing to get some water from the lake to perform a miraculous cure on one of her friends, accidentally let fall the jug into the water, and after several months, the identical jug—it could not be mistaken, part of the lip being broken off—was also picked up near the Fastnet. For such reasons the people imagine that there is some mysterious connection between the rock and the lake, and that they have a subterranean passage or means of communication. Captain Wolfe, indeed, during his survey of the coast in 1848, sounded the mysterious pool, and found the bottom with a line *seven feet long*; but the people shake their heads at the idea, and say it was all *freemasonry* on the part of the captain, and ask how he accounts for the affair of the stick and jug? It will be some time, I presume, before this puzzling question can be solved to the satisfaction of all parties; and the traditions of the stick and jug, and many other extraordinary occurrences, are likely to be handed down to succeeding generations. The lake, or bog-hole, must therefore be left alone in its glory; but, alas! not so with the Fastnet.

No more will it hoist sail for its Walpurgic trip, and cruise to the Durseys, for it is now *firmly moored*; and in the hands of man the wonderful Fastnet is reduced to a simple isolated rock in the Atlantic Ocean. During the awful shipwrecks in the winters of 1846 and 1847, but little assistance was derived from the Cape Clear light, which is too elevated, and is often totally obscured by fog, and this drew attention to the Fastnet Rock as a more eligible site for a pharos, being in the immediate route of all outward and homeward-bound vessels: but the great difficulty was to effect a landing, and make the necessary surveys; its sides being almost perpendicular, and continually lashed by a heavy surge or surf. After many attempts, Captain Wolfe did effect a landing; and having made the necessary survey, and reported favourably as to its advantages, it was determined by the Ballast Board to erect on it a lighthouse forthwith. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1847, by sinking or excavating a circular shaft about twelve feet deep in the solid rock; holes were then drilled, in which were fixed strong iron shafts for the framework of the house; and then the masons began to rear the edifice. The workmen found it pleasant enough during the summer and autumn of 1847, and lived in tents on the summit of the rock, and looked over the mainland with the aid of a glass, like so many of their predecessors—the cormorants.

In the spring of 1848, however, when operations were resumed, after a cessation of the works for the winter, the scene changed. It began to blow very hard from the north-west; and the men secured their building, which was now several feet above the rocks, as well as

they could, and covered it over with strong and heavy beams of timber, leaving a small aperture for ingress and egress, and then awaited in silence the result. During the night the wind increased, and the sea broke with such fury over the whole rock, that the men imagined every succeeding wave to be commissioned to sweep them into the abyss. It only extinguished their fire, however, and carried off most of their provisions, together with sundry heavy pieces of cast-iron, a large blacksmith's anvil, and the crane with which the building materials were lifted on the rock. The storm lasted upwards of a week, during which time no vessel or boat could approach; and the crew of this island-ship remained drenched with water, and nearly perished with cold in a dark hole, with nothing to relieve their hunger but water-soaked biscuit. But the wind at length suddenly shifted, the sea moderated, and they were enabled eventually to crawl out of their hole more dead than alive. In a few days a boat approached as near as possible, and by the aid of ropes fastened round their waists, they were drawn one by one from the rock through the boiling surf. The men speedily recovered, and have since raised the building some twenty feet above the ground: the extreme height is to be sixty feet. This is the last adventure of the Enchanted Rock; but we trust a brilliant history is before it, in which, instead of expending its energies in idle cruises, it will act the part of the beneficent preserver of life and property.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE USE OF COAL.

BITUMINOUS matter, if not the carboniferous system itself, exists abundantly on the banks of the Euphrates. In the basin of the Nile coal has been recently detected. It occurs sparingly in some of the states of Greece; and Theophrastus, in his 'History of Stones,' refers to mineral coal (*lithanthrax*) being found in Liguria and in Elis, and used by the smiths; the stones are earthy, he adds, but kindle and burn like wood coals (the *anthrax*). But by none of the Oriental nations does it appear that the vast latent powers and virtues of the mineral were thus early discovered, so as to render it an object of commerce or of geological research. What the Romans termed *lapis amplexites*, is generally understood to mean our cannel coal, which they used not as fuel, but in making toys, bracelets, and other ornaments; while their *carbo*, which Pliny describes as *vehementer perit*, was simply the petroleum or naphtha, which issues so abundantly from all the tertiary deposits. Coal is found in Syria, and the term frequently occurs in the Sacred Writings. But there is no reference anywhere in the inspired record as to digging or boring for the mineral—no directions for its use—no instructions as to its constituting a portion of the promised treasures of the land. In their burnt-offerings, wood appears uniformly to have been employed; in Leviticus, the term is used as synonymous with fire, where it is said that 'the priests shall lay the parts in order upon the wood'—that is, on the fire which is upon the altar. And in the same manner for all domestic purposes, wood and charcoal were invariably made use of. Doubtless the ancient Hebrews would be acquainted with *natural* coal, as in the mountains of Lebanon, whither they continually resorted for their timber, seams of coal near Beirut were seen to protrude through the superincumbent strata in various directions. Still there are no traces of pits or excavations into the rock to show that they duly appreciated the extent and uses of the article. . . . For many reasons it would seem that, among modern nations, the primitive Britons were the first to avail themselves of the valuable combustible. The word by which it is designated is not of Saxon, but of British extraction, and is still employed to this day by the Irish, in their form of *o-gual*, and in that of *kolan* by the Cornish. In Yorkshire, stone hammers and hatchets have been found in old mines, showing that the early Britons worked coals before the invasion of the Romans. Manchester, which has risen upon the very ashes of the mineral, and grown to all its wealth and greatness under the influence of its heat and light, next claims the merit of the discovery. Portions of coal have been found under, or imbedded in, the sand of a Roman way, excavated some years ago for the construction of a house, and which at

the time were ingeniously conjectured by the local antiquaries to have been collected for the use of the garrison stationed on the route of these warlike invaders at Mancenion, or the Place of Tents. Certain it is that fragments of coal are being constantly, in the district, washed out and brought down by the Medlock and other streams, which break from the mountains through the coal strata. The attention of the inhabitants would in this way be the more early and readily attracted by the glistening substance. Nevertheless, for long after coal was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restriction of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III., of date 1234, a license is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral. About this period, coals for the first time began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal, on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance. A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition; and the most severe inquisitorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I., and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three millions of tons. The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries. . . . Under the regime of domestic rule at Dunfermline, coals were worked in the year 1291—at Dysart and other places along the Fife coast, about half a century later—and generally in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to the churches and chapels, which, after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes. Boethius records that in his time the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug 'a black stone,' which, when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron.—*Rev. Dr Anderson's Course of Creation*. [A popular view, just published, of the animated world in Pre-Adamite times.]

BE NOT TOO FASTIDIOUS.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. With respect to that fastidiousness which disturbs the right conduct of the understanding, it must be observed that there are two modes of judging of anything: one, by the test of what has actually been done in the same way before; the other, by what we can conceive may be done in that way. Now this latter method of mere imaginary excellence can hardly be a just

criterion, because it may be, in fact, impossible to reduce to practice what it is perfectly easy to conceive; no man, before he has tried, can tell how difficult it is to manage prejudice, jealousy, and delicacy, and to overcome all that friction which the world opposes to speculation. Therefore the fair practical rule seems to be, to compare any exertion with all similar exertions which have preceded it, and to allow merit to any one who has improved, or at least who has not deteriorated, the standard of excellence in his own department of knowledge. Fastidious men are always judging by the other standard; and as the rest of the understanding cannot fill up in a century what the imagination can sketch out in a moment, they are always in a state of perpetual disappointment, and their conversation one uniform tenor of blame. At the same time that I say this, I beg leave to lift up both my hands against that pernicious facility of temper in the estimation of which everything is charming and delightful.—*Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy*.

AN OLD IDEA—NEWLY CLAD.

STREAM of my life, dim-banked, pale river, flow!
I have no fear to meet the engulfing seas;
Neither I look before, nor look behind,
But lying mute, with wave-dipped hand, float on.

It was not always thus. My brethren, see
This oar-marked, quivering palm, the bitter sign
Of youth's mad struggle with the wave that drifts
Immutably, eternally along.

I would have had it glide through fields and flowers,
Giving and taking freshness, perfume, joy;
It winds through a blank desert. Peace, my soul!
—The finger of God's angel drew its line.

So I lean back, and look up to the stars,
And count the ripples circling to the shore,
And watch the silent river rolling on,
Until it widens to the open seas.

THE OYSTER BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Few people have any idea of the immensity of the oyster business done in the United States. The Chesapeake and Delaware Bay oysters go all over the world, and we learn from a number of the 'Baltimore Sun' that one establishment in that city, during the oyster season, keeps twenty-five men constantly opening the shells, and they sometimes open five hundred gallons a day, which are all designed for exportation. The oysters are put up in cans, which are made air-tight, and hermetically sealed. They are warranted to keep fresh in any climate. Five men are constantly employed in making the cans. The oysters are sent principally to the Western States, but considerable quantities are sent to the West Indies, South America, and some have been sent to China. On the first day of the last oyster-taking season, in the Fairhaven River, six or seven hundred boats were ready for operations with the sunrise. The striking of the bell in the brick church was the signal to begin, and soon all was stir and commotion amongst men and shell-fish. During the day between thirty and forty thousand bushels of oysters were taken; which, from the fact of their having been undisturbed for two years, were unusually large, and very fine. Some boats took from seventy-five to one hundred bushels each, and some few went much above this quantity. Transient oystermen sold their products at the bank of the river for twenty and twenty-five cents per bushel, while those who made 'oystering' a regular business preferred to hold on for speculation.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

A remarkable instance of the divisibility of matter is seen in the dyeing of silk with cochineal, where a pound of silk, containing eight score threads to the ounce, each thread 72 yards long, and the whole reaching about 104 miles, when dyed with scarlet, does not receive above a drachm additional weight; so that a drachm of the colouring matter of the cochineal is actually extended through more than 100 miles in length, and yet this minute quantity is sufficient to give an intense colour to the silk with which it is combined.

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No. 346. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1850.

Price 1½d.

A BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

THE SECOND.

WITH the notion that amongst the 'Curiosities of Literature' of the present day, the advertisements take the chief place, we will proceed to consider a few more of the class most in vogue just now in our newspapers—the weekly ones especially.

There are many people who go to their club or reading-rooms, and come back saying, 'There is nothing in the papers to-day'—positively nothing in the marvellous mass of intelligence that has come over arid deserts and across leaping wildernesses of waters—toiling up mountain-passes, penetrating almost trackless woods—rattling in *malle-postes* over paved high-roads, stopped at frontiers, scrutinised by jealous police, whirled along hundreds of miles of railway, fumigated in plague-lazarettos—in fact, brought to us by any means that money, interest, tact, venture, or thought, could command! But even beyond all this there is yet 'something.' In every column of the advertisements are the records of two or three dozen romances, or fights for existence, planned with the most brain-racking ingenuity that desperation can induce. I do not mean in this place to allude to the more serious experiments upon the charity or credulity of human nature. The absurd and comical are better suited to my purpose.

'Know Thyself' was, and ever has been, considered a saying of great wisdom: esteemed, moreover, as an exceedingly difficult estimation to arrive at. Bah! It is now a mere matter of a shilling, or a few postage stamps. For this small outlay, London at present overruns with learned professors, male and female, who will tell you anything.

The first that I applied to was the most omniscient. This was his advertisement:—

CLAIRVOYANCE.—HENRI, the CLAIRVOYANT, is now in London, and any lady or gentleman wishing to try the power of clairvoyance, may receive answers to any three questions, relating to the past, the present, or the future, on receipt of a letter enclosing a lock of hair, with the real initials, and one shilling, with a directed envelop.—Address —. The strictest secrecy may be relied on. Place the shilling between cards.

I obeyed his directions, and sent in the following questions:—

1. Will the enterprise succeed between now and July 12?
2. Did the letter arrive safely at its destination?
3. Will the writer go abroad this year?

In a day or two the same note I had sent was returned, with the answers written against the questions. They were—

1. No.
2. Yes.
3. No.

The 'enterprise' related to the sale of a horse I had up from the country for that purpose, and to my thinking was perfectly successful.

The 'letter,' which was to Gibraltar, and sent six weeks ago, has not yet been acknowledged, but this is no proof that it has not arrived.

I have been 'abroad since,' but as it was only to a dinner at Boulogne, perhaps that can hardly be considered as being so in the proper sense.

However, the answers were sufficiently wide of the mark to keep me in any important matter of doubt or judgment from putting too much faith in the counsel of the 'clairvoyante.'

A lady, Miss G—, next attracted my attention. I sent a specimen of my handwriting, and enclosed the requisite amount of postage-stamps—I think thirteen. From her I received by an early post a paper, which I here reproduce. The attributes were printed in German text; the remarks in italics were filled in with writing, as follows:—

Education—*Basis is good.*

Understanding—*Practical, clear.*

Firmness—*Undecided.*

Temper—*Irritable, but good.*

Benevolence—*Limited.*

Honour, &c.—*The highest attainable.*

Business, &c.—*Talents of a high order.*

Additional Notes—*Great ingenuity of resource.*

With Miss G—'s compliments.

Altogether, I was not content with my shilling's-worth, so I sent out some more specimens of penmanship, sowing my postage-stamps, as it were, like seed to produce a crop of self-knowledge. The first advertisement I saw in my weekly paper promised well, running thus:—

KNOW THYSELF.—Professor B—'s method of Describing the Character of Persons from their Handwriting never fails, being founded on philosophical principles. A specimen of the ordinary writing, stating age, sex, and profession, enclosing thirteen uncut postage stamps, will insure an unerring description of the mental and moral qualities of the writer, pointing out gifts and defects hitherto unsuspected, with their probable influence on the future life; and advice in all cases of distress and difficulty.—Address, Dr B—, &c. &c.

I was less allured by the term 'professor' than by the expanse of his information. For I have known professors whose occupations were not altogether in accordance with the popularly-received importance of the title. One professor last year at Vauxhall tossed two children about in the air with his feet as he lay on his back, and another spun a gilt globe about in the same position. I have known professors teach the polka; make wigs; blow glass birds of paradise; lecture on elocution, and run away without paying the literary institution for the room and lighting; exhibit themselves in white tights as fighting gladiators and

kneeling slaves; stand on their heads on the top of a pole amongst a shower of squibs; present begging-letters; train 'happy families' of cats, birds, mice, and monkeys; make fireworks to any amount, dividing their rank in this respect with 'chevaliers'; compound no end of wonderful quack medicines; in fact achieve every kind of marvellous performance, known or unknown, under the sun. However, Professor B— promised much, and in due time I received this reply to my application:—

'The type of this character is soundness with amenity; earnest stability of mind; a certain decision and rectitude, united to a kindly disposition, and wholly free from formality or harsh precision; liberality of opinions, frankness, and cordiality, with a good understanding.'

After this, it was not long before the announcement of another 'professor' met my eye. Professor E— undertook to convey similar information at the same small sum. I wrote as follows:—'The writer, a gentleman, aged 34, will be glad to know Professor E—'s opinion of his character;' and I enclosed the stamps. The answer I received in a day or two was certainly the best and most carefully-compiled of all. Indeed there was actual evidence of painstaking in its construction. It nearly filled a sheet of note-paper, at the top of which was lithographed a pen, bearing a scroll, on which was inscribed:—'A Pen's portrayal of a Pen-stroke's revelations.' I must confess that amongst them all I was beginning to get really confused as to what I was or was not:—

'So characteristic is the calligraphy of this writer, that the graphiologist may with certainty declare it to be that of one whose manners are marked by a careless love of ease: whose thoughts, though often ingenious, happy, and novel, are deficient in accuracy and in well-defined clearness, and whose actions bear the stamp of irregularity and incompleteness: one who has no dominant ambition to give unity to the aimings of the intellect, and whose intentions are too unsettled, undecided, and wanting in plan and arrangement, for persistency of exertion to be developed, or close and quiet application to be a prominent trait in the character.'

'Readiness of talent, in the instance of the present writer, seems prejudicial to the health of the mind; for the ability to succeed in any attempt, and a consciousness of that ability, is productive of so much self-satisfaction, that a disposition to rest is engendered, and action only takes place under the influence of stimuli. Here, indeed, or we are much mistaken, is an applicant whose power of volition has never received equal training to that which has been accorded to the intellectual faculties; whose *Ego* is no despotic monarch; who plays with fortune, rather than fights with her; whom circumstances may for a while render enthusiastic, but who is far too impulsive to be resolute. One whose forethought is not sufficiently preparative, who lets to-morrow come before to-day is finished, and who might become the diamond by concentration, but who, by diffusiveness, approximates more closely to diamond-dust.

*"Enobarbus. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lepidus. But small to great matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first."*

'We trace in our applicant a faint reflection of the character of Enobarbus. R. E.'

The last communication of this kind I received was on a printed paper like one of the others, and filled up in writing as I have copied it. It contained, besides, a bill of wonderful preparations for reproducing hair, and dyeing it to any shade in three minutes, absorbing corns and bunions, and scenting handkerchiefs. I should have mentioned that another of the answers contained a puff of more hair dye, and a third an announcement of a book on etiquette. One would think that the majority of inquirers were badly-brought up people with corns and red hair. I subjoin the reply:—

Character—*Truthful, sincere.*
Education—*Very good.*
Temper—*Affectionate, amiable, mild.*

Disposition—*Kind, good-natured.*
Jealousy—*Prominent.*
Benevolence—*Kind, but cautious.*
Honour—*The highest attainable.*
Business Talents—*Fond of novelty, great adaptive talent.*
With Miss D—'s compliments.

There is nothing new in this professorship of graphiology. Years ago Shenstone wrote, 'I wish I could see Mrs Jago's handwriting, that I might judge of her temper.' It is only an old conceit revived, but revived for the purposes of gain. That it pays, is evident from the repeated advertisements of its professors, and the avidity with which three or four adopted the idea after the first speculating individual had started it. It is pleasant in imagination to contemplate the professors in their studies. Do they pass hours in scrutinising every stroke and inflection of the specimen sent—detecting boldness in a pothook, or irresolution in a hanger, calling in the aid of a microscope to investigate still farther the temperament in which the up-and-down strokes were conceived? Or are they reckless individuals, who keep their characters ready written, and use them by chance as they come to hand, like printers of meteorological almanacs with the weather prognostics? I incline to the latter belief.

At the same time, a small experience has taught me to have faith in graphiology—to a certain extent. I receive many letters every day—fifteen or sixteen sometimes—and I can read several before I tear the envelop. When a large one arrives, with four stamps and a delicate address, I know it is from a feeble amateur writer, who adds a note, informing me that he or she 'ventures to send a first effort for my approval, and hopes I will excuse the imperfections,' which I never by any chance do. A letter of the *ancien régime*—that is to say, a sheet of paper folded in the old-fashioned way, without an envelop—directed in a bold, straight, splashy hand, in very black ink, with flourishes, and perhaps wafered, or sealed with one large, simple initial, I know is from a City writer. It either contains a bill, or it is an invitation to lecture at some Trans-Temple-bar literary institution, or it begs an order for any theatre at which I may chance to have a piece playing. I know by the address that it will contain many abbreviations—such as *dr* for *dear*, *wd* for *would*, *yrs* *obedly* for *yours obediently*; and that the name of the writer will terminate in a flourish of indefinite length and eccentricity. It is also sure to have my name written at length down in the left-hand corner, for the which, being properly addressed, I cannot well account. There is one careless, hurried hand that I know—I scarcely can tell why—directs a club or whitebait dinner invitation; another, cramped and precise, is sure to herald some request or petition of a hopeless character; a third, written straight up and down, or perhaps with a reversed slope, I am certain will unfold some anonymous abuse of myself, provoked by a recent article or book. Indeed I have become so learned in this species of discrimination, that when I return from my club at night—whereat I chiefly finish my evenings in the society of agreeable and intelligent persons of all positions in life, and from whom I hear the general news of town, in anticipation even of the 'Times'—I can tell at a glance which letters will give me pleasure in reading before I go to bed, and which, if I value an unworried night, I had better leave to be discussed at breakfast and by daylight.

I would not be too hard upon these poor 'professors,' with the exception of 'Henri the Clairvoyante.' The graphiologists may haply believe in their science to a certain extent, and, for aught I know, take some slight degree of pains to concoct an answer; but the 'clairvoyante' must be aware, from the outset, that he is a humbug; that if the knowledge he professes to diffuse were in his grasp, he could very soon enrich himself far more than an advertisement could do, were it only to anticipate the state of the funds. His answer was least worth the shilling of all I applied to.

I have only one more series of disclosures to make;

but I believe these to be the most important, as they refer to a mischievous set of people: I allude to the Turf Prophets, who have risen, like flies in summer, to buzz about us. Their game is absolutely a dangerous one to play at: for feeble minds may, and doubtless do, risk more money on their advice than they can spare if they lose, and thus tumble into the first of a series of social quagmires. I have written to several to know the result of a race at Goodwood—about which, be it understood, I do not care one stable straw—and I am now (July 24) waiting their replies. Long before this sheet is in the reader's hands, it will be decided; and we shall then be enabled to compare the promises of the prophets with the returns of the umpire.

A. S.

INDUSTRIAL GLASGOW IN 1850.

CONDITION OF THE OPERATIVE CLASSES.

FACTS amply sufficient have been adduced to prove beyond all controversy the vast amount and importance of the manufacturing industry carried on in this district. Here we behold a capital of many millions belonging to merchants and manufacturers employed in maintaining a stupendous working-power, whereby many descriptions of raw produce are converted into manufactured articles suitable for every market in the known world; and further than this, supplying the means whereby these goods are conveyed, whether by steam or otherwise, to all parts of the habitable globe—employing in the many branches of business herewith connected at least 100,000 persons directly in factory or other connected occupations, and at least 200,000 more as managers, clerks, porters, &c.—independently of the great numbers engaged in mines and collieries up and down the county of Lanark. So various, indeed, are the many branches of industry here conducted, that there is scarcely any description of labour that can go unemployed or unrewarded; and though the rate of wages at present is not high, scarcely averaging more than 18s. a week, yet with the present prices of necessities there is no occasion for the industrious artisan, in whatever trade, to suffer want, if he only devote himself honestly, and with perseverance, to his allotted employment, and cultivate habits of frugality, sobriety, and self-respect.

Independently, however, of mere ordinary artisan-labour, there are many kinds of business which afford ample scope for a more than usual exercise of constructive, mechanical skill; and wherever this is the case, the superior workman is sure to find the due reward of his abilities in advanced wages and a station correspondingly elevated above that of his fellows in the same line of occupation. Indeed it is to this superior mechanical aptitude, directed by undeviating and persevering diligence, that many of the leading manufacturers, now wielding a large capital, and employing some hundreds of hands, owed their first rise from the ranks of their fellow-workmen; nor would it be difficult to single out persons in Glasgow now in the enjoyment of wealth, and largely engaged in its manufactures and commerce, who have wrought in their youth at the loom, the mill, or the anvil. In fact throughout Great Britain the upper ranks are constantly recruited from the middle and industrial classes; nor is any public position of honour or influence closed against them, when they have once obtained the confidence and respect of their fellow-countrymen. Now, though it may be quite true that in some few cases these advances have been due to some happy invention, some alteration of fabric caused by the fickleness of fashion, or some fortunate venture in trade, yet in by far the majority of instances they have been the result of steady, long-continued industry and sterling

integrity while in the employment of others. Indeed capital, without which no business whatever can be conducted, is generally the result of accumulated savings, aided and supplemented in some cases by the confidence placed by others, engendered by a longer career of untiring activity, upright conduct, and sterling principle. Without the cultivation of these habits, no permanent advance has ever been made from a subordinate station to one of wealth, influence, and independence: nor will the same causes that have already produced such happy results cease to operate wherever the legitimate means are employed. It would be well if the Glasgow operatives would reflect deeply on this subject, and see how far they in particular are employing the right means towards so desirable an end.

Even at the time that we are now writing, there is a numerous class of persons in and around Glasgow who, although still occupying subordinate posts, have already advanced onwards from comparatively low and ill-paid stations to others involving confidence and responsibility—such as overlookers, foremen, and managers, all of whom must, as a matter of necessity, be practically versed in every branch of business which they superintend. These are not merely clever mechanicians, and apt in business, but possessed of decided general abilities and well-regulated industrious habits, men perhaps with slender education originally, but who have seen the value of scientific knowledge, and procured in their hours of leisure that instruction which has aided them most essentially in their onward career. Glasgow affords many opportunities for such self-improvement in its Mechanics' Institutes and libraries; and these, or such as these, are the persons who avail themselves of them, using life well, and constantly rising in the social scale. They work silently, but surely, acquiring the confidence and respect of those around them; and instances are not wanting of persons in this class who are laying by considerable savings, to be employed either by themselves or with others in an independent venture. And let us look at the homes of these persons. Their own character being reflected in their families, their houses are in most cases clean, wholesome, well provided with domestic comforts, and furnished in a style which might equally suit the classes above them. It may happen also that some members of their families add their own wages to those of the parent; and thus, as all combine to promote mutual comfort, with a strict regard to a frugal economy, savings gradually accrue, which will hereafter lead to still further prosperity and final independence. In illustration of this statement, the writer of these observations may cite two cases of which he has personal knowledge. The first of these began life as a draw-boy to a harness-loom weaver, from which humble capacity he soon rose to be a shawl-weaver himself. He had a natural taste for pattern-scheming, combined with a certain mechanical aptitude, which he soon got the means of improving by instruction in leisure hours procured by savings from his wages, at that time higher than the present amount of competition allows. By dint of constant application and repeated experiments, he succeeded in introducing various improvements and plans for shortening the labour and increasing the pattern-working powers of the loom. These indications of manufacturing talent soon introduced him to a higher class of business, and by constant attention to these pursuits, he at length won the confidence of the principal shawl-manufacturers of the district. The post of manufacturing master in a large establishment became vacant; and he was chosen to fill it at a salary which at once placed him in comfort and independence. He is now the manager of one of the largest Thibet-shawl establishments in Lanarkshire, with a salary that enables him to live in gentility; and he has amassed, besides, a considerable sum of money, which he turns to advantage in trade. He has a son and daughter also, the former of whom holds a responsible charge in a Thibet-wool mill, while the latter

some time past perambulating Ireland and Scotland, made his appearance in the streets of Leith last night, imitating Habbie Simpson. Although he fingers uncommonly well, still we think Halbert's fame is in no danger with him. But we think he can use his fists as well as his fingers; for a sailor having popped his eyes too near the silver-mounted spectacles, got such a *north-wester* as made him reel nearly half a league out of his latitude.

And here we lose sight of the piper, for with this ends the first part of his '*Tour*.' That the book from which I have quoted is not a fiction, is made pretty clear by its own nature. Any one writing a fiction of the '*Wandering Piper*' would not have wasted about one-half of his work in ill-natured remarks upon editors of newspapers and other kindred subjects, to which our piper seems to be painfully given. Besides, the fictitious writer would have made a better job of his work: his incidents would have been more various and more interesting. The piper, indeed, must have been very deficient in literary taste; for with the opportunity he had for observing character and meeting with adventure, one would have been led to expect something far superior to the meagre production before us. The '*Tour*,' in short, in its simplicity, bears all the evidence of genuine truth; and hence it may safely be concluded that the piper was no myth, but a real, and in many respects a commonplace man.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE COURSE—CHURCH—CALCUTTA DAY—THE DRIVE.

December 20th.—I have had my first drive to-day—not in the evening, as I expected, but directly after breakfast; it being quite cool enough at this season to venture out in the day-time under the double roof of a carriage, all the sides of which are open or closed at pleasure by Venetians. We had to drive into Calcutta, and then on to the ghaut where we had landed, and there take boat to our old ship, our object being to bring off a few little odds and ends we had left in the cabin, and to superintend the disembarkation of your beautiful pianoforte, which had been such a source of enjoyment to me during our long voyage. The carpenter screwed on the packing-case front again very nicely, and we saw it out of the boat, and away on the heads of four *coolies* (common porters, or day-labourers), who thought themselves munificently rewarded for carrying such a load a couple of miles on beyond the town by receiving half a rupee among them. We stayed on board half an hour longer, to watch the slinging out of some fine English horses, whose miseries it is to be hoped this last unhappy-looking act is to be the end of. They trembled a good deal, poor creatures, when deposited in the broad-decked boat that was to convey them ashore. The river is very grand here—wide, and full, and crowded with shipping, the animation of the scene much heightened by the multitude of little busy boats darting perpetually around the larger vessels. Part of the ceremonies of our return were a little startling. The banks of the Hoogly are so muddy, that, except at quite high water, when the boats can get close up to the steps of the ghaut, people have to be carried to the landing on little platforms, a wooden seat, something like the bottom of a chair set on two poles, which two coolies lift up, and away they plunge with it, very much to the disagreeable surprise of the person who for the first time finds himself thus accommodated. Really, Arthur and I, thus perched up amid all surroundings, must have been an amusing sight to any spectator on the quay of a grade to laugh at us; but at that hour of the day we were pretty safe from observation. In the evening our display would have been public enough.

A good road stretches all along by the bank of the river on a raised terrace at some little distance from the water, to allow for occasional floods. This is the famous *Course*, the fashionable evening promenade. It must

be four or five miles long, beginning so low down as the Docks and Garden Reach, but not being there open to the river, so that the crowd of company who throng to the upper end seldom proceed among the villas of that pretty suburb, a part of the environs I particularly admire, each handsome house standing so snugly in its little park-like grounds bounded by the water's edge. The carriages generally turn at a bridge thrown across a small river or canal called here a *nullah*, near the fort, and then go back to within a short distance from Government House, turning again at a fine ghaut with a well-designed Grecian-temple sort of gateway built over it. The road extends much higher up, passing the Court-house, the Mint, and other public buildings in the town; but this part is not in favour as a drive. Running parallel to this new road by the river half-way across the Esplanade—as the fine open space before Government House is named—is the old Course, which was the Mall in the olden time. It cuts this fine plain right in two. Beyond the outer half, opposite the river, lies Chowringhee, and opposite to Government House is the fort, thus forming a grand square. The whole extent of all we see is flat—perfectly flat; not even a mole-hill rises to break the uniformity of a plain extending hundreds of miles in every direction. Yet it is a pleasing scene. There is no such thing as what we call a street to be seen, with a regular row of adjoining houses: the nearest approach to one is merely a road, with now a house on one side, and then a house on the other, each enclosed in a garden. A very favourite situation is that in which we live, Chowringhee Road, on one side only of which stand these garden-houses. In front of us, recollect, is the open esplanade, the *Mydaum* they call it; and beyond it flows the river, from whence the breeze, unchecked, blows freely into the veranda. At right angles to us, on the right hand, is Esplanade Row, ending with Government House; and there is one mile of open space between that row and the fort. Taking the shipping into the account, it is certainly a strikingly fine Indian city view. Straight rows of garden-houses extend behind the Chowringhee Road far out into the country, and the public offices and the town stand behind the Esplanade Row. There is no natural or artificial irregularity to suggest the curve, the sweep, the waving line of beauty—all is mathematically laid down as if by rule and compass.

The effect is very strange of seeing so far before, behind, and all round—the whole picture swarming with dark, half-naked little figures huddling along, as if on purpose to run over one another, there being no footways. Carriages, palanquins, carts, horses, men—all go along how they can, and where they can; and what a curious crowd it is! The coolies, who swarm over the surface of the ground, ready for the smallest hire to do the work of beasts of burthen, are too poor even to afford themselves a turban—that most essential piece of dress—where the fierce sun-rays beat so cruelly upon the unprotected head; a bit of cloth about the loins is their only habiliment. A higher class, again, appear in coarse canvas or cotton turbans, or at least a skull-cap; and a garment of a simple form, neither trousers nor petticoat, ingeniously put on without any sort of fastening, merely by plaiting it in folds, and tucking it into rolls supported by the hips. This, it seems, is the true Hindoo dress. Those who can afford it, wear besides a white cotton scarf, flung over the upper part of the person, leaving much of the breast bare. A still better grade wear under this scarf a close-fitting shirt, which makes the whole dress decent. The superior castes of Hindoos, and all the Musselmans, are respectably apparelled, as I have described the dress of our upper servants. There is not that picturesque variety of costume I expected to find here; at least this, my first drive, has disappointed me in this respect, and the first impressions of so new a scene should have been the other way. They tell me that there really is much less to remark here on this score than at either of the other Presidencies, more particularly at Bombay, where

Persians, Georgians, Arabs, Jews, Parsees, and Armenians, add by far the most interesting figures to the multifarious groups.

We got back to a late tiffin, and found Cary quite wearied out with the fatigue of an immense levee. Half the ladies of her acquaintance appeared to have called, some of them avowedly to get the first peep of the new fashions; and extremely disappointed they seemed to be at her not volunteering to call my new ayah to exhibit them. They would have been much more disappointed if she had; two bonnets and half-a-dozen gowns being my stock in trade in this line. We have expatriated ourselves, not for the purpose of spending money, but for that of making it, and quickly too; and if visiting is to cost us much in dress or otherwise, we shall have to restrict ourselves to a very select society. We began to-night the regular drive on the Course, turning and returning with a very respectable array of carriages and equestrians. We were introduced to every one that approached us; and Edward invited to dinner two young civilians, one of whom has some employment under himself in the court of the Suddah Adhawlut.

21st.—This being Sunday, we all prepared for church. We drove into the town to the cathedral—St John's Cathedral it is called—a fine building, simply, but neatly appointed. The rows of flounced punkahs hanging down from the high roof struck my unaccustomed eye 'pretty considerably'; and the effect must be singular when they are waving unceasingly over the heads of the congregation. They must put people to sleep I should think. At present they are not in use, the heat not being such as to make them necessary. There was but a scanty assemblage, few very distinguished-looking persons, and not many men. We had a good plain sermon. In the evening, at five o'clock, punctual to the moment, came the carriage round to take us the daily drive. It is a custom never omitted without some unusual reason; and a very salutary custom it is, as the air from the river is delightfully cool and refreshing at that hour. Here is the outline of a Calcutta day:—Very early rising—up at gun-fire, just before it is light. A walk, a ride, or drive before the sun is high for those who like exercise at that time—a bath, a cup of coffee, a rest with a book perhaps—dress, breakfast. The husband to his business, the wife to hers, and then her visits either at home or abroad. Tiffin—undress rest—bathe—re-dress—drive. Dinner at home, and bed at ten: dinner in company leads to later hours. Any break in this monotonous existence is, I hear, a God-send—to those at least who make no other use of the hours of rest than to lay themselves listless on a sofa after wearying themselves with visits and visitors. The tiffin always appears to me to be about the pleasantest part of the day, one or two intimate friends generally remaining for it: it is the most necessary meal too to some, though there are people who do without it, or at any rate take nothing beyond a bit of bread with fruit; but the generality of constitutions become exhausted by two o'clock, and not dining till seven or eight, they are all the better of a substantial luncheon and a cool glass of beer, or wine and soda-water. Even the juries are allowed time for tiffin. The heat here makes me eat as the bracing cold of a winter's day used to make me do in England.

22d.—Having been exhibited on the Course, and shown in the cathedral, it is incumbent on us now to leave cards at all the houses where we intend visiting. None of the courts being now sitting, Edward borrowed a buggy, and carried off Arthur on a tour of their own. Such a queer machine! 'Tis like a gig with a hood to it, and the hood has a hole in the back, closed at will by a flap, to let in the dust or the air, or both. Caroline and I went in more state in the carriage, list in hand, and a chobdar with his silver stick behind us. We found a great many ladies out, gates close shut, so we left our cards. A good many were in, gates invitingly open, and the porter ready twice to strike the

bell. We did not save our cards though. The natives make such extraordinary sounds in imitation of our names, that it is quite a matter of necessity to announce ourselves. In the real old Indian houses, where the master happened to be at home, the two strokes of the bell brought him to the door to receive us, and offer his arm to help us to mount the stairs. In all houses where gentlemen were present during our visit we were escorted by them back to the carriage: certainly women are treated with peculiar politeness in India. We found our acquaintance all occupied—some with their babies; some with their ayahs and dirjees; some working, drawing, or writing, as at home, for this is the cool and the active season; and some were sitting in little family parties, with intimate friends come in to spend the day, as is very much the fashion here.

It will take us several mornings to get through even my amended list; really the length of the one my sister made out for me was alarming. Some of the distances we have to go are considerable—to Garden Reach, for instance; and it does not do to be out too long in the sun, even under the double roof of a good carriage: there is something very fierce in these noontide rays. These rather long drives will not prevent our faithfully frequenting in the evenings the pretty drive by the Hoogly, as Edward keeps two pair of carriage-horses. I have hardly called your attention sufficiently to that lively scene. The wide Course crowded with carriages, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, the river, more than a mile broad, covered with shipping on the one hand, and the fine plain of the Mydaum on the other, form altogether a picture of no common interest. It amuses me much to watch the strange variety of carriages, drawn by horses no bigger than Galloways, harnessed in the English style, but driven by Mussulman coachmen, who certainly do not look at all at home upon an elevation their forefathers never dreamed of their attaining. Fancy people who never sit on a chair or a stool, or any seat but the floor, suddenly exalted upon the coach-box of an English carriage! They look exactly as if they did not know how they got there; and awkward charioteers they make, in the turps especially, such sweeps as sailors would call good offings at sea. Accidents do happen with such unskilful guides, but more rarely than strangers would believe possible. A running footman attends every horse—the syce who feeds and cleans him. Regal style you will say, as you have not seen it, for the appearance of some of the poor ill-paid men, who can afford no better clothing than that worn by the low Hindoo, detracts a good deal from the grandeur. These men are brought up to run with the horse, whatever his pace may be, and they can keep up very well for a certain time. However, people are beginning to find out there is want of wisdom in tiring the man who is to groom the steed; and many now let the syce cling to the step of the buggy, or stand behind the carriage, hanging on a bit lower than the two chuprassies, or the two chobdars, as the case may be. The Anglo-Indians generally dress their syces much in the same style as they dress their coachmen—a shorter tunic merely, and no trousers—the natives, and a few careless English, are content to leave their poor grooms in their nearly naked simplicity, all except the head. The masters seldom neglect giving turbans and cumberbands, English masters at least, as it is rather the fashion to have these of the colours of the family livery; and the turbans are frequently made up stiffly on a frame, which looks very ugly, quite a different head-dress from the long, graceful, white or red scarf, rolled tightly round the temples. The excuse for adopting this formal substitute is, that these untidy servants regularly pull off all their clothing the moment they are out of sight, and then, when called for, they would not have time to fold on the turban. Some thorough John Bulls add a coloured band edged with gold or silver lace round or across these *bonnets* or *berets*, for they have no resemblance to turbans. I have even heard of a crest stuck up in the front of

reason why the artisans of Clydesdale should not to a far greater degree than at present act with cautious discretion and forethought when contemplating an obligation so fraught with good or evil as marriage, which can never be dissolved except by death.

FORTUNES OF THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

BETWEEN Passy and Auteuil were still to be seen, some few years ago, the remains of what had been a gentleman's residence. The residence and the family to whom it had belonged had both fallen during the first Revolution. The bole of a once magnificent tree, stag-headed, owing to the neighbouring buildings having hurt the roots, was all the evidence that remained of a park; but bits of old moss-grown wall—broken steps that led to nothing—heads and headless trunks of statues that once adorned the edges of what, now a marsh, had formerly been a piece of ornamental water—little thickets of stunted trees stopped in their growth by want of care—all hinted of what had been, although they could give no idea of the beauty which had once made Bouloinvilliers the pride of the neighbourhood and its possessor. Such was the aspect of the place recently; but when the following anecdote begins, France was to external appearance prosperous, and Bouloinvilliers was still in its bloom.

At a cottage within the gate which entered the grounds lived the gardener and his wife. They had been long married, had lost all their children, and were considered by everybody a staid elderly couple, when, to the astonishment of all, a girl was born. This precious plant, the child of their old age, was the delight especially of Pierre's life: he breathed but in little Marie, and tended her with the utmost care. Although attired in the costume appropriate to her station, her clothes were of fine materials; every indulgence in their power was lavished upon her, and every wish gratified, except the very natural one of going outside the grounds—that was never permitted to her whom they had dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and determined to keep 'unspotted from the world.' Pierre himself taught her to read very well, and to write a little; Cécilion to knit, sew, and prepare the *pot-au-feu*; and amusement she easily found for herself. She lived among green leaves and blossoms: she loved them as sisters: all her thoughts turned towards the flowers that surrounded her on every side; they were her sole companions, and she never wearied playing with them. An old lime, the branches of which drooped round like a tent, and where the bees sought honey as long as there was any lingering on its sweetly-odorous branches, was her house, as she termed it; a large acorn formed a coffee-pot; its cups, her cups, plates, porringers, and saucers, according to their size and flatness; and bits of broken porcelain, rubbed bright, enlivened the knotted stump, which served for shelves, chimney, and all; a water-lily was her *marmite*; fir-cones her cows; a large mushroom her table, when mushrooms were in season, at other times a bit of wood covered with green moss or wild sorrel. Her dolls even were made of flowers—bunches of lilies and roses formed the faces, a bundle of long beech-sprigs the bodies; and for hours would she sit rocking them, her low song chiming in with the drowsy hum of the insects.

When grown older, and become more adventurous, she used to weave little boats from rushes upon bits of cork, and freight them with flowers. These she launched on the lake, where the fresh air and fresh water kept them sometimes longer from fading than would have otherwise been their fate, during the hot dry days of July and August, on their native beds. Thus passed her happy childhood: often and often she dreamed over it in after-life, pleasing herself with the fancy, that perhaps as God, when he made sinless man in his own image, gave him a garden as his home, so for those who entered into 'the joy of our Lord' a garden

might be prepared in heaven, sweeter far than even that of Bouloinvilliers—one where sun never scorched, cold never pinched, flowers never faded, birds never died. The death of a bird was the greatest grief she had known, a cat the most ferocious animal she had as yet encountered. She attended the private chapel on Sundays and saints' days. The day she made her first communion was the first of her entry into the world, and much distraction of mind did the unwonted sight of houses, shops, and crowds of people, cause to our little recluse, which served for reflection, conversation, and curious questioning for many a day after. On a white-painted table with a drawer there stood a plaster-cast of the Virgin Mary, much admired by its innocent namesake, and associated in her mind with praises and sugar-plums—for whenever she had been particularly good she found some there for her. It was her office to dust it with a feather brush, supply water to the flowers amid which the little figure stood, and replace them with fresh ones when faded. Whenever she was petulant, a black screen was placed before the table, and Marie was not suffered to approach it. This was her only punishment; indeed the only one she required, for she heard and saw nothing wrong: her parents never disputed, and they were so gentle and indulgent to her, that she never even felt tempted to disguise the truth. The old priest often represented to the father that unless he intended his child for the cloister, this mode of bringing her up in such total seclusion and ignorance was almost cruel; but Pierre answered that he could give her a good fortune, and would take care to secure a good husband for her; and her perfect purity and innocence were so beautiful, that the kind-hearted but unwise ecclesiastic did not insist farther.

In the meantime she grew apace; and her mother being dead, Marie lived on as before with her father, whose affection only increased with his years, both of them apparently thinking that the world went on as they did themselves, unchanged in a single idea. Alas! 'we know not what a day may bring forth,' even when we have an opportunity of seeing and hearing all that passes around us. Pierre and Marie were scarcely aware of the commencement of the Revolution until it was at its height—the marquis, his son, and the good priest massacred—madame escaped to England—and the property divided, and in the possession of others of a very different stamp from his late kind patron, a model of suavity and grace of manner even in that capital which gave laws of politeness to the rest of Europe. All this came like a clap of thunder upon the astonished Pierre; and although he continued to live in his old cottage, he never more held up his head. Finally he became quite childish, and one day died sitting in his chair, his last words being 'Marie,' his last action pointing to the little figure of the Virgin. When his death, however, became known, the new propriétaire desired that the cottage should be vacated, and came himself to look after its capabilities. He was astonished at the innocent beauty of the youthful Marie, but not softened by it; for his bold, coarse admiration, and loud, insolent manner, so terrified the gentle recluse, that as soon as it was dark she made a bundle of her clothes, and taking the cherished little earthen image in her hand, went forth, like Eve from paradise, though, alas! not into a world without inhabitants. Terrified to a degree which no one not brought up as she had been can form the least idea of, but resolved to dare anything rather than meet that bold, bad man again, she plunged into the increasing gloom, and wandered, wearied and heartbroken, she knew not whither, until, hungry and tired, she could go no farther. She lay down, therefore, at the foot of a tree, with her head on her bundle, and the Virgin in her hand, and soon fell sound asleep.

She was awakened from a dream of former days by rough hands, and upon regaining her recollection, found that some one had snatched the bundle from beneath

her head, and that nothing remained to her but the little image, associated in her mind with that happy childhood to which her present destitute and friendless condition formed so terrible a contrast. The sneers, and in some cases the insults of the passers-by, terrified her to such a degree, that, regardless of consequences, she penetrated further into the Bois de Boulogne, when at length weak, and indeed quite exhausted from want of food, she sank down, praying to God to let her die, and take her to Heaven. She waited patiently for some time, hoping, and more than half expecting, that what she asked so earnestly would be granted to her. About an hour passed, and Marie, wondering in her simple faith that she was still alive, repeated her supplications, uttering them in her distraction in a loud tone of voice. Suddenly she fancied she heard sounds of branches breaking, and the approach of footsteps, and filled with the utmost alarm lest it might be some of those much-dreaded men who had derided and insulted her, she attempted to rise and fly; but her weakness was so great, that after a few steps she fell.

'My poor girl,' said a kind voice, 'are you ill? What do you here, so far from your home and friends?'

'I have no home, no friend but God, and I want to go to Him. Oh, my God, let me die! let me die!'

'You are too young to die yet: you have many happy days in store I hope. Come, come; eat something, or you will die.'

'But eating will make me live, and I want to die, and go to my father and mother.'

'But that would be to kill yourself, and then you would never see either God or your parents, you know. Come, eat a morsel, and take a mouthful of wine.'

'But when you go, there is no one to give me any more, so I shall only be longer in dying.'

'Self-destruction, you ought to know, if you have been properly brought up, is the only sin for which there can be no pardon, for that is the only sin we cannot repent.'

Marie looked timidly up at the manly, sensible, kind face which bent over her, and accepted the food he offered. He was dressed as a workman, and had on his shoulders a hod of glass: in fact he was an itinerant glazier. His look was compassionate, but his voice, although soft, was authoritative. Refreshed by what she had taken, Marie sat up, and very soon was able to walk. She told her little history, one word of which he never doubted.

'But what do you mean to do?' asked the young man.

'To stay with you always, for you are kind and good, and no one else is so to me.'

'But that cannot be: it would not be right, you know.'

'And why would it not be right? Oh, do let me! don't send me away! I will be so good!' answered she, her entire ignorance and innocence preventing her feeling what any girl, brought up amongst her fellow-creatures however carefully, would at once have done.

Auguste was a Belgian, without any relations at Paris, and with little means of supporting a wife; but young, romantic, and kind-hearted, he resolved at once to marry his innocent protégée, as soon at least as he could find a priest to perform the ceremony—no easy task at that time, and in the eyes of the then world of Paris no necessary one, for profligacy was at its height, and the streets were yet red with the blood of the virtuous and noble. They began life, then, with his load of glass and her gold cross and gold earrings, heirlooms of considerable value, which providentially the robbers had not thought of taking from her. With the produce of the earrings they hired a garret and some humble furniture, where they lived from hand to mouth, Marie taking in coarse sewing, and her husband sometimes picking up a few sous at his trade. Often, however, they had but one meal a day, seldom any fire; and when their first child was born, their troubles of course materially increased, and Auguste often returned from a weary ramble all over Paris just as he had set out—with-

out having even gained a solitary sou. The cross soon followed the earrings, and they had now nothing left that they could part with except the little plaster figure so often alluded to, which would not bring a franc, and which was loved and cherished by Marie as the sole remaining object connected with Bouloinvilliers, and the last thing her father had looked at on earth. The idea of parting with this gave her grief which is better imagined than described; for although the furniture of the cottage undoubtedly belonged to Marie, her husband knew too well that at a time when might was right, any steps taken towards recovering its value would be not only fruitless, but dangerous: he therefore never even attempted to assert their rights.

One day, however, they had been without food or firing for nearly twenty-four hours, and the little Cécile was fractious with hunger, incessantly crying 'Du pain! du pain!' Marie rose, and approaching the Virgin, said—'It is wicked to hesitate longer: go, Auguste, and sell it for what you can get.'

She seized it hastily, as though afraid of changing her resolution, and with such trepidation, that it slipped through her fingers, and broke in two. Poor Marie sank upon her face at this sight, with a superstitious feeling that she had meditated wrong, and was thus punished. She was weeping bitterly, when her husband almost roughly raised her up, exclaiming in joyful accents—'Marie, Marie, give thanks to God! Now I know why your father pointed when he could not speak! Sorrow no more: we are rich!'

In the body of the statuette was found bills to the amount of fifteen hundred francs—Marie's fortune, in fact, which her father had told the chaplain he had amassed for her. We need not dwell upon the happiness of this excellent couple, or the rapture, mingled with gratitude, in which the remainder of this day was passed. Those who disapprove of castle-building may perhaps blame them; for several castles they constructed, on better foundations, however, than most of those who spend their time in this pleasing but unprofitable occupation. Next day they took a glazier's shop, stocked it, provided themselves with decent clothing and furniture, and commenced their new life with equal frugality and comfort—Marie doing her own work, and serving in the shop when her husband was out engaged in his business. But in time he was able to hire an assistant, and she a young girl, to look after the children while she pursued the avocation of a *couturière*, in which she soon became very expert. The little image was fastened together again, placed upon a white table, similar to that which used to stand in her childhood's home, surrounded with flowers, and made, as of old, the abode of sugar-plums and rewards of good conduct. But alas! there are not many Mariés in the world. In spite of her good example and good teaching, her children would at times be naughty. They sometimes quarrelled, sometimes were greedy; and what vexed their simple-minded mother more than all the rest, sometimes told stories of one another. Still they were good children, as children go; and when the black screen was superseded by punishments a little more severe, did credit to their training. They were not permitted to play in the street, or to go to or from school alone, or remain there after school-hours. Their father took pains with their deportment, corrected false grammar, and recommended the cultivation of habits more refined than people in his humble although respectable position deem necessary. As their prosperity increased, Marie was surprised to observe her husband devote all his spare time to reading, and not only picture-cleaning and repairing, but painting, in which he was such an adept, that he was employed to paint several signs.

'How did you learn so much?' she said one day. 'Did your father teach you?'

'No; I went to school.'

'Then he was not so very poor?'

'He was very poor, but he lived in hopes that I might one day possess a fortune.'

'It would seem as if he had a foreknowledge of what my little statue contained?'

'No, my love; he looked to it from another source; for a title without a fortune is a misfortune.'

'A title! Nay, now you are playing with my simplicity.'

'No, Marie; I am the nephew of the Vicomte de —, and for aught I know, may be the possessor of that name at this moment—the legal heir to his estate. My father, ruined by his extravagance, and, I grieve to add, by his crimes, had caused himself to be disowned by all his relations. He fled with me to Paris, where he soon after died, leaving me nothing but his seal and his papers. I wrote to my uncle for assistance; but although being then quite a boy, and incapable of having personally given him offence, he refused it in the most cruel manner; and I was left to my own resources at a time when my name and education were rather a hindrance than a help, and I found no opening for entering into any employment suited to my birth. My uncle had then two fine, healthy, handsome boys; the youngest is dead; and the eldest, I heard accidentally, in such a state of health that recovery is not looked for by the most sanguine of his friends. I never breathed a word of all this to you, because I never expected to survive my cousins, and resolved to make an independent position for myself sooner or later. Do you remember the other day an old gentleman stopping and asking some questions about the coat of arms I was painting?'

'Yes; he asked who had employed you to paint those arms, but I was unable to inform him.'

'Well, my dear, he came again this morning to repeat the question to myself; and I am now going to satisfy him, when I expect to bring you some news.'

Marie was in a dream. Unlike gardeners' daughters of the present day, she had read no novels or romances, and it appeared to her as impossible that such an event should happen as that the cap on her head should turn into a crown. It *did* happen, however. The old gentleman, a distant relation and intimate friend of the uncle of Auguste, had come to Paris, at his dying request, to endeavour to find out his nephew and heir; and the proofs Auguste produced were so plain, that he found no difficulty in persuading M. B—de that he was the person he represented himself to be. He very soon after went to Belgium, took legal possession of all his rights, and returned to hail the gentle and long-suffering Marie as Vicomtesse de —, and conduct her and the children to a handsome apartment in the Rue —, dressed in habiliments suitable to her present station, and looking as lady-like as if she had been born to fill it. She lived long and happily, and continued the same pure, humble-minded being she had ever been, whether blooming among the flowers at Bouloinvilliers, or pining for want in a garret in the Faubourg St Antoine. Two of her daughters are alive now. Her son, after succeeding to his father, died without children of the cholera in 1832; and the son of his eldest sister has taken up the *title*, under a different name, these matters not being very strictly looked after in France.

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

Socrus is the royal name which botanists have consented to bestow on the most extraordinary perhaps of all floral productions—the great water-lily of South America; the magnificence and splendour of whose blossoms far outstrip those of the more gigantic but less highly-organized flower of Sumatra (*Rafflesia Arnoldi*), at one time considered the greatest prodigy of the vegetable kingdom.

This queen of aquatics, so conspicuous in the lagoons of those immense rivers tributary to the Amazon, must have been long familiar to the native Indians, and indeed the mealy seeds contained in its fruit are

in favour with them as an article of food; but we believe that Hænke, the famous but unfortunate botanical traveller, was the first European botanist to meet with this vegetable wonder. It was during his South American travels in 1801 that he made the discovery; and so beautiful and extraordinary did the plant appear, that, in a transport of admiration, he fell upon his knees, and fervently expressed aloud his sense of the power and magnificence of the Creator in His works! The botanist and his companion encamped on the river's bank near to the place where the lily grew, for the express purpose of enjoying the splendid spectacle which it formed, and we are told that they quitted the spot with great reluctance. Professor Lindley says, 'An undoubted addition to a tribe of plants, at once so beautiful and so circumscribed as that of the Nymphs or water-lilies, would be an event of interest even if it only related to a distinctly-marked species of some well-known genus. But when the subject of the discovery is not only a new genus, but a plant of the most extraordinary beauty—fragrant, and of dimensions previously unheard-of in the whole vegetable kingdom, except in the colossal family of palms—an interest must then attach to it which can rarely be possessed by a novelty in natural history. Such a plant is the subject of the following notice—a water-lily, exhibiting a new type of structure, of the most noble aspect, of the richest colours, and so gigantic, that its leaves measure above eighteen feet, and its flower nearly four feet in circumference.'

Notwithstanding this water-lily having been discovered by Hænke in 1801, and subsequently observed by various botanical travellers, it was not before the year 1837 that any full detail of its history appeared, when Dr Lindley prepared an illustrated memoir, of which only twenty-five copies were printed. Even the earliest mention of the plant in print was in 1832, in 'Froriep's Notizen,' wherein it is described as a new species of *Euryale*, under the name of *E. Amazonica*.†

Sir Robert Schomburgk, when investigating the natural productions of British Guiana in the year 1837, discovered the Victoria Lily there, and he gives a glowing detail of the discovery in a letter addressed to the Royal Geographical Society of London, on whose account, aided by the British government, his travels were undertaken. He writes, 'It was on the 1st of January 1837, while contending with the difficulties that nature interposed in different forms, to stem our progress up the river Berbice (lat. 4° 30' N., long. 52° W.), that we arrived at a part where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object on the southern extremity of this basin attracted my attention, and I was unable to form an idea of what it could be; but, animating the crew to increase the rate of their paddling, we soon came opposite the object which had raised my curiosity, and, behold, a vegetable wonder! All calamities were forgotten; I was a botanist, and felt myself rewarded! There were gigantic leaves, five to six feet across, flat, with a broad rim, lighter green above, and vivid crimson below, floating upon the water; while, in character with the wonderful foliage, I saw luxuriant flowers, each consisting of numerous petals, passing, in alternate tints, from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with the blossoms, and as I rowed from one to the other, I always found something new to ad-

* Botanical Register Misc., 1838, p. 2.

† Hooker's Description of Victoria Regia, p. 2.

nire. The flower-stalk is an inch thick near the calyx, and studded with elastic prickles, about three-quarters of an inch long. When expanded, the four-leaved calyx measures a foot in diameter, but is concealed by the expansion of the hundred-petalled corolla. This beautiful flower, when it first unfolds, is white, with a pink centre; the colour spreads as the bloom increases in age, and, at a day old, the whole is rose-coloured. As if to add to the charm of this noble water-lily, it diffuses a sweet scent. As in the case of others in the same tribe, the petals and stamens pass gradually into each other, and many petaloid leaves may be observed, bearing vestiges of an anther. The seeds are numerous, and imbedded in a spongy substance. Ascending the river, we found this plant frequently; and the higher we advanced, the more gigantic did the specimens become; one leaf we measured was 6 feet 3 inches in diameter, the rim $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and the flowers $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot across. A beetle (*Trichius* sp.?) infests the flowers to their great injury, often completely destroying the inner part of the disc: we counted sometimes from twenty to thirty of these insects in one flower. The circumstance mentioned by Sir Robert, that the farther up the river he proceeded the larger were the specimens, is a good illustration in nature of the fact now well known to cultivators of the Victoria in this country—that it will not succeed in an atmosphere within the influence of the sea-breeze, nor in water containing salt.

From the researches of the various travellers who have met with it, the great water-lily would seem to have a geographical range of considerable extent—a fact which the geographic botanist would not be led to suppose from its extraordinary structure. It abounds in the lagoons and still shallow bays which occur on all those great rivers tributary to the Amazon, often covering the waters with its gigantic foliage and magnificent flowers to the extent of many miles, its large boat-shaped leaves forming a resting-place for the numerous tribes of aquatic birds that frequent those humid regions. It has likewise been observed to occur in profusion in similar situations on the still waters of the La Plata and the Essequibo, appearing on the latter at a distance of not more than a hundred miles from the sea; and from the fact of so little being known of the botanical productions more especially of the interior of South America, it is probable that the Victoria may yet be found to be very generally distributed over at least the eastern portion of the continent.

When the great American water-lily became known in Europe, a strong desire to obtain its introduction to this country in a living state soon evinced itself. Frequent attempts were made, and long made unsuccessfully, to get fresh seeds and roots transported across the Atlantic. It was not merely the difficulty of obtaining the living plants and seeds which stood in the way: our cultivators were in a great measure ignorant of the natural conditions under which it was developed in its native waters, and even after plants were successfully raised in the Royal Gardens at Kew, they perished without producing flowers or fruit. Many, indeed, are the disappointments and delays of science, as Hooker well exclaims when detailing the history of this royal lily.

At length, after a series of futile attempts, which will form an interesting chapter in the history of botanical science, and an instructive one for the botanists of future times, the queen of all the lilies was successfully introduced into the Exotic Aquarium at Kew. A number of healthy plants being raised, they were last year distributed to the various horticultural establishments in Britain where proper accommodation could be given to the enormous aquatic. One of these plants was sent to the gardens at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire; and on the 1st November 1849 a flower appeared, indicating a condition of advancement beyond what had been attained by any of the other plants at Kew or elsewhere. On

the evening of Thursday, the 8th of the same month, between five and eight o'clock, this flower partially opened: it closed during sunlight on Friday the 9th, and fully opened on the same evening between five and eight o'clock. On the morning of Saturday the flower was beginning to wither, evincing that rapidity of development and decay, which scientific travellers had observed of the lily in its native lakes. Professor Lindley thus describes the splendid blossom:—'The flower itself, when it first opens, resembles the white water-lily, of a dazzling white, with its fine leathery petals, forming a goblet of the most elegant proportions; but as the day advances it gradually expands till it becomes nearly flat; towards evening a faint blush becomes visible in the centre, the petals fall back more and more, and at last, about six o'clock, a sudden change occurs; in a few minutes the petals arrange themselves in the form of a snow-white hemisphere, whose edge reposes on the water, and the centre rises majestically at the summit, producing a diadem of rosy points. It then . . . constitutes one of the most elegant objects in nature. Shortly after, the expansion of the central parts proceeding, these points fall back; the stamens unfold in an interior coronet, the stigmas are laid bare, a grateful perfume arises in the air, and the great object of the flower—the fertilisation of the seeds—is accomplished. Then fold inwards the petals, the flower closes, the fairest of vegetable textures becomes wrinkled, decay begins, and the flower-stalk withdraws itself beneath the water, as if to veil the progress of corruption. But out of this decay arises a new living body; the fruit, curved downwards, swells rapidly, and in a short time a prickly seed-vessel is observed concealed beneath the floating leaves.' The Chatsworth plant continued to bloom profusely, and likewise produced fruit and perfect seeds, from which have been raised a new progeny to replenish our English gardens.

Subsequently to the flowering of the Victoria Lily at Chatsworth, its blossoms have been produced at two other celebrated horticultural establishments: first, at the princely establishment at Syon House in the neighbourhood of London, and afterwards at the Royal Gardens of Kew, the previous want of success in the latter establishment being attributed to the bad quality of the water with which the Aquarium was until recently supplied. The plants at Kew are in great health and vigour, and producing blossoms profusely; and we doubt not that great multitudes of the people of London, as well as visitors to the metropolis, will have availed themselves, before this sheet is published, of the opportunity of seeing one of the most wonderful and splendid productions of nature in the Royal Garden, now freely open to the public.

The plant has also been successfully reared in the lakes of Jamaica and Trinidad from seeds obtained at one of its localities on the Essequibo. The climate of these islands will of course enable it to be easily grown in the open air-ponds and streams, if proper situations are selected; but we fear the influence of the sea will be too powerful to allow of its extensive cultivation, as it will be necessary to confine it to the interior. Sir William Hooker mentions in the 'Kew Garden Miscellany' that his most recent letters from Dr Falconer of the H. E. I. C. Botanic Garden, dated 2d May, announce the arrival of the head gardener, Mr Scott, at that establishment, bringing with him seeds of *Victoria Regia*, which, says Sir William's valued correspondent, 'will constitute a splendid feature in our out-of-door tanks, surrounded with *Nelumbium speciosum*, which we grow almost by the acre, *Euryale ferox*, and *Nymphaea rubra*, &c.; but we have yet to ascertain whether the seed will germinate.' It will indeed be a grand addition to the vegetation of India, already so rich and luxuriant as to strike every European observer with astonishment and admiration.

Dr Campbell of Demerara has recently sent seeds of the Victoria to the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh.

These are not expected to germinate; but the plants, both at Chatsworth and Syon, are fruiting freely, and producing plenty of perfect seeds, so that we may reasonably expect the *Victoria Regia* to be speedily diffused as a cultivated exotic throughout the gardens of Europe.

'MODERN MYTHS'—THE PIG-FACED LADY.

THE Gentleman Bagpiper, it seems, is not the only one of our modern myths resting upon a stratum of reality. Another correspondent—'An Octogenarian'—now comes forward with information equally authentic touching the Pig-faced Lady.

I can by no means claim the distinction of being 'the oldest inhabitant' of this island, having only just completed my eightieth year, but I am quite old enough to have listened in my childhood to many marvellous stories of the Pig-faced Lady, who, in spite of her unnatural physiognomy, was invested in my imagination with all the charms of a princess in some fairy tale, so vivid were the accounts given of her wealth and magnificence—of her bitter trials and noble deeds. Indeed she was as true a being to me in those days as were Cinderella and Blue Beard; nor were their adventures one whit more exciting to my imagination than the history of this Pig-faced Lady, who, while she ate out of a golden trough, wore a veil of golden tissue, so thickly studded with jewels, that no eye could penetrate its lustrous folds; nor was it ever uplifted in the presence of any human being until her adventurous bridegroom, a son of Erin (who, if he loved 'woman,' loved also 'golden store'), claimed at the altar the privilege of beholding his wife. At such a moment he might not be refused; so he drew aside the costly veil which had heretofore concealed her from his view, but started back with dismay and horror at the brute-like physiognomy which met his gaze; and rushing out of the church, abandoned for ever his wealthy but repulsive bride. The unhappy lady, after suffering this cruel mortification, found her only solace in relieving the miseries of others; and while ministering to their wants, gradually obtained a mitigation of her own wretchedness. Thus she became blessed herself while blessing others, and lived to an advanced age, 'filling' to the last 'her odorous lamp with deeds of light.'

Such were my childish impressions of the Pig-faced Lady! In later years, however, the romance of her story has been destroyed by an acquaintance with the real facts of her life, which are as follows:—About one hundred and fifty years ago there died in the neighbourhood of Dublin a gentleman named Steevens, who was possessed of ample means, and left behind him two children, a son and a daughter. The latter was still a child, but the former had arrived at man's estate, and being of a studious and scientific turn of mind, had adopted the profession of medicine as his occupation in life. Mr Steevens bequeathed all his property to his son, leaving his infant daughter wholly dependent on her brother for support and care. And nobly did he fulfil the office thus assigned to him, for he watched over the little one as if it had been his own. The health of the child was precarious; and she suffered so severely from an affection of the eyes, that she could not bear the light of day, or even enjoy the balmy breezes of a summer afternoon. Owing to this infirmity, she always wore within doors a large green shade, which overshadowed her countenance, and never ventured into the open air without being protected from

the cold by a thick veil, which was so carefully wrapped around her, that no one could discern her features beneath its ample folds. This habitual concealment of her face imparted a certain air of mystery to her being, which soon awakened the curiosity of strangers, and excited in many a suspicion of some peculiar deformity in her aspect.

There exists probably in every human mind a love of the marvellous; but among some races the tendency is more largely and more generally developed than in others. This is especially the case with the Irish people, who are so deeply imbued with a love of the wonderful, that they delight in stories which exceed all the ordinary bounds of belief; and if a whisper be breathed among them which savours of the supernatural, it quickly circulates in an exaggerated form, until the viewless shadow grows into a substantive reality. Thus it proved in the case of Griselda Steevens—for so was our heroine called—who, on her approach to womanhood, had the misery to find that public rumour had bestowed upon her a pig's face. Why this peculiar form of physiognomy was allotted to her has never been rightly ascertained. Perhaps it was that Paddy in his gratitude to the '*craghtur that pays the rint*,' bethought himself that if the young lady was to have any extraordinary defect, she could not be better off than in resembling this benefactor of Irish humanity. Be this as it may, poor Griselda, who was of a very sensitive disposition, was sorely dismayed on hearing of the rumour which was spread abroad concerning her; and to add to her distress at this painful moment, she was unexpectedly deprived of her beloved brother, Dr Steevens, on whose death she found herself a wealthy heiress, but not the less miserable at having lost her only friend—one who had watched over her, and cared for her since the earliest days of her life.

On opening the will of Dr Richard Steevens, it was found that he had left all his property to his sister Griselda, with the proviso that, in case of her not marrying, she should leave it after her decease for the purpose of founding and endowing an hospital in Dublin.

The unhappy girl was so overwhelmed with grief at the loss she had sustained, that for a while she gave herself up to the most absolute seclusion; and in this state of solitude, the report which had previously met her ear recurred to her memory, and fixed itself painfully in her thoughts, until the idea of appearing once more among her fellow-creatures became quite intolerable to her mind. In compliance, however, with the earnest desire of her physician, she at length ventured out. But to her diseased imagination, it seemed as if every eye were either bent upon her with idle curiosity, or turned away with ill-disguised aversion. So she returned to her solitary home with the inward determination to remove far from the busy haunts of men, and to bury herself for life in some remote and deep seclusion, where she might avoid the scorn and pity of mankind.

Happily for herself and others, the softening influences of benevolence and religion came at this moment to her aid. She pondered over the clause in her brother's will, whereby, in the event of her dying unmarried, the whole of his property was assigned to the purpose of 'founding and endowing an hospital;' and she resolved to fulfil his intention during her own lifetime, and to devote all her wealth and leisure to the accomplishment of the noble object which had been contemplated only conditionally in his testament.

With the quiet energy which so often characterises persons of her shy and retired disposition, Griselda Steevens at once set about this great work. She purchased a large plot of ground in James' Street (Dublin), for the site of an hospital, to which she assigned by

deed the whole of her property, reserving only £120 a year for her own support during her lifetime, together with a suite of apartments in the hospital. The foundation stone was laid in 1720; and in 1723 a sufficient portion of the building was finished to receive forty patients. Subsequently, the whole edifice was completed, and afforded accommodation for upwards of two hundred patients.

Madame Steevens (for so was she designated) took up her abode without delay in the apartments which had been prepared for her; and renouncing all the ordinary pursuits and recreations of life, she at once devoted herself to the superintendence of the noble institution. Within its walls she resided during a long course of years, proving ever a friend to the friendless, and a kindly sympathiser with those who needed pity and consolation. The offices of charity which belonged to her daily life brought her into such frequent contact with her fellow-creatures, that she gradually lost that nervous apprehension of them which had haunted her for a while, like some baneful vision, and even threatened to consume her life by its corroding influence. The inmates of the hospital soon learned to look upon her with gratitude and affection, but out of doors the erroneous impression concerning her appearance remained unchanged. It would seem, however, that she became less painfully sensitive on this subject; for we learn from an aged housekeeper of the establishment, that in her early childhood she had often heard Madame Steevens spoken of by a physician, who had been one of the first governors of the hospital, and who told her that 'that lady often sat in a passage, to allow the public to see for themselves that her pig-facedness was all a fable.' A portrait of her is still hung up in the library of the hospital, and represents the countenance of an old lady, remarkable only for her very kind and comely aspect.

Madame Steevens never married, but after living to a good old age, died in the hospital, which still subsists as the noblest monument of her goodness, and which is familiarly known in Dublin as 'Madame Steevens's Hospital.' It is the most extensive hospital in that city, and is intended more especially for surgical cases. Its wards are visited by the most eminent surgeons and physicians, and there are always residing within its walls skilful practitioners, who are in constant attendance upon the patients. No case of fracture or of accidental injury is ever dismissed from its doors; and even in the dead of night, if the 'accident bell' is heard to ring, immediate admission is given to the sufferer, and fitting attention bestowed upon his case.

Such are the real facts of Madame Steevens's life. And yet, although they are perfectly well authenticated, and familiar to many of her countrymen, she is still popularly spoken of in Ireland as the Pig-faced Lady; and there are not a few who believe that her effigy is to be seen at the hospital, carved in stone, wherein she is represented with a monstrous snout instead of a mere human countenance. So true is the observation of an old writer, that 'prejudice is ever too strong with the multitude for the force of argument.'

Madame Steevens being thus reduced to the level of ordinary mortals, there remains only a word or two to be said concerning a mythical personage of the same sort, who, strange as it may appear, existed in England during the same century in which Madame Steevens flourished in the sister island.

I have recently been informed that about the middle of the eighteenth century there dwelt in London a noble lady of Scottish parentage, who, from some peculiar conformation of her features, was called the Pig-faced Lady; and my informant, a venerable and clear-headed old lady of ninety, assures me that her mother was well acquainted with this noble Pig-faced Lady, and used frequently to visit her at her house in Sloane Street. Further information on this mysterious subject I cannot give you; but perhaps some devout lover of the marvellous may make a pilgrimage to Sloane Street, and by patient research and investigation, discover the

real facts concerning this noble lady—whether she was amiable and human-faced, like Madame Steevens; or a sort of semi-monster, such as was portrayed in the popular traditions of that day.

LETTERS.

NEITHER history nor tradition tells us aught of the first letter—who was its writer, and on what occasion; how it was transmitted, or in what manner answered. The Chinese, the Hindoo, and the Scandinavian mythologies had each tales regarding the inventors of writing, and the rest of those that by pre-eminence may be called human arts; but concerning the beginner of mankind's epistolary correspondence, neither they nor the classic poets—who, by the way, volunteered many an ingenious story on subjects far less important—have given us the least account.

Pope says—

'Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid—
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.'

The poet evidently refers to the letter-writing art, and it may be so, for aught we can tell; but with all submission to his superior knowledge, banished lovers and captive maids have rarely been the transmitters of such useful inventions. Certainly, whoever first commenced letter-writing, the world has been long his debtor. It is long since the Samaritans wrote a letter against the builders of Jerusalem to Artaxerxes, and it may be observed that the said letter is the earliest epistle mentioned in any history. Older communications appear to have been always verbal, by means of heralds and messengers. Homer, in his account of all the news received and sent between the Greeks and Trojans, never refers to a single letter. The scribe's occupation was not altogether unknown in those days, but it must have been brought to considerable perfection before efforts in the epistolary style were made. That ancient language of picture and symbol, in which Egypt expressed her wisdom, was undoubtedly the earliest mode of writing; but however calculated to preserve the memory of great historical events amid the daily life, and toil, and changes of nations, it was but poorly fitted for the purpose of correspondence. How could compliments or insinuations be conveyed by such an autograph? Letters must have been brief and scanty in the hieroglyphic times; yet doubtless not without some representations, for the unalphabetized of mankind have combined to hold mutual intelligence by many a sign and emblem, especially in those affairs designated of the heart, as they above all others contribute to ingenuity. Hence came the Eastern language of flowers, which, with Oriental literature and mythology, is now partially known over the civilised world. In its native clime this natural alphabet is said to be so distinctly understood, that the most minute intimations are expressed by it; but the more frank and practical courtship of Europe has always preferred the pen as its channel of communication, which, besides its greater power of enlargement, prevents those mistakes into which the imperfectly-initiated are apt to fall with flowers. For instance, there is a story of a British officer in Andalusia who, having made a deep impression on the heart of a certain alcaide's daughter, in one of the small old towns of that half-Moorish province, and receiving from her one morning a bouquet, the significance of which was—'My mother is in the way now, but come to visit me in the twilight,' supposed in his ignorance, and perhaps presumption, that he was invited to an immediate appointment: whereupon he hurried to the house, just in time to meet the venerable signora, when the lady of his heart boxed his ears with her own fair hands, and vowed she would never again send flowers to a stupid Englishman.

In fine contrast to this sample of misunderstanding stands forth the dexterity with which an Irish serving-maid contrived to signify, by symbols of her own invention, her pleasure on a still more trying occasion. Poor

Kitty, though a belle in her class, could neither read nor write; but her mistress's grown-up daughter undertook, as a labour of love, to carry on a correspondence between her and a certain hedge schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, who laid siege to Kitty's heart and hand on account of a small deposit in the savings' bank, and that proverbial attraction which learned men are said to find in rather illiterate ladies. The schoolmaster was, however, providently desirous of fixing on the mind of his future partner an impression of his own superiority sufficient to outlast the wear and tear of married life, and therefore wooed chiefly by long and learned letters, to which Kitty responded in her best style, leaving to her volunteer secretary what she called 'the grammar' of her replies; besides declaring, with many hardly-complimentary observations on the schoolmaster's person and manners, that she had not the slightest interest in the affair, but only, in her own words, 'to keep up the craythur's heart.' Thus the courtship had proceeded prosperously through all the usual stages, when at length the question, *par excellence*, was popped (of course on paper). Kitty heard that epistle read with wonted disdain; but alas for human confidence! there was something in her answer with which she could not trust the writer of so many; for after all her scorn, Kitty intended to say 'Yes,' and her mode of doing so merits commemoration. In solitude that evening, beside the kitchen hearth, she sketched on a sheet of white paper, with the help of a burned stick, a rude representation of a human eye, and enclosing a small quantity of wool, despatched it next morning to the impatient swain by the hand of his head scholar—those primitive tokens expressing to Kitty's mind the important words, 'I will, which the teacher, strange to say, understood in the same sense; and their wedding took place, to the unqualified amazement of Kitty's amanuensis. Epistolary forms and fashions have had their mutations like all other human things. The old Eastern mode of securing letters was by folding them in the shape of a roll, and winding round them a thin cord, generally of silk, as the luxury of letters was known only to the rich. In the case of billets-doux—for Eastern lovers did not always speak by flowers when the pen was at their command—enthusiastic ladies sometimes substituted those long silken strings which, from time immemorial, the Oriental women have worn in their hair—a proceeding which was understood to indicate the deepest shade of devotedness.

The mythic importance attached to these hair-strings must indeed have been great, as history records that a certain prince, whose dominions were threatened by Mithridates, the great king of Pontus—like other great men, a troublesome neighbour in his day—sent the latter a submissive epistle, offering homage and tribute, and bound with the hair-strings of his nineteen wives, to signify that he and his were entirely at the monarch's service. The custom of securing letters by cords came through the Greek empire into Europe in the middle ages; but the use of the seal seems still earlier, as it is mentioned in Old Testament history. Ancient writers speak of it as an Egyptian invention, together with the signet ring, so indispensable throughout the classic world, and regarded as the special appendage of sovereignty in the feudal times.

Of all the letters the Egyptians wrote on their papyrus, no specimens now remain, except perhaps those scrolls in the hands of mummies, referred to by early Christian authors as epistles sent to deceased friends by those unreturning messengers; and they, it may be presumed, were at the best but formal letters, since no reply was ever expected. The classic formula for correspondence, 'Augustus to Julius, greeting,' is now preserved only in letters-patent, or similar documents. That brief and unvarying style has long been superseded in every language of Europe by a graduated series of endearing terms, rising with the temperature of attachment, from 'Dear Sir,' or 'Madam,' to a limit scarcely assignable, but it lies somewhere near 'Adored Thomas' or 'Margery.'

Masters of the fine arts as they were, those ancient

nations came far short of the moderns in that of letter-writing. The few specimens of their correspondence that have reached us are either on matters of public business, or dry and dignified epistles from one great man to another, with little life and less gossip in them. It is probable that their practice was somewhat limited, as the facilities of the post-office were unknown to Greece and Rome—the entire agency of modern communication being to the classic world represented only by the post or courier, who formed part of the retinue of every wealthy family. The method of writing in the third person, so suitable for heavy business or ceremony, is evidently a classical bequest. It does not appear to have been practised in England till about the beginning of the eighteenth century, though it was early in use among the continental nations. Louis XIV. used to say it was the only style in which a prince should permit himself to write; and in the far East, where it had been in still older repute, the Chinese informed his missionaries that ever since they had been taught manners by the Emperor Tae Sing, no inferior would presume to address a man of rank in any other form, especially as a law of the said emperor had appointed twenty blows of the bamboo for that infraction of plebeian duty.

Of all human writings, letters have been preserved in the smallest proportion. How few of those which the best-informed actors in great events or revolutions must have written, have been copied by elder historians or biographers! Such documents are, by their nature, at once the least accessible and the most liable to destruction; private interests, feelings, and fears, keep watch against their publication; but even when these were taken out of the way, it is to be feared that the narrow-minded habit of overlooking all their wisdom deemed minute, which has made the chronicles of nations so scanty, and many a life in two volumes such dull reading, also induced learned compilers to neglect, as beneath their search, the old letters bundled up in dusty chest or corner, till they served a succeeding generation for waste paper. Such mistakes have occasioned heavy losses to literature. Time leaves no witnesses in the matters of history and character equal to these. How many a disputed tale, on which party controversy has raged, and laborious volumes have been written, would the preservation of one authentic note have set at rest for ever?

The practical learning of our times, in its search after confirmation and detail, amply recognises the importance of old letters; and good service has been done to both history and moral philosophy by those who have given them to the press from state-paper office and family bureau. In such collections one sees the world's talked-of-and-storied people as they were in private business, in social relations, and in what might be justly designated the status of their souls. In spite of the proverbial truisms, that paper never refuses ink, and falsehood can be written as well as spoken, the correspondence of every man contains an actual portrait of the writer's mind, visible through a thousand disguises, and bearing the same relation to the inward man that a correct picture bears to the living face; without change or motion, indeed, but telling the beholder of both, and indicating what direction they are likely to take.

The sayings of wits and the doings of oddities long survive them in the memory of their generation—the actions of public men live in history, and the genius of authors in their works; but in every case the individual, him or herself, lives in letters. One who carried this idea still further, once called letter-writing the Daguerreotypes of mind—ever leaving on the paper its true likeness, according to the light in which it stands for the time; and he added, like the sun's painting, apt to be most correct in the less pleasant lines and lineaments. Unluckily this mental portraiture, after the fashion of other matters, seems less perceptible to the most interested parties. Many an unconcerned reader can at this day trace in Swift's epistles the self-care and worship which neither Stella nor Vanessa could have seen without a change in their histories.

Cardinal Mazarin, however, used to say that an ordinary gentleman might deceive in a series of interviews, but only a complete tactician in one of letters; 'that is,' observed his eminence, 'if people don't deceive themselves.' The cardinal's statement strikingly recalls, if it does not explain, a contemporary remark, that the most successful courtships, in the fullest sense of that word, were carried on with the help of secret proxies in the corresponding department. The Count de Lauson, whose days, even to a good old age, were equally divided between the Bastille and the above-mentioned pursuit, in which he must have been rather at home—for though a poor gentleman, with little pretensions to family, still less to fortune, and no talents that the world gave him credit for, he contrived in his youth to marry a princess of the blood-royal of France, who had refused half the kings of Europe, and been an Amazon in the war of the Fronde; and in his age a wealthy court belle—this Count de Lauson declared that he could never have succeeded in his endeavours after high matches but for a certain professional letter-writer of Versailles, on whose death he is said to have poured forth unfeigned lamentations in the presence of his last lady. Letters always appear to have been peculiarly powerful in the count's country. Madame de Genlis, whose 'Tales of the Castle' and 'Knights of the Swan' delighted at least the juveniles of a now-departing generation, was believed to have made a complete conquest, even before first sight, of the nobleman whose name she bears, by a single letter, addressed to a lady at whose house he was an admiring visitor, when she unadvisedly showed him the epistle. An anxiously-sought introduction and a speedy marriage followed; but the scandal-mongers of the period averred that their separation, which took place some years after, was owing, among other circumstances, to an anonymous letter received by the baron himself.

Frederick the Great used to call the French the first letter-writers of Europe, and it is probable that their national turn for clever gossip gives to their epistles a sort of general interest, for in no other country have letters formed so large a portion of published literature. This was particularly true in Frederick's own age. Never did a death or a quarrel take place—and the latter was not rare among the *savants* of that period—but comfort or satisfaction was sought in the immediate publication of every scrap of correspondence, to the manifold increase of disputes and heartburnings. Some of the most amusing volumes extant were thus given to the world; and Madame Dunoyer's, though scarcely of that description, must not be forgotten from the tale of its origin. When Voltaire was a young attaché to the French embassy at the Hague, with no reputation but that of being rather unmanageable by his family and confessor, he was on *billet-doux* terms, it seems, with madame's daughter; but madame found out that he was poor, or something like it, for in no other respect was the lady scrupulous. Her veto was therefore laid on the correspondence, which nevertheless survived under interdict for some time, till Voltaire left the embassy, and it died of itself; for he wrote the 'Oedipe,' became talked of by all Paris, and noticed by the Marquis de Vellars. Gradually the man grew great in the eyes of his generation, his fame as a poet and philosopher filled all Europe, not forgetting the Hague; and when it had reached the zenith, Madame Dunoyer collected his letters to her daughter, which remained in her custody, the receiver being by this time married, and published them at her own expense in a handsomely-bound volume. Whether to be revenged on fortune for permitting her to miss so notable a son-in-law, or on him for obeying her commands, it is now impossible to determine, but her book served to show the world that the early *billet-doux* of a great genius might be just as milk-and-watery as those of common people.

Indeed letter-publishing seems to have been quite the rage in the eighteenth century. The Secretary La Beaumelle stole all Madame de Maintenon's letters to her brother, setting forth her difficulties in humouring

Louis XIV., and printed them at Copenhagen. Some copies were obligingly forwarded to Versailles, but madame assured the king they were beneath his royal notice, which, being confirmed, by his confessor, was of course believed; but the transaction looks like retributive justice on her well-known practice of keeping sundry post-office clerks in pay to furnish a copy of every letter sent or received by the principal persons at court, not excepting even the royal family. Among these were copied the celebrated letters of the Dauphiness Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, which now, in good plain print, present to all readers of taste in that department a complete chronicle of all the scandal, gossip, and follies of Versailles; and that princess, whose pride stood so high on her family quarterings, was gravely rebuked, and obliged to ask pardon seven years after for certain uncomplimentary passages in her epistles regarding madame when she first came to court as nursery governess to the king's children.

Dangerous approvers have old letters been from throne to cottage. Many a specious statement, many a fair profession, ay, and many a promising friendship, have they shaken down. Readers, have a care of your deposits in the post-office; they are pledges given to time. It is strange, though true, how few historical characters are benefited by the publication of their letters, surviving, as such things do, contemporary interests and prejudices, as well as personal influence.

There must be something of the salt that will not lose its savour there to make them serve the writers in the eyes of posterity. What strange confidence the age of hoop and periwig put in letter-writing! Divines published their volumes of controversy or pious exhortation, made up of epistles to imaginary friends. Mrs Chapone's letters to her niece nourished the wisdom of British belles; while Lord Chesterfield's to his son were the glass of fashion for their brothers; and Madame de Sévigné's to her daughter, written expressly for publication, afforded models for the wit, elegance, and sentiment of every circle wherein her language was spoken. The epistolary style's inherent power of characterisation naturally recommended it in the construction of their novels, and many a tale of fame and fashion in its day, besides 'La Nouvelle Héloïse,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' was ingeniously composed of presumed correspondence.

Chinese literature is said to possess numerous fictions in that form; but it is not to be regretted that modern novelists, whose name is more than legion, pass it by in favour of direct narrative; for, under the best arrangement, a number of letters can give but a series of views, telling the principals' tale in a broken, sketchy fashion, and leaving little room for the fortunes of second-rate people, who are not always the lowest company in a novel. Tours and travels tell pleasantly in letters, supposing of course the letters to be well written; for some minds have such a wondrous affinity for the commonplace, that the most important event or exciting scene sinks to the every-day level under their pen.

Sir Andrew Mitchell, who was British ambassador to Prussia during the seven years' war, writes from the camp before Prague concerning that great battle which turned the scale of power in Germany, and served Europe to talk of till the French Revolution, in a style, but for quotations from the bulletin, suitable to the election of some civic alderman; and a less known traveller, writing to a friend of the glare of Moscow's burning, which he saw from a Russian country-house, reddening the northern night, describes it as 'a very impressive circumstance, calculated to make one guard against fire.'

It has been remarked that, as a general rule, poets write the best, and schoolmasters the worst letters. That the former, in common with literary men of any order, should be at least interesting correspondents, seems probable; but why the instructors of youth should be generally stricken with deficiency in letter-writing is not so easy of explanation.

Some one has also observed that, independent of mental gifts and graces, characters somewhat cold and frivolous generally write the most finished letters, and instanced Horace Walpole, whose published epistles even in our distant day commanded a degree of attention never to be claimed by those of his superior contemporaries—the highly-gifted Burke and the profound Johnson. It may be that the court gossip in and upon which Horace lived has done much for the letters from Strawberry Hill, but the vein must have been there; and the abilities that shine in the world of action or of letters, the conversational talents or worthiness of soul, do not make the cleverest correspondent.

Count Stadion, prime minister to the elector of Mayence, according to Goethe, hit on an easy method of making an impression by letters. He obliged his secretary, Laroche, to practise his handwriting, which it appears he did with considerable success; and, says the poet in his own memoirs, being 'passionately attached to a lady of rank and talent, if he stopped in her society till late at night, his secretary was in the meantime sitting at home, and hammering out the most ardent love-letters; the count chose one of these, and sent it that very night to his beloved, who was thus necessarily convinced of the inextinguishable fire of her passionate adorer.'

'Hélas!' as Madame d'Epigny remarked when turning over the printed epistles of a deceased friend, 'one can never guess how little truth the post brings one;' but from the following tradition, it would seem the less the better. Among the old-world stories of Germany are many regarding a fairy chief or king, known from rustic times as Number Nip, or Count-the-Turnips. One of his pranks was played in an ancient inn of Heidelberg, where, on a December night, he mixed the wine with a certain essence distilled from the flowers of Elfand, which had the effect of making all who tasted it tell nothing but truth with either tongue or pen till the morning. The series of quarrels which took place in consequence round the kitchen fire belong not to the present subject; but in the red parlour there sat, all from Vienna, a poet, a student, a merchant, and a priest. After supper, each of these remembered that he had a letter to write—the poet to his mistress, the merchant to his wife, the priest to the bishop of his diocese, and the student to his bachelor uncle, Herr Weisser of Leopoldstad, who had long declared him his heir. Somehow next morning they were all at the post-office beseeching their letters back; but the mail had been despatched, and the tale records how, after that evening's correspondence, the poet's liege lady dismissed him, the merchant and his wife were divorced, the priest never obtained preferment, and none of the letters were answered except the student's, whom Herr Weisser complimented on having turned out such a prudent, sensible young man, but hoped he wouldn't feel disappointed, as himself intended to marry immediately.

The most curiously-characteristic letters now made public property are those of Sir Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth, written from the Tower (to which the historian of the world was committed for a wedding without her majesty's permission), and in the highest tone of desperation that a banished lover could assume; the correspondence between Frederick of Prussia and Voltaire, then of France, after what was called their reconciliation, beginning with the grandest compliments, and ending with reminiscences of quite another kind, particularly that from the royal pen, which opens with, 'You who from the heights of philosophy look down on the weakness and follies of mankind,' and concludes with the charge of appropriating candle-ends; and the epistles of Rousseau during his residence in England, which alternate between discoveries of black conspiracies against his life and fame, and threats of adjournment to the workhouse, if his friends would not assist him to live in a better style than most country gentlemen of the period.

There are printed samples with whose writers fame

has been busy; but who can say what curiosities of letter-writing daily mingle with the mass that pours through the London Post-Office? Can it be this continual custody and superintendence of so large a share of their fellow-creatures' wisdom, fortunes, and folly, that endows post-office functionaries in every quarter with such an amount of proverbial crustiness, if the word be admissible? Do they, from the nature of their business, know too much about the public to think them worth civility, so that nobody has yet discovered a very polite postmaster or man? A strange life the latter leads in our great cities. The truest representative of destiny seems his scarlet coat, seen far through street and lane: at one door he leaves the news of failure and ruin, and at another the intelligence of a legacy. Here his message is the death of a friend, while to the next neighbour he brings tidings of one long absent, or the increase of kindred; but without care or knowledge of their import, he leaves his letters at house after house, and goes his way like a servant of time and fortune, as he is, to return again, it may be, with far different news as their tireless wheels move on. Are there any that have never watched for his coming? The dwellers in palaces and garrets, large families, and solitary lodgers, alike look out for him with anxious hope or fear. Strange it is for one to read over those letters so watched and waited for when years have passed over since their date, and the days of the business, the friendship, or perhaps the wooing, to which they belong are numbered and finished!

How has the world without and within been altered to the correspondents since they were written? Has success or ill fortune attended the speculations by which they set such store? What have been their effects on outward circumstances, and through that certain channel on the men? Has the love been forgotten? Have the friends become strange, or enemies? Have some of them passed to the land whose inhabitants send back no letters? And how have their places been filled? Truly, if evidence were ever wanting regarding the uncertainty of all that rests on earth, it might be found in a packet of old letters.

NEWS FROM NATAL.

[The following letter refers to a paper in No. 303 of this Journal, the object of which was to urge intending emigrants to make full inquiry before throwing themselves into an untried field. We remarked, with reference to the humbler class of emigrants, who were more specially invited, that there was already a labouring population upon the spot, in the persons of the Boers and Caffres.]

Pietermaritzburg, Natal, April 15, 1850.

YOUR letter, dated December 14th, reached me this morning; and I lose no time in answering your questions *seriatim*.

The land is, so far as I know, for my experience in this respect is limited, very variable in point of fertility. Seeds soon germinate, and break through, but in the neighbourhood of this town the soil is a basaltic or schistose sand, which is of little use without manure, but will do wonders *with* it. Three crops of oats may easily be had in a year; wheat I cannot speak about, as there are so many conflicting opinions. But beyond the Umgeni, about twenty miles hence, a practical Scotch farmer, a clever and intelligent man, tells me the soil is quite another thing, being some of the very best he ever saw, and needing no manure. There is also, I believe, good land about the coast; but the Klip river, about a hundred or more miles from hence, is universally agreed to be the best agricultural district. Of the country at a distance I have no personal or accurate knowledge; but freestone is brought from a little distance. The mode of cultivation is usually by a plough drawn by oxen; very strong ploughs are necessary, on account of the difficulty of minutely controlling the motions of a dozen or fewer oxen, some of which must be more or less imperfectly trained. I never heard any one mention, even approximately, the height of this town above the sea-level,

but at a broad guess, I should think it must be between 600 and 1000 feet. The country rises, however, rapidly beyond it, so that in winter the snow can be seen from my door on the mountain-tops, and even sometimes blocks the roads for a short time. Thirty miles further on from this they tell me a fire is very comfortable nine months out of the year.

About 600 soldiers are garrisoned in the fort here, and perhaps 400 more in the other parts of the district. We have also a trained Caffre corps; but whether this force is sufficient for all possible contingencies I cannot say. No one here seems to anticipate any trouble from the Zoolahs under Panda, who is said to have retired further to the north; and as to the poor creatures living in the district—the broken remains of, as I hear, about a hundred different tribes—when you let us know the dogs and horses have combined to expel the human race from Essex, then you may expect to hear that these simple, faithful people have conspired to expel us white folk from Natal. The only outcry here is, that there are not Caffres enough to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the colonists. Their *inkosi inkulu*, or 'great chief,' is a government officer, who has an almost absolute influence over them, and who recently brought away wagon-loads of silver, some gold, and quantities of cattle from among them, to the amount of L.7000 or more, without a single military attendant, either black or white. Nor is there anything to apprehend from the emigrant Boers. Two of their former leaders I am in constant intercourse with, and more gentlemanly and pleasant men you would not easily meet with at the 'West End.' Those who have gone over the Vaal river are, it is said, still restless under Pretorius, an African Smith O'Brien; but their quarrels are with the Grigua and Basutu chiefs and the Cape government. They are a long way off from this district, and have completely abandoned all designs upon it; so that there is little more probability of Pretorius coming here than there was of Mitchel being crowned in London. I am surprised that 'Chambers's Journal' (usually an intelligent, or at least a cautious periodical) should recently have represented the Boers and Caffres as obstacles to colonisation here. 'More Boers and more Caffres' is the aspiration of every one here: both governors and governed, Dutch and English, are unanimous on this point. 'Give me back the Boers, and you may all go where you like,' said an intelligent and wealthy merchant in my hearing to a military officer; and the officer could not gainsay the preference shown. In short, I should have much less apprehension of robbery or violence in travelling alone, or with a couple of Caffres for two years in this part of the world, than I should in walking two hours after dark in some of the thoroughfares of London. There is a yeomanry cavalry belonging to this town; but it is like most similar volunteer corps—principally child's play at soldiering.

As to Byrne's Company, much more might be said than I could put in this letter. Owing to several causes, but principally, I think, in consequence of the slow and inefficient conduct of the government here, the gross ignorance of the home authorities, and the capricious mood of Sir Harry Smith at Cape Town, under which two latter powers the local authorities here are placed, the affairs of the emigrants are fallen into lamentable confusion; and not one, so far as I know, is properly and legally settled on his land. This has naturally rendered many of them dissatisfied, and impoverished those who had not handicraft trades to go to. Still, I have not heard of any instance of actual privation, and in my own mind I have little doubt that at the worst they can, if they choose, all earn a present subsistence, and look forward to something better when the chaos is reduced to order. It is useless, however, to make any account of the twenty-acres-land bounty. Whether you would not get the cheapest passage in Byrne's ships, is another question; but you would find it most comfortable to come by an East-Indiaman to

Cape Town, and thence by a coaster, especially if you have children, and are anxious for their health or lives. This, however, would perhaps involve twice or thrice the expense. Some emigrant ships (Byrne's) have, as I hear, been very comfortable, and others very much the reverse—all greatly depending on the emigrants themselves as a body. Do not buy land in England: this is about the worst thing you could do: but first come and see, and choose, and hear prices, and compare them. Country land is quoted at all figures, from 6d. to L.1 per acre, according to quality, situation, circumstances, and tenure, the last not the least important.

The water is very good everywhere, so far as I hear, except the water of the port or bay and its immediate neighbourhood, which is not wholesome to newcomers. This past summer has been very dry, the first instance of the kind for eleven years at least. Generally, the summer is wet—some say *very* wet—and the winter very dry. The farmers here, coming mostly from the old colony, insist much on irrigation; but according to my small experience, I do not think an English farmer would attach much importance to it. As to wild beasts, there are, I believe, a few leopards of different species (here called tigers), perhaps a lion here and there, but scarcely ever heard of; hyenas and jackals are numerous, but the latter are harmless enough. A few days ago I saw some urchins playing with one they had just caught; after which one of them took it up by the back of the neck, and carried it down the town, just as you would a dog. Hyenas (here called wolves) tease the cattle at night; but I have never heard but once, and that only very vaguely, of an ox being killed by them. The oxen and horses here are usually turned out all night to graze on the open plains and hills, so you may suppose there is nothing very formidable to be dreaded. Snakes seem to be numerous, and some are very poisonous. I have, however, never heard of the death of any person here from their bite, nor even of any one being bitten in this district. A horseman, however, had his steed bitten suddenly a few weeks ago not far from the town, and it died in a short time afterwards.

Houses in this town are built either of 'green' or unburnt bricks, plastered over, or else burnt bricks, or else of the schist-stone so abundant here, which works very easily, and hardens by exposure to the air. At D'Urban they are mostly brick, or else 'wattle and dab.' There is at present abundant work for smiths, carpenters, masons, &c. and there would be more were there more capital in the colony. Journeymen get 6s. or 7s. per day. Horses are never shod here: iron is procured from Cape Colony—both Swedish, which is preferred, and English, which is considered not tough enough for the kind of work most in demand. It would pay well to import iron, it being very dear here; and the same may be said, I suppose, of a smith's set of tools. Coal is found in the district—a kind of anthracite or Welsh coal—but is little noticed or worked at present. Newcastle coals are, I believe, preferred for smiths' work, but are of course very dear—about L.7 or L.9 per ton. Carpenters' work is mostly about houses at present. There are no fences, and therefore no gates. The farmer in the country keeps his eye on his ploughed field by day, or sets a Caffre to see that no cattle get in; and at night he shuts up his cattle in a 'kraal' or pound, and goes to bed in peace, being perhaps half-a-dozen or more miles from the nearest ox likely to trespass.

Of course this state of things will not last for ever. A carpenter cannot, however, fail to do well in making furniture, and fitting up houses. The timber used here is principally 'yellow wood,' which is like deal, only even more splintery in the grain; 'stinkwood,' which is a dark-grained wood, answering in its uses almost to mahogany; 'thornwood,' tough, and answering perhaps in some degree to ash; 'wild lemon,' a still tougher wood; and some others, with which I am unacquainted. Timber of all sorts may be easily procured from the sawyers

or bushmen, as they are here called, who go out into the woods, cut down the trees, and saw them up into plank, quartering, scantling, beams, and what not. A yellow wood half or three-quarters inch plank, 20 feet by 1, sells for 3s. 6d. green, or 4s. dry. Deal is also imported from Sweden sometimes. As to wheelwrights, it is generally considered here that no English artisan can make a wheel that will bear the tremendous bumping and jolting of the wagons on the primitive roads of this part of the world. If any Englishman thinks he can, he may come and try his hand with the Dutchmen. Wagon-making is a business of itself, at which many fortunes have been made: a wagon is as strong as a ship, and costs, when new, about L.80 or L.90! Carts there are but three or four in the whole country, and between the roads and the oxen I suppose they will not soon be found extensively useful. One reason why oxen are so much used, is their cheapness of purchase—say 30s., or 40s., or perhaps 50s. if well trained—and of their keep, which costs just nothing. Another is, that horses are very liable to the horse-sickness (a bronchitic and pulmonary complaint of an acute and fatal type) in some parts of the district. I think your capital of L.400 would be sufficient for you to turn yourself round on as a farmer; but much depends on your domestic circumstances and your habits of life. If you can live in a Caffre hut for a year or two, and rough it in a wagon or in the open air, you cannot fail to get on fast; but if you have a wife and family, who would require to have a house at first, and comforts and civilisation, the case would be wonderfully different: you might then perhaps bring L.1000, and yet see the last penny of it before you got another.

POETS AND POESY.

Few chance-breathed syllables! ye bring to me
A joy full deep, though voiceless it must be.

How many thoughts an idly-spoken word
Doth oft awaken! even as when a bird
Lights on a flowery spray—in some sweet spot,
Quiet and shady, where winds wanton not
Amid the young green leaves, nor ever creep
To kiss the bright buds from their balmy sleep—
The fair flowers then all nod and dance, and fling
Their treasured odour o'er that gay bird's wing!
And scarcely can our slumbering thoughts be stirred
By the soft breathing of a dearer word
Than this one—poesy.

Oh glorious light,
That with thy splendour makest all things bright!
Thou loving angel! on whose brow the flowers
Still keep the bloom they wore in Eden's bowers!
Can there be those upon whose spirit all
Thy fair creations unreflected fall?
Alas! although in every soul doth rest
The capability of being blessed;
And each must have the latent power to prize
What it was formed to love, yet oft it lies
Self-shadowed 'mid the sunshine, with no thirst
For fadeless light, no deep desire to burst
Its weary bondage, and to rise above
The cloud that shuts out beauty, truth, and love:
The elements of Heaven, where not one tear
May dim the joy so faintly dreamed of here.

But few although her worshippers may be,
And only makers some who bend the knee,
Yet beauty is eternal! though on earth
Made visible in things of mortal birth.
Thus though some lyre which hymns her praise be flung
To drear decay, unlaurelled and unstrung;
Though the deep music of some minstrel's lay,
With his own life, unhonoured pass away;
The soul of poesy still lives! still breathes
Its melodies to gentle hearts, and wreathes
For them its fairy flowers; still hath its spell
The power to wake the lovely things that dwell,
Unseen, around us in the mystic air,
Yea, even as Music liveth ever there!

Though silent oft the spirit-voice must be,
Till, with a trembling hand, man sets it free;
By genius, almost divinely, taught
To vocalise his heart's unworded thought.

Oh priest of Beauty! dweller 'mid the blaze
Of that eternal light, whose faintest rays
Can, even on earth's most perishable things,
Shed bloom like that an angel's pinion flings!
Rejoice! rejoice! that thus to thee are given
The splendours of an intellectual heaven.
Yet, poet! when from thine unclouded skies
Recalled a while by still unbroken ties,
Thou, with thy fellow-man, again dost tread
The common earth, let no vain tears be shed,
That thus thy human heart must often share
The weary lot which others always bear.
But strive thou rather ever to reveal
To all the glories thou hast power to feel;
Nor deem thou that the blessings of thy God
Are for thyself alone on thee bestowed.
Fear not, and faint not! though too oft thy strain
Seem breathed, like winds o'er desert wastes, in vain;
Hearts yet shall feel the magic of thy lay,
And own that in thy soul is shrined a ray
Divine, though tinged ever with the hue
Of thine own thought—the urn it streameth through.

Oh! never till life's 'silver cord' is broken,
May poets' words to me be vainly spoken!
Aye to earth's crownless kings my spirit bends,
And owns the sceptre whose mild sway extends
Wide as humanity can spread its love,
Or as its wandering fancies e'er can rove;
Far as its chainless thought can reach, and high
As its most soaring hope may dare to fly.

We all owe homage to the mighty few,
Who—since the days when human life was new,
And Time's broad flood was but an infant stream,
Bright with the radiance of the sun's first beam—
Have, as they floated down its tide, flung in
The gems they toiled from their own thoughts to win;
And scattered o'er the waters leaves and flowers,
That by the river bloomed; those wreaths are ours,
Ours every sparkling jewel! for true thought
Is deathless: 'twere too sad to deem that aught
Had perished utterly! Though many a name
Was breathed too faintly by the lip of Fame
For us to catch its tone; though many a lay,
Heart echoed oft, hath seemed to pass away;
Ere it grew silent, all its soul it gave
To those whose name and words outlive the grave.
A spirit-life have thoughts by poets breathed;
Oh! let us prize the wealth they have bequeathed;
Nor idly murmur, though it be not ours
To give to after-times bright gems or flowers.

F. F.

REBUILDING OF THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

It is stated in the 'Berliner Allgemeine Kirchen Zeitung' that the Jews have obtained a firman from the Porte, granting them permission to build a temple on Mount Zion. The projected edifice is, it is said, to equal Solomon's Temple in magnificence.

'READING MADE EASY!'

M. Carnot has presented a petition to the Assembly from M. Jules Aleix, of Paris, stating that he has discovered a new method of education, by which a child may be taught to read in fifteen lessons of one hour each. A grant of 50,000 francs is asked for a model school.—*French paper.*

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NEVER TAKE ABOVE FIVE PER CENT.

THERE are in this state of society so many advantages in being rich, and so many disadvantages in being poor, that a general solicitude about gain is not to be wondered at. If there is ever to be any better state of society, this solicitude may abate; but while we are all left to have our fates shaped by our respective exertions and our particular successes, certainly men will pursue wealth, however precarious may be the blessing. Even money, after all, might become a comparatively respectable pursuit, if men would be governed in it by the rules of integrity and prudence. Were it only sought for the sake of moderate pleasures, or for the discharge of rational family obligations, no moralist could visit it with reprobation. It must be admitted, however, that the pursuit is very generally in England carried to the extent of a vice, if not an impiety, and that its results are seldom of a satisfactory nature.

The formation of the railways of this empire has been, in its mechanical procedure and its effects in public convenience, most creditable to the country; but how discreditable the whole financial means and arrangements! A notion arises that 10 per cent. may be cleared by railways. Railways are, accordingly, projected for nearly the whole country at once, though they only could be executed with tolerable economy in the course of years. Lawyers, surveyors, engineers, are fed at ridiculously high rates to get the plans prepared and sanctioned. Proprietors of ground are bribed with monstrously high prices for their land, or in a more direct manner, to buy up their opposition in parliament. The whole business is carried through in a furor of avaricious madness. Mercantile men speculate in the stocks of the companies, in order to sell again at an advance; ladies possessed of small provisions buy in with the hope of high percentages; no class is exempt from the mania. As an adjuvant system, required still further to extend the means of adventure, exchange banks are instituted—a kind of pawnbroking, with railway stock for the security. Here, for a time, we hear of 7 and 8 per cent. being obtained for loans to the railway speculators. At length, when a considerable number of railways have been made and set in operation, it becomes evident that the large returns expected will never be realised; stocks fall; the exchange banks sink in the common ruin; and thousands of people find their fortunes revolutionised, and their social position lamentably changed. It is a dire result, and the suffering is great; but is it a new thing in the world, or could anything else have been reasonably expected?

In a proper view of the whole subject, the loss of the money is a less punishment than the disgrace; for it surely reflects little lustre on the sagacity of our mercantile community, that they should have looked

for such large gains, since all experience proves that, in a state of affairs such as we have arrived at, anything but small returns must needs be a rare case, and seldom safe when the case occurs. As for the management of railway finances, and the traffic in their stocks, it is an indelible stigma on England to which future ages must point with shame mingled with contempt. It is a fact that would be scarcely reconcilable with some of the other features of our age, did we not know how men may come to entertain self-complacent views of their own moral state, or their opinions and aspirations, while they are all the time taking license in every description of selfishness and even profligacy. To the credit of the country, the sufferers are not vociferous in their complaints. Consciousness of the real character of their misfortunes keeps them silent.

Unhappy England, that put'st thy faith in money! canst thou not make up a proper catechism for the votaries? Let us suggest one leading commandment for it—'Never, oh never take above 5 per cent.' Be assured this is as much as can truly be made by money unattended by your own industry and care. When ye hear, then, any offer of more, listen as if ye heard not; turn from the specious profferer, whoever or whatever he be, and keep your money till you can get an opportunity of investment sufficiently moderate in its pretensions. We would have ladies, above all, to lay this commandment to heart. In the gentle sequestration from the cares of life in which they are kept by their protectors of the other sex, they have very obscure notions of business. They are little prepared to distinguish amongst contending plans of investment. Very often the favourable word of one gentleman friend will determine them, and lead to their ruin. For them there is a precious simplicity in the rule—if they would only put faith in it, and follow it unswervingly—'Never, oh never take above 5 per cent.'

We have used the phrase 'impiety' in reference to the inordinate pursuit of wealth. It is not here merely meant that the worship of Mammon precludes a true religion, but the anxiety shown about money exhibits, to our apprehension, a practical want of faith in the divine government of the world. We see men struggling to be wealthy, under a sort of terror of moderate circumstances. At the best, they are struggling to place their children, as they say, in independence, or above want, as if their children must necessarily be in wretchedness if left without fortunes. This we think a practical impeachment of the arrangements which God has made for the sustentation of his creatures. It is as much as to say—Unless I provide for the wants which certain human beings will be experiencing thirty years hence, nothing else will, and these creatures will accordingly be in misery. Now we know the fact to be, that God gives a harvest every year, and that on an average a suffi-

ciency is produced for all his creatures. We also know that the faculties of the creatures about whom we are so anxious are so formed, empowered, and commissioned by the Almighty, in relation to the physical circumstances around us, that they cannot fail to work out a livelihood, if allowed tolerably fair play. Why, then, this excessive solicitude about the welfare of posterity? Is it not what we have called it—an impiety? An extreme anxiety about our own future is a fault of the same kind, only somewhat more selfish. God is actually so good as to give us more day by day than we need, and we repay him by fearing that a time will come when he will give us nothing. Is it not a shameful imputation on His providence? How on earth can any such monstrous passion be defended?

That riches sought in such a spirit should make unto themselves wings and fly away—that the best-laid schemes of provision for the distant future should so often fail—that the Cæses of to-day should so often become the beggars of to-morrow—is surely not to be wondered at when we consider the real character of all such things. It would of course be most unreasonable to expect that God should bless our blasphemies against himself.

It is among the middle or mercantile classes in this country that the worship of Mammon is most predominant. These classes are not deficient in religious profession, whatever be the state of their inner nature. The very insecurity of their affairs seems to assist in driving them into a peculiar zeal. Can we suppose such persons to have the faintest perception of the divine truth breathed in the words which they must often read and hear read—'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap, and God feedeth them: how much better are ye than the fowls! Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If God then so clothe the grass, which to-day is in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?' For the sake of force, a hyperbolic form of language is here used; but it is the expression, nevertheless, of the ordinance of God, that there is a natural provision for the wants of the human family. Strange that sentences so recommended to our profoundest veneration, should day after day pass over the minds of multitudes, as if they had no meaning whatever! Yet such must be the case, judging from the facts shown on the surface of middle-class society. The result of their neglect has been well described: 'The rich man shall lie down, but he shall not be gathered: he openeth his eyes, and he is not. Terrors take hold on him as waters; a tempest stealeth him away in the night. God shall cast upon him and not spare; he would fain flee out of his hand. Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place.'

AUNT VIOLA.

THE traditionary lore of our family was enriched with some curious anecdotes of an individual, familiarly known as Aunt Vi, or Dame Viola Danecourt, whose wonderful instincts for the recovery of lost or concealed property amounted almost to a miraculous gift. People came from afar to consult her, for the good dame's celebrity had widely spread, report declaring that she was never wrong in her deductions; yet Aunt Vi was extremely chary of bestowing her advice, and made it a great favour to do so, except in rare instances, when her interest was strongly excited. An early and valued friend, dying after a long interval of separation, left a destitute orphan daughter to the beneficent care of Dame Viola, who was by no means in affluent circumstances, though in receipt of an income which sufficed for her own moderate wants—the round surplus over and above being devoted to works of charity. But

when a young lady, brought up in idleness, and with expensive habits, was to be maintained, the case became altogether different; and though Aunt Vi was willing to deny herself, and share everything with poor Emily Lattimer, yet Emily's delicate health, and still more delicate nurturing, involved an amount of expense and anxiety which not a little harassed and perplexed the worthy, kind-hearted soul. Miss Lattimer had but one relative in the world, and this was an old lady resident at a village called Elderside, situate about seven miles from the market town where Aunt Vi lived. Aunt Vi had often heard of Miss Conway's eccentricities, and her history was perfectly familiar to her; but until Emily Lattimer became an inmate of her dwelling, she had no personal acquaintance with Miss Conway. Now, however, a degree of interest attached to this personage, from the fact of Emily being her nearest of kin; and after a time, Aunt Vi determined on driving over to Elderside, and introducing herself and her protégée to Miss Conway's notice. From her earliest years this lady had been noted for penurious habits, and for a diseased love of amassing money for its own sake. She had inherited a large fortune, entirely at her own disposal; and it was conjectured that when she went to India, to join an only brother who held a lucrative appointment in the East, a love disappointment, the first and last tender emotion she ever experienced, influenced Miss Conway's self-banishment from her native land. Let that have been as it might, it was certain that her original defects of character or disposition became more glaring than heretofore, amounting at length to an absolute mania; and when, after an absence of twenty years, her brother's decease was publicly notified, Miss Conway made her reappearance in England, and settled down in the secluded village of Elderside, accompanied by a black female domestic named Faadeene.

Here Miss Conway established herself in a small lodging, consisting of two rooms, over a corn-chandler's shop: the absolute necessities of life were not wanting, but the strict economy of her housekeeping, and of all her unavoidable disbursements, led folks naturally to imagine that her ample original fortune must have been appropriated by her unprincipled brother, who had died deeply insolvent. Indeed when such hints were thrown out, Miss Conway would shake her head mysteriously, and look (as far as she could) like an injured innocent, muttering that we must cast no reflections on the departed, and that she was very thankful to have even a small pittance left to preserve her from starvation or the workhouse. This supposition was verified from its being perfectly well-known that Miss Conway had no property in India or elsewhere, excepting a small sum invested in the funds, from which she drew her income. She did not scruple to confess how limited that income was, often boasting of her own good management in eking it out. Many people pitied the poor lonely old woman, and said it was 'very hard' that an extravagant brother should have defrauded an only sister thus; but others smiled sagaciously, confessing that it was 'odd,' though they were sure Miss Conway never had suffered herself to be cheated by any one, and knew how to take care of her own against the whole world.

No: there was some secret or mystery which it seemed impossible to penetrate; for there was no enlightenment as to Miss Conway's proceedings in distant Indian lands. Faadeene was noiseless and stealthy in all her movements, usually silent; and when she did speak, it was to her mistress in an unknown dialect, for she had learnt but few words of the English language, being apparently indifferent to any knowledge she might gain in our cold northern clime. But though apparently docile towards her mistress, bearing Miss Conway's ill-humour and fretfulness with Indian stoicism, existing, too, almost on air, yet there was a *something* inexplicable about Faadeene which made those who were close observers uneasy in her presence. She was a

middle-aged woman, with a sooty complexion, and small pinched features; and the expression of her keen black eyes was sinister and cunning to a painful degree, giving one the idea of being watched by an ogress.

Miss Conway had never once been known to cross the threshold since she had resided at Elderside; her mode of life and eccentric employment, coupled with the importance she attached to it, had given rise to much idle conjecture and laughter—but who could guess what this simple but incessant employment was? It was the manufacture of pincushions, which she presented to every individual who approached her; nay, she sent them by dozens to the friends and acquaintances of these individuals when they could be prevailed on to accept the charge.

These pincushions were about six inches square, covered with silk or velvet, and elaborately embroidered by Miss Conway: Faadeene's sole serious occupation being in cutting flannel into shreds for the cases, stuffing the cases, and preparing them for her mistress to cover. Beautiful little things they were; and Miss Conway often sighingly declared that the materials cost her a little fortune. When advised to give up the employment, and turn to something more useful—such as making clothes for poor children—she looked wild and scared, became restless, and never again cordially received the person who offered this advice. Making pincushions was the business of her life; piles of them were always to be seen in a large covered basket in one corner of the sitting-room, and nothing won Miss Conway's favour equal to asking for a whole batch of them. Fancy-bazaars and fancy-shops were stocked with these pretty articles—there was not a soul in the village of Elderside who did not possess one or more of Miss Conway's pincushions; the charity children each had a handsome one—and still the daily labours of Miss Conway and her dark assistant progressed, and there was always a stock on hand. The most remarkable feature of the case was, that notwithstanding Miss Conway's passion for supplying others, she herself was contented with a faded pincushion, which always stood on her humble toilet-table studded with pins, and much the worse for wear; it was covered with rich scarlet velvet embroidered with gold, and once had doubtless been very handsome, though now tarnished and faded. But when Miss Conway's visitors joked her, saying that she ought to present the toilet-table with a new cushion, the old lady invariably grew uneasy and reserved, evincing a nervous irritability which the trifling circumstance did not seem to warrant—Faadeene meanwhile rolling her black eyes, and not unfrequently grinning when her mistress's back was towards her.

None of these things were lost on Aunt Vi; but whatever that wonderful woman's cogitations were, she kept them to herself, though it was noticed how unusual were the reveries in which she indulged, while her countenance wore an anxious and absent air. But after a time, these clouds gradually cleared away, Aunt Vi's placid smiles again were seen—she appearing like one suddenly relieved from a load of care, or as if a difficult problem were mastered.

'Aunt Vi has more on her mind than she cares to tell just yet,' said her intimates; 'but there will be some strange discovery by and by about that queer Miss Conway's lost property, for she'll find it out, be sure.'

'But,' said another, 'there's nothing to find out, for the poor soul's bad brother made away with it.'

'Tut, tut!' rejoined the first speaker; 'Madge Conway gripped it too tight for that. Wherever it is, it isn't lost, mark my words—Miss Viola's scent is finer than you could believe for this sort o' game.'

'Well, neighbour,' said the other, 'I hope you may be in the right, and that the property is safe, for sweet Emily Lattimer's sake—for if the old girl dies without a will (and they do say she has a horror of making one, thinking it a forerunner of death), Miss Emily, as nearest of kin, claims all she dies worth.'

'Ay, ay, leave Miss Vi alone; she knows that and a good deal more too: where she gets her knowledge from, 'tis not for us, or the likes of us, to say.' This was uttered in a solemn tone, which conveyed more than the words themselves, as the gossips separated.

Aunt Vi, accompanied always by Emily Lattimer, frequently visited Miss Conway during the ensuing six months. No remarks whatever were elicited from Aunt Vi respecting these visits; her lips were scrupulously sealed, though she had become a welcome visitor to Miss Conway, from the fact of never going to Elderside empty-handed—poultry, eggs, vegetables, or fruit, always forming the pleasant little offerings, which, with infinite satisfaction, Miss Conway received at Aunt Vi's hands. But Aunt Vi's eyes were wide open, and as keen as Faadeene's, who had regarded with an ill-concealed dislike and jealousy the intimacy of her mistress with these liberal-handed strangers; for Emily, at Aunt Vi's desire, had purchased a large assortment of gay remnants, for the manufacture of the pincushions, which she had presented to Miss Conway. Welcome visitors they were to the mistress, unwelcome to the dark domestic. But not the minutest circumstance passed unheeded by Aunt Vi; she, indeed, had formed her own conclusions deliberately, positively; but how to act upon them for the ultimate benefit of Emily Lattimer was the delicate point.

'I must be patient,' soliloquised Aunt Vi, 'and keep a sharp eye on that serpent Faadeene.'

But to the surprise even of Aunt Vi, Miss Conway one day informed her with tears of vexation (for where could she get so cheap and useful a servant?) that Faadeene insisted on returning to her own country directly, giving no reason save that she wished to be among her 'own people' once more. 'I really thought that she was attached to me,' sobbed the old lady with her lap full of pincushions, 'for I bought her when she was a girl—and her purchase money wasn't a trifle, for she came of a high caste—but of course this is a free country, and I cannot keep Faadeene against her will. But what she means to do, or where she means to go, I don't know, for it is all stuff for her to talk about her "own people"; she is contaminated, and has lost caste, and they will disown her; and she hasn't a penny in the world. But go she will, and I have asked neighbour T—to answer an advertisement in the papers for a native servant to attend on a family going to India in a few weeks.'

And when Aunt Vi questioned Faadeene on the subject, she corroborated this account, saying, 'Me go home—me no Englees any more, ma'am.'

Shortly after this conversation, and when Faadeene's departure was all arranged, Miss Conway sickened, and became speedily in so alarming a state, that Aunt Vi would have sent her own medical attendant to see the sufferer; but the bare mention of such a proposition threw the old lady into a paroxysm of rage which threatened immediate dissolution.

'She hated lawyers, doctors, and parsons, and would have none of them,' declaring that she knew how to doctor herself better than any quack of them all, and 'she wasn't going to die yet—not she.' However, Aunt Vi was seriously uneasy; she had her own reasons doubtless—perhaps she saw death in the victim's face; and on quitting Elderside, she privately charged the people of the house, who were highly respectable, to send a messenger to her on the instant should any change occur for the worse in Miss Conway, which they promised to do.

Miss Conway's illness had commenced with violent sickness, followed by torpor and loss of appetite, the sickness recurring at intervals; Faadeene alone attended upon her, and was apparently attentive to her duties, while poor Miss Conway incessantly implored her 'not to desert her old mistress in sickness'; but Faadeene turned a deaf ear to these piteous intreaties, muttering with a determined and obstinate air, 'Me must go, ma'am.'

In three days' time Faadeene was to join the family who had engaged her for the Indian voyage; and Aunt Vi had undertaken the task of nursing the lonely woman until help could be procured to please and satisfy the invalid, little thinking that Miss Conway would so soon be beyond the reach of human aid. It was yet early morning when a messenger arrived at Aunt Vi's cottage, with the tidings that Miss Conway had been found dead in her bed a few hours previously. The people of the house said that Faadeene, who always slept in the deceased's chamber, had alarmed them as daylight dawned, telling them in her broken accents that on going to look at 'ma'am Sahib' to see if she slept easily, she found 'poor ma'am cold, and breathe no more.'

Aunt Vi, on viewing the remains, was, for her, greatly excited, her mood being usually placid and composed; she quickly and sharply cast her eyes round the chamber, and her face flushed as she called Faadeene to come forward from the corner of the next apartment, where the Indian woman crouched, whining dismally. Faadeene slowly and reluctantly entered the chamber of death, her black eyes distended, and fixed on Aunt Vi, who quietly said, 'Where is the scarlet-velvet pincushion that always stood on that toilet-table?' pointing to the homely piece of furniture with its shabby garniture at the foot of the bed. Faadeene looked terrified; and no wonder, for Aunt Vi had an impressive and warning way with her, and now she stood as if reading the culprit's heart. After some hesitation Faadeene muttered, 'She bid rip 'em up, for cover new, ma'am.'

'And have you "ripped them" since I was here yesterday?' demanded Aunt Vi in a voice of thunder.

'No, no, ma'am; me no rip 'em yet, please,' replied the now trembling and astounded woman, who evidently believed that she had a sorceress to deal with, from whom it was useless to affect any concealment.

'Then place it where it was—nothing is concealed from me.'

As Aunt Vi said this, Faadeene slowly drew from her voluminous drapery the identical faded cushion, and without once taking her eyes off the sorceress, replaced it on the little table. Aunt Vi took it up, carefully examined it round and round, and perfectly satisfied herself that it had not been ripped; she then followed Faadeene out of the chamber, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and sat down to write two notes, which she sent down stairs by Emily Lattimer, with a request to Mr Edwards, the master of the house, to despatch them instantly by a safe hand. Faadeene meanwhile lay rolled up like a great ball of calico, emitting from time to time uncouth sounds of distress, but frequently peering out at Aunt Vi with a wild and scowling glare.

Aunt Vi, however, remained mute and immovable, Emily sitting beside her in anxious suspense, wondering how all this was to end, and what it portended. At length the door of the parlour opened, and two elderly gentlemen appeared almost simultaneously on the scene: one was the medical practitioner from N—, who had answered Aunt Vi's summons; the other was a solicitor of high repute from the same place. Mr Edwards was called up; and then, in a few clear, concise words, Aunt Vi stated the case, and expressed her suspicions. The gentlemen were well acquainted by common report with the deceased lady's past history.

On viewing the corpse, the doctor looked very grave and concerned, saying something in a low tone about a coroner's inquest, and whispering to Aunt Vi, as he cast his eyes towards Faadeene, that she must not be allowed to depart. But now Aunt Vi commenced her part of the business as she took the faded pincushion from off its accustomed stand, and delivered it into the lawyer's hands with a pair of scissors, desiring him to rip it open! Faadeene's eyes, on witnessing this strange ceremony, enlarged to a hideous extent; and as the operation proceeded, and the cushion was disembowelled,

a round glittering gem fell on the ground, eliciting a smothered groan from the Indian woman. It was a large and splendid diamond!

'Behold Miss Conway's lost fortune!' exclaimed Aunt Vi, as she held it up exultingly.

'You are indeed a witch, madam!' said the lawyer, bowing with old-fashioned gallantry.

'Ah, my dear sir,' replied Aunt Vi, 'it did not need much sagacity on my part to discover poor Conway's secret. Had she not betrayed it by her lurking and uncontrollable glances of anxiety towards that heap of flannel and velvet, the serpent Faadeene would have done so. But, truth to tell,' added Aunt Vi modestly, 'I have a singular power for such detections: may I ever be directed to use it for wise purposes!'

Little more remains to be told. The proper measures of examination were immediately resorted to, when a small quantity of some poison not generally known in Europe was discovered in the stomach of the deceased. Of course suspicion rested on Faadeene—her intended departure, and secretion of the pincushion by Aunt Vi's testimony, pointing her out as the culprit. All was confirmed by the succeeding deed of darkness: for the Indian woman effected her own destruction by the same means; a small box, most cunningly secreted, being afterwards found on her person containing a portion of the fatal powder. She had preserved an obstinate, unbroken silence since her apprehension, and died without a word or sign. There was nothing but conjecture as to the history of the recovered diamond; but from the departed lady's morbid passion for hoarding, there seemed no doubt that she had invested her fortune in this unusual mode for the purpose of concentrating in one point the wealth she worshipped, and so having it always before her eyes or within her grasp. Connected in some strange manner with this mania was the manufacture of pincushions; but poor Miss Conway, there can be no doubt, laboured under a certain degree of insanity. However this may be, she must have struck a good bargain with the Eastern jewel-merchant, for the gem sold for a sum exceeding that which, in the ordinary course of things, the purchaser could possibly have paid for it.

No will was found, and Emily Lattimer succeeded without opposition to all the deceased had died worth; her descendants carefully preserving a faded velvet pincushion beneath a glass-case—the memorable cushion wherein was hidden the missing fortune. Aunt Vi, as may readily be credited, increased in fame; nay, had she flourished in the dark ages, it is probable that she would have been accused of practising the forbidden arts; but fortunately, in these enlightened times, the magical influence of penetration and instinctive wisdom is acknowledged, without giving people the idea of burning their possessor for a wizard.

THE SUN.

Of all the links in the stupendous chain of the cosmos, the sun, next to our own planet, is that which we are most concerned in knowing well, while it is precisely that which we know the least. This glorious orb has always been involved in the deepest mystery. All that had been revealed to us concerning it, till very recently, was derived from the observations and deductions of the elder Herschel. His discovery of a double luminous envelopment, at times partially withdrawn from various portions of the sun's surface, afforded, on the whole, a satisfactory explanation of the numerous spots that are always seen on his disk. This glimpse merely of the external changes which happen on his surface made up the sum of our knowledge of that great luminary on which the animation of our planetary system depends! One main cause of this utter ignorance on the subject, besides its own intrinsic difficulty, lay in the comparatively slight attention it

had always received from astronomers generally. No individual observer ever thought of devoting himself to the solar phenomena alone, while the public observatories confined themselves to merely observing the sun's culmination at noon, or to ascertaining the exact duration of its eclipses.

We knew, from the observations of Cassini and Herschel, that the spots on the sun's disk are not alike numerous every year; and Kunowsky particularly drew the attention of astronomers to the fact, that while in the years 1818 and 1819 very large and numerous ones appeared, some visible even to the naked eye, very few, on the contrary, and those of but trifling size, were seen in the years 1822-1824. But it was reserved for the indefatigable Schwabe of Dessau, who has devoted himself for a long series of years to this one single object, to establish the fact of these spots observing a certain periodicity. Among the results of his labours—for as yet we have only his brief announcements to the scientific world in the 'Astronomical Notices'—are the following:—1. That the recurrence of the solar spots has a period of about ten years; 2. That the number of the single groups of one year varies at the minimum time from twenty-five to thirty, while in the maximum years they sometimes rise to above three hundred; 3. That with their greater abundance is combined also a greater local extension and blackness of the spots; 4. That at the maximum time, the sun, for some years together, is never seen without very considerable spots. The last maximum appears to have been of a peculiarly rich character, as, from February 1837 till December 1840, solar spots were visible on every day of observation; while the number of groups in the former of those years amounted to 333.

But if a single individual, by observations continued unbroken for entire decenniums, has thus revealed to us the most important fact hitherto known relating to the sun, there are other questions not less important which can only find their solution in the careful observation of a rarely-occurring interval of perhaps 1 or 2 minutes. The splendour of the sun is so amazingly great, as to preclude us entirely from perceiving any object in his immediate proximity unless projected before his disk as a darkening object. At 10, or 15 degrees even from the sun, when this luminary is above the horizon, all the fixed stars vanish from the most powerful telescopes. We are therefore in utter ignorance whether the space between him and Mercury is occupied or not by some other denizen of the planetary system. To enable us to explore the sun's immediate proximity, we require a body that shall exclude his rays from our atmosphere, and yet leave the space round the sun open to our view. Such an object can of course be neither a cloud nor any terrestrial object, natural or artificial, since parts of the atmosphere will exist behind it which will be impinged on by the sun's rays. Only during a total eclipse can these conditions be fulfilled, and even then but for a very brief interval, which may still be lost to the observer through unfavourable weather, or from too low a position of the sun.

Notwithstanding that this rare and precarious opportunity is the only possible one we possess of becoming better acquainted with the physical nature of the great luminary of day, astronomers never availed themselves of it for any other purpose than the admeasurement of the earth, which might have been done as well, if not better, during any planetary eclipse. This error or indifference, whichever it may have been, cannot, however, be laid to the charge of our living astronomers. The

8th of July 1842—the day on which the last total eclipse of the sun took place—witnessed the most distinguished of these assembled for the purpose of making, for the first time, observations calculated to afford us some insight into this greatest mystery of the celestial world. This eclipse was total on a zone which traversed the north of Spain, the south of France, the region of the Alps and Styria, and a portion of Austria, Central Russia and Siberia, terminating in China; so that the observatories of Marseilles, Milan, Venice, Padua, Vienna, and Ofen, all supplied with excellent telescopes, and in full activity, came within its range; while many astronomers, at whose observatories the eclipse was not visible, set out for places situated within the zone just described. Thus Arago and two of his colleagues repaired to Perpignan, Airy to Turin, Schumacher to Vienna, Struve and Schidloffsky to Lipetz, and Stubbendorff to Koerakow. Most of them were favoured by the weather. Let us now see what the combined endeavours of these practised and well-furnished observers have made us acquainted with.

First, as regards the obscurity, it was so great, that five, seven, and in some cases as many as ten stars were visible to the naked eye. A reddish light was seen to proceed from the horizon—that is, from those regions where the darkness was not total—and by this light print of a moderate size could, with a little difficulty, be read. Such plants as usually close their petals at night were seen in most places to close them also during the eclipse. The thermometer fell from 2 to 3 degrees of Reaumur, and in the fields about Perpignan a heavy dew fell. A change in the colour of the light, and consequently of the enlightened objects, was noticed by many, although they were not agreed in their description of it. But this diversity may have been caused by the nature of the air at different places being probably different, and the degree of obscurity very unequal. At Lipetz, where the eclipse lasted the longest, being 3 minutes and 5 seconds, a darkness similar to that of night set in, and there the eclipse began exactly at noon.

The effect of the eclipse on the animal creation was similar to what had been observed before in the like circumstances: they ceased eating; draught-animals suddenly stood still; domestic birds fled to the stables, or sought other places of shelter; owls and bats flew abroad, as if night had come on. Of three lively linnets kept in a cage, one dropped down dead. The insect world too was greatly affected: ants stopped in the midst of their labours, and only resumed their course after the reappearance of the sun; and bees retreated suddenly to their hives. A general restlessness pervaded the animal world; and only those places which were situated more on the boundaries of the zone, and where the obscurity was consequently less complete, formed an exception.

During the total eclipse, the dark moon which covered the sun's disk appeared surrounded with a brilliant crown of light or halo. This halo consisted of two concentric belts, of which the inner one was the lightest, and the external less brilliant, and gradually fading. In the direction of the line which connected the point of the commencement of the total eclipse with that of its termination, two parabolic pencils of light—some observers say several—appeared on the halo. Within it also light interwoven veins were observable. The breadth of the inner halo was from 2 to 3 minutes; that of the external one from 10 to 15 minutes; the pencils of light, on the other hand, extended as far as from 1 to 1½ degree: by some they were traced even to 3 degrees. The colour of the halo was of a silvery white, and exhibited a violent undulating or trembling motion, its general appearance varying in the briefest space. The light of the halo was intensest near the covered solar rim. Its brilliance at Lipetz was so great, that the naked eye could hardly look on it, and some of the observers almost doubted whether the sun had really altogether disappeared. At Vienna, Milan,

and Perpignan, on the contrary, the observers found the light of the halo resembling that of the moon towards its full. Bel, at Verona, who found time to estimate its intensity, ascertained it to be one-seventh of that of the full moon. Its first traces were noticed from 3 to 5 seconds before the entrance of the entire eclipse; in like manner, its last vestiges disappeared only some seconds after the eclipse was over. Vivid, however, as its light was, the halo cast but an extremely faint shadow. Some, indeed, who particularly directed their attention to it, could not detect any. But this might have been owing to those places on which the shadows would have fallen being faintly illumined by the reddish light of the horizon before mentioned. In other respects, during the progress of the eclipse, before and after its maximum, not the least change was observable in the uncovered part of the sun's disk. The cusps were as sharp and distinctly-marked as possible; the lunar mountains were projected on the sun's surface with the most beautiful distinctness and precision, and the colour and brilliance of his disk, in the proximity of the moon's rim, were in noway diminished or altered. In short, nothing was seen which could be referred in the smallest degree to a lunar atmosphere.

All these phenomena, striking as they were, were such as the assembled observers were prepared for; for they were such as had already been noticed during previous eclipses of the sun. But there was one of quite a different character, as mysterious as it was novel to them. This was the appearance of large reddish projections within the halo on the dark rim. The different observers characterised it by the expressions—'red clouds, volcanoes, flames, fire-sheaves,' &c.; terms intended of course merely to indicate the phenomenon, and not in any way to explain it. The observers differed in their reports both with respect to the number of these 'red clouds,' as well as to their apparent heights. Arago stated that he observed two rose-coloured projections which seemed to be unchangeable, and a minute high. His two colleagues also saw them, but to them they seemed somewhat larger. A fourth observer saw one of the projections some minutes even after the eclipse was over, while others perceived it with the naked eye. Petit, at Montpellier, remarked *three* projections, and even found time to measure one of them. It was $1\frac{1}{2}$ minute high. Littrow, at Vienna, considered them to be as high again as this; and stated 'that the streaks were visible before they became coloured, and remained visible also after their colour had vanished.' The light of these projections was soft and quiet, the projections themselves sharp, and their form unchanging till the moment of their extinction. Schidloffsky, at Lipetz, thought he perceived a rose-coloured border on the moon in places where these red clouds did not reach; but could not be certain of the fact, on account of the shortness of the time.

These projections or red clouds, mysterious and unexpected as they were to men who directed their attention for the first time to the purely physical phenomena concerned, were in fact, after all, nothing altogether new. The descriptions given by astronomers of earlier eclipses of the sun had been forgotten or overlooked. Stannyan, for instance, in his relation of that of the 20th May 1706, says—'The egress of the sun from the moon's disk was preceded on its left rim, during an interval of six or seven seconds, by the appearance of a blood-red streak;' and Nassenius, during a total eclipse of the sun observed on the 13th of May 1733, mentions having seen 'several red spots, three or four in number, without the periphery of the moon's disk, one of them being larger than the others, and consisting, as it were, of three parallel parts inclining towards the moon's disk.' It is clear, therefore, that earlier observers had witnessed the same phenomenon, although they were unable to offer any explanation of it. It seems, however, no unreasonable conclusion to come to, that these projections or red clouds, as well as the halo with its pencils of light before spoken of, are something without

the proper solar photosphere, but not forming, as this does, one connected mass of light. What further can be known concerning this *something* must be left to future ages to discover.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE BALL—CHRISTMAS-DAY—THE MILLINER'S SHOP—VISITING—CONCERT—CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

This is the 23d December, and we are to have a great addition to our family party. Edward's sister, Helen, and her husband and children, arrived early to-day from Singapore, where they went before the rains for the benefit of his health. Having nothing exactly ready at home, they dined with us—their eldest boy, another dear little Johnny, sitting by us at table, quite happy, playing with some salt thrown before him as his part of the banquet. There came some days ago an invitation to a ball to-morrow at the house of a civilian of rank, who always gives one about the time of the arrival of the crack ships. He is rich, and a bachelor, and very popular.

24th.—Helen *must* go to this ball; and not one dress in the world has she fit to appear in! After months up in the Straits, she could have nothing presentable! A note was sent before tiffin—a *chit* I mean—to that wonder-working Madame de Ligné. An ayah in a palkee went off to some warehouse for lace and satin. The most approved of my half-dozen novelties was fixed on for the model, and we were faithfully promised an accurate copy by nine o'clock this evening. When our minds were thus relieved, Cary and I set out to call on one of my shipmates, who was staying with some friends at Garden Reach. It was too hot by the time we set out to open the Venetians, I could therefore only take a chance peep through them at the pretty village we passed, surrounded by plantations of sugar-cane. Garden Reach must be an agreeable situation to live in. The houses all stand in roomy compounds, prettily laid out in lawn and shrubbery; they command a fine view of the river and the Reach, and even get a glimpse of the sea in clear weather.

Punctual Madame de Ligné! The first person we saw after entering the ball-room was Helen in the white satin. Very pretty women and very handsome dresses abounded; but I thought that tall graceful *girl*, for she is no more, with her pale complexion, and her large dark eyes, and her black-braided hair, in which she wore no ornament, the most attractive beauty there or anywhere. But this must not be whispered here. The merest red and white, so it be young and fresh landed, is more admired here than the most classic loveliness three years married, and so considered faded. I must try and give you a general idea of this truly agreeable party. It is a very good house to begin with; the suite of rooms large and lofty; the most brilliant profusion of light; the number of military men, some naval officers, and the great variety of their uniforms, added much to the effect of so large a crowd; and the ladies, all in such fresh toilettes, most of them so young, and many of them so pretty, and such handsome jewels glittering on not a few—made up altogether a scene far superior to any English ball I have ever had the luck to enter. Then our bachelor host was so kind, so gay, so agreeable, he was the most amiable of entertainers—no reunion could have gone off better. We had brought out in our ship with us two fine girls, whom, we elders all agreed, were destined to be Calcutta beauties. They appeared in public for the first time this evening, and made quite as much sensation as was good for them.

One is large, and bright, and rosy; the other very delicate looking, small, and light. Edward has christened them the Bouncing Beauty and the Fragile Fair. The first had very nearly the whole room at her feet. The little one had her select admirers; and being very lively, and dancing like a fairy, she made great progress before the night was over, in spite of her want of red cheeks. All the young people danced with spirit, quite as if they enjoyed the music, which was very good. A full quadrille band, and a regimental band for the waltzes and galops. An air of unaffected happiness pervaded the assembly, most of the burra sahibs and burra bibis looking as pleased as the boys and girls. I was quite gay too, for we met nearly all our old shipmates, whom we felt towards as old friends among so many strangers. Of several we were very sorry to have to take leave; they are going up the country to their different destinations. The good-natured captain of the steamer proceeding to Allahabad, put off his departure till after Christmas-day, for the purpose of allowing his younger passengers to attend this ball, knowing it would be such a pleasure to them. How many of these, our four months' companions, shall we ever see again? I was not taken to supper by so great a man, but I found myself seated next to the Advocate-General. I did not know him as such. He only struck me as a very superior person. He conversed with great ease. There was both good sense and originality in his way of thinking, and altogether he suited me so well, that I was quite prepared to hear my elderly friend was considered one of the cleverest and most agreeable men here. Cary says the wide-awake wife was conciliating the court. I wish it may prove so!

25th, Christmas-Day!—Where did we spend the last? Do you remember how bitter cold it was, and how all the children crept about the fire, waiting for the opening of grandmamma's box of presents? Here I was driven in from the veranda by the heat and the mosquito bites, which are really intolerable. I was regularly victimised last night at the ball, as I foolishly walked a good deal in the veranda. The house is situated in one of the large squares in the town, the interior of which square is a tank; and in the neighbourhood of water these annoying insects swarm in myriads. I had to foment my ankles for an hour before going to bed—that is, ayah bathed my poor swelled feet while I wrote journal for you. A fresh prey is seized on ruthlessly; and the stock of health laid in during a sea-voyage tends to inflame these venomous bites, small as they are.

The natives are in the habit of sending round presents on Christmas-day to their European employers—fish, fruit, and sweetmeats—out of compliment to our great religious festival; a liberality of feeling worth reflecting on. One of these embassies made its way to us. A chobdar entered, ushering in half-a-dozen coolies, each with a loaded tray, covered by a fringed handkerchief, carried on his head. They set these down on the floor in rotation, and then uncovering the trays, and making grand salaams, they retired to the end of the room, while a well-dressed person, who had come with them, and had charge of delivering the present, advanced, and tapping his forehead several times before prostrating himself, till he almost touched the ground, addressed us ceremoniously. This gentleman expects in return for all his trouble a rupee, as his *bucksheesh* or *guerdon*; the coolies one *ana* each, the sixteenth part of a rupee, about equal to three-halfpence of our money, two *anas*, by the way, being full wages for a day labourer. These presents, therefore, are rather costly to the receiver when very numerous, as the silver cups in which the sweetmeats are sent, and indeed all the tray-apparatus, are always returned by the bearer. The house was very much dressed up for this occasion, as I found on descending to breakfast. The Mawlies had been very busy in honour of it. They had added many plants to the number already in the veranda, and they had decorated the gates with garlands of flowers: this is their annual custom. We had a grand family and

friendly gathering in our English way of keeping this festival. Edward, considering himself chief of the scattered tribe here, collected a great dinner-party, picking up for it various stray young men unconnected with us, indeed, but in want of some place of refuge from the loneliness their home-recollections would make peculiarly poignant; so that, with all the children belonging to different members of the company, and their attendant ayahs and hirkarees, we filled the long drawing-room very respectably. The new arrival, the English *aunt*, as she is called, elected to that dignity by acclamation, though without claim to such distinction, played on the new pianoforte to a very merry little set of dancers, though I thought, poor things, their movements were languid; and the pale cheeks and slight forms of these delicate blossoms made me wish them all out of this forcing-house climate, and away to more bracing air. Even Caroline acknowledged that she did not regret thinking of her nursery being under dear grandmamma's charge, though so far from her.

26th.—Shopping here is very different from shopping in England. We were bound for the milliner's this morning, and had other purchases to make besides. But there are no shops, at least I observed only two, with any wares in the window—one, a confectioner's, recently established; the other a chemist's, where the large coloured-glass jars figured as usual. The European shops are principally milliners', where all sorts of haberdashery are sold; and provision warehouses, where are to be had ham, bacon, cheese, beer, preserves, pickles, and hermetically-sealed cases of rare meats; in short, every eatable imported from France or England. Outside, the milliner's shop looked exactly like a private house: it was a surprise, therefore, to find the drawing-room floor fitted up with counters, drawers, and shelves; and a still greater surprise to be received there with the most perfect air of nonchalance by two very finely-dressed ladies, who gave themselves no sort of trouble upon our account; anything we asked for they rather ungraciously produced: they offered nothing. This is easily accounted for. They are quite independent of chance custom: their goods are, indeed, so exorbitantly dear, that they drive moderate people to deal with the *box-wahlers*; literally, people with boxes—a sort of pedlar merchants, of whom there are great plenty who will go any distance to display their wares with a zeal and an importunity fully as annoying as the indifference of these European ladies. The dignified milliners make their money principally by country orders—what they call their *Mofussil* business: every part of the great plain of Bengal that is not town being called *Mofussil*. The ladies at the different stations write their orders to the Calcutta milliners and dress-makers, just as English country ladies do to the London houses, and the heaviest orders come from the half-caste wives—the poor husbands' purse! How many additional years of exile does the folly of a careless pair entail upon them!

The real daily business of the retail trade in Calcutta goes on in the native bazaars, where the head servants carry on all our dealings. Women of a second class, who can themselves frequent these places, get goods very cheaply by proper bargaining. Besides these regularly-supplied bazaars, there are several auction-marts almost always open, where anybody may go with propriety to examine the various articles intended to be put up for sale a few days afterwards. These sales go on most part of the year: they are very brisk just now: at this cool gay season one or two every week. Printed catalogues, and descriptions of the stock, which generally includes everything one has ever heard of as ornamental, useful, or necessary in an Indian establishment, are duly circulated with the newspapers; and it is one of the things in a small way that has made much impression on me, to see arriving every morning these closely-filled inventories, and constantly with them a notice, likewise printed, that there is also for sale at his house, in such a place, the whole of Mr So-and-So's

property. This is owing to so many people going home every cold season, when, as matter of course, they dispose of all their possessions. From the gentleman's library to the lady's work-box all is sent to the hammer without regret, as far as I could hear: all in this land is so temporary. In the strictest sense, every one feels himself to be so completely a stranger and a sojourner here, that when the happy day of freedom comes, the less encumbered the flight is the better.

27th.—I went by myself to-day to see some of our shipmates, and entering the drawing-room, just to give a nod to Caroline on my way to the carriage, a gentleman who was sitting with her, quite a stranger to me, got up, as matter of course, to give me his arm down stairs. This is the real old Anglo-Indian politeness, going out of fashion; I hear: too French for these improving days. *How strange to you would that seem!*

I shall not easily forget this, my first independent excursion. I don't yet know six words of Hindostanee, the language in use between the masters and their superior servants; and not a word at all of Bengalee, which alone is spoken by the lower classes. The English of the chobdar who had charge of me was almost equally a strange tongue to my un-Indian ear. Good elements of progress these! I had three other attendants, but they did not consider themselves in the least bound to notice me. The coachman had his horses to drive; the two ayces had their horses to wait on—they merely hung on at the back of the carriage, to be in readiness for their vocation; the chobdar stood erect on the footboard above them, the silver stick in his hand—for Caroline had sent me most honourably forth, and she had taken the trouble to give the most pointed instructions regarding my expedition. She had written down on a card all the places I was going to in their proper rotation; she had read this list over several times to the chobdar, and made him repeat it every time after her, that there might be the less chance of a mistake. So we set out. These chobdars, you must remember, are of a very respectable class: hirkarees, or messengers, also called sometimes chuprassies, and from the nature of their employment, sent here and there and everywhere, instead of hammering on for ever at one dull occupation, they are generally more intelligent than the other servants, always excepting the consommaun, who is quite of a higher grade. This chobdar, however, was old, and fat, and heavy-looking. He could not have begun this desultory sort of profession of his early enough to have had his perceptions properly developed, for our travels were a series of blunders. He set me down first at a house where I knew nobody. 'Burra madam' had acquaintance there; of course I could not pass those gates to go three doors off, where she did not visit. The next mistake was of no consequence, as I merely found myself in the presence of one friend when I imagined I was entering the abode of another. The third was more annoying, for a lady, a stranger, was occupied with sick children, and ran up to me as to the dear cousin she had sent for in her distress. I really think that, after the first feeling of disappointment, the little mistake amused the pretty young creature; and then, with true kindness, she gave me a lesson in the language sufficient for the day, and advised my setting to work in earnest to learn it, as the only way of getting on comfortably. By her help I made out my other visits satisfactorily, ending at Spence's Hotel, where I had engaged to meet Arthur at tiffin, in the apartments of our most agreeable fellow-voyagers.

28th.—A very quiet Sunday, a real rest, which I must say I thoroughly enjoyed after the bustle of the week. We went to the cathedral in the morning, took our drive at sunset, dined quite alone, and ended the evening on the house-top.

29th.—Hired a dirjee to make some repairs on our wardrobes, and was surprised to see how oddly he used his needle, sewing from left to right, instead of from right to left, as we do—a sort of working backwards.

Our English spools of cotton are the greatest possible treasure to the dirjees, and we should have a short account of any produced when they are employed for us, unless the ayah kept a sharp look-out. Formerly, these poor creatures used to have to spin their thread as they wanted it, by the help of very simple machinery—their fingers, their mouths, and their toes—now they can buy our common cotton-balls in plenty, with which they are quite contented, though they 'convey' the spools when they meet with them. I had to stand by while some more white cotton jackets were cut out for Arthur—the cool, and pretty, and comfortable dress worn by all gentlemen in the morning. It would be true charity to admit of this same style in the evening; but while the military are cased up in stocks and padded broadcloth, others do not like to shrink from equal suffering. Some few civilians I have seen with full dress-coats of cashmere, which is less hot than cloth, and looks as well, to ladies' eyes at anyrate. When my yards of spare calico were safely restored to ayah's care, I went down to the drawing-room, where, finding nobody, I wandered on till I caught voices from the study. There I found the master and mistress of the house deeply engaged with long lists and little thick books, arranging dinner parties; a certain number of which stately formalities, their position, it seems, renders it necessary for them to give each season. Thirty to forty people are invited to these entertainments, which are really affairs of grave concern now that the old colonial customs are so much altered. In simpler days, every guest brought not only his own servants, but his own camp-equipage and his chair; the host provided merely the food. Up the country these primitive manners still exist; but in Calcutta luxury has so increased, that all householders are expected to possess knives, forks, plates, and glasses, sufficient for a moderate-sized company. Bedroom-furniture in the same way used to come with the chance inmate; but at this time of day all persons in receipt of a comfortable income have at least one stranger's room ready for any occupant—sheets and towels only not being furnished. I understand the same brotherly welcome hardly accompanies these improvements in the capital, as still warms the heart of a traveller in the up-country stations; yet to me everybody seems to be everybody's friend. A seat at every board most certainly is still heartily offered, and as freely accepted, no trouble to the host resulting, and no fees to the host's servants expected; intercourse is therefore on a very easy footing. Another feature in society here, and which I do think has a very favourable effect upon it, is, that there are no idlers—every man has something to do. The feeling of a certain position, of having occupation, of belonging to, and being useful to, the system of which he forms an acknowledged part, has the happiest result in the quiet self-possession of manner so very remarkable among even young Indians. The regular monthly pay too contributes to the complacency of the temper. There are no cares here to the civil or the military servants of the Company, or to any of the salaried officials, except of their own making. I hope the uncertainty of the barristers' gains may not bring peevishness with it. Arthur keeps a brave heart at anyrate. Mine jumped a little bit when he brought me his first fee: and I daresay this actual beginning has brightened both our countenances for a little concert this evening at Helen's, for which I must now dress.

30th.—The concert last night turned out very fair. Helen sings well, and plays extremely well. Her friend, the lady with the sick children, is really an artist—a splendid voice highly cultivated. A young civilian joined them in several duets and trios, which were all executed quite beyond amateur style. The instrumental music was also good. There were two professional players, the Messieurs Ryckmans, father and son; a Captain Somebody, a tolerable violoncello; and the master of the house himself, by no means a bad violin: indeed the prettiest little piece we had during

the evening was an *aria* his wife performed on the pianoforte, he accompanying her on the violin. The son Ryckman has wonderful execution on the pianoforte—skill and time, to my mind, thrown away, as all that can be agreeably made of this useful instrument is accomplished at much less cost. The father is excellent on the bassoon. The violin of a French professional was very good, and a Portuguese tenor was quite good enough to encourage an idea of Helen's, to get up occasional quartettes. Music might be one of the best recreations in this climate. Edward, who is generally so quiet, became quite gay this evening. He is very fond of music, and he has no objection to champagne; the double excitement brightened him into a wit of the most entertaining kind—bold, and full of fun, and not the very least ill-natured. He was the life of the merry supper which followed the concert, and which half the company at the least enjoyed fully as much as they had done the music. It was rather amusing to recognise all our old acquaintance in the glass and china line upon the table, this being an extra-sized party, so beyond the unassisted powers of the establishment. Messages had been passing and repassing during the whole day between the two houses, which are not very far apart—chits coming and goods going, to the great waste of time and note-paper, and the strength of the servants. Evidently just at the moment a want struck our young hostess; she despatched a messenger for the article that came into her head. It had never occurred to her to set methodically to work in the morning, to consider all the things she should require, make a list of them, and get them all at once. Thinking over our pleasant evening, it just strikes me how odd we are—Edward so fond of music, Caroline playing no better than a child; Arthur no ear whatever that I can find out, and I a fit wife for a German fanatic. It is curious, is it not?—and how often we see such-like!

This is a holiday for the Musselmans, so we are deserted by half the servants. Instead of our beautiful Christian Sabbath, where all of every rank are supposed to rest, and to meet together every seventh day, both the Musselmans and the Hindoos have certain days set apart for their religious observances at particular periods of the year. They have plenty of rest hours and praying hours every day besides: these marked days are extra, and there are abundance of them, and many come together at certain festivals, so that, upon the whole, they have a pretty fair share of leisure. They require it, for they are small and weak, and poorly fed, and the climate is very exhausting. Some of them are capable of great exertions for a certain time, as the bearers and syces, and dandies or boatmen, especially when fresh from their native provinces. But they all fall off here. I am told the very Sepoys, after being three years in this lower part of Bengal, lose their spirit and muscle, and also become several shades darker in colour.

Arthur and I walked out to dinner to-day, to help to eat up the scraps of last night's supper, when we gave ourselves some of the most admired of the music also over again. I was part of the morning busy with my needle. English habits quite. In the cool season people can indulge in many English habits, particularly the fresh arrivals. We have been walking every evening during this last week, as we fancied we wanted more exercise than a mere airing in the carriage gave us. We drive to a certain corner, where we are set down, and after a turn or two on foot, are glad to be picked up again, for much is not to be done in this way. We have also walked a little on the esplanade in the mornings, and we both of us find ourselves the better of this change of habits. Cary is faithful to her carriage, and her husband always rides.

31st.—Here ends the old year. An eventful one to us. Whether Arthur will succeed or no in his profession here, he feels that he did right to try the chance. He has been engaged for a few causes, and he has made acquaintance that he trusts may be of use to him, and he

has also received encouragement to persevere. He can't expect to do much this first term. He will do all he hopes for, if he establish a character for prudence and industry.

INDUSTRIAL GLASGOW IN 1850.

CONDITION OF THE OPERATIVE CLASSES CONCLUDED.

HAVING so far discussed the subject of *improvidence* as a fruitful source of misery and want among the working-classes, we shall dwell on another feature of character by which they are now marked much more than they were some twenty years ago: we allude to the want of confidence and union between employers and employed, and to the predominant opinion of the latter that they are under-paid, and their general interests disregarded. Such feelings as these (which are too often fostered by factious demagogues—the workmen's false friends and advisers) are based on entirely wrong views; and as they are fraught with the greatest evil to the operatives themselves, if allowed to express themselves in strikes and turns-out, such as Glasgow so deeply suffered from in 1838, we shall endeavour to explain as briefly as possible the real position which the artisan holds relatively to his employer.

The operative labourer engages himself to perform a certain amount of work, or, what is the same, to give a certain amount of his time, for a certain amount of payment or wages, the rate of which is regulated by the demand for the articles which he is engaged in producing, and by the competition between manufacturers to furnish the best goods at the cheapest rate. Wages must always find their level; unions and strikes can never raise them above it, nor can manufacturers depress them below it. If the demand of the market be great, fresh hands will be wanted, and wages will proportionably rise; and when that demand lessens, wages will fall, because the unemployed will accept lower wages rather than remain idle—so true is it that the unemployed regulate the rate of wages. It is useless, therefore, to feel discontent with the wages offered by employers; for they are graduated according to a principle prevailing through every trade whatever, and can never be otherwise than fluctuating so long as the relations of buyers and sellers exist.

The workman, however, too often entertains another notion, which is equally founded in error. Seeing that his master is wealthy, and has at his command a large capital, which not only enables him to carry on most extensive operations, but to live with his family in ease and affluence, he at once jumps to the conclusion that all this is done at *his* expense, and to *his* manifest and great injury. A brief consideration, however, of the real facts of the case will speedily rectify this mistake. That he gives his labour as his own contribution of means to effect a certain object is perfectly true; but he engages to give it for a certain consideration; and this once fulfilled, there is no room for discontent. He works without fear or risk, and he receives the wages of his toil. He has no capital, and therefore can expect no return for what he has not contributed. The manufacturer, on the other hand, has already expended many thousands in building extensive premises, and setting at work a vast system of complicated machinery: he has to make large outlays in the purchase of raw material, and has heavy weekly expenses to meet in the shape of wages to great numbers of persons employed under him, and all this before he receives one penny in return for so large an outlay and so heavy a risk. The least, then, to which he is entitled as a fair return for his incomparably large contribution to the work is—a fair interest for the money sunk and risked in the undertaking—a profit sufficient not only to cover bad debts, but to repay him for the credit given for his goods after their manufacture—an allowance for the wear and tear of machinery and current expenses not included in wages; and lastly, a separate

profit by way of salary for superintending the establishment through all its ramifications, and providing a market for the goods manufactured. The manufacturer, in point of fact, puts into the concern a sum so large, that it would be folly to put the workman's unit share in comparison with it; and this is his *capital*, without which not a wheel of the vast machine could be set in motion, nor a single labourer be employed. It is this capital, indeed, which—regard it as he may—is the artisan's best friend. It gave him employment in the first instance, and it now maintains him in it; it furnishes him with regular work and regular wages, whether the market be brisk or dull; in short, without this capital he could not work nor live. A little reflection will at once convince the factory-operative that this is a true statement, and that he has no just reason to complain either of insufficient wages or unfair and oppressive treatment. The manufacturer, indeed, has every interest in keeping workmen around him by the attachments of kindness; but it cannot be expected that he will lose his place in the market by giving labour more than its current value, or, on the other hand, suffer a large diminution of his own fair gains to confer only trifling benefits on the workmen individually. The principle which forms the basis of the whole system is correct and natural; and neither manufacturers nor workpeople can by any artificial process interfere with or resist its operation. The employer's best interest is to keep his hands in full employment so long as he can find a market for his goods; and no disaffection of workmen, or combination to keep up wages at an unnatural level, can end otherwise than in a total ruin of trade, involving the operatives in immense loss and distresses from which there is only a very slow recovery. The interests of the two are, in fact, intimately connected; and no great manufacturing system can long continue in a healthy state without a mutual good understanding.

By the above remarks, which are elicited from us after a mature consideration of the question in all its bearings, we do not mean to exclude all consideration of the obligations due by the manufacturer to those employed under him; nor would we consider the latter, who are responsible moral beings, in the mere light of machines—such as the steam-engine, spinning-jenny, or power-loom. It is in the power of the employers to contribute essentially, by well-directed acts of kindness, to the comforts of their workpeople; and there are many who do this on a very extensive scale, to their own eventual advantage. Would that these examples were more frequently followed! We are well aware that the workman has no claim, properly so called, on his employer beyond the regular payment of his wages; but it must be remembered that the latter possess a power and influence which might easily be exerted to improve the condition of the many thousands whose labour administers to their wealth and importance. Glasgow is a town which, with all its beauty and comeliness, still comprises a vast number of habitations quite unsuitable for the abodes of the working-poor, but to which they are obliged to resort for want of means to get better, to the great risk of health and the contamination of morals. How such improvements are to be effected it is not easy to determine, but it would be highly conducive to the interest of the working-classes in this great city if public measures were adopted, not for improving (for that would only be perpetuating the evil), but for entirely demolishing the almost countless wynds and closes in which are congregated such vast numbers of the humbler factory labourers in contagious association with lazy and dissolute Irish, whose conduct and habits are a pest to the whole population, infecting whole neighbourhoods with filth, indolence, and pauperism. For the workpeople to effect this reform of themselves is utterly impossible; and so used are they, by long continuance in such unwholesome dwellings, to all their inconveniences and deteriorating influences, that they are fatally blinded both to the moral

and physical evils whereto they are thus exposed. Much has already been done to elevate the working poor by giving them increased means of education and self-improvement; nor are we without hope that the town authorities, backed by influential and benevolent manufacturers, will ere long put means in operation for removing the evils here complained of. The general health of the town would by such measures be greatly benefited, and the expectation of life among the artisan-class greatly prolonged; besides which, there can be no sort of question that the same population, removed from their present unwholesome purlieus to open and airy suburban houses, would be improved morally as well as physically, and inspired with new vigour and higher motives for future exertions. Only those, indeed, who are experienced in these matters can duly appreciate the depressing effects of bad lodgment even on persons imbued with good moral principles to sustain them under adverse circumstances. A case that fell under the writer's notice last November will illustrate this point:—A hard-working harness weaver from the northern part of Ayrshire brought his family to Glasgow, in the hopes that they also, by procuring work from the muslin houses, might assist his efforts in supporting the younger children. Unhappily they fixed on a lodging—perhaps the only one to suit their confined means—in one of the closest and worst-drained wynds in the town. On their arrival they were as clean and thrifty as any of the rural poor; but only three or four weeks had elapsed when a second and third visit gave sad indications of their having become completely inoculated with the same dreamy torpor and lifeless indifference that prevailed all around them. Let such a family be removed to a better atmosphere, and they would at once recover their former elasticity and energy. It may be said, indeed, by way of palliative, that Manchester, Leeds, and other factory towns of England, have their low and misery-stricken districts likewise, equally injurious to health and life; but we speak advisedly in saying that no other town throughout Great Britain can show an amount of filth and squalid misery at all equal to that comprised within the wynds, closes, and blind alleys, whose name is 'legion,' in the older parts of Glasgow.

The reader, however, is not to suppose, because we deprecate the continued existence of these contaminating hot-beds of indolence, pauperism, and wretchedness, that we treat of them as forming the general abodes of the working-classes. No such thing: the thrifty, well-ordered artisan, especially if he be of the better class, seeks out far better and more wholesome lodgment—a room or couple of rooms looking out into a good, wide, and airy thoroughfare, and if in the outskirts, with an attached drying-ground for the family-clothes. No: the better ranks of the workpeople are not to be found here, unless their misconduct has sunk them into a depth of degradation and poverty that renders them glad to seek any refuge, however pestiferous, so long as it be cheap; and with such as these we can have little sympathy. But there are thousands of the humbler orders in the textile trades, who, from mere helpless necessity, make their residence in these noisome purlieus; and of this fact any one may at once be convinced by observing the entrances of the wynds at the end of the meal hours, when they are, as it were, so many gigantic vomitories sending forth whole regiments of mill and factory operatives. The wretched ill-paid handloom weaver, too, in these days of power-looms and weaving factories, can afford no better dwellingplace for his half-starving family; and we do not overstate the fact in alleging that between 3000 and 4000 persons connected with the manufactures of Glasgow are residents *perforce* of these unhealthy districts. To rescue these poor helpless people from moral contamination, bodily disease, and early death, is beyond all doubt greatly to be desired; and we sincerely hope and believe too, that no long time will elapse before effectual measures will be taken to open up and clear away a multitude of close unwhole-

some lanes and passages that are so inconsistent with all right views of civic economy and modern architecture.

It must not be supposed, however, that the operatives themselves, as a body, are without resources for effecting these and other improvements by their own unassisted power. What individuals cannot effect of themselves may be done with facility by combination; and no union of means can be more beneficial than one having for its end the improvement of their own condition. Small savings may be most profitably invested in building societies, formed for the express purpose of erecting groups of tenements in airy situations suitable for the working-classes. The experiment has been tried successfully in other places, and there seems no reason for doubting of its success in and about Glasgow. Indeed, if one-twentieth part of the money squandered yearly in intoxicating fluids were set apart as the capital of such a joint-stock association, buildings might soon rise into being of construction so economical, though withal substantial, that house-rent might be lowered fully 20 per cent., and the noisome closes and pestilential wynds left solely for those 'whose deeds being evil, prefer darkness rather than light,' and who would rather dwell in a filth akin to that of their own natures than seek improvement in an atmosphere of health and purity. And while we are on the subject of joint-stock associations, we may just throw out the suggestion, that although there be an apparent impossibility for the artisan class to establish themselves by individual efforts in independent business, and become employers like the manufacturers or middle class above them, there is nothing more easy than to do so by a combination of savings invested in well-considered and judiciously-conducted undertakings of various kinds in connection with the industrial arts of the district. The failure of plans of this description has been generally due to the misconduct of ill-chosen managers; but such evils as these may be obviated by proper laws, and the result would be, the realisation of an interest for capital far greater than that procured from savings'-bank investment, accompanied with the satisfaction at the same time of having taken a decided step to promote self-advancement and eventual independence.

Our task is now done. Enough, and more than enough, has been alleged to prove the vastness and importance of the manufacturing and commercial operations carried on in and around Glasgow, as well as to show the astonishing variety of the labours therein conducted. This city has risen, we see, within a comparatively short period from being a fourth-rate provincial town, to be the second industrial dépôt in the empire, and beyond all comparison the first in Scotland, while its port, though merely artificial, formed with consummate skill at a vast outlay of capital, has become, in spite of its inland position, so busy and important, as to be second only to that of Liverpool. We have shown also the gradual rise and present importance of the steam navigation system, which was organized on the Clyde some years earlier than on any other river of Europe; and we have not failed to point out the immense advantages accruing to the entire district from its vast beds of coal and iron. With these almost inexhaustible resources for the employment of human industry, this busy hive unquestionably furnishes abundant means for promoting the comfort and happiness of the working-classes residing within its precincts; and this consideration has led us in the last place to discuss the possible and actual condition of the many thousands actively engaged in all these mighty operations.

The facts of the case are beyond all controversy true, and founded on personal knowledge, and confirmed by the opinion of individuals long resident and well conversant with the subject; nor do we think that the deductions drawn therefrom are otherwise than fair and reasonable. The operatives of Glasgow, taken as a body, are not enjoying that amount of comfort and happiness of which they are susceptible; but *the fault lies mainly with*

themselves; and we have the best reasons for believing, that but for *improvidence and other defects in their social economy*, they might occupy a more respectable position than at present in the moral community, and all or most of them enjoy that comfort and comparative independence which is the lot of those happier and more prudent persons of the same class who have learnt how to use, without abusing, the gifts of Providence and the rewards of toil. Education has already done much to ameliorate their condition, and the spread of temperance societies would undoubtedly forward the good work; but the grand desiderata, after all, are *a sense of high moral responsibility and the regular exercise of self-control*.

"NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES.

IN the course of another generation the fairy tales of our own country will be read only by the grave archaeologists who live in the past, and 'Jack the Giant-Killer' and his compeers, despised by boys and girls, will become the heroes of grown children. This revolution, however, although perhaps inevitable everywhere, is not so close at hand in other regions; and in Norway, for instance, the rising generation is still as busy as ever with the fairy lore. It may be interesting to some of our readers to observe the national differences in the machinery of narratives of which the staple subjects must be the same; and we propose—though not, we admit, without some misgiving—to devote a column or two to the preternatural legends of neighbours with whom our historical connection is so intimate.

Let us begin with the male Cinderella of the Norwegians, a youth tyrannically treated by his elder brothers, and condemned, by their injustice, to sit at the fireside and expend his breath upon the ashes—which procured him the nickname of *Askefús*, or Ash-blower. This personage is the hero of many a fairy legend, but none equal to our own beautiful story. The narrative in which we shall introduce him to our readers is called

THE DOLL-IN-THE-GRASS.

Cinderellus was the son of a king, who commanded his twelve sons to go forth into the world in search of wives; but in order that his progeny might be fitted with spouses of no ordinary kind, he stipulated that the ladies they might bring home should be able to spin, weave, and sew a shirt in one day. The twelve sons, accordingly, set out on their adventures, all mounted and armed; but after riding a little way, the elder determined that they would not submit to the disgrace of being accompanied by their despised youngest brother, whom they therefore compelled to dismount. Poor little Cinderellus, with a swelling heart, saw the gallant cortège ride on, and he then sat down in the grass, and gave way to his despair.

Presently he sees, through his tears, something moving towards him in the grass. It is small, white, delicate; and he opens his eyes widely, when he discovers that, although so doll-like in appearance, it is in reality a tiny girl, who is so beautiful, and so magnificently dressed, that she might seem the queen of Lilliput.

'What make you here?' said Doll-in-the-grass: 'whither are you going?—what is the matter?'

'I am a king's son,' replied Cinderellus; 'and I am sent, as well as my eleven brothers, to seek for a wife who can spin, weave, and sew a shirt in one day. But my brothers will not let me go with them; they will never let me do anything but blow the ashes. Oh if you were but able to do what my father requires, and were willing to become my wife!'

'We shall see,' said she smiling; and that very moment she began to spin—and then to weave—and then to sew, till the shirt was complete. But alas! it was in proportion to her own size, not to ordinary peoples'; and as Cinderellus examined the exquisite little toy, his heart misgave him that his father would look upon it as

a joke. He took it home, however, and to his great joy the king was delighted with this gem of shirt-making; and so he returned to carry his tiny mistress to the palace.

He leaped from his horse, and was about to lift up the Doll-in-the-grass to perch her on the saddle; but this was not her way of travelling. Her chariot was a silver spoon, drawn by two white mice, and so they set forth for the palace, Cinderella taking care to ride on the other side of the road from his betrothed, so that Doll, spoon, mice, and all, might not be crushed under the horse's hoofs. His tender precaution, however, was of no avail. When they came to the margin of a broad river, the horse suddenly shied, upset the spoon, and Doll-in-the-grass tumbled over the bank, and into the deep water.

Cinderella was in despair, and would have thrown himself in after her, when suddenly he saw his mistress—no longer a little doll, but a full-grown woman, and more beautiful than ever—rising from the tide, borne up by a water-spirit. He at once placed her on his horse beside him, and rode home with his prize.

By this time his brothers had reached the palace, but in a very different condition. They, too, had been successful in obtaining wives; but the ladies had such horrible tempers, that they had all been fighting, men and women, pell-mell upon the road. Their bonnets were crushed, and their stormy faces dabbled with blood; and the king was so disgusted, that he drove them all away, and giving all his affection to the gentle Doll-in-the-grass and his youngest son, he celebrated their marriage with great magnificence. The wedded pair lived long and happily; and indeed the story assures us that if not dead, they are living still.

THE GRAY-DAPPLE.

There once lived a married couple who had twelve sons, the youngest of whom, when he had grown up, determined to go forth and push his fortune in the world. In vain his father and mother intreated. Off he set; and he walked—and walked—and walked till he came to a king's house, where he was hired as a servant. The family happened at the time to be in great affliction; for a troll (a demon of the mountain) had carried away the king's daughter, his only child, and the distracted father had vainly offered the half of his kingdom and the hand of the princess herself to any one who would rescue her. But this of course was nothing to the young man, for what could he do? and after spending about a year in his service he went home to visit his parents.

The parents, however, were dead, and the eleven sons, supposing their youngest brother to be dead too, had divided among them the whole heritage—all but twelve mares which fed upon the hills. With these it was necessary for the young man to be content, and he went up to the place where they were feeding to look at his property, when he found to his great satisfaction that each of the twelve mares had a colt by her side, and that one of these colts was a prodigiously handsome gray-dapple.

'You are a fine fellow—you are!' said the lad, caressing the colt.

'Only kill the other foals,' whispered Gray-dapple, 'so as to let me suck the whole of the mares for a year, and you may then call me fine!' And the youth did so at a word: he killed every one of the eleven, and went home.

The next year, when he returned to the hills, the mares had all young ones again, and Gray-dapple was so sleek, that his coat shone like burnished metal, and he had grown so tall, that his master could hardly get upon his back. He praised him more warmly than before, and would have taken him away; but the colt repeated his former speech—'Only kill these foals, and let me suck the whole of the mares for another year, and you will see if I shall not be fine!' The young man complied; and the next year it was still the same

thing. But at the fourth year, the dapple had grown so huge, that it was with difficulty he got upon his back even when the vast animal was lying down, and so fat and sleek, that his coat shone like a mirror. This time the horse consented to be taken away; and when the young man rode into the yard, the eleven brothers, you may well suppose, were astonished at the sight. He bargained with them to shoe and saddle, and bridle his horse in the most magnificent manner in exchange for the twelve mares and the foals on the hills; and all being ready, he sprung away on his glittering charger, which made the chips of stones fly from his iron heels into the air.

They soon arrived at the king's dwelling; and his majesty, who was standing on the steps, was filled with astonishment on seeing a horseman so gallantly mounted dash into his courtyard. The adventurer's request to be allowed to renew his service was at once granted; and so was his demand—suggested by Gray-dapple himself—of good stabling and abundant feeding for his horse. In fact the other four-footed denizens of the stable were obliged to be turned out to make room for the new arrival.

All this distinction raised up a host of enemies against the master of Gray-dapple; and at length the courtiers spread a report that he had boasted of being able, if he chose, to rescue the princess, who was still a captive in the mountain. In vain he denied the soft impeachment—the king was too much interested in believing it; and at length his majesty told him point-blank that he must either restore his daughter to his arms or die. The young man was much puzzled what to do, but at the same time much tempted by the reward, which was the hand of the princess and half the kingdom; and he went to consult his horse upon the subject.

'Have no fear,' said Gray-dapple; 'the thing is to be done. Only let me be well shod with twenty pounds of iron, and twelve of steel, and one smith to make the shoes, and another to put them on.' So was it done; and the young adventurer leaping on his back, they dashed out of the courtyard, making the stones smoke wreaths of dust. When they arrived at the mountain, the view was enough to make anybody look blank, for its sides were as perpendicular as a wall, and as smooth and polished as a pane of glass. However, Gray-dapple made a leap against this seemingly impenetrable barrier; but his fore-feet slipping, down he came with a run that shook the hills like thunder. At the second spring he got higher up; but one of his feet slipping again, he fell like an avalanche. The third time he reached the top, and on they scoured like a tempest, till, coming to where the princess was, the adventurer caught her up on his saddle bow, and before the Demon could turn himself round, they were off, and safe down the mountain. The king no doubt was overjoyed.

'Thank you for saving mine own!' said he, and he was walking coolly away with her.

'Thine!' repeated the adventurer: 'but mine also, is she not?'

'Well, well, I will keep my word: but you must first remove that rock which obscures my palace, and let the sun shine straight upon us.' This was hard; but the lover's enemies were too strong for him, and he went to take counsel of his faithful Gray-dapple.

'It is a trifle,' said the horse: 'but I must be shod anew. Remember twenty pounds of iron, and twelve of steel, with one smith to make the shoes, and another to put them on.' So said, so done; and at the first bound Gray-dapple made upon the rock, it sunk ten yards, and so it continued sinking beneath his wild feet till the ground was as level as a bowling-green.

'See,' said the adventurer to the king, 'the sun shines straight upon the palace, and I demand my bride.'

'All in good time,' answered he: 'you must first provide her with a horse as superb as your own—that is nothing more than fair.' The lover was thunder-struck at this impossible demand; for where on earth could be found another steed like Gray-dapple?

'Not on earth truly,' said Gray-dapple, 'but in another place. Still, we must try: but remember, I must be shod anew—twenty pounds of iron, and twelve of steel, with one smith to make the shoes, and one to put them on. And we must take with us twelve tons of rye, twelve tons of barley, and the carcasses of twelve oxen; and in each of the hides of the twelve, twelve hundred nails, and finally, a tar-barrel.'

Thus provided, they set out on their journey; and when they had ridden, and ridden, over hills and plains—

'Listen,' said Gray-dapple to his rider, 'and tell me what you hear?'

'I hear so terrific a whirring in the upper air, that I begin to be frightened,' he replied.

'Ay, these are the birds: cut a hole in the grain-bags, for they must be fed.'

Then came sweeping down over their heads so dense a cloud of wild birds, that they darkened the sun; but as soon as these terrible creatures got a sight of the streaming corn, they threw themselves upon it, and allowed the horse and his rider to pass on their way.

After a time Gray-dapple began to prick his ears again, and told his master to listen, and tell him what he heard.

'I hear something like the roaring and breaking of a sea, and I begin to be frightened.'

'Ay, these are the beasts, and must be fed. Down with the carcasses of the oxen!'

Then came bursting upon them an innumerable herd of bears, wolves, lions, and other savage animals; but when the creatures saw the ox-flesh, they threw themselves upon it, and tore at one another for the prize, and so allowed the horse and his rider to pass on their way. Long was the journey, furious the speed, and many were the hills, looking blue in the distance, which they passed; and when Gray-dapple told his master, for the third time, to listen, he replied—

'I hear something afar off like the soft neighing of a colt.'

Another blue hill was reached and left behind, when the question was repeated.

'The neighing has become louder—it is like the neighing of a full-grown horse.'

Another blue hill was reached and left behind, when the hills and rocks trembled, and the whole earth rung with the terrible sound.

'Now we are in for it!' said Gray-dapple. 'Throw over me the ox-hides with the nails, place the tar barrel on the field, and take yourself up into yonder pine, out of the way of the combat. When the tar-barrel is a-light, if the flame sinks, you may fear the worst; but if it rises, you may conclude that I am to conquer, and so come down at once, and throw my bridle over the horse you seek.'

Hardly had the young man done as he was directed, and ensconced himself in the pine-tree, when there came bounding on a mighty horse, breathing flame from its nostrils, which set fire to the tar-barrel in a moment. Then began the battle; and such a biting, and kicking, and flinging, was never seen—though the teeth of the new-comer did little damage, as they fastened only upon the ox-hides and the sharp nails they enclosed. The adventurer looked now at the conflict and now at the tar-barrel; but at length the flame distinctly rose, and jumping down, as he had been told, he threw the bridle over the strange horse, who grew instantaneously so quiet, that you might have led him with a thread.

When they got home to the palace, the king was standing on the steps, and saw, to his great admiration, that the two magnificent horses were as like as two peas. He had not the face to evade performing his share of the bargain any longer; and so the two lovers, thanks to their wonderful Gray-dapple, were at last married, and lived happy all their days.

THE UPPER MAID.

The youngest son of a certain king being, as usual,

restless and ambitious of adventure, and obtaining, though with great difficulty, his father's consent, set forth into the world to push his fortune. After travelling for some time, he at length arrived at the house of a giant, with whom he took on service. In the morning the giant went out, as was his custom, to herd his goats, desiring the king's son to cleanse the stables.

'That is all I demand for to-day,' said he gruffly, 'for thou hast a kind master; but take care to execute my orders, and never to enter another room in the house but the parlour, or I shall surely kill thee.' The prince was very well pleased to have plumped into so easy a situation, and before going out to his brief labour, he spent some time in pacing up and down the parlour, humming snatches of songs. At length it occurred to him, that although he was not permitted to enter the other rooms, he might at least peep in to see what extraordinary things they contained. He accordingly opened the first door; but the only thing he saw was a kettle boiling away with all its might, although there was not a spark of fire below it.

'I wonder what is in it?' said he, stooping over to take a look; but his long hair falling into the kettle, was changed to copper, and he drew away in surprise. In the next room there was another kettle, boiling like the former without fire; and his curiosity was rewarded by his long hair being plated with silver. In the third room there was a third kettle, and that he found, to the cost of his long hair, was busy boiling gold.

'What next?' thought he; 'surely something precious indeed!' And he entered the fourth room, and beheld the most beautiful lady he had ever set eyes on—a king's daughter at the least.

'Alas!' cried she, on seeing him, 'what dost thou in this place?'

'I was hired yesterday,' replied the king's son; 'and I think I have found a good master, since he has given me nothing to do for the whole of this day but to cleanse the stables.'

'And how wilt thou do that? Go and shovel as thou wilt, for every shovelful thou throwest out, ten will come in! But this is what thou must do: turn the shovel upside down, and begin work with the handle, and the job is done.' You may suppose the king's son was much obliged to the beautiful lady; and so taken were they with each other, that before the day was done they agreed to be married some time or other. At length it was necessary for the lover to go and cleanse the stables before the giant should return; and he found that his damsel was perfectly correct, for when he used the blade of the shovel, ten shovelfuls came in for every one he threw out, and when he turned the handle, the whole stable was clean in an instant.

When the giant came home, and found the king's son pacing up and down the parlour, humming snatches of songs, he went hastily to the stables to see if it was possible that the work could be done. 'Aha!' said he, returning, 'thou has surely spoken with my upper maid!' The next morning, when going out with his goats, he ordered the new servant, for his day's work, to fetch home his horse that fed on the hills, cautioning him, as before, not to enter any of the rooms if he would not have his head twisted from his neck. The giant's back was no sooner turned than the king's son hastened to visit the king's daughter—for such she surely was—and told her with great glee of the light task that had been set to him for the day.

'Alas!' said she, 'for as light as it may be, you could never accomplish it without my aid. But take the bridle hanging by the door when you go to seek the horse; and although he comes to you like a dragon breathing smoke and flame, fling it boldly over his head, and he will submit at once.' In the evening (for they passed the day in talking of their marriage) he found that all this was true, for had it not been for the bridle he would surely have been devoured by that extraordinary horse.

When the giant came home with the goats, and found

the king's son pacing up and down the parlour, humming snatches of songs, he hastened to the stable to see if the horse was there.

'Aha!' said he, 'thou hast surely spoken to my upper maid!' The next day, on going out with the goats, he told his new servant to 'go to the fiend and fetch the fire-tax,' cautioning him as before. The king's son was dismayed at hearing such an order, but the upper maid, as usual, counselled him how to manage. In the evening, by her directions, he took a club that lay in the room, and going out to the hill-side, struck with it upon a rock, which was instantly opened by somebody with flames blazing out at his eyes.

'What dost thou want?'

'I am sent for the fire-tax,' replied the king's son.

'How much must thou have?'

'Just as much as I can carry, and no more.'

'That is well. Enter'—and so the king's son went into the rock, and filled a sack with lumps of gold and silver that were lying like stones in a heap.

When the giant came home with the goats, and saw the sack lying on the bench, and the king's son pacing up and down the parlour, humming snatches of songs—

'Aha!' said he, 'I see thou hast spoken with my upper maid!'

'Your upper what?' inquired the king's son: 'what is this you are always talking about? May I not see it?'

'Yes, yes, you shall see—what you shall see; and not later than to-morrow morning.'

'Oh I am so glad! I have longed so long to see this upper—thingumbob!'

The next day the giant took him to the upper-maid's room.

'Here,' said he, 'kill me this king's son, and boil him in the large kettle, and when the broth is ready, let me know:' and so saying, he stretched his huge form upon the bench to take a nap, and by and by slept so loud, that it seemed to thunder upon the hills. The upper maid now took a knife, and pricked the king's son on the little finger, so that three drops of blood fell on the stool. She then took all the old rags, shoe-soles, and other rubbish she could find, and put them into the kettle; and having so done, she filled a chest with gold-dust, and providing herself likewise with a salt-stone, a bottle of water, and a golden apple, she and the king's son, so laden, made their escape from the giant's house.

The giant stretched himself when they were gone, and asked, between sleeping and waking, if the broth would soon be ready? to which one of the drops of blood on the stool answered, 'Just begun boiling.' After another slumber, he asked again, without opening his eyes, 'Is it ready yet?' 'Half done,' replied the second drop of blood. A third time he spoke, and asked peevishly, 'Not done yet?' 'Yes,' said the third drop, 'quite done;' and getting up, he took a ladle, and plunging it into the kettle, fished up a ladleful of shoe-soles, rags, and other rubbish. The sight of this broth put him in a rage, and as he soon comprehended who had been at the cooking of it, he at once set out in pursuit of the fugitives.

He arrived at the borders of a sea where they must have embarked, but their ship was out of sight. Whereupon he summoned his water-sucker; who, lying down upon the shore, took two or three pulls, which diminished the water so much, that the vessel was distinctly seen with the lovers on board.

'Now,' said the upper maid to the king's son, 'throw out the salt-stone!' and this was no sooner done, than it grew to a mountain so tall and steep as completely to block up the passage of the giant. Whereupon he summoned his rock-borer, who presently bored a hole through the mountain, by which the water-sucker began to drink his huge pulls again. But the king's son, by the directions of the upper maid, threw overboard a drop or two from the bottle of water, and straightway the sea became as full as ever: so that

they got fairly to the other side, and so effected their escape.

When they were within a short distance of his father's palace, the king's son would on no account allow the upper maid to proceed farther on foot. This would be against the dignity of both, and he determined that she should halt where she was till he should go home and bring her the seven horses from his father's stables. The upper maid was very loath; but since he would go, she charged him neither to eat nor drink while away on his errand, if he would not bring misfortune on them both.

When he arrived at the palace he found all in a bustle, on account of the marriage of one of his brothers, and the family and guests crowded round him to invite him. But he would not be intreated: going straight to the stables to get out the horses. Then they brought out to him meat and wine, and all sorts of dainties prepared for the bridal: but he would not taste. At last the bride's sister rolled an apple to him across the courtyard, and without thinking, he put it to his mouth and bit. That moment he forgot everything—giant, upper maid, and all, and unable to imagine what he was doing with the horses at that time, he put the beasts into the stable, and went into the house. Here he fell suddenly in love with the lady of the apple, and agreed to marry her.

The upper maid, in the meantime, after waiting in vain for the king's son, took up her abode in a little hut in a forest near the palace. It was a shabby little place; and to lighten it up a little, she took a handful of her gold-dust and sprinkled it on the fire, when straightway a blaze came forth which gilded the hut inside and out. The fame of the golden hut of course spread over the country side, and many of the gentry came to woo its mistress for so wealthy a hand; but she played cruel tricks upon them all—sticking one to the poker, another to the door, and a third to the calf's tail, and making them dance and whirl with these appendages till morning.

The next day, when the marriage at the palace was to come off, the pole of the carriage broke just as the bride and bridegroom were driving out of the courtyard to go to church. They tried a new pole, and another, and another, but all in vain—they snapped at once; and a bystander advised them to borrow the poker from the Golden Cottage, which he had good reason to know was of tougher metal. This was done, and with perfect success; but no sooner did the chariot move, than the bottom fell out, and went in pieces. It was in vain to make new bottoms—none would stand the first jolt; till another bystander advised them to borrow the door of the Golden Cottage, which he had good reason to know was not affected by any ordinary or extraordinary motion. This was done, and all would have been right had the horses been able to do their work: but they first tried six—then eight—then ten—then twelve, and not a foot would the carriage move. Then a bystander advised them to borrow the calf from the Golden Cottage, as he had good reason to know that it was equal to any work it could be set to.

The upper maid did not refuse this any more than the other requests; and no sooner was the calf yoked, than off went the chariot over stones and rocks, through hedges and ditches, round the church and over the church, and home again faster than ever, till the bride and bridegroom were landed almost senseless at the palace.

When the company had sat down to dinner, the king's son remarked that it would be only polite, in return for her valuable loans, to ask the lady of the Golden Cottage to join them. This was agreed to; and the five eldest sons were despatched on the errand. But the upper maid replied, that if the king was too great a lord to come for her himself, she was too great a lady to go on any meaner invitation. Upon this the king went, and bringing the upper maid to the palace, set her down in the seat of honour. The king's son looked at her

without recognising his deliverer, till setting down the golden apple she had brought from the giant's castle before him on the table, his eyes were opened, and he remembered everything. Upon this the witch who had rolled the apple to him across the courtyard, and with whom he had taken that terrific ride to church, was punished as she deserved; and the king's son and his beautiful upper maid were married in earnest.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

It ought to be generally known that the manures of commerce—guano, bone dust, &c.—are subject to very serious adulteration; so much so, that in some cases only an insignificant portion of the article sold as manure possesses any valuable properties. And we need hardly say that farmers do not require to pay large sums for sand and rubbish, which they can have for nothing at their own doors. The only sure means of testing these manures is to analyse them chemically. But who has the opportunity or knowledge to effect this process? To afford aid to farmers in so important an affair, the Agricultural and Highland Society of Scotland employ a professional chemist, who, in a well-prepared laboratory at Edinburgh, conducts numerous experiments in reference to soils and manures.

A short time ago, at a meeting of the society, Professor Christison mentioned some particulars respecting the operations of Dr Anderson, who had charge of the chemical department. 'He had the satisfaction of stating that Dr Anderson was now placed in probably the best laboratory, he might say, in the United Kingdom, for such investigations. Since the operations commenced, a large number of analyses had been executed for members and others; and the increasing number of these showed that in this particular department of the chemical institution it enjoyed the confidence of the country. Previous scientific investigations seemed to have been carried on not with that direct practical bearing that they ought to have been; and impressed with this view, the committee were determined that they would undertake no investigation unless according to the suggestions of skilful agriculturists who were members of the committee. In the next publication of the Society's Transactions, the first efforts of Dr Anderson's inquiries in this department would be made known. These would embrace analyses of wheat soils taken from various parts of Scotland, being celebrated for the large quantity and the fine quality of the wheat grown on them. This was a proper mode of procedure. They knew where the most valuable crops of wheat could be raised; and as they were aware that this superiority must depend chiefly on climate or soil, it was of considerable importance that they should know the exact peculiarity of soil which tended to produce such rich crops.'

Dr Anderson, in addition to what was stated by Professor Christison, said another important branch of the work of the laboratory was that of performing analyses of different manures and other substances for members of the society and the public; and in this department he was glad to say that a considerable increase had taken place—about 130 analyses of different substances having been executed since January last.

Mr Finnie, Swanston, advised his brother farmers to put themselves in communication with Dr Anderson, and get him to test the manufactured article they purchase, whether guano, oil-cake, or such-like; and if they did this, their wonder and surprise would be how they had been so long in availing themselves of so invaluable an auxiliary.

Mr Dickson, Saughton Mains, in corroboration of what Mr Finnie had said regarding the advantages derived from the facilities now afforded to members for getting correct analyses of the various manures at a moderate cost, would mention that three weeks ago he purchased twenty-five tons of what seemed to be, from appearance, and what was also warranted to him by the party from whom he purchased it, as the best quality of Peruvian guano; and after sending for two tons, and taking a fair sample, which he had analysed by Dr Anderson, it was found to contain 41 per cent. of sand, in place of from 2 to 5 per cent., which is the usual quantity in genuine Peruvian guano. By getting this guano analysed, therefore, he made fully £1,100, which he would have lost by purchasing sand at the price of guano. He believed the party from whom he purchased the guano, who was highly respectable, to have

been quite ignorant of the quality of the stuff he was selling, and that he himself had been cheated, having bought it in London; and he afterwards got from the same person part of a direct cargo to Leith, the quantity of sand in which was only 3 per cent.

THE OUTWARD MAIL-PACKET.

EVERY month nine large steam-packets leave the Southampton Docks for different parts of the world—namely, one to Alexandria, two to the West Indies, one to New York, one to Constantinople, one to Italy, and three to the Peninsula. The departure of each of these is an event of no small importance, for the shipping of mails, passengers, cargo, and stores on board of her, gives employment to an immense number of persons, and the dock is a scene of great excitement for days before its departure.

When a steamer is selected to convey an outward foreign mail—say, for instance, the Indian mail to Egypt on the 20th of the month—the first thing is to thoroughly overhaul her, to see that her machinery and internal arrangements are in perfect order: carpenters, painters, shipwrights, machinists, are busily employed for days discovering and repairing every defect, and doing everything that will contribute to the comfort of passengers and the safety of the cargo and mails. While this is going on, others are engaged in shipping hundreds of tons of coals on board of her, sufficient to last till she reaches the first coaling station in the Mediterranean.

The stores necessary for provisioning a ship's crew of nearly one hundred persons, and furnishing a splendid table daily with every delicacy and luxury for a hundred passengers for five weeks, are enormous. Although fresh provisions for the crew and passengers are taken on board at every foreign port at which the steamer touches, the principal portion of the stores are shipped at Southampton. For some days before the departure of the outward packet, grocers, butchers, bakers, wine and spirit merchants, confectioners, poulterers, cheese-mongers, and provision merchants, are busy putting the contents of their shops, cellars, and warehouses on board—about 3000 lbs. weight of bread, flour, hops, and malt; 2000 lbs. of butchers'-meat, consisting of prime beef, mutton, pork, calves' heads, and ox tails; 200 head of live-stock—namely, sheep, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and a cow in milk; 100 head of dead stock, consisting of turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and rabbits; 2000 lbs. of provender for the live-stock; 3000 bottles of champagne, claret, Madeira, port, and sherry; 6000 bottles of pale ale, porter, soda water, and lemonade; 200 gallons of brandy, gin, rum, and whisky; 3000 lbs. of tea, coffee, and sugars; 2000 lbs. of various groceries and spices; an immense quantity of oilmen and confectioners' stores, comprehending every imaginable thing—such as anchovies, blacking, bottled fruits, candles, cod-sounds, curry-powder, celery seeds, groats, herrings, jams, jellies, marmalade, macaroni, mustard, salad oil, olives, pearl-barley, pickles, capers, salt, sauces, salt fish, catsup, soy, soap, soda, salted tripe, vermicelli, whiting, vinegar; and 1000 eggs and 1000 lbs. of bacon, butter, and cheese, are shipped on board every Alexandrian packet at Southampton for one outward and homeward voyage.

The shipping of the cargo occupies several days, and consists principally of several hundred tons of linen, silk, and cotton manufactured goods, packed in bales from the north of England, consigned to merchants in the Mediterranean ports, and which, after passing through their hands, are conveyed in boats, and on the backs of camels, to distant parts of Asia and Africa. In a few weeks the beautiful fabrics from Manchester and other places, which have been shipped at Southampton for Alexandria, are ascending rivers or traversing in Eastern caravans the countries which surround the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and are perhaps adorning the Circassian beauties of Egyptian harems, turbaning the heads of pilgrims going to Mecca, and bartered for ivory and gold in Abyssinia.

At length the 20th of the month, the day for the departure of the outward packet to Alexandria, has arrived; carpenters, shipwrights, and others, have completed their tasks—the cargo has been shipped—the vessel has been coaled—and the cabin furniture and most of the victualling stores are on board. The crew and officers have been mustered, and the ship has been examined by the Admiralty officers, to see if everything is in harmony with the

mail contract. Early on the morning of the 20th the docks present an animated scene. Vehicles of every description are racing in and out. As the forenoon advances, the cabins and deck are crowded with the passengers and their anxious relatives and friends, who are giving and receiving mutual advice and instructions how to act when they are separated.

It is curious to witness this constant and ever-recurring crowd on board the outward Indian mail-packet, about to seek fortune, fame, or a grave, from the inexhaustible resources, the romantic incidents, and fatal climate of our Indian empire. Pacing up and down the deck may be seen gentle and beardless youths, dreaming of Clive and Hastings; hirsute warriors returning to the British army at Scinde or the Punjab; ladies leaving England to join or seek husbands on the banks of the Ganges and the Indus; the sons of English gentlemen, merchants, tradesmen, and clergymen, going out to lord it over nabobs, rajahs, and moguls—to fight the fiercest warriors, or to collect the richest treasures, that are to be found in Asia.

Soon after one o'clock in the afternoon the deck of the packet becomes a crowded promenade; a band of music is playing on board, and the steam of the engine is escaping with a terrific noise; shipping agents and others are rushing to and from the steamer with bills of lading, custom-house papers, or something forgotten by the crew or passengers. A crowd of persons is collected also by the side of the vessel. Preparations are evidently making for the departure of the ship, when the attention of every one is arrested by the cry of 'Here comes the mail!' The mail being the last thing put on board, and the packet being bound to start immediately after it has been shipped, her departure can now be calculated to a minute, and passengers and their friends now know that the time to be with each other is limited.

Emerging from the dock gate are seen three immense railway vans, drawn by powerful horses, escorted by a mail-guard, dressed in the scarlet livery of the Postmaster-General, and preceded by policemen, who force back the crowd from the side of the vessel. These railway vans contain the Indian and Mediterranean mail. It is received at the gangway of the steamer by the local Post-Office authorities, and by naval officers in uniform, who take charge of it during the voyage. The mail consists of about 200 boxes, and sacks of letters and newspapers. The boxes and sacks weigh between four and five tons, and they contain about 100,000 letters and 20,000 newspapers. The mail that is now seen approaching the packet is the largest and most important that leaves England. It contains correspondence for Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Egypt, Eastern and Southern Africa, Persia, Arabia, India, China, Australia, and the Eastern Archipelago. Tens of thousands of our kindred in remote regions will be anticipating its arrival to learn the news from Old England.

As soon as the mail arrives alongside the packet, about twenty men are busily employed putting it on board, and the Admiralty and Post-Office authorities are checking off printed lists of its contents. While this is going on, the passengers and their friends on board are taking leave of each other. Prayers for the health and happiness of the voyagers are hastily expressed, promises to correspond are hurriedly extorted, and friends and relatives are rapidly leaving the vessel.

As soon as the mail is shipped, the Admiralty agent steps on board, and the gangways are drawn on shore. The commander and the pilot are on the paddle-box, the steersmen are at the wheel, and every officer and seaman is at his post, and amidst the sound of music and the belching of the engines, a stentorian order issues from the paddle-box to 'Let go the bow-rope—let go astern.' At the same time a signal is passed to the engine-room, and the paddle-wheels begin to move; and in a moment that which had seemed an immense castle built up against the dock wall, appears like a thing of life floating buoyantly on the tranquil water. A rush is now made by the crowd to the entrance of the docks to see the packet pass out from thence. A most beautiful sight it is to see from the mouth of the dock the ship, like a floating castle gliding close by, with its bow gracefully turning towards Southampton Water. Passengers and their friends recognise each other once more, and in a few minutes the outward mail-packet is beyond hail or signal. In six days she will be passing through the Straits of Gibraltar: in sixteen days she will be anchored alongside the fertile shores of the land of Egypt.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

THE IVY.

A GRACEFUL ivy, fair and young,
Around a dear old ruin twined,
And closer still it crept and clung
When o'er it swept the angry wind.

And for a time the ruin old
Looked fresh in vest so soft and sheen,
But oh the heart of stone is cold,
So, haply, felt that ivy green.

Yet drooped it not! With love unchilled,
Round every corner queer 'twould cling,
And sportive twine as fancy willed—
The living, loving, wayward thing!

Sad sighed the wind one wintry eve
All mournful round the tottering pile,
Some gentle spirit seemed to grieve
O'er love that even at death could smile.

But all unheeded passed that sigh,
And all unmarked that boding voice—
The ivy true, as fate drew nigh,
But fonder clasped its hapless choice.

While, sadder as the sad wind sighed,
An answering cadence rose and fell,
Deep echoing through each portal wide
The dear old ruin's funeral knell.

Then reeled and sank each lofty tower
That long erect in stately pride
Had mocked the raging tempest's power,
And time's destroying hand defied.

Now, buried 'neath the mouldering heap,
The poor fond ivy whelmed lies—
Be such my lot! I would not weep,
But die when all I cherish dies.

Edinburgh.

M. T. H.

A CAMEL RIDE.

The animal I got was a common baggage camel—very savage and stubborn, crying loudly and running backwards when beaten; so that my first experience was not a very pleasant one. He knelt down for me to get upon him, but even then it was a long stretch to cross his back. Subsequently, in Egypt, I learned to vault on to the saddle; if, indeed, the package of old carpet, straw, and wood-work could be called one. In front there is a high pommel, which you clutch hold of when the animal rises. If you did not do this, the pitching forwards and backwards is so violent, that you would inevitably be thrown off. You have only a simple single halter to guide him with, and the end of this is sufficiently long to beat him. I will own to having been in a terrible fright all the while I was on his back. With his uneasy rocking motion I had the greatest difficulty in the world to keep on, and the fall from my elevated perch—for such it really was—would have been no joke; and when he trotted, it was enough to bring the heart into the mouth. If I were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel ride, I would say—take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it will go, put it in a cart without springs, get on the top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field; and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel. To make him go fast, you cry 'Su! su!' and also make a noise with your tongue, something like the word 'thluck!'—and to get him to kneel down, you pull his neck sideways and downwards, and produce a crepitating sound by pressing your tongue against the back of your teeth. At first, a very short journey is exceedingly fatiguing, and gives one the lumbago for a week; but afterwards a see-saw motion becomes so little cared for, that I can well understand folks going to sleep on a camel. Once, in the desert, on a very hot day, I nearly dozed off myself.—*Albert Smith's Month at Constantinople.*

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CONDITION OF ENGLAND QUESTION.

PARLIAMENT, we are glad to observe, has lately done less in the discussion of the 'Condition of England Question' than was its wont in our young days. The subject has apparently been bequeathed to literature; and if we do not get speeches, there is no want of books to show that things are going on in a very bad way. One of the latest expositors of our social grievances is Mr Joseph Kay, who has treated his subject at somewhat immoderate length, in a work which, if not manifesting high philosophic power, is at least remarkable for its body of facts, and the earnestness with which these are detailed and commented on.* Mr Kay's production takes the form principally of a comparison between continental and English life. He has travelled over all parts of Western Europe, and has everywhere inquired into the state of manners, education, and means of living—the whole of the results of these patient inquiries being compared with similarly-observed circumstances in Great Britain. As this kind of investigation bears some relation to our own pursuits while abroad—as we have indeed in some places gone on Mr Kay's tracks, and visited the same towns, schools, and prisons—we may be permitted to compare notes on the subject.

Let us, however, in the first place, run over a few of the author's conclusions on the aspect of home affairs. According to his view, society amongst us is in an exceedingly rotten and precarious state. Wealth is aggregating into large masses in few hands. A poor and struggling class, without hope, dissolute, and dangerous, is becoming more numerous. On abject pauperism nearly six millions of pounds are spent annually, under the poor-laws in England. Besides this, enormous sums are dispensed in supporting hospitals and other charities. Yet all that is done to rescue the people from the horrors of famine and the deepest vice and misery fails to effect its object. In vain we get up workhouses, ragged schools, houses of refuge; in vain we place restrictions on the sale of spirituous liquors; and nearly in vain do teachers, secular and religious, ply their vocation. Look at the state of things where population has densely congregated. 'I speak with deliberation when I say that I know no spectacle so degraded, and, if I may be allowed to use a strong word, so horrible, as the back streets and suburbs of English and Irish towns, with their filthy inhabitants; with their crowds of half-clad, filthy, and degraded children, playing in the dirty kennels; with their numerous gin-palaces, filled with people whose hands and faces show how their flesh is, so to speak, impregnated with spirituous liquors—the only

solaces, poor creatures, that they have!—and with poor young girls, whom a want of religious training in their infancy, and misery, have driven to the most degraded and pitiful of all pursuits. Greater evils never threatened civilisation and religion than the great cities which have been springing into existence within the last one hundred years. If we would save civilisation, religion, and the morality and happiness of our people, we must reform our towns. And one great step towards that end will be to do away with those causes which drive so many of our agricultural population into them.' Channing verifies this gloomy picture. 'To a man who looks with sympathy and brotherly regard on the mass of the people, who is chiefly interested in the "lower classes," England must present much that is repulsive. . . . The condition of the lower classes at the present moment is a mournful comment on English institutions and civilisation. The multitude are depressed in that country to a degree of ignorance, want, and misery, which must touch every heart not made of stone. In the civilised world there are few sadder spectacles than the present contrast in Great Britain of unbounded wealth and luxury, with the starvation of thousands and tens of thousands, crowded into cellars and dens, without ventilation or light, compared with which the wigwam of the Indian is a palace. Misery, famine, brutal degradation, in the neighbourhood and presence of stately mansions, which ring with gaiety, and dazzle with pomp and unbounded profusion, shock us as no other wretchedness does. . . . It is a striking fact, that the private charity of England, though almost incredible, makes little impression on this mass of misery; thus teaching the rich and titled "to be just before they are generous," and not to look to private munificence as a remedy for the evils of selfish institutions.'

The condition of the juvenile poor in the large towns is most afflicting of all, because it is the source whence general crime is produced. In London, with all its charitable appliances, there are at all times many thousands of deserted, roaming, and lawless children who crowd the streets, and never enter a school. The state of the houses in which the poor and dissolute herd together has been frequently made known. 'In these wretched dwellings all ages and all sexes—fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown-up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and females, and swarms of children—the sick, the dying, and the dead—are herded together, with a proximity and mutual pressure which brutes would resist; where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary decencies of life; where all sense of propriety and self-respect must be lost, to be replaced only by a recklessness of demeanour which necessarily results from vitiated minds.' Mr Kay occupies at least a hundred pages in describing the horrors of these dens.

* The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe. By Joseph Kay, Esq. 2 thick vols. Longman, London. 1850.

We pass on to another indication of moral disorder—the practice of infanticide. This crime, which is of modern date in England, is carried on principally with a view to profit. Young children are entered into burial-clubs, in order that sums of money may be paid at their death. Poison, or slow drugging, is the means of destruction employed. One official says—‘I have no doubt that infanticide, to a considerable extent, has been committed in the borough of Stockport. I know it to be the opinion of some of the respectable medical practitioners in Stockport that infanticides have been commonly influenced by various motives—to obtain the burial moneys from the societies in question, and to be relieved from the burthen of the child’s support. The parties generally resort to a mineral poison, which, causing sickness, and sometimes purging, assumes the appearance of the diseases to which children are subject; and as they then take the child to a surgeon, who prescribes after a very cursory examination, they thus escape any suspicion on the part of their neighbours.’ Mr Chadwick mentions that ‘at the Liverpool assizes, in 1843, a woman named Eccles was convicted of the murder of one child, and was under the charge of poisoning two others with arsenic. Immediately after the murders were committed, it appeared she went to demand a stated allowance of burial money from the employers of the children. The collector of a burial society, one of the most respectable in Manchester, stated to me strong grounds for believing that it had become a practice to neglect children for the sake of the money allowed.’ A collector of rents gives in evidence that he is often promised payment when a child dies—the death of the unhappy infant being coolly spoken of as the event that is to bring in funds to pay the quarter’s dues.

Frightful as is the demoralisation and misery of large towns, our author goes on to show that the degree of vice prevalent in the rural districts is as bad, only more scattered and shrouded from general observation. The facts revealed by statistical returns are very striking on this point. We pick out two or three examples. In Rutlandshire, with no manufactures, and 22 inhabitants to every hundred acres, the ratio of criminals is 1 to 439 inhabitants. In Lancashire, nearly covered with manufactures, and 147 inhabitants to every hundred acres, the ratio of criminals is 1 to 509 inhabitants. And so on, it is demonstrated by undeniable figures that ‘in regard to juvenile crime North Lancashire is very greatly surpassed by 22 counties, most of which are agricultural; and that in female criminality it is surpassed by 19 counties, almost all of which are also agricultural!’

Such, to use a lawyer’s phrase, is Mr Kay’s ‘case.’ He makes out entirely, to his own satisfaction, that British society is on the eve of dissolution; at least cannot be expected to last any great length of time, unless ‘something be done.’ Mr Kay is apparently an alarmist. We nevertheless believe that, while every fact adduced respecting the prevalence of pauperism and crime may be true, the conclusions drawn by Mr Kay may be exceedingly erroneous. Deplorable as is the condition of the lower departments of society, we have the consolation of thinking that it springs from no institutional usages, but purely from self-inflicted improvidence. In no country in Europe is the humble labourer so lightly taxed as in England. Exempted from assessed taxes and local rates, he is exposed only to certain excise imposts; and these, excepting on the article soap, he may avoid without injury to health or

happiness. While the state thus leaves his earnings almost untouched, it does not take a single hour of his time—a most important exemption, for the German is obliged by law to serve three years in the army at the most valuable period of life, and every year afterwards he is subjected to a profitless and vexatious drill for forty days. Further, the English workman may travel when and where he likes, without passports or permission—a thing impossible in Continental Europe, where every movement is watched and obstructed. But it may be asked—Does not the accumulation of wealth among the higher classes in England indicate the impoverishment of those beneath them? No such thing. Riches are not a distinct entity. No one can say where they begin or end; and besides, it is matter of statistical fact that wealth is not increasing among the higher classes, so called, but in the hands of the great body of the people, as a natural result of their industry and foresight.

What says an acute observer on this interesting and often misunderstood subject:—‘It is the common theme of foreign travellers who visit England, and of many superficial observers among ourselves, that the social state of the English nation is a monstrous junction of boundless wealth, extravagance, and luxury above, and of utter destitution, misery, and suffering below. They look only at the upper and lower strata of the social mass, and do not perceive that all between the two is densely filled up with incomes and earnings of every amount and every fractional difference, from the highest, the thousands or tens of thousands a year, down to zero. There is no vacuum in the mass between the top and the bottom, as in the social state of the Continent. A zero, a destitution, total and extreme at one end of the social chain, there must be in every country. In considering the proportionate wellbeing of the working-class in different countries, the question is—Where is this zero farthest removed? where is the tendency to sink to it, or to rise above it, the strongest? Now it is evident that where the middle of the social body is most fully occupied with incomes of all degrees, and where there is most capital and most expenditure in the most hands, there is most employment for the working man, and most tendency in his condition to rise above zero in the scale of earnings, income, and wellbeing.’* Lamentable as are some of the social features of the present age, they are undisputably an improvement on what prevailed a century ago. We no longer hang up twenty men in a morning at Newgate; burglaries and highway robberies are now rarely heard of; if the workhouse is full, the roads and streets are not crowded with loathsome beggars as we remember them to have been; *sorning*, or taking food by force, is utterly gone; we do not hear of children being kidnapped and sent off in shiploads to the plantations, as was the practice little more than eighty years since; the analogous crimes of abduction and crimping are now equally out of use; smuggling and contraband distillation carry on a feeble existence in comparison to their ripeness even so late as thirty years ago. In a hundred other things there is a similar advance. The author before us refers to the gin palaces and other ministrants of intemperance. We have the same answer. There exists the most conclusive evidence to prove that drunkenness is not nearly so prevalent as it was in former times. The vice has but descended to lower levels.

* Observations on the Social and Political State of Europe. By Samuel Laing. 1850.

Sixty years ago, lords and gentlemen of property drank for days at a time; and he was reckoned a niggardly host who did not insist on seeing his guests roll under the table. Where is all this now? Gone! High jinks have taken refuge among classes whom it was not formerly the fashion to notice. Whether these classes are positively worse in station and comforts may be gravely doubted. Certain we are that in a vast variety of particulars they are better. To bring this 'Condition of England Question' to the test, let every man who reads these pages ask himself whether he is not better housed, fed, clothed, and educated than was his grandfather, supposing his family to have remained in its former relative position? Is there a single female domestic servant in Great Britain at this moment who does not own more elegancies of dress, not to speak of comforts, than did most ladies at the beginning of the eighteenth century? We are confident that there is not a working-man who earns twenty shillings a week, and is careful of these earnings, but has better clothing—paltry ornaments not included—than had any gentleman of the reign of Queen Anne. Look around dwellings of even an ordinary kind. Observe its carpets, mirrors, glass windows, hangings, fire-grates, cutlery, stoneware, crystal, and plate; and say if such could have been shown in dwellings of a similar class not three generations back? Probably such instances of general advancement will be held as proved, and yet much remains to deplore and condemn. So far we are willing to go with Mr Kay. Because society has prodigiously improved in material and moral aspects, there is no reason why we should stop improving. Only let it be carefully considered wherein the improvements should consist.

Unfortunately we cannot have the satisfaction of joining Mr Kay in his projects of amelioration. He seems to be the studied advocate of a crotchet. His crotchet is, that our social evils spring from certain legal arrangements. Property in land is centering in few hands; the law supports this principle through the agency of entails, primogeniture, and other arrangements. Not having an opportunity of acquiring territorial property, the labouring peasant has nothing to hope or toil for. He practises no self-denial, no economy. He marries, and is regardless of how many children he brings into a life of misery. Once a peasant, he must always remain a peasant. When overtaken by old age, he can only go upon the parish. 'I cannot too often repeat, that the great primary causes of the pauperism and degradation of our peasants are the utter *hopelessness* and *helplessness* of their position. We have done all we can to prevent their helping themselves, and to deprive them of every strong inducement to practise self-denial, prudence, and economy. A man will not practise self-denial, economy, and prudence, without an object. What object has an English peasant to practise them? A peasant cannot possibly buy land as the foreign peasant does. He cannot get a farm, even as a tenant-at-will of it. He cannot buy a house, or a plot of ground on which to build a house. He cannot even get the lease of a cottage. He cannot buy or get the lease of a garden. He often cannot even get the mere occupation of a cottage for himself. He is often obliged to take his wife to his father's or his brother's cottage, and to sleep with her in their bedroom. What earthly inducement, then, has such a peasant to practise self-denial and economy? Absolutely none. He does not, therefore, practise any.' There surely lurks some fallacy in this strangely-put statement. It may happen that in certain parts of England cottages with small gardens, and also patches of land, are difficult to be obtained; but in other quarters they abound, and may be rented or bought according to taste. Passing this over, however, we would deny altogether the propriety of peasants buying cottages or patches of land, and for the plain reason, that this species of purchase injuriously fixes a family to a spot. In Scotland, the instances are numerous of men being kept in a state of semi-starvation in consequence of clinging to some

petty heritage, while at the same time there was offered to them employment and a comfortable subsistence little more than a dozen miles off. The small tenures on the continent are the subject of Mr Kay's unqualified admiration. He would appear to wish that the whole land of this country should be cut up into morsels of five to ten acres, and sold to farm-labourers. Then would ensue an earthly paradise—no more improvident marriages, no redundant and impoverished population, no crowding into towns, and therefore none of that demoralisation with which cities now unfortunately abound. Peace, comfort, decency, are to prevail. The picture which is presented of small proprietorship in Flanders, France, Switzerland, and Germany, is doubtless fascinating:—'The majority of even the French peasants who have attained the age of thirty-five possess houses and farms of their own, the latter averaging from five to eight acres in size. The foreign peasant feels that his fate is in his own hands. He knows that if he postpones his marriage, he will be able to purchase a house and farm of his own, and thus to establish his own complete independence. He is not dependent on agents of landlords, or on landlords for the condition of his house, or for its tenure, or for the tenure of his farm, or for the social position of his family. All this, as well as his own future success in life, depends solely and entirely on his own exertions. This stimulates his energies and exertions. This makes his life hopeful and happy. This ennobles and develops his own character. This makes him a good citizen. This makes him a successful farmer. This increases his intelligence; and while it makes his life hopeful and happy even amid privations, it makes him a good and conservative citizen even in times of suffering and distress.' Our author, even in his most enthusiastic moments, does not say that foreign small proprietors *live better* than our own rural labourers; and we know they do not. Why, then, with superior means, do not our peasantry exercise similar virtues? Hopelessness of condition is said to be the cause. But it is mischievous to say that a man may abandon himself to despair because he cannot buy or inherit land. Land is only valuable to the extent of its productiveness. If, with the severest toil, a five-acre property produce in value only 12s. per week—and we should greatly doubt that so much could be wrung from it—the unpropertied English peasant, by hiring out his labour for 12s. per week, is better off without land; because he has sunk no capital, and at a day's notice he can go abroad in search of employment.

Nor is the system of small tenures of continental Europe to be recommended for its exempting men from cares. The proprietorship is in most instances a delusion. It is stated, on good authority, that over the entire land of France, which is thoroughly parcelled out, there hang mortgages for loans to the extent of five hundred millions of pounds, requiring a payment of thirty millions of interest annually. As this interest is only rent under a different name, we are constrained to foresee the worst evils which usually spring from the renting of small patches of land—over-population, individual misery, and national disasters. Prudent as the French habitually are as regards marriage and its consequences, there is too much reason to observe that their small-tenure system actually produces more population than the country can support. Our redundant numbers are absorbed by trades and manufactures. In France, however, there can be no such absorption; for as the mass of the people are poor land-owners, with barely the means of existence, they cannot, or, from their thrift, will not, buy manufactured goods. In this way trade has no encouragement, and consequently can give little employment. In short, but for the absorption of young men by the army, France would swarm with myriads of houseless marauders, and society would perish amidst the outburst of an intractable and impoverished jacquerie. The army, on the other hand, preys on the vitals of the nation, and the necessity for its existence leads inevitably to results similar to those which it is

intended to avert. Elementary education may modify, but cannot remove, the social defects of a country placed in these circumstances. Wherever there is poverty or penurious thrift, there will also be usually found meanness of ideas. With all their popular instruction, the Germans throughout have not manifested a degree of practical intelligence above that of a trade's union. On the occasion of their temporary political freedom in 1848, they made the most strenuous efforts to re-establish all the restrictions on trade and handicraft which had been previously abolished by their autocratic governments. While half-deranged on the subject of liberty and equality, the people poured in petitions to the parliament at Frankfort, praying that taxes should be imposed on machinery; that there should be no spinning or weaving except by hand-labour; and that certain ancient rules respecting apprenticeship and journeymanship ought to be reorganized and enforced. In Prussia these restrictions have been re-imposed, in order to satisfy popular prejudice. Is the structure of society that produces such consequences a thing to be admired and copied by Englishmen? The truth is, that the system of small proprietorship on the continent has in less than two generations made it an impossibility to furnish the materials of an intelligent constitutional government. In France and Germany the choice lies only between anarchy and military despotism; and beyond this choice the system of universal peasant propriety appears to have set an impassable barrier.

That operatives and rural labourers must inevitably brutalise, if prevented from making investments in land, is, we repeat, a mischievous fallacy. Let all antiquated restrictions on the transfer and breaking-up of large territorial possessions be by all means removed. But further than this leave things to the course of natural events. Without troubling themselves with land, the working-men of Great Britain can have no difficulty in seeking out investments for their earnings. Where is there a country on the face of the habitable globe in which a man will find such scope for his genius; such encouragement for his enterprise; such rewards for his industry and prudence? Contemplate, however, the *débris* which is accumulating and festering even in the midst of the most gigantic tokens of social advancement! And why is there such a mass of human wreck? Setting aside exceptions which spring from the inscrutable inflictions of Providence, there can be only one stern answer—IMPROVIDENCE! Let us denounce this hideous sin with all the energy of which we are capable; and yet not neglect to view it as in no small degree a consequence of the very abundance scattered over these islands. What is it but an improvident expenditure of the wages of labour—a reckless sacrifice of the great and unknown future to immediate and mean gratifications—that fills our prisons, oppresses our poor-rates, sends forth to the streets hordes of homeless and ragged children, and produces that dismal overcrowding of dwellings, with its attendant demoralisation, which is avowedly the scandal of the age? Let us not be told that this prodigious vice springs of necessity out of any forms of society, or would be remediable by pulling down all to one broad cheerless level. On no grounds of common sense are the careful to be inseparably allied with the careless. Only one shred of excuse can be offered in extenuation of the improvidence which the most careful are the readiest to deplore; it is, that it is the sin of ignorance, and, as such, is primarily imputable to a want of education—not meaning by that abused word the arts merely of reading and writing, but of a thorough training in moral habits and rearing into intellectual strength; and we would add, if need be, by compulsion, should nothing

else be available. If society is in any respect to blame, herein lies the head and front of its offending. Occupied too exclusively in material pursuits, it incautiously neglects the institution of such enginery of universal education as would prevent in a great measure the growth of that lamentable ignorance which weighs down the resources of the nation, and maintains the gloom of savagery amidst the brightest gleams of civilisation.

W. C.

THE LEVANTINE BALL.

'Come and take your soup with me, and we will talk'—here followed an enumeration of hack Alexandrian topics. Such was the purport of a letter which I received one afternoon as I lay on my divan lazily inhaling the fumes that were wafted from the kitchen on an almost imperceptible breeze across the courtyard. The writer was a friend at whose table I had spent many pleasant evenings; and though I had been hugging myself with the delicious idea that I was housed for the next twenty-four hours, I could not resist the temptation, and mustering up courage, announced that I dined out, and with a considerable exertion of energy got into the street. It was the hour most trying to the European living in Egypt. Sunset was approaching, and a thin curtain of gray was already drawn across the sky. The minarets and the kiosques on the house-tops were brightly gilded for a moment or two after I began my walk, and then suddenly grew dim, as a purple flag fluttered on the loftiest gallery of Sheik Ibrahim, and the heavy boom of a gun announced the beginning of the Moslem day. For some time the air had been filling with that mysterious vapour called dew; and before I had taken a hundred steps, my garments were already humid, and a tepid, clammy perspiration began to burst out over my whole body. The true recipe for fever and ophthalmia is to go out at this hour. The sandy dust that covers the streets and lies thick upon the plain darkens as under the influence of a shower, and white trousers are defiled up to the knees with this curious kind of mud. Most persons hasten to take refuge in their apartments, or at anyrate put on warm clothing and walk briskly. Old residents learn to affront the danger by habit, but new-comers always suffer more or less.

I arrived, languid and dispirited, at the rendezvous, but the gay company collected soon put me in good-humour. Five or six men and one lady formed the party, all determined to be merry, so that the conversation was almost as sparkling as the champagne and as piquant as the viands. There had been no settled resolve to 'make a night of it,' but it happened that all were disgusted with the sober plodding of the day, and were bent on fun; if necessary, upon mischief. As soon as the pipes were brought in, and with accurate reminiscence of Cockney customs, the port and the sherry were throwing their ruby or their golden colours on the mahogany table; and as soon as the lady, under plea of fatigue, had retired, a perfect volcano of pent-up aspirations after jollity burst forth. I do not report the conversation, which consisted principally of 'Ha! ha! ha!' but jumping at once to the conclusion, record that, in about an hour, we were all crowded into a little balcony, built upon principles which a Chinese might envy. It was the second storey of the house, which, with twenty others, had been run up after a European sketch, in which the laws of perspective had been duly observed. The Arab architect had noticed that the windows and balconies of the upper storeys were smaller than those of the lower; so reversing the rule of Phidias—who enlarged the head of his colossal Jupiter—he diminished the proportions of the upper ornaments, and succeeded in producing a perfectly unique effect.

But I have to do with the tenants of the balcony. They were all young men, or men who considered themselves young, with all their playful ideas stirred up by a generous repast. So the first thing that drew their attention—all else was dark and dismal in the plain—

* At the late meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, a paper was read by Mr G. R. Porter on the self-imposed taxation of the working-classes, which, on statistical evidence, places this vice of reckless expenditure in a most appalling point of view. In a subsequent number we hope to be able to offer an abstract of Mr Porter's able paper.

was a flood of light proceeding from the upper windows of a house two doors off; and not only light, but eke strains of European music. 'Ha!' cried one of us, 'the Levantine P—is giving a ball! I ought to have known it; for the charming Rosina has been observed to be in a bustle for two days, and to have rarely exhibited her beauty to the idle youths in the plain.'

'And he has not invited us!' we all exclaimed indignantly.

The reason was, that not one had any particular claim to be invited; but we felt hurt all the same. What right had this rascally Levantine—I repeat the mildest word used—to amuse himself quietly with his friends without the assistance of 'the most amiable,' 'the most sprightly,' 'the most fashionable,' 'the most polking,' and 'the most spirituel' youth in Alexandria? We each assumed one of these names; and a stout gentleman, who had not yet spoken, added, 'and the most portly.' From whom the proposition proceeded I do not remember, but a unanimous resolve was almost at once come to, that as we had not been invited, we were bound to invite ourselves. A difficulty presented itself: we were all in dinner costume—that is, in loose jackets and trousers; and we knew that when Levantines assume the European, they are even more punctilious than their models. 'The most spirituel' made a brilliant suggestion. We were in the house of 'the most amiable': nothing was simpler than to ransack his wardrobe. So off we started, and in ten minutes had rigged ourselves out to our perfect satisfaction, it being well kept in mind that our good dinner had made us of easy composition. As a specimen, I will mention that 'the most sprightly'—who records this incident—wore a blue dress-coat with vast gilt buttons, that reached nearly to his ankles; patent-leather boots, that, being twice too long, cocked up most impudently at the toes; a stock that swallowed up his chin; and a shirt-collar that threatened his eyes. The others were fitted out with equal elegance, especially 'the most portly,' who, having come without a waistcoat, appropriated one that would have required a shawl in order to conceal the space left between it and his trousers.

* Being thus bedizened and accoutered,
Not on the inside, but the outward—

we unbidden guests started off to the ball; but, by a freak of fancy, resolved to go by the house-tops instead of by the street. This operation was much more easily accomplished than would be the case in Europe. The roofs are flat, and are divided only by low walls; so with a short ladder, which we hauled after us, we soon reached the top of Signor P—'s house, having only encountered a variety of cats, and one or two owls. To our great surprise the terrace-door was closed; and as we had no mind to call for assistance, the idea was broached of returning the way we came. But 'the most portly' had forgotten to pull the ladder over the last wall, and a retreat could only be accomplished by a great deal of scrambling and sprawling. This was an annoying position, especially as all the windows looking upon the great quadrangular court were open, and we could hear the sound of music, and could see cavaliers walking their ladies in the half-lit corridor, and probably whispering soft things in their ear.

At length it was discovered that the lower panel of the door had been made to open for the passage of an enormous dog, luckily now down stairs. We resolved to creep through this hole; and as it was tolerably wide, all managed very well except 'the most portly,' who absolutely stuck fast. 'The most spirituel' gravely proposed to leave him there, and call for him on our return; but as he promised to wring the neck of this impertinent adviser, we took hold of his arms, and with a smothered 'heave-ho!' hauled him through, very crestfallen, and perfectly disgusted with himself for having joined in the frolic of 'a pack of foolish boys.'

Now came the most trying part of the adventure—our self-presentation. Having smoothed as well as pos-

sible our ruffled plumes, we descended, and rung the bell. A black opened the door; and taking it as a matter of course that we were invited, ushered us at once into the saloon, where we met a tall, big, respectable-looking man, who stood aghast at beholding us, and began to open an enormous mouth so slowly, and yet continuously, that we all expected to be able to leap down it, one after the other, in a few minutes; and would certainly have done so, for the novelty of the thing, had not the worthy host suddenly recollected himself, and checking the movement of up-and-down expansion, began to dilate the same organ in an opposite direction, so as to produce a kind of smile, or grin of welcome. The head of our party made a short apology; said something about 'well-known hospitality,' also a little about his friends, 'distinguished strangers,' then expressed admiration of the splendour of the apartments, of the elegance of the company; and, in short, carried by storm an introduction for us all to Signora P—, who reclined languidly, in full Levantine costume, upon a divan, and received us with astonished politeness. Altogether, the thing passed off very well, although for some time Signor P— seemed in a sort of puzzled, muddled state, out of which he started with a frightened look if he caught one of our eyes, and bowed profoundly. At length he determined to be hospitable; and advancing towards 'the most portly,' tried to muster up his English, and said, 'You—paunch?'

'No, sir,' replied the stout gentleman, becoming very red, 'my name's not Paunch.'

'Very good,' quoth the host, quite delighted at being understood, as he thought, and looking cunning. 'I know—too much paunch *déjà*—eh? Face red; ha—ha! Tea better for you, sir! Ahmed—*hat el shai*! Sorry you got drunk, sir!' This was said in perfect simplicity, and was only too explicit on account of the worthy gentleman's limited knowledge of our vocabulary; but Mr Paunch—who is known by that name even to this day—grew redder and redder, and showed symptoms of apoplexy. We came to his assistance; and having by this time understood that *punch* was intended to be offered, we accepted gratefully, and were astonished to be treated with copious tumblers of gin and water!

We now, to use language suited to the occasion, began to 'make up to the ladies,' for we were determined on a dance. But in the first place let me say something about the company collected. They were nearly all members of what may be called the civilised Levantine class—that is, although born or bred in the country, they affected to throw off their own manners, and adopt those of the Europeans. All the men, therefore, were dressed out in clothes imported ready-made from Malta—where there are fashionable tailors—or in painful imitations of the said clothes by two domiciled Snips. I cannot say that there was any particular elegance displayed in the mode of wearing these habiliments; but really, on a casual glance, to people in our benevolent mood of mind, the whole affair appeared sufficiently European.

The ladies, however, were not all so civilised as the men. Besides the mistress of the house, several others wore brilliant shawls and rose-coloured silk trousers; and embroidered jackets, and little red caps with vast tassels that mingled with innumerable tresses of black hair, and long strings of braided silk ornamented with gold. Then there were almond-shaped eyes—nowhere seen but in the East; and lips almost with a negro pout, but vying with the rose-bud in hue; and small, delicate noses with ardent nostrils; and pale cheeks that looked pearly in the light of the tapers. All these features were lit up with unaffected joy: the eyes flashed beneath the thin black arch of the eyebrows; the rose-bud mouths expanded their petals to disclose the pearls hidden beneath; faint blushes fluttered across the pale cheeks, as if a thin rosy cloud had been chased by a playful breeze between a field of snow and the sun.

All those who danced were young, so that 'the tapestry' was composed only of still lovely matrons and ancient duennas. I looked on in admiration long after my friends were bobbing up and down in a 'valse à deux temps'; and soon noticed a remarkable circumstance, which had not struck me in my first cursory glance—namely, that half these exquisite houris either squinted, or had only one eye. I had been used enough to make this observation elsewhere; but it never occurred to me so forcibly as on this occasion; and instead of joining in the amusements of the evening, I began to reflect on the causes of this unfortunate circumstance. Various explanations have been given of the presence of so many Cyclops in Egypt; and perhaps all contain something of truth. Thousands of men are said to have inflicted this cruel operation on themselves and their children in order to escape from the obligation of military service. The ravages of ophthalmia must also be taken into account; but a good deal must be attributed to hereditary imperfection of the organ. The Europeans are very rarely thus disfigured, although they expose themselves more imprudently than the natives. Perhaps, when attacked, they take the disease in time, and are thus quit for a few hours of exquisite pain.

I was roused from my reflections, which had almost changed the saloon into an hospital, by a nudge from Mr Fauché, who asked me why I did not dance. In a few minutes, accordingly, I was figuring away with the charming Rosina, who was intact in eye and limb, and really one of the most exquisite little beauties of the place. After that, I could not resist the temptation of inviting a splendid Levantine girl belonging to the category that had attracted so much of my attention. 'She had only one eye, but that was a piercer.' The interest of the evening here commenced for me. I fell over head and ears in love at once—at least I suppose so; for when I led back my beauty to her divan, I caught myself arguing whether her imperfection did not give an additional piquancy to her physiognomy. All this happened, perhaps, because the good eye was in general turned towards me; and I had the selfish satisfaction of being perfectly sure that she could bestow no stray glances upon others, and that it was out of her power to wink.

I cannot say that I made any progress in her affections, at which my self-love was more astonished than piqued. It could not be denied, however, that she was flattered by my attentions: as a rule, all women are flattered by being distinguished by admiration in any way, provided an impression of genuineness is produced. Truth always goes down, and bears away the palm; whereas I have observed—for I do observe sometimes—that certain men who go out with a settled intention of making conquests, and vouchsafe to compliment and flattery, whilst their admiration is evidently centered in their own sweet selves, never succeed except with the silly, the coquettish, the vain—they never succeed at any rate with one-eyed people.

But I am running away to describe my own impressions instead of talking generally of the ball. It was a gay, lively affair; and as soon as we felt at home, we amused ourselves mightily. The dances succeeded one another with rapidity, in spite of the heat of the weather; and all sorts of iced drinks began soon to be handed about. After midnight, however, I noticed that the number of men began to diminish, and that the invading party to which I belonged were almost the only cavaliers that remained. From this moment it was evident we were mighty favourites with the ladies, who seemed surprised and pleased that each time the small band struck up there were a sufficient number of gloved hands held out for partners. Some of us talked of retiring, 'fearing to trespass,' and so forth; but the little Signora Rosina explained our solitude by pointing, with a pretty gesture of contempt, down a long corridor, where we observed light and a cloud of smoke coming through an open door.

'The *faro* table is there,' quoth she. The mystery was no longer a mystery. All the Levantines had sneaked away, in accordance with their disposition, and were staking their dollars with true Oriental ferocity. I went, between a quadrille and a polka, to see what was going on; but could not penetrate the dense crowd, which now was buried in anxious silence, now growled and murmured. So I returned to claim the hand of the one-eyed maiden (by the way, I had forgotten, in my sentimentality, the ludicrous figure I cut in my borrowed garments), and we danced till four o'clock in the morning, and then went home in high glee. Next morning we all left our cards for worthy Signor P—, who thenceforth always looked politely at us when we met him; but it was evidently never very clear to his mind whether or not we had infringed the rigid rules of etiquette. The ladies, however, in consequence of the four hours' extra dancing we procured them, suppressed all the civil names we had given ourselves, and declared us to be '*gada*,' equivalent to 'smart young fellows.'

LONDON GOSSIP.

SINCE my last was penned, the ordinary current of gossip has undergone a few startling shocks, from which it is only just beginning to recover, and reassume its habitual levity. The effect has been an extraordinary intermixture of topics—ups and downs in politics, wonderings, speculations, ways and means, pensions and dignities, battles, scandal and mourning, with a whole swarm of probabilities, behind which stood two or three solemn events in terrible impressiveness. The universal sorrow expressed at the death of Sir Robert Peel is now manifesting itself in the form of subscriptions to raise monuments to his memory: scarcely a town of note in the kingdom but is gathering funds for a statue of the great statesman. The intention is doubtless commendable; but it has been suggested that, instead of fixing such an amount of capital in a multiplicity of mementos, it would be wiser, and more in accordance with the spirit of the times, to make it permanently active: this end to be achieved by having but one monument, to be placed in Westminster Abbey, and the remaining subscriptions applied to the endowment of some useful institution. The suggestion is one which needs but a little earnest support to insure its realisation: and while good schools are so much wanted, and pauper colonies are yet unsettled on our waste lands, no one need be at a loss for a special object. The people of Brixton, who, on the passing of the Reform Bill, subscribed money for a dinner, and built almshouses instead, have, I will venture to say, never repented their change of purpose. The sight of aged men and women living in comfort in the buildings, is a better memorial of the event than the view of sculpture or the memory of a feast.

The foolish hubbub—no other word so well describes it—that was raised about the site of the Great Exhibition has now, as poets say, died into an echo; and many are ashamed of the part they took in the clamour. The talk about spoiling the Park, and the injustice of depriving equestrians of a drive, may be set down as so much of what Mr Burchell calls *fudge*. How easy it is, even in these days of enlightenment, to get up a hue and cry! It would seem to matter little what the object, no sooner is the note of alarm sounded, than the multitude give tongue, and rush pell-mell to the pursuit, as though Confusion were the true rectifier. Happily there are some with strong nerves and stout hearts to stand by and prevent mischief.

The upshot is, that the great building is to be erected where first proposed—in Hyde Park, though on a different

plan from that which was originally fixed on. The new design is for an edifice constructed almost entirely of iron and glass: it is by Mr Paxton; and those who have seen the noble conservatory at Chatsworth will accord to him no small skill in such transparent contrivances. The structure in the Duke of Devonshire's grounds is, so to speak, a double oblong pyramid: the larger one below supporting a smaller one above; but the Exhibition building will comprise three storeys, if such they may be called. It is to be one hundred feet high, whereby trees may be covered in instead of being cut down, should the commissioners so determine; and according to the printed statement, 'it gives an opportunity of introducing, at a small cost, six galleries, each twenty-four feet wide, of the entire length of the building, by which the floor surface will be increased above one-third; the whole outside surface of the roof will be covered with unbleached canvas, which will render breakage from hail impossible; besides which, there will be ample means for ventilating and keeping the interior cool. Another advantage is, that 'the construction of this building has been so arranged, as to admit of all its parts being prepared and delivered ready for fixing in place, and being put together and taken down, far more easily than an ordinary brick building, which will greatly reduce all the constructive operations on the ground, lessen the number of labourers employed, and any amount of possible inconvenience to the neighbourhood.' To those who dread further delays or changes, it will be some satisfaction to know that the contractors for the building have commenced operations on the ground, and ere long we may expect to see the levelling and foundation work completed. Besides, we hear from Birmingham that the orders given for the fabrication of the *matériel* of the edifice in that town are 'in hand;' the lengths of ribs, gutters, &c. multiply into hundreds of miles.

The letter from the commissioners to foreign contributors is just published, stating that certain customhouse agents at different ports in England will have to 'enter into bonds to secure the payment of the duties assessed on the goods which are sent for exhibition, should such goods be sold in this country after the Exhibition is closed.' No duties will be charged on articles intended for show only. Several agents are nominated, who will clear and pass goods at 'a much lower scale of charges than those usually required in ordinary mercantile transactions.' The commissioners are 'willing to undertake to supply counters upon which the goods may be displayed; but (foreign) exhibitors, or such commissioners or representatives as may be duly authorised to act for them, will be at perfect liberty to take charge of fitting them up, according to their taste, with glass shades, &c. at their own cost.'

The continuance of the session for two weeks longer than was expected has kept people in town, and prolonged the season, greatly to the satisfaction of linendrapers, jewellers, innkeepers, and showmen. A fortnight's additional profit on brisk sales is not to be slighted in these times; and those tradesmen who were in doubt as to Herne Bay or Boulogne for their holiday, will now be able to choose the latter. Apropos of shows: scarcely had the excitement over the arrival of the hippopotamus subsided from fever heat to temperate, but there comes another monster with claims to notice. He is a huge land tortoise, named by naturalists *Testudo elephantopus*; and whether two such formidable rivals can be entertained at once in the Zoological Gardens, is a speculation on which Cockneydom may expend itself till one or the other abdicates. The river-horse is already curtailed into 'potmus;' and a few days since I heard some ladies liken the unwieldy quadruped to a 'big drab pig'—a comparison which would be far from satisfactory to Professor Owen. Besides these 'attractions,' the gardens present yet another, in which those who have read of the marvellous serpent-feats described in books of Eastern travel take no small delight. This is the Arab snake-charmers: not a couple of men from Galway sophisticated for the occasion, but two veritable Ishmaelites—Jabar Abou Hajjab, and Mohammed Abou Merwan—

who 'perform' three times a week, 'weather permitting.' Each of these magicians will take up a sheaf of ten or twelve snakes, and play with them as familiarly as a lady with her 'King Charles;' and make them exhibit convolutions not a little startling to the spectators. At times one of the writhing reptiles, releasing a few of his coils from the man's arm, makes a sudden dart, with projected tongue, apparently towards one or other of the bystanders; but the creature is held well in check, and before the terror excited by the feint has evaporated, he is seen hanging from the Arab's neck as a boa, or coiling around his limbs. After Jabar or Mohammed, as the case may be, has amused himself for some time in this way, he takes each snake in turn, brings its head near to his mouth, breathes gently upon it, when immediately the animal appears to lose all muscular power, hangs lithe and lax as a silken cord, permits itself to be tied in a knot, or coiled up in any form the conjuror may choose; and then, being placed on the ground, remains perfectly motionless, dead in appearance, until picked up again to go through his part in the grand finale. Whatever the secret may be, its influence on the serpents is most potent. It would be curious to know whether it is in any way related to that by which the famous Kerry 'Whisperer' reduced intractable horses to obedience: or can there be a blarney-stone in Arabia?

Holiday seekers, and those favoured with money to spend, never had such a choice of exhibitions offered to them as at the present time. When some future historian takes in hand to chronicle the social phenomena of the middle of the nineteenth century, he will instance shows and sights as among the most remarkable. No need now to travel into distant countries, to encounter perils by land and water, and dangers in the wilderness, for all the world is brought to our own doors. With 'loose change' in your pocket to the amount of ten shillings, you may be transported (not as a convict) to Australia, and after viewing its capabilities, may go on to New Zealand, take a look at the British colonies there located, and, if the painter has been faithful, discriminate between 'red-tape' and manhood settlements. From thence you cross the Pacific to California and Oregon, and get a sight of the 'diggins,' without risk of ague or bowie knives; and presently to Egypt and a voyage down the Nile, where your eyes see much, and your memory more, in the solemn antiquities disclosed one after the other along its banks. Cleopatra and Mark Antony, with all their appliances, could hardly have beheld them to greater advantage. Before the inspiration of the Pyramids has gone off, you may find yourself a-camel-back 'doing' the Overland Route. From this land of wonders you pass by a natural transition to Constantinople and the Dardanelles; and when you see the crowd of caïques, craftans, kiosks, minarets, and Mussulmans, you wonder how it can ever become a question of Admiral Stroganoff or Admiral Parker leading a fleet through such a confined and encumbered channel. You think of the Giaour, and of Zuleikas, and Selims, and of drowning in sacks without troubling the coroner; and then at the expense of a little locomotion and another shilling, you are in the picturesque hills of the Tyrol, and pass the Brenner without losing breath. Another flight takes you down the Rhine; another to Lisbon; and then getting home as best you may, you feel grateful for the skill, tact, and talent which has shown you more than Captain Cook ever saw, with—no trifling consideration—the bright side always uppermost. Some philanthropists say that so many pictorial exhibitions tend to diffuse a love for art among great masses of the population who can only be instructed by great and striking effects. It is a question, however, whether those who go to such spectacles are the 'masses;' and without attempting to decide it, I may safely suggest that a panorama which should show foreign settlements as they really are, would be especially acceptable to emigrants.

There is no sunshine without its shadow: among a host of commendable exhibitions and entertainments, we have had one which would lead sensible people to believe that the epithet 'fools mostly,' applied by a clever writer

to the British population, is not wide of its mark. I refer to the 'balloon ascent on horseback,' to copy the equivocal announcement, from which it would be quite fair to infer that the animal was to carry the balloon; a stupid imitation of an equally stupid exploit perpetrated at Paris. Think of thousands of people being found to part with their half-crowns for an exhibition at once so childish and so barbarous! Is it an indication that enlightenment attends the diffusion of literature in a much slower ratio than has commonly been supposed? Were the bottle-conjurer to appear once more at the Haymarket, he would hardly fail to 'draw' a full house.

Don't be impatient, nor accuse me of spinning it out. You must remember the hint in my last, that I should have to dilute or to make a *réchauffé* of old material, in order to provide a supply for the dead season. Turning an old letter upside down to make it do duty a second time is, as 'our correspondents' in the go-ahead States have proved, one of the possibilities of the age. However, not to dally with dangerous topics, out of which might come revelations prejudicial to writer-craft, I may tell you that the library and reading-room at the Bank of England have made a most successful start. Six hundred members, 'gentlemen' of the establishment, have paid their annual subscription of eight shillings, and at the end of the third week it is found that two hundred and fifty have taken books home for perusal. Considering that this is the season for holidays and out-of-door recreations, the result is such as all concerned may felicitate themselves upon. The reading-room is fitted up not only comfortably, but luxuriously, and the supply of papers and periodical literature is such as to gratify almost any subscriber excepting one who has no relish but for the 'intense' and the 'thrilling.' The library contains three thousand volumes obtained by gift and purchase, and will perhaps be more resorted to than the reading-room: many a man will carry home books to read who would be unwilling to break through his usual habits to frequent a reading-room. The coming winter will best prove the social facts on this point, and by and by we shall learn whether an institution starting with a thousand pounds in hand, and the first year's subscriptions, nearly two hundred and fifty pounds, in advance, can be efficiently and usefully carried on in the first monied establishment of the empire. It is well deserving of remembrance that the Bank gives the rooms, with all their fittings and furnishings, and supplies gas and firing also gratuitously. One of the clerks acts as librarian; his duties commence at 3 P. M., when the public business is over, and continue until six; the reading-room remains open two or three hours later.

Having touched upon books, I may say a word on a few others: the publication of Wordsworth's 'Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind,' is a surprise to most readers. It is an autobiography of the bard's youth and manhood, written in the style of the 'Excursion,' and describes such frolics as he could indulge in—his goings and comings, college life at Cambridge, and so forth—in his simply fluent narrative. To quote his words—

'This history is brought
To its appointed close; the discipline
And consummation of a poet's mind,
In everything that stood most prominent,
Have faithfully been pictured.'

Then we have numerous works for and against Free Trade, and not a few to point out Reforms. 'A Thread-needle-Street Broker' proposes a plan to diminish and pay off the national debt, by converting 3 per cent. stocks into terminable annuities. According to his statements, £1,307,500,000 might be paid off at the end of thirty-one years from the present time without loss or inconvenience to any one. Besides these, Mr Laing and Mr Kay, both well-known writers, have published their opinions on the social condition of peoples in Europe, wherein legislators, prime ministers included, may find wisdom. Another author has given us a volume about the Emperor Charles V.; and Southey's 'Correspondence' has reached the fifth volume; and last, I have only space to notice John Evelyn's 'History of Religion,' written, as he says, 'in an

age wherein religion, piety, and even common honesty, were made to subserve the ends and interests of dominion and ambition, or the advantages of some private party.' What would he say now?

A QUIET EVENING.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

'CHARLOTTE,' cried Mrs Lentley at the top of her shrill voice as she flew down stairs, 'put by that dress, I say, and tell Emma to get off hers as quickly as she can, for there's Aunt Sally coming up the street, and, as I live, she will be at the door directly.'

'I wish she could stay at home, the prying old creature,' muttered Charlotte, rushing past her mother with a dress of fine French tulle over her arm. It was a costly thing, in the newest ball fashion, looped up with violets, and fresh from the hands of the milliner; but as Charlotte fled, the wide hanging skirt was caught by her hasty foot, and a loud tear announced the demolition of one entire side of the robe, violets and all, just as an application at the knocker below declared the arrival of Aunt Sally.

'Dear aunt,' said Mrs Lentley, who had gained the back parlour just in time to run out, knitting in hand, at the sound of her voice, 'you haven't been here this age. It was only this morning that Charlotte and Emma were wondering if you had forgotten us, they missed you so much, poor girls. Tell them aunt is here,' she continued, addressing the servant. 'They're just up stairs dusting their father's books;' and that eminent relative was conducted into the parlour.

Scarcely had she been seated in the easy-chair, and her health minutely inquired after, when Charlotte and Emma burst in with their delighted welcome, in very plain print gowns, and hair on which incredible efforts had been made to take out the curl.

Aunt Sally was one of those wonderful old ladies to whom two generations had given the same title. She was, in reality, Mr Lentley's aunt, being his mother's sister, and had never married, though she inherited a large fortune from an uncle with whom she had resided almost from childhood in the double capacity of adopted daughter and housekeeper. He had been a merchant in the West India trade, who lived single too, and gathered money, of which he taught his niece the value so perfectly, that her objections to wedlock were believed to arise chiefly from a determination to keep her fortune to herself. It was her life's boast that a shilling had never been taken out of the principal—that she had spent only the interest. Nobody knew how her will would be made; and for forty years had she been bowed down to and served by every branch of her kindred for the causes set forth in that declaration; but the nieces and nephews, the cousins and the cousins' children, who had built their hopes on her death, married, and grew old, many of them died themselves, and still Aunt Sally was living on the interest—a little, spare, sharp-faced lady, who could trot over all London, and thread a needle without spectacles. Aunt Sally had a will and a way of her own, as they say most ladies have, and everybody should have, provided they leave room for their neighbours; but the old lady's way and will had been so long humoured, that she imagined there ought to be none in the world but hers, and there was no toleration for dissenters in the smallest particular from her peculiar notions. These were exclusively in favour of small savings, humble attire, and household work. Whether profitable or not, Aunt Sally liked to see everybody busy; and as she considered her own duty in life was that of a general superintendent, those whom she specially patronised had no easy purchase of their expected reversion in her will. The Lentley family had, by great exertion, attained that prospect—at least for the present. It consisted of the father, who was her eldest nephew, and now a barrister of respectable abilities and tolerable practice, his wife, and two grown-up daughters, introduced to the reader at the opening of our story.

Mr Lentley was a man on the borders of fifty, who had led a laborious life ever since he quitted his native city of York, young and almost friendless, to push his fortune in the world of London. His talents, though good, were not extraordinary, and his success had been in proportion, with an occasional rise and fall, to which every line of life is liable. Mr Lentley's income was, on an average, sufficient to support his family on a scale of economical comfort, while, by insuring his life for a considerable sum, he had secured them against want in case of an unexpected summons. Mr Lentley was an honourable, good-natured, but unfortunately vain man. In his youth he had been a first-rate beau at dancing parties, where Mrs Lentley made a conquest of him—whether through her acknowledged skill in dress, or her dexterity in laying snares of that kind, charitable neighbours could never decide; but in the latter art she was believed to have considerable practice, being the accomplished daughter of a half-pay captain, whom her connexions brought out expressly to be provided for.

Mrs Lentley had improved, as might be expected, on her early lessons. The chief glory of a lady's life, in her estimation, was to be considered young, handsome, and fashionable, at any cost or peril; and the chief end—to get advantageously married. Such a union had its common consequences. Their wedded life had been a series of distrusts on the one hand and concealments on the other, with the usual accompaniments of careless coldness and oft-recurring quarrels. They had no children but Charlotte and Emma—the former about twenty, the latter about eighteen. Charlotte was tolerably, and Emma positively pretty: both were about the middle height, with fair complexions, and almost auburn hair; and except that Charlotte had what is called a snuffy temper, and Emma over-estimated her own attractions, there was nothing else remarkable about them. But the Misses Lentley had been brought up to suppose themselves at once belles and heiresses. It was their mother's principle, that people who had no fortunes for their girls, must cut a figure to get them disposed of. Accordingly she insisted on residing in a fashionable neighbourhood, though far more comfortable and less expensive dwellings than their means could command there might be had in equally respectable quarters; kept a liveried servant; and rivalled families of twice her husband's income in dinners and balls. Her girls were trained for show from their childhood: they could sing whole Italian operas, execute fantasias, and dance anything; but it would have puzzled either of them to keep the family accounts for a single week, make up the simplest of their own garments, or entertain any human being with half an hour's rational conversation. Humbler acquaintances learned the changes of fashion from theirs and their mamma's dresses; and never was there a caprice of etiquette, presumed or imported, that they did not hasten to practise. The result of such conduct might be anticipated. The Lentleys had a large and gay circle, who voted their parties dull, and wondered the barrister could keep things up. The girls were constantly supplied with dangles, but always from among the cadets of society—unknown lawyers, nameless artists, and ensigns who never expected promotion. From beneath their thinly-gilded surface there occasionally oozed out tales of unpaid tradesmen and pecuniary expedients; servants revealed the manners of household economy, and the tricks upon papa by which those expensive appearances were supported; and friends and neighbours pitied the barrister at many a tea-table to which such stories found their way. Nor was their commiseration unmerited, for numerous were the impositions practised through his good-nature and occupied days, which left him little time for investigating family schemes; but the man's vanity was enlisted in their cause: he, too, was ambitious of being ranked among people of fashion; and, like his lady, flattered himself that all was necessary to the respectable settlement of their girls. When a startling supply was demanded, or an undreamt-of bill came to his know-

ledge, the barrister lost his equanimity, and there was stormy weather within doors for some time; but the household sky cleared up till another discovery.

It was not, however, upon Mr Lentley alone that his wife and daughters exercised their ingenuity: Aunt Sally's legacy was the goal of all their wishes. At the age of seventy-five she could not expect to live long; and they set themselves with all their might to please and secure the old lady. For that purpose each of the trio kept a piece of work and a few old dresses in constant readiness. Mrs Lentley had often attempted, though she never succeeded, in calculating the cost of extra coals for the back parlour when she was expected. It had now been a labour of some years' standing, and as Aunt Sally resided at the opposite extremity of London, things could generally be put in order for her coming; but on that particular day her appearance was a special inconvenience. A dancing party, composed of the *élite* of Mrs Lentley's circle, had been arranged a fortnight before, to come off that very evening; Charlotte and Emma had got new dresses for the occasion, which were just brought home, and in process of being admired, when their mamma described the enemy's approach. It had been an understood matter between her and her daughters that two strangers were to be present at the party, on whom it was desirable to make an impression. They were the sons of one of Mr Lentley's old acquaintances, who had been a respectable bookseller in York, till the decease of a distant and heirless relative put him in the unexpected possession of a handsome estate in the neighbourhood, on which he now took rank as a country gentleman. Relations in London, whose memory he had long escaped, consequently recollected his and his family's existence; his eldest son, who was to inherit the property, and his second, already a rising lawyer, had been earnestly invited to see the gaiety of the London season. The family whose guests they were belonged to the Lentleys' circle, and the prudent barrister lost no time in renewing the former intimacy with the sons of his now prosperous friend. George and Henry Warren had more than once dined at his house, danced with Charlotte and Emma at sundry parties, and showed a disposition to continue the old friendship between their families, which Mrs Lentley hoped to improve in her own peculiar style, by setting forth the splendours of her house and the attractions of her girls. The party was to be a grand step in that direction. How much manœuvring and preparation it cost the three ladies; what skill, temper, and anticipation, not to speak of money, was spent upon it, we shall not determine. But alas for human hopes and schemes! Aunt Sally had arrived at twelve, as they well knew, on one of her accustomed visits for the day.

'How agreeably surprised Herbert will be to find you before him at dinner!' said Mrs Lentley, her brain working like small-beer for an expedient to meet the crisis; and it was desperate. Aunt Sally's principles could not tolerate a party of any kind; and the slightest inkling of what was expected that evening would have lost her good graces for ever.

'Herbert's a good industrious man,' responded the old lady, speaking apropos of her niece-in-law's reflections; 'and does well for you all, if he could only learn a little more care of his earnings—a penny saved is a penny won,' and she proceeded to disengage her knitting from a huge black work-bag. There was no shifting that visit, but a legacy was endangered; and Mrs Lentley's resolution to make a merit of necessity was at once taken.

'He is learning that, I assure you,' she replied with wonderful grace. 'It is necessary for people who have a family to provide for, though some of our neighbours don't seem to think so. And, dear aunt, though we are always glad to see you, your coming to-day is just a charity, as it will save us dressing for the stupid party of those Austens over the way; they are always seeing company, and living so expensively; but one can't offend them. However, we will just take the

opportunity; and, Charlotte, my dear, I'll give you the copy of an apologising note.'

Charlotte looked horribly sulky, not that she wasn't practised in dissimulation, but the girl's temper overcame her; while the more adroit Emma arranged writing materials for her mamma on the small table, and kept Aunt Sally in conversation touching the folly of parties in general, and the extravagance of the whole neighbourhood, till her mamma had transferred to paper her plan of defence, which was, that an immediate and confidential intimation should be sent by her girls to all the invited, setting forth that she had been seized with a headache so violent, that they could not think of receiving company, and the party was therefore postponed for a week. Handing these instructions to Charlotte, and informing Emma that it was her turn to superintend the cooking department, she dismissed them to write the notes up stairs as best they might, with some pointed observations on bringing girls up to be useful.

Aunt Sally responded in tones of approbation, and Mrs Lentley related various imaginary achievements of the industrial and economical kind for her entertainment; till, with many a sigh from Emma, and many a scold from Charlotte, a small basketful of countermanding notes were written, duly sealed, and committed to the care of Polly, the confidential maid, with strict orders to deposit them at the post-office in time for the next delivery. Then the well-trained young ladies took their seats in the back parlour, hemming, as if all their pride and pleasure lay in two stripes of coarse muslin. But the maid got seldom out, and had a confidant of her own in the next street, to whom she thought the story of her expedition might be edifying. Once fairly seated in the kitchen, the two friends found so much to discuss in the misdoings of their respective employers, and the equivocal conduct of a certain policeman, that Polly's allotted time had expired before they were aware; when, as an expedient against scolding, the notes were transferred to the cap of a little boy, who, in consideration of a penny paid in advance, agreed to carry them to the post-office—which, in consequence of sights and stoppages by the way, they did not reach till fully two hours after. Meantime a resigned calm reigned in the household. Mr Lentley came home at his usual dinner-hour more than usually tired; and though his vanity was prepared to endure the party, among the many other sacrifices it had made, the overworked and worn man experienced a sort of relief on hearing that, after all, they were to have a quiet evening.

'You are always so clever, my dear,' he said, as his wife took a private and early opportunity of acquainting him with the postponement, and how it had been effected. To do the pair justice, however their opinions might differ on other subjects, they were always of one mind where Aunt Sally was concerned; but the course of deceit does not always run smooth. The Lentleys dined of course in the back parlour, with a table equipage as plain as their united cares could make it. Emma had left her hemming occasionally to bend over the kitchen fire, by way of getting the cooking colour, and came to dinner in an apron, to the entire satisfaction of her aunt, who thereupon hinted what she could do for industrious girls, at which Charlotte looked jealous, and there grew between the sisters a sudden rivalry, which was doomed to wither the same night. But Aunt Sally took no note of that: she had shared in Mr Lentley's punch, and became so friendly as to inquire after his business—particular accounts of which were always reserved for her special hearing—and distributed advices round her in the fashion of legacy leavers. Tea-time approached, and by way of eclipsing her sister, Charlotte undertook the preparation of a hot cake, which she at least saw accomplished by Polly in the kitchen, her own attempt being a failure, whereat the young lady lost her temper; and this, together with some minor difficulties attendant on the postponed party, delayed the evening meal considerably beyond its usual hour.

All was at length ready, the hot cake was brought in in triumph, the expected praise bestowed, and the five had taken their places comfortably round the table, while Mrs Lentley, with some passing remarks on the happiness of a plain quiet life, proceeded to pour out the tea. Suddenly there came a sound of wheels, and a thunder at the knocker which made the house ring!

'Who in all the world can that be?' said the moralising lady, almost dropping the teapot in her terror.

'Oh, mamma, you know it can't be anybody!' said Emma with a look of determined security.

'Oh no, I'm sure it's nobody,' cried Charlotte, but growing pale at the same time, and putting back her hair to listen.

'Does Nobody knock in that way?' asked Aunt Sally, and she looked them in the face, one after the other, like a justice of the peace. As she spoke, the boy in livery had flung open the street door as wide as it could gape, and presently were heard voices and pattering footsteps on the stairs; and then that unlucky boy opened the room door, and announced, in as loud and consequential a tone as if he had been performing a virtuous action, 'Mrs Smith—the Miss Smiths!' In trooped the mamma and her five daughters, with white gloves, satin shoes, bare necks, and ever so many flounces and flowers. Rat-tat-rat-tat went the knocker; more voices, more footsteps on the stairs; and the boy in livery, determined to be heard in spite of all, went at it again and again as fresh as an echo.

Mrs Lentley was well-nigh at the fainting; but she had the presence of mind, notwithstanding, to glide from one mamma to another, whispering desperately, 'Party postponed—notes delayed at the tiresome post-office—oh such a headache!' and her hand at her brow told what was then only a simple truth. Charlotte, pale and grim, stood eyeing her aunt like an ogress; but Emma, taking more after her mother, though sinking with shame at the mean tea-tray and her own odious dress, turned a bland and coaxing look at the same respected relation. This would no longer do, however; and when the company at length retired, their well-bred condolence breaking into a titter as they left the room, and that deepening into a roar of laughter as they descended the stairs, Aunt Sally got up in her turn.

'Get me a coach too, or a cab, or something,' cried she: 'I'll stay no longer among such—' And she added a collective title, generally understood to mean the reverse of truth-telling. The cab was called by the boy in livery, who actually received a sixpence for that service, and Aunt Sally and her legacy drove away for ever from the Lentleys' door.

Next morning there was wrath, and gossip, and laughter over the postponing notes at their different breakfast tables. Some were mortally offended, some were mightily amused, and all agreed that it was a shallow attempt to toady the old lady, which had been blown up by some delay of the post-office. As for Polly, she kept her own counsel, though the boy in livery was dismissed for showing them in—the only defence he could set up being, that 'he always know'd the ladies wur to dress in the back parlor.' After his discharge, tales of manœuvring became rife, and the Lentleys utterly lost their gentility in that circle. But their losses did not end there, for Aunt Sally was so completely disgusted at their attempt to impose on her prudence, that she executed a will the same week, excluding them from all participation in her money, which was judiciously divided among her least known relatives. Fortunately for these, that will the old lady did not live to change; an attack of influenza, caught, as some said, on her hasty return from the barrister's, closed her long and much-flattered existence just six weeks after that event.

The last time we heard of the Lentleys, they were endeavouring, though with sadly-diminished hopes and funds, to become fashionable in an old street of York, to which the father had retired when London became

untenable. Charlotte and Emma were still, as their mother said, to be provided for; but it was remarked that the whole family had a mysterious enmity to post-office functionaries in general; and the good lady, though she never could be brought to explain the how or when, was wont to inform her new friends in confidence, that but for the delay of one post, she and her daughters might have had their own carriage, and one couldn't forget the loss of a legacy.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

It is proposed in the following article to give the reader some idea of one of the greatest and most extensive scientific works going on at the present time in this country—namely, the examination of the phenomenon of the earth's magnetism; but before doing so, it will be necessary to make a few prefatory observations respecting magnetism generally.

The attractive power of the natural magnet or loadstone over fragments of iron seems to have been known from the remotest antiquity. It is distinctly referred to by ancient writers, and Pliny mentions a chain of iron rings suspended from one another, the first being upheld by a loadstone. It is singular that although the common properties of the loadstone were known, and even studied, during the dark ages, its directive power, or that of a needle touched or rubbed by it, seems to be the discovery of modern times, notwithstanding the claims of the Chinese and Arabians to an early acquaintance with this peculiarity.

There is no doubt that the mariner's compass was known in the twelfth century, for several authors of that period make special allusion to it; but centuries elapsed before its variation from pointing precisely to the poles became noticed. If a magnet be suspended by a thread, in such a manner as to enable it to move freely, it will, when all other magnetic bodies are entirely removed from it, settle in a fixed position, which, in this country, is about 25° to the west of north; this deviation of the needle from the north is called its variation. Again, if, in place of suspending a magnetised needle, making it move horizontally on a pivot, we balance it upon a horizontal axis, as the beam of a pair of scales, we shall find that it no longer remains horizontal, but that one end will incline downwards, or, as it is called, *dip*, and this dip or inclination from a horizontal line is about 70° in this country.

Thus we are presented with two distinct magnetical phenomena:—1. The variation or declination of the needle; 2. Its dip or inclination; and to these we may add the intensity or force which draws the needle from pointing to the north, and which varies in different latitudes. These phenomena constitute what has been called terrestrial magnetism.

Recent writers, and among them the great philosopher Humboldt, have shown that in all probability the declination or variation of the magnet was known as early as the twelfth century; but this important discovery has been generally ascribed to Columbus. His son Ferdinand states that on the 14th September 1492, his father, when about 200 leagues from the island of Ferro, noticed for the first time the variation of the needle. 'A phenomenon,' says Washington Irving, 'that had never before been remarked.' 'He perceived,' adds this author, 'about nightfall that the needle, instead of pointing to the north star, varied half a point, or between five and six degrees, to the north-west, and still more on the following morning. Struck with this circumstance, he observed it attentively for three days, and found that the variation increased as he advanced. He at first made no mention of this phenomenon, knowing how ready his people were to take alarm; but it soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the laws of nature were

changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world, subject to unknown influences. They apprehended that the compass was about to lose its mysterious virtues; and without this guide, what was to become of them in a vast and trackless ocean? Columbus tasked his science and ingenuity for reasons with which to allay their terrors. He told them that the direction of the needle was not to the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point: the variation was not caused by any failing in the compass, but because this point, like the heavenly bodies, had its changes and revolutions, and every day described a circle round the pole. The high opinion that the pilots entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer gave weight to his theory, and their alarm subsided.'

Thus, although it is possible that the variation of the needle had been noticed before the time of Columbus, it is evident that he had discovered the amount of the variation, and that it varied in different latitudes. The great philosopher Humboldt observes on this point, that 'Columbus has not only the incontestable merit of having first discovered a line without magnetic variation, but also of having, by his considerations on the progressive increase of westerly declination in receding from that line, given the first impulse to the study of terrestrial magnetism in Europe.'

With respect to the dip or inclination of the magnetic needle, which must be regarded as the other element of magnetic direction, there is little doubt that it was known long before the period usually assigned as the date of its discovery—namely, in 1576; for it is difficult to conceive how the variation of the needle should be observed and noted, and not its deviation from a horizontal line. In the above year a person of the name of Robert Norman, who styled himself 'hydrographer,' published a book containing an account of this phenomenon. The title of this work is sufficiently curious to be quoted. It runs: 'The New Attractive; containing a short Discourse of the Magnes or Loadstone, and amongst others his Virtues, of a new discovered Secret and Subtill Propertie, concerning the Declination of the Needle touched therewith under the Plaine of the Horizon, now first found out by Robert Norman, Hydrographer.' In the third chapter we are told 'by what means the rare and strange declining of the needle from the plaine of the horizon was first found.'

'Having made many and divers compasses, and using always to finish and end them before I touched the needle, I found continually that after I had touched the yrons with the stone, that presently the north point thereof would bend or declene downwards under the horizon in some quantity, insomuch that I was constrained to putt some small piece of waxe in the south parts thereof, to counterpoise this declining, and to make it equal againe. Which effects hauing many times passed my hands without any greate regarde thereunto, as ignorant of any such properties in the stone, and not before hauing heard or read of any such matter, it chanced at length that there came to my handes an instrument to be made with a needle of sixe inches long, which needle, after I had polished, cutt off at full length, and made it to stand leuell upon the pinn, so that nothing rested but only the touching of it with the stone. When I hadde touched the same, presently the north part thereof declyned down in such sort, that being constrained to cut away some of that part to make it equall againe in the end, I cut it too short, and so spoiled the needle wherein I had taken so much paines.

'Hereby being straken into some cholar, I applied myself to seek farther into this effecte; and making certain learned and expert men, my friends, acquainted in this matter, they advised me to frame some instrument to make some exact triall how much the needle touched with the stone would declene, or what greatest angle it would make with the plaine of the horizon.'

The author then proceeds to give a number of experiments which he made with his instrument, and which may be regarded as the dipping-needle in its first and

rudest form. By it he found the inclination or dip to be $71^{\circ} 50'$.

It is remarkable that until within the last seventy years it appears to have been the received opinion that the intensity of terrestrial magnetism was the same at all parts of the earth's surface; or, in other words, that in all countries the needle was similarly affected. And yet few things are more inconstant; for not only is the magnetic force widely different in various parts of our globe, but the magnetic condition itself is one of swift and ceaseless change.

The first person who attempted to collect and generalise observations on the variation of the needle was Robert Halley, who constructed a chart, showing a series of lines drawn through the points or places where the needle exhibited the same variation. This chart was published in 1700, and was preceded by some exceedingly curious papers communicated to the Royal Society, in which he expresses his belief 'that he has put it past doubt that the globe of the earth is one great magnet, having four magnetical poles or points of attraction, two near each pole of the equator; and that in those parts of the world which lie adjacent to any one of those magnetical poles, the needle is chiefly governed thereby, the nearest pole being always predominant over the more remote.'

The great importance of collecting as much information as possible respecting the laws of magnetism, with a view to the proper understanding of its effects, was fully understood by Halley, as the following passage, taken from one of his papers read before the Royal Society in 1692, singularly attests:—'The nice determination of the variation, and several other particulars in the magnetic system, is reserved for a remote posterity. All that we can hope to do is to leave behind us observations that may be confided in, and to propose hypotheses which after-ages may examine, amend, or refute; only here I must take leave to recommend to all masters of ships, and all others, lovers of natural truths, that they use their utmost diligence to make, or procure to be made, observations of these variations in all parts of the world, as well in the north as south latitude, after the laudable custom of our East India commanders; and that they please to communicate them to the Royal Society, in order to leave as complete a history as may be to those that are hereafter to compare all together, and to complete and perfect this abstruse theory.'

Halley's theory, or rather hypothesis, which regarded our globe as a great piece of clockwork, by which the poles of an internal magnet were carried round in a cycle of determinate but unknown period, was so far confirmed, that his variation chart had been hardly forty years completed, when, by the effect of these changes, it had already become obsolete; and to satisfy the requirements of navigation, it became necessary to reconstruct it. This was performed by the aid of various observations furnished by the Commissioners of the Navy, and the East India, Africa, and Hudson's Bay Companies. But the chart was far from satisfactory, and in consequence of the discordant nature of the observations, no dependence could be placed on it.

No further steps were taken to ascertain the magnetism of the earth until the close of the last century, when the French government undertook the first comprehensive experimental inquiry on the subject. When the exploring expedition of La Pérouse was organized, the French Academy of Sciences prepared instructions for the expedition, containing a recommendation that observations with the dipping-needle should be made at stations widely remote, as a test of the equality or difference of the magnetic intensity; suggesting also, with a sagacity anticipating the result, that such observations should particularly be made at those parts of the earth where the dip was greatest, and where it was least. The experiments, whatever their results may have been, which, in compliance with this recommendation, were made in the expedition of La Pérouse, perished in its

general catastrophe, neither ships nor navigators having ever been heard of; but the instructions survived.

Our knowledge of the laws of magnetism was not increased until 1811, when, on the occasion of a prize proposed by the Royal Danish Academy, M. Hansteen, whose attention had for many years been turned to magnetic phenomena, undertook its re-examination. With indefatigable labour M. Hansteen traced back the history of the subject, and filled up the interval from Halley's time, and even from an earlier epoch (1600). The results appeared in his very remarkable and celebrated work, published in 1819, entitled, 'Upon the Magnetism of the Earth;' in which he clearly demonstrates, by a great number of facts, the fluctuation which the magnetical element has undergone during the last two centuries, confirming in great detail the position of Halley—that the whole magnetical system is in motion; that the moving force is very great, extending its effects from pole to pole; and that its motion is not sudden, but gradual and regular.

In the magnetic atlas which accompanies M. Hansteen's work there is a variation chart for 1787, showing the magnetic force at that period. In this chart the western line of no variation, or that which passes through all places on the globe when the needle points to the true north, begins in latitude 60° to the west of Hudson's Bay; proceeds in a south-east direction through the North American Lakes, passes the Antilles and Cape St Roque, till it reaches the South Atlantic Ocean, when it cuts the meridian of Greenwich in about 65° of south latitude. This line of no variation is extremely regular, being almost straight till it bends round the eastern part of South America a little south of the equator. The eastern line of no variation is exceedingly irregular, being full of curves and contortions of the most extraordinary kind, indicating plainly the action of local magnetic forces. It begins in latitude 60° south, below New Holland; crosses that island through its centre; extends through the Indian Archipelago with a double sinuosity, so as to cross the equator three times—first passing north of it to the east of Borneo, then returning to it, and passing south between Sumatra and Borneo, and then crossing it again south of Ceylon, from which it passes to the east through the Yellow Sea. It then stretches along the coast of China, making a semicircular sweep to the west, till it reaches the latitude of 71° , when it descends again to the south, and returns northwards with a great semicircular bend, which terminates in the White Sea. Thus it is demonstrated that in the northern hemisphere the general motion of the variation lines is from west to east, in the southern hemisphere from east to west.

A great impetus was given to the study of terrestrial magnetism by the publication of M. Hansteen's labours; and the various arctic expeditions sent out by the country did much towards making us acquainted with the laws of magnetism in the northern regions. One of these expeditions led to the discovery of the north magnetic pole, or that point where the dipping-needle assumes a vertical position. The discovery was made by Captain Sir James Ross, who sailed with his uncle Sir John Ross in a voyage undertaken in search of a north-west passage. He left his uncle's ship with a party for the sole purpose of reaching this interesting magnetical point, which a series of observations assured him could not be very far distant. The following extract from his journal communicating his discovery will be read with interest. Under the date of the 31st May 1831, he writes—'We were now within fourteen miles of the calculated position of the magnetic pole, and my anxiety, therefore, did not permit me to do or endure anything which might delay my arrival at the long-wished-for spot. I resolved, therefore, to leave behind the greater part of our baggage and provisions, and to take onwards nothing more than was strictly necessary, lest bad weather or other accidents should be added to delay, or lest unforeseen circumstances, still more untoward, should deprive me entirely of the high

gratification which I could not but look to in accomplishing this most-desired object. We commenced, therefore, a rapid march, comparatively disencumbered as we now were; and persevering with all our might, we reached the calculated place at eight in the morning of the 1st of June. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was $89^{\circ} 59'$, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this magnetic pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed—a fact which even the most moderately-informed of readers must know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any. The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. But nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot that she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers. We had abundance of materials for building in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact, only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to stand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux. The latitude of this spot is $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$, and its longitude $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ west. The reader may remember that during his late arctic voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, Sir James Ross was extremely anxious to revisit this interesting locality, which he was at one time not very distant from; but which, as the places of magnetic intensity are continually changing, he would no longer have found representing the north magnetic pole. It is not a little remarkable that during Sir John Ross's voyage, Mr Barlow, who had been long engaged investigating the laws of magnetism, had constructed a magnetical map in which he laid down a point which he described as that where, in all probability, the dipping-needle would be perpendicular, and which is the very spot where Sir James Ross ascertained the north magnetic pole to exist.

But valuable and interesting as were the observations made by navigators in different parts of the globe, yet philosophers began to perceive that, without some definite plan of proceeding, the mere multiplication of random observations made here and there at irregular periods was not the course most likely to lead to desired results, and to make us acquainted with the mysterious laws of magnetism. The establishment of national observatories for the registration of magnetical observations became absolutely necessary; and the illustrious Humboldt, to whom every branch of science owes so much, gave the first impulse to this great undertaking. During the course of his memorable voyages and travels in various parts of the globe, the observation of the magnetic phenomena in all their particulars occupied a large portion of his attention; and as the commencement of any great work is always an epoch of rare and lasting interest, we shall give the philosopher's own words on the subject:—'When the first proposal to establish a system of observatories, forming a network of stations, all provided with similar instruments, was made by myself, I could hardly entertain the hope that I should actually live to see the time when, thanks to the united activity of excellent physicists and astronomers, and especially to the munificent and persevering support of two governments—the Russian and the British—both hemispheres should be covered with magnetic observatories. In 1806 and 1807 my friend M. Altmann and myself frequently observed the march of the declination needle at Berlin for five or six days and nights consecutively, from hour to hour, and often from half

hour to half hour, particularly at the equinoxes and solstices. I was persuaded that continuous uninterrupted observations during several days and nights were preferable to detached observations continued during an interval of many months.'

Political disturbances, always ruinous to the calm researches of the man of science, for many years prevented Humboldt carrying his wishes into effect; and it was not until 1828 that he was enabled to erect a small observatory at Berlin, whose more immediate object was to institute a series of simultaneous observations at concerted hours at Berlin, Paris, and Freiburg. In 1829 magnetic stations were established throughout Northern Asia in connection with an expedition to that country which emanated from the Russian government; and in 1832 M. Gauss, the illustrious founder of a general theory of terrestrial magnetism, established a magnetic observatory at Göttingen, which was completed in 1834, and furnished with his ingenious instruments.

In 1836 Baron Humboldt addressed a long and highly-interesting letter to the Duke of Sussex, then president of the Royal Society, urging the establishment of regular magnetical stations in the British possessions in North America, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and between the tropics, not only for the observation of the momentary perturbations of the needle, but also for that of its periodical and secular movements. This appeal was nobly responded to.

The Royal Society, in conjunction with the British Association, called on government to advance the necessary funds to establish magnetical observatories at Greenwich, and in various parts of the British possessions; and in 1839–40 magnetical establishments were in activity at St Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Canada, and Van Diemen's Land. The munificence of the directors of the East India Company founded and furnished, at the request of the Royal Society, magnetic observatories at Simla, Madras, Bombay, and Singapore, and the observations will be published in a similar form to those of the British observatories. We will now briefly describe the scheme of observations, and the manner of making them in the different observatories.

Each observatory is supplied with three magnetometers, or bars of magnetised steel, delicately suspended by threads of raw silk, which measure the magnetical declination, horizontal intensity, and vertical force—and such astronomical apparatus as is required for ascertaining the time and the true meridian. To these have also been added in each case a most complete and perfect set of meteorological instruments, carefully compared with the standards in possession of the Royal Society, not only for the purpose of affording the necessary corrections of the magnetic observations, but also with a view to obtaining at each station, at very little additional cost and trouble, a complete series of meteorological observations. In order that the observations may be made at the same periods of time, it was resolved that the mean time at Göttingen should be employed at all the stations, without any regard to the apparent times of day at the stations themselves. Each day is supposed to be divided into twelve equal portions of two hours each, commencing at all the stations at the same instants of absolute time, which are called the magnetic hours. At the commencement of each period of two hours throughout the day and night, with the exception of Sundays, the magnetometers are observed, and the meteorological instruments read off. Independently of these observations, others are made at stated periodical intervals every two minutes and a-half during twenty-four hours. These are known by the name of 'turn-day observations.' Printed forms for registering the observations have been prepared with great care, in order that a complete form of registry may be preserved—a point of great importance, when it is remembered that all the observations made at the different stations must eventually be reduced and analysed. A singularly felicitous adaptation of photography has

been carried into effect with the magnetometers. By means of mirrors attached to their arms, reflected light is cast on highly-sensitive photographic paper wound round a cylinder moved by clockwork, and the slightest variation of the magnets is registered with the greatest accuracy.

The period has not yet arrived for reaping the fruits of all the labour carried on in the magnetic observatories at home and abroad, but already certain results have been deduced from the observations which are highly interesting. It appears that if the globe be divided into an eastern and a western hemisphere by a plane coinciding with the meridians of 100° and 280° , the western hemisphere, or that comprising the Americas and the Pacific Ocean, has a much higher magnetic intensity distributed generally over its surface than the eastern hemisphere, containing Europe and Africa, and the adjacent part of the Atlantic Ocean. The distribution of the magnetic intensity in the intertropical regions of the globe affords evidence of two governing magnetic centres in each hemisphere. The highest magnetic intensity which has been observed is more than twice as great as the lowest. It had long been known that in Europe the north end of a magnet suspended horizontally (meaning by the north end that which is directed towards the north) moves to the east from the night until between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, when an opposite movement commences, and the north end of the magnet moves to the west. Recent observations have shown that a similar movement takes place at the same hours of local time in North America, and that it is general in the middle latitudes of the northern hemisphere; but to show the capricious nature of magnetism, it may be mentioned, that although in the southern portion of the globe the movement of the magnet in the contrary direction is constant throughout the year, yet at St Helena the peculiar feature of the diurnal is, that during one half of the year the movement of the north end of the magnet corresponds in direction with the movement which is taking place in the northern hemisphere, whilst in the other half of the year the direction corresponds with that which is taking place in the southern hemisphere.

Another striking result of these investigations is the estimate of the total magnetic power of the earth as compared with a steel bar magnetised one pound in weight. This proportion is calculated as 8,464,000,000, 000,000,000,000 to 1, which, supposing the magnetic force uniformly distributed, will be found to amount to about six such bars to every cubic yard of the earth's surface.

Thus measured, it will be seen how tremendously mysterious is the power of magnetism, and how potent an influence it must possess over animate and inanimate nature! And not one of its least wonderful mysteries is its singular exception to the character of stability and permanence. The configuration of our globe, the distribution of temperature in its interior, the tides and currents of the ocean, the general course of winds, and the affections of climate—all these are appreciably constant. But magnetism, that subtle, undefinable fluid, is perpetually undergoing a change, and of so rapid a nature, that it becomes necessary to assume epochs which ought not to be more than ten years apart to which every observation should be reduced. The extreme importance of knowing the exact amount of magnetic variation can scarcely be overrated for maritime purposes; and the establishment of a complete magnetical theory, based on an extensive series of observations, must be regarded as a desideratum by the first nautical country.

The numerous magnetical surveys that have been made by our government, taken in conjunction with those in progress on the continent of Europe, and particularly in the Austrian dominions, give a full promise of the speedy realisation of M. Humboldt's wish so earnestly expressed, that the materials of the first general magnetic map of the globe should be assembled;

and even permit the anticipation, that the first normal epoch of such a map will be but little removed from the present year.

THE FORCE OF FEAR.

At the close of the winter of 1825-26, about dusk in the afternoon, just as the wealthy dealers in the Palais-Royal at Paris were about lighting their lamps and putting up their shutters (the practice of the major part of them at nightfall), a well-known money-changer sat behind his counter alone, surrounded by massive heaps of silver and gold, the glittering and sterling currency of all the kingdoms of Europe. He had well-nigh closed his operations for the day, and was enjoying in anticipation the prospect of a good dinner. Between the easy-chair upon which he reclined in perfect satisfaction, and the door which opened into the north side of the immense quadrangle of which the splendid edifice above-mentioned is composed, arose a stout wire partition, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and resting upon the counter, which traversed the whole length of the room. Thus he was effectually cut off from all possibility of unfriendly contact from any of his occasional visitors; while a small sliding-board that ran in and out under the wire partition served as the medium of his peculiar commerce. Upon this he received every coin, note, or draft presented for change; and having first carefully examined it, returned its value, by the same conveyance, in the coin of France, or indeed of any country required. Behind him was a door communicating with his domestic chambers, and in the middle of the counter was another, the upper part of which formed a portion of the wire partition above described.

The denizen of this little chamber had already closed his outer shutters, and was just on the point of locking up his doors and retiring to his repast, when two young men entered. They were evidently Italians, from their costume and peculiar dialect. Had it been earlier in the day, when there would have been sufficient light to have discerned their features and expression, it is probable that our merchant would have defeated their plans, for he was well skilled in detecting the tokens of fraud or design in the human countenance. But they had chosen their time too appropriately. One of them, advancing towards the counter, demanded change in French coin for an English sovereign, which he laid upon the sliding board, and passed through the wire partition. The money-changer rose immediately, and having ascertained that the coin was genuine, returned its proper equivalent by the customary mode of transfer. The Italians turned as if to leave the apartment, when he who had received the money suddenly dropped the silver, as though accidentally, upon the floor. As it was now nearly dark, it was scarcely to be expected that they could find the whole of the pieces without the assistance of a light. This the unconscious merchant hastened to supply; and unlocking, without suspicion, the door of the partition between them, stooped with a candle over the floor in search of the lost coin. In this position the unfortunate man was immediately assailed with repeated stabs from a poniard, and he at length fell, after a few feeble and ineffectual struggles, senseless, and apparently lifeless, at the feet of his assassins.

A considerable time elapsed ere, by the fortuitous entrance of a stranger, he was discovered in this dreadful situation; when it was found that the assassins, having first helped themselves to an almost incredible amount of money, had fled, without anything being left by which a clue might have been obtained to their retreat.

The unfortunate victim of their rapacity and cruelty was, however, not dead. Strange as it may appear, although he had received upwards of twenty wounds, several of which plainly showed that the dagger had been driven to the very hilt, he survived; and in a few months after the event, was again to be seen in his long-accustomed place at the changer's board. In vain had

the most diligent search been made by the military police of Paris for the perpetrators of this detestable deed. The villains had eluded all inquiry and investigation, and would in all probability have escaped undiscovered with their booty but for a mutually-cherished distrust of each other. Upon the first and complete success of their plan, the question arose, how to dispose of their enormous plunder, amounting to more than a hundred thousand pounds. Fearful of the researches of the police, they dared not retain it at their lodgings. To trust a third party with their secret was not to be thought of. At length, after long and anxious deliberation, they agreed to conceal the money outside the barriers of Paris until they should have concocted some safe plan for transporting it to their own country. This they accordingly did, burying the treasure under a tree about a mile from the *Barrière d'Enfer*. But they were still as far as ever from a mutual understanding. When they separated, on any pretence, each returned to the spot which contained the stolen treasure, where of course he was sure to find the other. Suspicion thus formed and fed soon grew into dislike and hatred, until at length, each loathing the sight of the other, they agreed finally to divide the booty, and then eternally to separate, each to the pursuit of his own gratification. It then became necessary to carry the whole of the money home to their lodgings in Paris, in order that it might, according to their notions, be equitably divided.

The reader must here be reminded that there exists in Paris a law relative to wines and spirituous liquors which allows them to be retailed at a much lower price without the barriers than that at which they are sold within the walls of the city. This law has given rise, among the lower orders of people, to frequent attempts at smuggling liquors in bladders concealed about their persons, often in their hats. The penalty for the offence was so high, that it was very rarely enforced, and practically it was very seldom, indeed, that the actual loss incurred by the offending party was anything more than the paltry venture, which he was generally permitted to abandon, making the best use of his heels to escape any further punishment. The *gendarmes* planted at the different barriers generally made a prey of the potables which they captured, and were consequently interested in keeping a good look-out for offenders. It was this vigilance that led to the discovery of the robbers; for, not being able to devise any better plan for the removal of the money than that of secreting it about their persons, they attempted thus to carry out their object. But as one of them, heavily encumbered with the golden spoils, was passing through the *Barrière d'Enfer*, one of the soldier-police who was on duty as sentinel, suspecting, from his appearance and hesitating gait, that he carried smuggled liquors in his hat, suddenly stepped behind him and struck it from his head with his halberd. What was his astonishment to behold, instead of the expected bladder of wine or spirits, several small bags of gold and rolls of English bank-notes! The confusion and prevarication of the wretch, who made vain and frantic attempts to recover the property, betrayed his guilt, and he was immediately taken into custody, together with his companion, who, following at a very short distance, was unhesitatingly pointed out by his cowardly and bewildered confederate as the owner of the money. No time was lost in conveying intelligence of their capture to their unfortunate victim, who immediately identified the notes as his own property, and at the first view of the assassins swore distinctly to the persons of both—to the elder, as having repeatedly stabbed him; and to the younger, as his companion and coadjutor.

The criminals were in due course of time tried, fully convicted, and, as was to be expected, sentenced to death by the guillotine; but, owing to some technical informality in the proceedings, the doom of the law could not be carried into execution until the sentence of the court had been confirmed upon appeal. This delay afforded time and opportunity for some meddling

or interested individual—either moved by the desire of making a cruel experiment, or else by the hope of obtaining a reversal of the capital sentence against the prisoners—to work upon the feelings of the unfortunate money-changer. A few days after the sentence of death had been pronounced, the unhappy victim received a letter from an unknown hand, mysteriously worded, and setting forth, in expressions that seemed to him fearfully prophetic, that the thread of his own destiny was indissolubly united with that of his condemned assassins. It was evidently out of their power to take away *his* life; and it was equally out of his power to survive *them*, die by the sentence of the law, or how or when they might; it became clear—so argued this intermeddler—that the same moment which saw the termination of their lives, would inevitably be the last of his own. To fortify his arguments, the letter-writer referred to certain mystic symbols in the heavens. Now though the poor man could understand nothing of the trumpery diagrams which were set forth as illustrating the truth of the fatal warning thus conveyed to him, and though his friends universally laughed at the trick as a barefaced attempt of some anonymous impostor to rob justice of her due, it nevertheless made a deep impression upon his mind. Ignorant of everything but what related immediately to his own money-getting profession, he had a blind and undefined awe of what he termed the supernatural sciences, and he inwardly thanked the kind monitor who had given him at least a chance of redeeming his days.

He immediately set about making application to the judges, in order to get the decree of death changed into a sentence to the galleys for life. He was equally surprised and distressed to find that they treated his petition with contempt, and ridiculed his fears. So far from granting his request, after repeated solicitations, they commanded him in a peremptory manner to appear no more before them. Driven almost to despair, he resolved upon petitioning the king; and after much expense and toil, he at length succeeded in obtaining an audience of Charles X. All was in vain. A crime so enormous, committed with such cool deliberation, left no opening for the plea of mercy: every effort he made only served to strengthen the resolution of the authorities to execute judgment. Finding all his efforts in vain, he appeared to resign himself despairingly to his fate. Deprived of all relish even for gain, he took to his bed, and languished in hopeless misery, and as the time for the execution of the criminals approached, lapsed more and more into terror and dismay.

It was on a sultry afternoon in the beginning of June 1826 that the writer of this brief narrative—then a not too thoughtful lad, in search of employment in Paris—hurried, together with a party of sight-seeing English workmen, to the *Place de Grève* to witness the execution of the two assassins of the money-changer. Under the rays of an almost insupportable sun, an immense crowd had congregated around the guillotine; and it was not without considerable exertion, and a bribe of some small amount, that standing-places were at length obtained within a few paces of the deathful instrument, upon the flat top of the low wall which divides the ample area of the *Place de Grève* from the river *Seine*.

Precisely at four o'clock the sombre cavalcade approached. Seated upon a bench in a long cart, between two priests, sat the wretched victims of retributive justice. The crucifix was incessantly exhibited to their view, and presented to their lips to be kissed, by their ghostly attendants. After a few minutes of silent and horrible preparation, the elder advanced upon the platform of the guillotine. With livid aspect and quivering lips, he gazed around in unutterable agony upon the sea of human faces; then lifting his haggard eyes to heaven, he demanded pardon of God and the people for the violation of the great prerogative of the former and the social rights of the latter, and besought most earnestly the mercy of the Judge into whose presence he was about to enter. In less than two minutes both

he and his companion were headless corpses, and in a quarter of an hour no vestige, save a few remains of sawdust, was left of the terrible drama that had been enacted. Soon, however, a confused murmur pervaded the crowd—a report that the victim of cruelty and avarice had realised the dread presentiment of his own mind, and justified the prediction contained in the anonymous letter he had received. On inquiry, this was found to be true. As the signal rung out for execution, the unhappy man, whom twenty-two stabs of the dagger had failed to kill, expired in a paroxysm of terror—adding one more to the many examples already upon record of the fatal force of fear upon an excited imagination.

A HINDOO BLACKSMITH.

It is frequently asserted by those who have observed only the surface of the native character, that the inhabitants of India, and particularly those of Bengal, are deficient in that hard-working, pushing energy which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon, and that they never raise themselves to eminence except by money transactions. We have now, however, to record the death of one who exhibited in his own labours a complete refutation of all these assertions, and who, though moving in the humble sphere of a blacksmith, was as worthy of admiration as any of the men who have in England raised themselves to independence solely by their own exertions. The father of Crishna Chundra, Monohur Kama, entered the service of the Serampore missionaries shortly after their arrival in this country, as a manufacturer of the steel dies from which the matrix is formed for casting types, or, in the parlance of the trade, as a punch-cutter. In this capacity he worked on the Serampore establishment for more than thirty years, and cut the punches in more than fifteen Oriental languages. The son continued at his father's employment, and cut, among other difficult type, the intricate Chinese characters required by Dr Marshman for his Chinese works, and which have puzzled some of the best typefounders in England. Crishna Chundra subsequently determined to set up for himself as a printer; but he was aware of the inefficiency of the old wooden presses, and was without sufficient capital to purchase an iron one. With an energy and patience deserving of the highest commendation, he constructed with his own hands an iron press, on the model of one then employed in the Serampore printing-office. With this single press he commenced business; and his low rate of charges, and singular skill in his trade, speedily procured him as much business as he could conveniently manage. He gradually purchased or constructed another press or two, and commenced the publication of a 'Punjika,' or Bengalee Almanac, by far the most popular of the many editions current in Bengal, and the annual circulation of which rose shortly to four or five thousand. Although this gave him a greater command of money, he still continued his trade of punch-cutting; and the great improvements which have been made in the appearance of the Bengal types, now used in twenty presses in Calcutta, is almost entirely to be ascribed to his exertions. His labours, though they never afforded him wealth, gave him an income much superior to that enjoyed by the generality of his countrymen in his own rank, and, we believe, his sudden death has not left his family unprovided for. An attack of cholera, which seized him on the morning of the 18th, carried him off in a few hours; and we have rarely witnessed more regret for the death of an individual, than that displayed by the native community of Serampore, by whom he was universally respected. His life and success should be a stimulus to his countrymen in the path of active, patient exertion, and his history, if fully narrated, would go far to redeem them from the charge of being deficient either in energy or perseverance.—*Friend of India.*

BANKRUPTCY IN BATAVIA.

The laws of bankruptcy in Batavia are somewhat stringent. A letter from Java, to a merchant in Boston, gives this outline:—'To be bankrupt here is a somewhat different affair from what it is in the United States. Immediately on becoming bankrupt, the names of the parties are placarded about town, and in the Exchange, as if *prima facie* infamous. The books are then examined by the public officer for that purpose. If the estate does not pay 60

per cent., and the bankrupt can be proved to have done business after he knew the fact, he is put into prison as a criminal for a number of years, and declared "aloost," which signifies infamous, or without character. After this the "aloost" person is indeed excommunicated. His word is not to be taken; he is not allowed to be a witness, even on oath; and if a man trusts him, he does it at his own risk—he has no legal remedy against him. On the other hand, if a man takes his books to the public officer, and declares that he has given up all he has, and it does not appear that he has been doing business, knowing he was a bankrupt, and after a strict investigation, there are no suspicious circumstances, his creditors must sign his papers. Thus the creditor is protected without oppressing the debtor, the rogue is distinguished from the honest; and a person is obliged, by a terrible penalty, to know the state of his affairs, and when once embarrassed, to refrain from speculating to retrieve himself. This law came into operation in May 1848, and it was not long before it caught something in the shape of an English concern, who pay about one-quarter of 1 per cent., and whose partners are now expiating their offence in prison.'

THE BLOOMING OF VIOLETS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Av! cast those gloomy thoughts aside,
The genial spring is here:
She comes with all her violets
To bless another year.
Lo, rising at her welcome voice,
They steal in gladness out,
And, wished for long, the light warm south
Is harping all about.

By garden walk and rustic fence,
Fair bush and rude gray stone,
They laugh among the leaves and grass,
In starry clusters strewn.
Retiring from the gaze of men,
They lurk, a bashful race,
But every breeze that wanders by,
Reveals their hidingplace.

While, heedless of their own sweet worth,
They quaff the shining dew,
Or catch, from God's eternal arch,
Its deep and stainless blue.
Go, mark thou well the accents and dyes,
To them so freely given,
And own that weak and lowly things
Are yet most loved of Heaven.

Then drop this weary load of care,
Be meekly glad as they,
Nor fear to live on Earth unseen,
To pass unseen away.
Learn thou with joy to stand or fall,
Where sacred duty leads,
And prize, above renown or gold,
Pure faith and holy deeds.

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A LAST BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

I STATED at the beginning of these papers that I was not a sporting character. The 'state of the odds' and their fluctuations are to me perfectly incomprehensible: indeed, looking at the thing practically, the chance of a race appears such a vague, uncertain juggle, that no love of horse-flesh would ever induce me to risk a shilling on it. And as far as the excitement goes, a number of coloured balls rolling down hill would give me greater satisfaction; because I should believe that, as far as the sport went, it was all as fair for one as for the other.

Not that I object to go to the races. On the contrary, I always enjoy myself exceedingly when the great annual festivals come round. The journey thither; the numbers of people you meet all pleasantly tempered, smartly dressed, and out for a holiday; the general life and bustle; the odd phases of character encountered; the luncheons, gossipings, and flirtations, are all really very agreeable. I regard the racing itself merely as something necessary to bring these things about: but whether Peewit wins the Great Banbury Handicap, or Kittums beats Old Pleasant for the Members' Plate, I must confess I have little concern. And so I pass an agreeable day; not winning any money to be sure, but, what I consider far more agreeable, not losing any.

Yet there must be a marvellous number of individuals deeply interested in the turf, or we should never see so many baits put forward to entrap them as there are at this present time. The diffusion of the mania is of very recent origin. It commenced with the Derby Sweeps. These were lotteries, in which various sums were invested, the names of horses drawn by lot, and the total amount awarded to the holder of the winner after the race. They diffused a terrible spirit of gambling. There was nothing unfair in them, for they were mostly started at acknowledged public-houses and taverns, but they led people to spend more than they could afford. If they lost, they were perhaps driven to expedients to cover the outgoing; and if they won, they did not know how to bear the sudden idle acquisition of a large sum, and got alike into difficulties. We had a servant who gained two hundred pounds in this way. He thought immediately that he would open a small public-house. This he did, and took to drinking his own beer so immoderately, that he got his leg broken by a kick in a drunken squabble, and died of *delirium tremens* within three months. An acquisition is not always an advantage. We knew a family who were ruined by winning a huge Twelfth-Cake in a raffle. They were not at the time in good circumstances, but they thought they must give a party in honour of their cake. A great many people came; a great many candles were lighted; a great many bottles of

wine were drunk; and the expenditure of this evening, small in itself, was the last feather that broke the back of the family.

But to return to the sporting lotteries. After a while, the sweeps were put down by law; but it appeared that these affairs had been so lucrative to the getters-up of them, that they invented all sorts of tricks to evade the legislature—such as publishing portraits of the horses at nominal prices, opening betting lists, and all kinds of wonderful schemes to ride through the act of parliament. This species of gambling, as with others, was attractive. It must have been, or else the *entrepreneurs* could never have afforded to pay for their long advertisements. The mania spread; and last of all came the 'prophets,' whose lures form the most curious phase in the advertisements of the present day. Amongst a few of these gentlemen we have been finding a little amusement, which we wish our readers to partake in.

We were first struck by the extraordinary style of composition their advertisements displayed. They called their secret, which professed to reveal for a certain sum of money, a 'tip' or 'pick'; and they all professed certain knowledge of the winners. From their addresses, the slang terms, the doubtful grammar, and the odd confusion of the first and third person in their sentences, they had evidently but small pretensions to education. But their stilted phraseology was the drollest feature of their advertisements. One would assure his customers that 'the Christmas log would sparkle brightly round many a hearth made festive by his advice;' and another told them that, 'long before the gray winter's dawn had ushered in the new year, he had sent the name of *Voltigeur* to happy hundreds!' and that, after the Derby, 'his heart throbbed with pride and glory as he saw that thousands were in possession of a fortune by following his advice.'

Another remarkable feature in these advertisements was, that the week after the race, whatever it might be, the prophets always congratulated their customers upon having received the right horse. This looked very wonderful; and so, for our own satisfaction, we waited until the Goodwood Cup was coming on, and then wrote to one or two of the prophets for their advice. Their fee varied from five shillings to one; but conceiving that each was of equal value, we chose the latter.

This was the first advertisement to which we replied:—

—'s TIP for the GOODWOOD MEETING now ready for 5s. Stakes and Cup certainties (different horses), any single event one shilling, or five for the whole. Back the horses the stable backs, and win your money.—Address, by letter only.

In a day or two came the reply, vilely written, and thus worded:—

'Sir—Windischgratz is for the "cup" a certainty, bar accidents and is really meant!!!!

Yours resply,

B. N.

'Canezon?

Officious } 2nd and 3rd worth backing for.

'The favour of your recommendation is resply solicited.

'Back Windischgratz for the double event.'

This was not sufficient to convince us, so we looked out for another, who thus promised us a fortune:—

—'s TIP for the GOODWOOD STAKES and CUP are certainties, bar accidents. Send for them if you wish to win money. His friends will have splendid pickings at Goodwood. He promises them they will win enough to stand many a shock afterwards. Single events, 1s., and stamp; a marked list, 5s.

In two days a little scrap of paper was returned, and on it was written, evidently in a female hand—

'Dr Sir,

Goodwood Cup. Cossack.

Yours

We were still in doubt, for the prophets had sent different horses; so we tried to see if two out of three would give us a majority on any one in particular, and took the following recommendation, which was the next advertisement, and was headed 'Nimrod Eclipsed':—

— having been extraordinarily successful hitherto, now offers his certainties for the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, St Leger, Ebor Handicap, Cossack, and Cambridgeshire, 1s. each event. His subscribers will hear from him on Sunday, with all the latest information. His Derby horse can be had for 5s. — begs to inform the public that he cannot send more than one letter for 1s. Those persons wishing to have the tip and a second letter before the races notifying any change, &c. which sometimes proves of incalculable value, can have such second letter by forwarding 1s. 6d. instead of 1s. Those gentlemen forwarding 1s. can only have one communication.

This brought back a printed paper, urging 'his friends' to subscribe to the lists, with the following ingenuous avowal:—

'His friends must be aware that it will not be of pecuniary benefit to him, as the number of communications for one subscription will be very far under the shilling; in fact probably under sixpence.—He only wishes his friends to win; and if first-rate information and untiring assiduity together with no little outlay, can accomplish it, they may rely upon turning in the needful.'

And under this was written—

'Sir,

My advice for the Cup is Canezon, Chanticleer, Pitsford,

Yours

Here were three fresh names, and we were getting more confused than ever! We therefore wrote to some more. It is unnecessary to give the advertisements and the answers in detail, for there is very little about them that is interesting. It will suffice to state, that the name of almost every horse in the 'state of the odds' arrived in turn; and that when the important struggle arrived, Canezon was proclaimed the winner. This horse had been mentioned in the third letter, and hinted at in the first it is true; but our impression was, that the prophets sent a different horse to everybody, so that they were certain to be right in one instance. Whether this was the case or otherwise, they all came out on the following Saturday with their congratulations to their friends upon having sent them the winning horse—'cheering the toils of the poor man;' 'leading the liberal sportsman to well-earned prosperity;' 'guiding them to the harbour of affluence through the perilous billows of turf speculation;' with other pleasant things. One of them, however, appeared to have got into some discredit with his followers, as he added—

'A word *en passant* about his selection for the Brighton stakes. — emphatically begs to state that what you all had was one of the best things of the season; it could have won by lengths, and was on the downs ready to run and win, but for certain reasons was not allowed to start—much to the regret of the writer, who knew good money was on.'

With all these promises of fortune, one truth appears to be lost sight of by the speculators—that where a large sum of money is won, a corresponding amount must be lost. Sovereigns do not grow up from the earth to be gathered like buttercups; nor does the physical formation of the race-course resemble California. If you gain five pounds, be sure that they have come out of somebody else's pocket; and that you were just as likely to have been that somebody as anybody besides. If all the prophets told the truth, there would be no losers; and then how would 'the poor man's hearth be brightened by the sun of prosperity?'

Somewhat tired of the prophets, we next turned to a few attractive advertisements, which promised small incomes by the teaching of certain arts and mysteries whereby moderate competencies could be secured. It was certainly our own fault if at last we did not get rich, for the outlay in most cases was not great. Thirty postage-stamps were sufficient to procure the necessary information from the benevolent artists, who were usually females, to judge from the address.

The first road to wealth pointed out to us was by stencilling leaves on rustic tables. You were to take an ivy leaf, place it flat on some stout card-board, trace round its edges, and then cut out the pattern thus obtained. Next, having your table, or seat, or flower-stand painted green, you procured a darker shade of paint, and placing your pattern where you wished the leaf to be, you stencilled it through the card-board. This was all. The process was simple, and the result moderately picturesque, but we mistrusted the competency promised to us by exercising it. The artist's ideas of a fortune were evidently as modest as they were sanguine.

The second golden secret—'whereby many had, during the last year or two, realised considerable sums'—so ran the advertisement—was even less promising, had any one placed his entire hope of ultimate independence on its results. It was a woodcut engraving of a crochet mat, with some bewildering and enigmatical directions for producing it appended. It was curious to speculate as to what new social fashion had caused so great a demand for these mats as to raise their makers to ease and affluence. Disbelieving in crochet entirely—conceiving it to be as utterly ineffective and dust-collecting as it is useless, and in the case of anti-macassars, music-stool covers, and cushion-skins, excessively irritating and offensive, we are not perhaps to be considered as an unbiassed judge of its value or popularity. But yet we cling stoutly to our notion, that the mat in question was a vague thing to trust to for ultimate wealth.

Two more answers bore on the fine arts. One was a prospectus of 'Arabian painting;' and an apple, more brightly green than any tint that ever bore its name, limned on a perforated card, was sent as a specimen. The other was a recipe for 'japan work,' 'whereby portfolios, tables, card trays, &c. could be made, &c.' under very advantageous circumstances indeed. But these were equally feeble. They were specimens of that class of industry which flourishes in London in the Soho quarters of the town, where many struggling professors of feeble painting and unnecessary fancy-work undergo years of toil in producing articles which can never, under any circumstances, be of the slightest use to anybody either in or out of society.

The last of these communications that we received was what the language of Young England terms 'a sell.' In an envelop, written in a neat female hand, we read, 'Never think of spending a shilling until you have got it, and then contrive to make sixpence do as well!' This was not a great deal to receive for thirty postage-stamps to be sure; but really we think it was more

valuable than either the Arabian painting or the japan work, the crochet mat or the stencilled ivy leaves.

To one advertisement that we applied to we never received an answer. It was in a provincial paper, and ran as follows:—

MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR HOW TO WIN A LOVER.
—PROFESSOR —, LONDON, will send free to any address, on receipt of Thirteen uncut Postage Stamps, PLAIN DIRECTIONS to enable Ladies or Gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may desire. The process is simple, but so captivating and enthralling, that all may be Married, irrespective of age, appearance, or position, whilst the most fickle or cold-hearted will readily bow to its attraction; young and old, peer and peeress, as well as the peasant, are alike subject to its influence; and last, though not least, it can be arranged with such ease and delicacy, that detection is impossible.

N. B.—Beware of Ignorant and Imitating Pretenders.

We heard afterwards of we dare not say how many letters having been returned to the post-office in consequence of the professor not being at his post. Not learning this secret has distressed us more than we can well depict. We would have given up all the others for it.

Even whilst these papers have been in course of compilation, a young medical friend has informed us of a speculation of his own in the advertising line, to test the credulity of the public. In a penny weekly periodical he announced a lotion to cure spots on the face and neck, and copied the prescription from a work on the skin by one of our first professors of cutaneous pathology. He paid thirteen shillings for the advertisement, and it took its place amongst hair-dyes, cures for rheumatism, and other deceptive baits. It was only inserted once, and he had forty answers, and each enclosed a dozen stamps. The matter was for a wager, and the surplus was put into the poor-box of the — Hospital, about a fortnight ago, and signed 'The offering of a few land-gulls.'

Seriously, the faith placed by the public in these various swindles—for they are no better—is matter for lamentation. Exposure alone can defeat them; and if, from the study of this and the foregoing papers, the belief of any of our readers in matrimonial advertisements, professors of graphiology, racing prophets, and teachers of wealth-bringing secrets, should be shaken, a little higher end will have been attained than the mere amusement which, we hope, may have resulted, in a small degree, from their perusal. A. S.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE GLACIAL THEORY.

THE snow which falls on mountains above the point at which the temperature suffices to melt it, gathers, as is well known, in a deep bed, preserving a character which may be described as something between snow and ice. This stuff, called in the Swiss Alps *névé*, descends the mountain sides wherever it finds a convenient outlet, till, reaching a level where the temperature is higher, it melts away. A stream of *névé*, or imperfect ice, pouring down some long-descending hollow in the mountain side is called in Switzerland a *glacier*. It is a fearful and a beautiful sight to stand on the brink of one of these ice-rivers, which you know is constantly moving, though so slowly as to be imperceptible, to see its rugged splintery surface glittering in the sun's beams, to hear its subdued cracking sounds and the trinkle of the rills which traverse it during the heat of the day—a tremendous mechanical engine of nature, irresistible within its own domain, but so defined in its range of power, that the peasant rears his cot and cultivates his garden within a few yards of its termination, confident that thus far may it come, but no farther.

As the glacier passes down the defiles of the parent mountain, it smoothes away all the prominences in its course, and reduces its rocky channel to a perfectly polished state. Meanwhile masses of rock, great and small, fall upon it from the bare pinnacles above, and either rest on its surface or become incorporated with it.

All along its sides, and at its termination, you see high mounds of rubbishy matter, including large blocks of stone, which it has formed out of the materials collected by it in its course, or which have been forced away by it from the ground it has passed over. These are called *moraines*. A glacier might thus be likened to a graver going deeply and forcibly through a rough surface of stone, leaving a perfectly smooth channel, and throwing up a ridge of broken-off particles on each side of its course. It is, however, something more than all this, for the stones with which it is charged are also brought into action, so as to produce deep cuts or striae in the solid rock underneath—much like the diamond set in a slip of wood by the glazier for the purpose of cutting glass. Thus there is at once a polishing or smoothing, and a striating effect, from glaciers. It is to be remarked that these effects are quite peculiar and characteristic, and there is no other known power in nature by which precisely the same polishing and the same striation can be produced.

When this is kept in mind, it may be imagined with what surprise the scientific men of Europe learned about fourteen years ago, from the writings of two Swiss philosophers, that surfaces so marked were observed in the Swiss valleys far beyond any point which the glaciers can now reach. For example, the glaciers descending from the north side of Mont Blanc now terminate, and for ages have terminated, just as they come into the great valley of the Arve. But so far down this valley as Servoz, the sides of the hills for a good way up are observed to be smoothed and striated. This shows that all these glaciers had once combined to form a larger one, which passed down the valley, at least as far as Servoz. Such an effect could only take place under a lower temperature than what now prevails. On the temperature being raised, the great glacier had shrunk up, leaving only its tributaries to pour into the main valley, as we now see them. We even find the memorials of an intermediate set of circumstances, for above the place where the celebrated Glacier des Bois comes in, there is a barrier of blocks crossing the main valley, which can only be interpreted into the anciently-extended moraine on the upper side of the glacier, when it was large enough to cross the valley and abut against the opposite mountains. We see, then, the following series of facts:—1. A main glacier in the valley of the Arve, fed by smaller glaciers from the north side of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring high grounds; 2. The minor glaciers only pouring into and across the main valley; 3. And finally, what we now observe, these glaciers only entering the main valley, but not crossing it. The ancient moraine here spoken of has at one time formed a dam, so as to gather the waters of the valley for a few miles upward into a lake. It has since been broken down, so as to let the waters out; but we may yet trace three terraces along the valley sides, clear indications of a series of levels at which this lake stood while the dam continued to exist at various elevations.

It was not difficult to imagine an ancient temperature so low as to cause glaciers to descend to Servoz, or even lower; but in a little time observations of a more startling nature were made. It was discovered that there were marks of glacial action on faces of the Swiss mountains 1500 feet and more above the bottoms of the neighbouring valleys. In the valley of the Rhone, below Martigny, and also below St Maurice, ranges of blocks of huge size were found many hundred feet up the mountain sides, apparently the remnants of a moraine which had been formed there by a most voluminous and profound glacier filling up the valley to that height, for they were of kinds of rock found in the mountains towards the head of the valley, and they lay in a zone-like fashion, as might be expected of them if they had been deposited in that particular manner. Nay, even on the other side of the great basin of Switzerland, the faces of the Jura mountains were found polished and grooved, exactly as is done by ice, to a height not much short of 3000 feet above the sea, while

here also lay huge travelled blocks of Alpine rock (the *Pierre-a-bot*, a notable example), as if the Rhone glacier had crossed to this place with its magnificent burthen. It was hardly possible to imagine such a thing; but it was at least manifest that ice had somehow been at work for the smoothing of the mountains above Neufchatel, and that it had in some way been the carrying agent by which the blocks had travelled so far from their original seat.

It was now remembered that appearances resembling those attributed to ancient ice had long been under the observation of the scientific men of Sweden and Norway. In most districts of those countries, the rocky surface of the ground, wherever it was exposed, excepting only on the highest mountains, was found to be worn down into flat and rounded forms, and often with striae freshly marked. This was particularly the case on eminences exposed to the north and west, while the opposite sides remained comparatively rough. The notion of the Scandinavian philosophers was, that a tremendous deluge had set in upon the country in ancient times, carrying stones and mud along with it, and that by these means the country had been worn down and striated in the manner now seen. When ice was suggested as an agent more likely to have produced the effects, the idea was grasped at by many; but still a great difficulty remained, in the necessity of explaining how ice could pass over so vast an extent of country, not formed like the descending valleys, where alone glaciers now reside, but open, and presenting every variety of surface.

General attention being now attracted to the subject, various English geologists, and particularly Dr Buckland and Mr (now Sir Charles) Lyell, set themselves to search for traces of ancient glacial action in the British islands. Some smoothed and grooved surfaces which Sir James Hall had found on the Corstorphine Hill, near Edinburgh, and attributed to floods, were now fixed upon as memorials of the former presence of ice. A few other surfaces resembling those smoothed by glaciers were discovered; but the chief objects fastened upon by Dr Buckland were certain masses of gravel and sand which are liberally interspersed throughout the Scottish mountain vales, and which he believed to be remnants of ancient moraines, though in reality they are clearly attributable to the operations of rivulets at a time when the sea filled the main valleys in the form of estuaries. Some allowance, however, ought to be made for the zeal of scientific men at the first outburst of any new discovery. There is always a disposition to ascribe hitherto unexplained phenomena to the new cause; and it is not till comparatively cool times that we can distinctly discern the limits beyond which it is improper to go.

The transatlantic geologists were more successful in their researches, and it is now pretty generally acknowledged that the entire surface of North America, as far south as Florida, and even on grounds 3000 feet above the sea, has been subjected to the action of ice. The appearances are particularly conspicuous around Lake Superior, the line of grooving and cutting being generally from the north or north-west.

Professor Agassiz of Neufchatel, in order to account for the wide prevalence of glacial action in the northern hemisphere, started a theory which for a while met with some favour. He suggested that at a particular period, owing to an unusual depression of temperature, the circumpolar ice extended much farther to the south than it now does. There was, in fact, a cap of ice on the northern hemisphere, reaching to a point far within the limits of the present temperate zone. The glaciers, he said, move by a process of dilatation dependent on the expansion of water when it takes the form of ice. There are chinks in all glaciers; the water melted during the day by the sun's rays trickles into these chinks; at night, when the influence of the sun is withdrawn, the water freezes—consequently expands; hence the movement of the glacier. He supposed that in this way the ancient circumpolar ice was urged athwart Europe and America, grinding down the entire surface, and

leaving the appearances which we now see. But this theory did not stand long. Professor James Forbes of Edinburgh devoted himself to a most careful study of the movement of glaciers, and by a series of ingeniously-contrived experiments, completely ascertained that they move by the force of gravitation. A glacier is simply a river of plastic matter, rushing downhill as fast as its tenacity and the friction it encounters will permit, and no faster. It thus became evident that, were there a cap of ice over the northern hemisphere, it would not move so as to produce the observed appearances, because it would not have the requisite of a downhill course. An inclination of at least 3 degrees is necessary for its motion.

The glacial theory has therefore stood for some years at an awkward point, or rather has been in a great measure given up. Men have rather inclined to doubt the fact of the appearances than to rest in a state of inability to account for them. We must, however, reassert these appearances to be a most remarkable superficial feature of our globe, however difficult it may be to understand their origin.

Perhaps no one, without travelling over Sweden and Norway, could form any approach to a right idea of the phenomena as they are actually presented. The worn, rounded, and polished surface is so prevalent, that one comes to regard anything else as an exception. On actually seeing it, all preconceptions of easy ways of accounting for it are found to be too weak to stand for a moment. Ice has been there beyond a doubt, because it is impossible to detect the slightest distinction between a well-preserved piece of surface and what you see close beside an Alpine glacier at this day. The ice has not been carried in any light, or trivial, or occasional way over the surface of the country—as it might be, for instance, by icebergs: it has clearly been a *sheet of ice*, moving over the ground in the same close, hugging, equably-pressing manner that we see in existing glaciers. It has moved over a wide extent of country at once, preserving one general direction, rarely admitting of any deviation, indifferent to minor inequalities of all kinds, capable of ascending hills several hundred feet high; passing, in short, over the hill and dale of an undulating country in one straight course. In the Christiania Fjord this course is south-westerly; on the shore of the Gulf of Bothnia it is south-easterly; on the shores of the Icy Sea it is north-easterly. In Northern Norway it more generally follows the line of the valleys, perhaps because the valleys are there deeper. Remains of an immense quantity of rubbish, which it has transported along with it, are spread over the lower grounds of Sweden, but all bearing the manifest traces of a subsequent washing in an unfrozen sea. Much of this rubbish has been rearranged by that element in long ridges, called *ösar*, some of which extend for hundreds of miles through the country, regardless of the diverse lines of lakes and rivers which they cross in their course.

We shall endeavour to bring these glacial memorials before the mind of the reader by describing them as they appear in a limited district of Scotland. The object here primarily is to show that such things really are—that they are no delusion of some casual observer, but a great and wonderful reality, which rests for the present in need of an explanation.

The valley of the Firth of Forth, besides the estuary itself, comprehends a plain of about fifty miles in length, and from eight to twenty in breadth, flanked on the south by the Pentland and Lammermuir Hills. From the general undulating level of this plain start up a few ranges of small hills and isolated eminences, on one of the latter of which the Castle and Old Town of Edinburgh are situated. The direction of the general valley is between a point south of west and a point north of east. In this fact by itself there is of course nothing remarkable. But, what is very striking, it is a rule among the smaller hills which variegate the plain, that, long and narrow in form, they lie in precisely the direc-

tion of the general valley. The long hollows between the hills *observe the same direction*. Another general feature of these hills is, that they are bold and abrupt towards the west, but slope away towards the east, melting in that direction into the general plain. On their north and south sides they are all perfectly smooth.

The Corstorphine Hill, near Edinburgh, is in some features exceptive. It consists of an upturned piece of a stratum of trap, having its cliffy face to the east, and dipping away at a low angle to the west. There are, however, in the crest of this hill three or four clefts or transverse valleys, lying in a line directed precisely to a point north of east. In the low country to the eastward there is a trough or dry valley running along from each of these clefts in *precisely the same direction*. On the western slope of the hill, the trap, wherever exposed—and it is so over whole roods of space, besides being smoothed down into rounded and flat surfaces—is full of grooves from several inches to a foot in depth, and all *observing exactly the same direction as the hills and valleys*.

The general surface of the plain country is so much covered over with formations of clay, gravel, and soil, as to be much masked; but there are several places where the rock is ordinarily exposed. It is invariably in these places found smoothed down into flat or rounded surfaces, usually somewhat weathered, but in many situations retaining the original polish, and even showing certain striae and groovings. We have here only the remains of an original aspect of things. What that was, is shown whenever there happens to be an uncovering of a portion of the rock surface heretofore concealed under clay. Such an exposure was made a few years ago on a shoulder of Arthur's Seat, nearly 400 feet above the sea. Another has lately been made in a valley of the Pentland Hills, 200 feet higher. A third has more recently been made at the North British Railway works, on the northern basis of Arthur's Seat. In these instances we see the porphyry brought to a glassy polish, evidently by some mechanical agent externally applied. That polished surface is full of long scratches or striae, the whole bearing, in short, precisely the appearance of those rocks over which glaciers are passing at this day in the Alps. And, strange to say, these striae seldom diverge, and never but in a very slight degree, from one direction, and that is to a point north of east, being the direction of the groovings on the Corstorphine Hill, that of the minor hills and valleys, and that of the general valley itself. Such markings are seen in many places between the Pentland Hills on the south and the Fife Hills on the north, and even over and beyond those hills, and always observing a uniformity of direction—clear proof of their having been produced by some agent which comprehended the whole space at once. If this agent was ice—and the identity of the appearances with those produced by existing glaciers leaves no doubt on that score—then it must have been a current of that material many hundreds of feet deep; not an aggregation of loose masses, but one pretty compact volume. It is an idea difficult to form; but there seems to be no escape from it.

During the last few years Mr Charles Maclaren, Mr David Milne, Professor Fleming, and other observers, have pointed out different places in Scotland and the north of England, generally in valleys or the sides of hills, where the rock, when uncovered, presents the same appearances. In the valley, for example, of the Gare Loch, opposite to Greenock, the whole surface is smoothed and striated, from the top of the hills, 600 feet above the sea, down to a point below its surface. Several of the Highland valleys, as far north as Caithness, are so marked. It would appear that one great ice-stream has passed through the valley between the Firth of Clyde and the Forth; another down the upper part of the Forth valley; and these two meeting at the extremity of the Campsie Hills, have formed the grand current which has been spoken of as passing

between the Fife Hills and the Pentlands. The direction of these various ice-streams is usually from the north or west; but sometimes it is from the eastward. There is also a group of mountains in the island of Skye where the lines of smoothing clearly radiate from a centre in the high ground, exactly as is the case in modern glaciers, though perennial snow has long ceased to exist in that district. The author of the present article lately, in a paper read before the British Association at Edinburgh, laid down the proposition that the northern portion of our island is precisely in the same general condition with respect to ancient ice as Sweden and Norway, which he had visited in the preceding year. The only difference is in the greater masking of the surface of Scotland by superficial clays and gravels; but wherever the rock-surface is presented, it is rounded or worn into flatness, if not grooved and striated; and many farm-houses in Scotland are brought to a near resemblance to those of Sweden, by their being planted on platforms of smoothed rock—rock smoothed by the ice of early times, applied in a way which we can now scarcely understand.

No satisfactory theory has as yet been started to account for these appearances. Sir Roderick Murchison attributes the various phenomena of smoothings, scratchings, and transported materials in Sweden, Finland, Russia, &c. to a flood which had broke away from the Scandinavian chain at the last great upheaval—a flood not excluding ice, but containing it only in a small proportion to water. Mr Milne also argues for water as the chief cause. But it has never been shown that water, however charged with loose materials, could wear down the rocky surface of the earth in such a manner, polish it, and leave it all covered with scratches observing uniform directions throughout large spaces. It has been shown, on the contrary, by Sir Charles Lyell, that a great flood may pass over the land, carrying large quantities of stones along with it, and make very little impression on the surface over which it passes. On the other hand, as has already been insisted on, the appearances are precisely those which modern glaciers produce; therefore it would appear to have been ice in some form which produced the appearances. But what the form, and how applied? It has been suggested that it bore exactly the shape of the modern glaciers, proceeding, for instance, in Scotland from the Grampian Hills into the low country. But while it may be admitted that local glaciers account for some of the local phenomena (as in the case of the Culhullin Hills in Skye), it is contrary to all our knowledge of glacier movement that a stream of ice proceeding from Ben Nevis could travel through the neighbouring vales for a hundred miles without any adequate declination of ground to give it impetus. When we think of the many hundred miles of flat country in North America and Sweden over which ice appears to have travelled, we see still more clearly that the form of the ice could not be that of common glaciers, or its dynamical power derived from the same source.

The nearest approach to a satisfactory theory on the subject, is one which was explained and illustrated at the late meeting of the British Association by the ingenious Mr Hugh Miller. It is to be observed that there is a remarkable superficial formation very prevalent in Scotland, called the compact boulder clay. It generally lies close upon the smoothed and scratched surfaces. It contains blocks of stone of various sizes, generally brought from no great distance, usually rounded, and often polished and scratched, having apparently been the instruments by which the fast rock was similarly marked. There can scarcely be a doubt that this clay, with its contents, is immediately connected with the mystery of the ancient glacial operations. It strongly betrays the presence of water during those operations. Mr Miller, for these and other reasons, thinks that the phenomena in question may have been produced by *rafts of ice* floating along in currents upon the sea, when the land was deeply submerged.

This idea is certainly plausible; yet it does not settle the question, for it so happens that the superficial matter in Sweden resembles that of *moraines*, and therefore leads the mind to subaërial ice, while it is not easy to imagine how an ice-raft, by which is meant a mass of loose pieces of ice, borne on a current, could pass through a valley like that of the Firth of Forth, in such a vast volume and depth, and in so jammed and rigid a form, as to mark the whole uniformly to several hundred feet up the hills. Here, however, the question must rest for the present, and until some suggestion be made that shall better explain the whole phenomena involved. R. C.

THE DEATH-WARNING.

A LEGEND OF SACO ISLAND.

BY PERCY R. ST JOHN.

Of all the great centres to which strange characters are attracted, Paris is perhaps the most remarkable, very much, apparently, because of the encouragement given in it to original talent. Clever and enterprising Americans are often met there. One whom I lately encountered proved to be a pleasant and conversible man. We chanced to get upon the subject of superstition, or rather, to speak more fairly, on matters pertaining to what has been called the night-side of nature.

'I expect you love a yarn; I'll just give you one which is genuine. I'm not a superstitious man, but the contrary. But I'll give you an item of new-country fancies which will amuse you.'

I shall not preserve the energetic words of my American friend, as some of them would be difficult of comprehension in our part of the world; but I give the facts of his narrative exactly as they were told.

Saco is a small town at a very short distance from the sea, in the state of Maine, famous only within a circumference of a few miles, in connection with the Labrador fishery, and also as the nursery of an industrious, hard-working set of shipwrights and fishermen. In the early history of the state of Maine mention is made of Saco island as the site of an Indian village; but local tradition gives more ample details relative to the ejection of the Red Skins from the place. But with this I have nothing to do, except incidentally, as will be seen in the course of my narrative.

Abel Jacks, my informant, was the son of a working shipbuilder of Saco, a pushing, industrious man, who in times of thriving business, and when a pressing job was on hand, would work eight days without taking off his clothes. He lived in a house just above the town, the front of which faced the island which parted the river, variously known as Cuth and Saco island. Abel was his youngest son—at the time we speak of a young man of twenty. About a dozen yards distant from their residence was an old tumble-down shanty, which had been abandoned for many years. A murder had been committed within its walls a long time ago, and people said that ever since noises were heard at midnight around its ruins—a troubled cry of conscience from the criminal. No man was ever found bold enough to reside in it again, until a poor widow, Curtis by name, obtained leave to make it her home.

Widow Curtis was as superstitious and fearful as her neighbours, perhaps even more so, for she firmly believed in death-warnings. The once glad mother of nine children, she had lost eight, and before the real news reached her, she always had a warning. It is true that her signs and tokens came very much oftener even than bad news; but as bad news did sometimes follow her hints from the other world, she had sufficient reason for her belief. She found herself at last with one only child, a daughter of eighteen, who was at service on Cuth island, in the house of Squire Sheen; and to be near this beloved child, the widow took up her quarters in the haunted shanty, which to her seared heart had now no terrors.

Mr Jacks was kind to the poor widow, gave her some furniture, and assistance in various other forms; and she was grateful. A great part of her time was spent in the house of the shipwright, whose son Abel was warmly attached to her daughter Martha, who was indeed to be his wife that very fall. For some months the widow had been quiet and happy: the thought of her child's advantageous marriage had driven gloomy ideas from her head, and her cheerful state of mind the assiduous kindness of the Jacks had also tended to promote.

One afternoon a tremendous storm startled the good people of Saco, and filled them with alarm. Saco river was lined with saw-mills, the owners of which floated their timber and planks down by its waters. But just above the town a huge boom lay across the stream, to check the rafts, and to protect the bridges which connected Cuth island with the two shores. Once in the memory of man a freshet had carried away the boom, and given passage to the vast weight of timber, which coming with terrific violence against the bridges had utterly destroyed them. The storm on this occasion was followed by the rapid swelling of the river, and about four o'clock the boom gave way; the mountains of planks and logs brought down by the inundation rushed madly through, and all communication between the island and the town was cut off. The timber plunged with irresistible force over the falls below the island, carrying the bridges away with it.

The roar of the blast, the rushing of the wild waters, the crash of logs, the plunging of masses of wood over the two cataracts, the running to and fro of the people, all roused in poor Widow Curtis feelings of terror and alarm; and about sunset she came into the house to old Jacks, and told him that she had received a death-warning relative to her last child. Tears streamed down her pallid cheek, and her whole mien was that of a broken-hearted woman. Both old Jacks and Abel sought to comfort her in every possible way. They tried ridicule, they tried reason; but all in vain; the widow still declared she had heard the never-failing warning.

'And what was it like?' suddenly cried old Jacks.

'A low screech, like the cry of one in pain,' replied the widow.

'Tush, woman, you heard the squaw of Cuth island. She never fails to howl with the tempest.'

'And who, pray, was the squaw of Cuth island?'

Old Jacks drew the widow to the table, lit his pipe, poured out a glass of beer, and after a vigorous hem, began his story. Before the settlement of white men round the borders of Saco river, the island was inhabited by a whole tribe of Indians. An old fellow of the name of Cuth, wishing to establish a saw and flour mill in the place, bought the site of the Indians, who, on the receipt of the purchase-money, decamped in accordance with their word. Old Cuth then crossed over to the island to select the spot whereon he wished to build; but to his astonishment he found an aged squaw, who refused to depart. She declared that in the general distribution she had been left out, and demanded a share of the purchase-money of the white man himself. Cuth gave her a bottle of rum, which she eagerly tasted, and then leaping into her canoe, hurried across to join her tribe. But whether the rum had affected her head, or whether age had rendered her limbs too weak to contend with the current, could not be known, but she was drawn into the rapids, and over the falls, where of course she was drowned. From that day the island point was believed to be haunted by the squaw spirit; and there was scarcely a man, woman, or child in Saco but would declare having heard the moaning of the old crone before and during storms.

'Maybe,' said Widow Curtis when old Jacks had concluded, 'maybe 'tis the squaw has given me every warning?'

'Nonsense, Mother Curtis; all nonsense and flummery. And yet I am bound to believe in ghosts too. I

aint a superstitious man nohow, but I've been tried too. One night I was at work till late at the Lower Ferry, and after work I joined a merry-making. It was past twelve when I started home. Everything was square and straight until I got to the road near the church-yard: then I distinctly heard the rustling of a silk dress close beside me. "Come out of that," said I, "and no poking fun at me!" I got no answer; and away I slashes in the bushes with a big hickory stick; all to no good. The rustling of silk was still close to me as ever. I was in a precious rage with myself I do own; but I heard it plainly enough. At last I came to the bridge; and you know the ends of the planks stick out beyond the rail to save sawing off. What do I see but an old fellow walking along these ends beside me in an old silk morning gown. "Good-night to you, Sam Jacks," said he. I returned his politeness; and then he began to ask news of Saco town, and of people dead and gone these twenty years. He seemed surprised when I told him they were all departed; and at the end of the bridge we separated. Now, Widow Curtis, I know I did see all this, and yet old Sam Jacks knows precious well there was nobody there. It was nothing but fancy and deceit, and so was the cry you heard. Cheer up, old girl Martha! all right!"

But the widow was not to be satisfied. The old man's stories rather excited her imagination, and she declared that every instant she felt more sure that Martha was gone. About midnight she started towards home, and Abel went along the water-side with her, to say a few words of comfort.

"Did you hear that?" suddenly said the poor mother. "If that was not Martha's voice, it was her spirit."

Abel had heard the cry: it was a shriek of despair, so clear, so distinct, no man could hesitate or doubt. The night was now calm and still, and the moon shone brightly over the whole scene. A boat lay moored within an indentation of the river at the young man's feet. He gazed rapidly round. Just above the point of the island he saw a small canoe, and a person standing upright in it—a woman with her hands clasped, as if in prayer. The canoe was hurrying down the stream, though not yet in the rapids. A lover's glance is not easily deceived. It was Martha! To leap into the boat, to push out towards the canoe, and to begin rowing with the energy of mingled love and despair, was the work of a single instant. The widow sank down upon her knees on the bank.

The river was wide, and the current strong, while just below were the rapids. Abel was almost within their influence, and soon found it necessary to pull up-stream to avoid being sucked in. When again he turned the bow of his boat across, the canoe was not more than fifty yards above the spot where he lay, and was coming with extreme velocity.

"Courage, dear Martha," cried the young man; "Abel is at hand."

"I dropped my paddles, Abel, while getting away from a snag."

"Check the canoe with your hands, dear girl. Put them in the water. Every inch gained is valuable."

"I am going too quickly, Abel. You can never save me. Is that my dear mother on the bank?"

"It is, Martha," replied Abel solemnly, at the same time pulling vigorously. "But silence now."

The two boats were drawing near, while both were setting down with great velocity on the rapids. Martha was in a light bark canoe, which lay almost on the surface of the water. A few minutes more, and Martha and Abel were parallel to each other, at a distance of about a dozen yards. Abel leapt to his feet, and looked around. They were within thirty feet of the rapids, and two hundred of the falls, in the very middle of the stream. All hope of Abel's catching the canoe was now gone. She, it seemed, could not be saved. They could only be lost together. The young man gazed at the moonlit isle, the shore, his father's home, the aged mother kneeling on the shore, while old Jacks and his

mother stood motionless near the threshold of their house.

"Martha," cried Abel in a voice calm and collected, though husky, "act with courage and spirit. One minute, and we part perhaps for ever. Rouse all your courage, think of your mother and of your future husband, and let the thought give you the energy of a man. Lie down quickly in the canoe; lie still, and move not. The fall is swelled by the rain, and the white rock is hidden. That is a dear girl! Move not for your life! Adieu!"

No more words were spoken. Martha, as she was bid, lay at full length in the bottom of the slight bark canoe, and next instant was sucked into the rapids. Round and round went the frail boat, and then entering the very centre of the quick-flowing stream, it darted along, and was lost sight of over the falls. Abel pulled like a madman for the shore, guiding his boat slightly up stream.

"My child, my child!" cried the agonized mother as he leapt out upon the bank.

"Boy," said his father severely, "what have you done with Martha?"

"Father, stay me not! Martha is in the hands of Providence. Follow me, and a few minutes will decide her fate!"

The mother and Abel's whole family ran with the young man along the shore, following the portage of the falls. They soon reached the nook in which lay the boat used by the Jacks for fishing under the cataract. As Abel expected, the high tide and the great volume of waters considerably lessened the height of the fall, which was also wider than usual.

"Where is my child?" cried Widow Curtis once more.

Abel made no reply, but leaping into the boat, pulled across the stream. The two falls, one on each side of Cuth island, made of course a very strong current in this part of the river, but where the two currents met, the one counteracted the other, and the volume of water being very great, three backwaters ensued, one going back to the island point, the other two along shore. Abel pulled for the still water in the centre, and in a few minutes had the intense satisfaction of seeing the frail bark canoe lying motionless on the very edge of the eddy.

"Martha!" he cried in a low agonized voice.

No answer was given, and in a few minutes more he was alongside. There she lay in the pale moonlight, as calm as an infant on its mother's bosom, but to all appearance lifeless. Abel lifted her hurriedly into his boat, and sprinkled her marble face with water. A deep sigh, a low wailing sound of pain, and then a burst of tears and laughter, proclaimed the victory of youth and nature over death.

"Oh, Abel, how have I been saved?" said the trembling and agitated girl, clasping her lover's two hands.

"By thy courage and trust in Providence, dear Martha," replied Abel in a low tone; and these two simple unsophisticated children of nature knelt, and with the roaring cataract on each side, and the placid sky above, prayed to the God of their hearts.

"Let us go to my mother," said Martha after an instant's pause; and Abel, without another word, struck out for the shore. The meeting formed a most exciting scene. Tears and questions, and thanks and laughter, were strangely mingled with each other, and then the whole party returned to old Jacks' house.

It appeared that Martha, knowing her mother's character, and aware of the influence of a storm upon her mind, had determined, as soon as the moon rose, to cross over and reassure the widow as to her own safety. She took her master's bark canoe, and pulling a good way above the site of the bridge, began pulling across. When well in the stream, a beam of wood checked her progress. Eager to push it from her path, she let go her paddles, which she had forgotten to fasten on the rollers, and they fell into the stream. She caught des-

perately at the snag, but in vain; and then she gave the wailing cry which mother and lover had both heard.

Old Jacks warmly commended Abel's presence of mind in giving the advice he did, but far more the calm courage of Martha in following it, while all felt that, under any circumstances, the escape was next to miraculous. Old Jacks insisted on Martha's returning no more to service; and taking upon himself the duties of patriarch, decided that the marriage should be celebrated two months sooner than was originally intended. A week later, Abel and Martha were man and wife; and, to judge from their present solid affection and genuine happiness, they have never forgotten their one terrible trial. Abel loves to tell his story, but says that now it is in my hands, he stands a good chance of hearing, 'We have seen that in print;' a prophecy which I hereby prove to be correct. Old Jacks and the widow are now dead, and Saco is a large place; but though our worthy couple have been now fourteen years married, they remember, as if it were yesterday, their own legend of Saco island.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—THE GREAT DINNER—THE BOX-WAHLER—
CONCERT—SEARCH OF SERVANTS.

It is the custom among the British here to usher in the New Year with a discharge of artillery, and so many other noises, that sleep during any part of the night is out of the question. I was therefore neither annoyed nor disturbed by the gun at daybreak, at which time we now regularly get up, in order to begin our walk before sunrise. On making our way about nine o'clock to breakfast, we found the landing-place at the drawing-room door covered with little trays containing the usual presents offered on festival days: almonds in their shells, small raisins, native sugar dropped into round balls, sugar candy (a much better thing), and a variety of native fruits. I have not yet learned to like the fruits. The pine-apples have little flavour; pomegranates, custard-apples, pummaloos, are all very bad in my opinion; plantains are more tolerable—they taste something like raspberries and cream, but are rather sickly. The best fruits are not now in season—leeches, peaches, and mangoes. There was a large fish on one tray, the largest edible fish I ever saw. We did not try it. It went, with a share of all the other dainties, to the servants, who are very fond of fish to put into their curries. The poorer natives can seldom afford a fish or meat-curry; their low wages force them to content themselves with dahl or other pulse, flavoured with garlic to mix with their rice, which is enriched by ghee, a sort of clarified butter made from buffalo's milk, answering to the *kitchen* of the Scotch and Irish. We had another pleasant little family dinner to-day: we have them very frequently—seldom, indeed, dining alone. Some old friend has suddenly arrived from an out station, or some new friend; some young stranger must have kind attention shown him, or we pick up our company on the Course. It is too hospitable a house, I fear, for home to be seen very distinctly in it. One of the guests this evening, the captain of an Indiaman, had his ship-servant behind his chair, a black, but not a native of these parts. I rather think that he and Caroline's ayah might have claimed kindred, for he had the look of Portuguese extraction. He was dressed in a white jacket and trousers, European fashion; and—so rapidly does the eye accommodate itself to what is constantly presented to it—I thought it quite strange to see a man in such guise waiting at table. The number of servants in a Calcutta dining-room must in the hot weather be a serious annoyance. Every person has an

attendant, and the great people have two, besides the superior servants of the house in waiting at the sideboards. Quiet as all their movements are, so many human beings cannot be roaming about, handing dishes and bottles, and changing plates, so very officiously too, without causing some confusion, and consuming an undue proportion of good air. At the small parties it is not pleasant, at the great dinners it must be very nearly intolerable. They never speak while in the room; they stand motionless as statues, with folded arms, when not employed; but they chatter like apes when beyond the screen in the passages. I shall have an opportunity to-morrow of deciding upon the pleasures of a *burra khana*, or great dinner, as one of the assemblages, the arrangement of which I disturbed in the study some days ago, will take place here. There was no preparation for it visible to-day; all I noticed was a longer bazaar list than usual, and a heavier bag of rupees handed to the *khansamaun*, which I understand is the more approved method of spelling this dignitary's name. The *burra bibi* has little trouble in ordering her household.

Jan. 2d.—At seven o'clock this evening the guests began to arrive. In half an hour all had assembled, the number, however, reduced to twenty-six by four apologies. We formed a long procession, all properly paired, preceded by chobdars with their silver sticks. It was quite like a public dinner, or rather like a ball supper, only with hot joints and regular courses. There were ham and turkey, boiled salt beef, and roast saddle of mutton, which dishes always keep their station at top and bottom and the two sides of an old-fashioned Calcutta dinner. The many intervening smaller dishes were little attended to, with the exception of the curries. The wines were said to be excellent, and perfectly well cooled. The master and mistress of the feast sat opposite to each other in the middle of the side of the table, intimate friends at the ends. We had a very great lady among us, and a very agreeable one too, the wife of a member of Council. There was some time ago such a storm about precedence here, and it reached to such a height with some of the ladies, that the matter had to be referred home, when it was settled by a warrant from George IV., given at Carleton House, and though not exactly satisfactory to each and every appealing party, it has proved a blessed peacemaker, because a final settlement, and ordered thus:—The ladies of the governor-general, of the chief-justice, of the lord bishop, of the members of council according to their rank in council, of the puisne judges according to the seniority of their husbands' arrival, of the naval commander-in-chief, of the military commander-in-chief—these all precede the wives of the rest of the society, who rank as they were accustomed to do; but—and here was the rub—any lady having by birth rank of her own in England, preserves it here, whatever may be her husband's position, and takes her place immediately after the wives of the members of council. From my safe retreat among the nobodies, I can afford to smile at these little follies, and proceed with our dinner party. The great lady in company gives the signal for leaving the gentlemen, who soon follow her up stairs. It is she also who retires the first when it is time to go away—no one else would like to break up the meeting. Then begins great fatigue to the master of the house, who is expected to accompany most of the ladies down stairs to their carriage, whatever other beau those of higher rank may have secured besides. Indeed a real old Indian receives all the ladies on their arrival as well: every time the

two strokes of the gate bell sound, he appears at the door of his house to conduct them upon his own arm into the drawing-room, and there present them to the other assembled guests. His hope at the parting is, that, like a flock of wild geese, they may all take flight together, when he would be unable to flutter up and down to convoy them individually. It has been rather a dull three hours or so, although we had in one cool corner a great deal of pleasant conversation with several very agreeable people.

3d.—I have heard old Indians at home say that the moment the dishes were removed from their tables, the remaining contents were thrown out into the streets or into the road before the door; and that in an inconceivably short space of time they were devoured by the ever-ready adjutants, who certainly are, as they have long been called, the most active of scavengers. It is a hideous beast-like bird, very disgusting to look at; and it stalks away upon its long, long legs, among all the filth, in a nasty greedy manner; not finding, however, so many delicate morsels in these days, for the shocking waste of food formerly permitted no longer continues. People have learned to send the larger remnants of their feasts to the jail, the sailor's home, and such-like places; or to give them to poor European families. And in every household there are servants who gladly accept these fragments for themselves and their families—such as Portuguese Christians, perhaps a negro cook, and natives who have lost caste on account of performing the very offices for which we hired them. It is a perquisite beyond their wages very welcome to all of them. After such a display as yesterday with all this, and the best part of the provisions left over, set aside during the cold weather for a small entertainment next day, a good deal still remains, which the khansomann is permitted to sell to those less fastidious than himself about eating it. Just at present meat can be kept good for several days; and since the happy introduction of ice from America, this can be done with any rarity even in the hot weather that is coming. How all the people here do revel in this new luxury, this profuse supply of ice! The pure blocks arrive as imported, and are broken up into knobs of various sizes, which can be thrown into the glass of wine, or beer, or soda water, for those who are too impatient to wait for the obdar's more correct cooling process. There was a grand cleaning of wall-shades to-day, and of the little glass cups which hold the cocoa-nut oil within them, every light having been used yesterday. The daily illumination struck me as too magnificent for a private dwelling, but on company occasions it is doubled. The cost is said to be trifling; still, every little helps the whole; and I am treasuring up economical hints against our taking up house ourselves, when our aim will be to save every outlay on which comfort is not actually dependent.

4th.—We had a very amusing scene with a box-wahler yesterday. He came by appointment with some goods which had been ordered. He had set out from his open shop in the bazaar leading a train of eight coolies, every pair of whom carried a large tin box between them balanced upon their two heads. An assistant brought up the rear. In this same state the whole set were ushered by the chobdar into the boudoir where we two ladies sat expecting them. The chief was well dressed, well mannered, though somewhat too humble and beseeching, and very bright-eyed. His assistant was quite inferior. Both salaamed with the profoundest respect; but the coolies remained quite in the background till ordered forward when a box was wanted. The necessary purchases were soon made, after a little chaffering, through the medium of the ayah, who has too great a part to play in these bargaining transactions not to take good care to be in the way; and then began the real business of the day. The box-wahler approached

the burra bibi, and putting his hands together open and at full stretch from palm to palm, and holding them up in an intreating manner, as is the habit of these people when about addressing a superior, he salaamed more reverently than before. 'Well,' said Caroline, 'you have something very pretty to show I see; but unfortunately we want nothing more to-day.' Another salaam more respectful than the last. 'Madam can only look—madam need not buy. Some lace—so beautiful!' How well he knew my sister's foible. 'Beautiful French lace!' The conversation grew animated, for Cary jabbars on in their language as well as they do themselves, ayah interpreting to me as much of it as she thought interesting. At last she settled matters by stepping forward and addressing a pair of expectant coolies at the other end of the room. She called out in an authoritative voice the short word 'laou.' A tin case and its two supporters immediately moved forward together as if one piece, one group of some frieze or bit of statuary. The naked figures stooped, and depositing their burthen at our feet, retired to the veranda: they have not sufficient politeness to salaam. These poor coolies are among the lowest of the people, very dark and very ugly—the lower the caste, the darker the complexion. Bad food, constant exposure to the sun, and the quantity of cocoa-nut oil with which they saturate their skins, to enable them to endure the heat in their naked state, are the principal causes of their wretched appearance. The floor was soon overspread with a profusion of all the finery that women love. But we were not to be tempted, although this honest merchant came down in price with every article as he proceeded to show them to us. At last he unfolded the lace. 'Eighty rupees for that beautiful trimming!' 'Great lady!' continued he in a deprecating tone, 'if you cannot afford to buy my goods, where shall I offer them? The little people will not buy such handsome things—they must have low goods at low prices. Great lady must buy this Mechlin lace! I expected one hundred rupees for it. See! I give it you for eighty!'

Caroline laughed. 'Vanheram,' said she, 'I have dealt many years with you: I will buy the piece of lace from you since you so much wish it, and I will give you twenty rupees for it.'

The box-wahler looked quite tragically indignant: he not only gave utterance to his angry feelings, but bustled about with his assistant, replacing all his property in the tin case. He left the lace aside awhile, however, then taking it up, as if before consigning it to the darkness of the tin box, he threw all the cunning suavity of expression he could muster into his handsome face, and holding out the tempting bait, he began another speech, ending with 'Sixty rupees!'

'You are only wasting your time here, Vanheram,' replied the great lady gravely. 'I don't want the lace, nor do I wish to buy it; but to oblige you I consent to take it, and I will give you for it twenty rupees.'

'Madam wish to 'ave it all de same,' said ayah aside to me; 'an' box-wahler he give it too, I see; so I go to khansomann; and away she trotted accordingly.'

The box-wahler continued, in English—which these dealers all speak fluently enough—'Who will buy it if you don't buy it? Fifty-five rupees! Very well, you must have it; very well, you must buy it for less than it cost me: no other lady knows French lace from English.' Turning to me he went on—'Chota madam [that is, young or humble madam] understands these affairs; the young lady will say this fine lace worth forty-five rupees!'

'Twenty rupees or none,' said Caroline in a determined voice; and touching her forehead with her finger, she put an end to the audience.

The master summoned his assistant, the assistant called forward the coolies, and with many salaams, they in silence departed. I felt sure they were gone, the procession was formed so regularly, changed from the order in which it had entered; the assistant now leading, and the merchant himself going out the last. He turned

at the screen, and drawing from his bosom the piece of Mechlin lace which he had artfully concealed there, he held it up with an air quite of tender intreaty. 'Thirty-five rupees!'

'No, no, none; twenty rupees or nothing!'

'Twenty rupees! What do I hear? Twenty rupees; it is enough! No, no, lady, salaam!'—and out glided the box-wahler in earnest this time.

'Now,' said Caroline, 'either to-morrow or next day he will be back with that piece of lace, and I'll get it for twenty-five rupees, or thirty at anyrate.'

The scene had annoyed me—annoyed more than it had amused me. The trouble of such bargaining, the waste of time, the utter dishonesty of the dealer, who would have pocketed the eighty rupees from an ignorant customer, without feeling he was a cheat to take three times the fair value of his goods—it all grated unpleasantly on my home feelings; but the consideration of these curious doings was checked for the moment by the entrance of the ayah with the lace. She had been to the khansomaun for the money—the twenty rupees—and she had made the exchange on the landing-place as the box-wahler, after his grand flourish near the screen, was going down stairs. It was very liberal in her to encourage the bargain, as it is the custom for the merchant to give her back an ana out of every rupee she pays him. The porter, too, I understand, levies a contribution from all to whom he gives admission; and should any one resist this demand, there are plenty of competitors who will submit to anything. Of course the sahib is made to pay for all—a shocking system, and liable to great abuse; but it is the custom of the people, prevailing equally in courts and in markets, in palaces and in huts: every one trades in money—every one is a speculator. The better-paid head-servant lets out the surplus of his monthly wages at daily interest. The khansomaun thus employs the sum intrusted to him by his master when, in the old-fashioned way, the expenses of the week are thus prepared for in advance: a constant selling, and lending, and bartering is going on among all ranks.

5th.—Cary and I have been with a large party of friends to a concert at the town-hall to-night: a very fine building, handsome outside, imposing within, an entrance and staircase very remarkable. We had much the same professional performers as at our private musical party: the French violoncello, the German bassoon, the Portuguese tenor, the German boy's piano-forte, one or two others very fair, and the artillery band, which is a very good one, to help. The great bulk of the audience was composed of the dark-complexioned. Respectable natives, half-castes, &c. some who considered themselves as the *élite* of the European society, protested rather vehemently against such persons being admitted. They regret the good old times of exclusiveness under the unlimited tyranny of the old charters. A much better tone is beginning to prevail, and will naturally gather strength with the certain progress of public opinion at home, which has already made itself known across the Indian Ocean. Monopoly after monopoly will give way as this great empire becomes more really a part of the dominions of Great Britain, and less a mere mart for a company of merchants to trade with. This enormous territory, which has grown, and is still growing to such an inordinate size, no one can well tell how, is certainly upon the whole very fairly governed; but I suppose nobody will contend that all the resources of the country are brought out as they might be, if less were taken from it in the shape of revenue. We are much better sovereigns than any Asiatic potentate ever was. We are just, as well as powerful, but hardly paternal. There must of course be difficulty in governing a people so various in kind and creed, so false, so low in feeling, so selfish, and so sensual. We must wait for some change of character among the better classes at anyrate, before the considerateness and the liberality suited to superior manners could essentially serve castes now quite unprepared

to be so dealt with. Human instruments can only help the slow, better-ordered work of time; and with this hope for the future we must at present, I am afraid, be satisfied.

6th.—The gentlemen dining out this evening—a man-party somewhere—Cary and I dined at tiffin, and had an early tea with buttered muffin—so English and so happy. We talked you all over. We went back to old days, and old scenes, and old incidents; and I do think Cary is inclined to think more resolutely of a home future, and to prepare, by stricter economy, for an earlier return among you. It is a great mistake that Indians make in leading such a mere life of pleasure. If they would consider it more a life of business, and keep the one aim and end of their coming here more steadily before them, they could all return, if not in affluence, most certainly in comfort, to their native land while yet in the prime of their days. All this philosophy is the effect of the muffin, which, though not exactly equal to those you may now be looking at, reminds us sufficiently of them to bring before us the fire, and the kettle, and the curtains, and the tea-table of those dear temperate regions, where so many that we love are at this very moment perhaps thinking of us. I must take my home-fancies to bed, and release poor ayah, who, sleepy as she is, stands fanning off the musquitos from me, and I must get her to open just as much space in the muslin case around my couch as will enable me to dart into that secure asylum from the greatest annoyance in India.

7th.—I got home to-day all our shipboard linen, very nicely washed. Four rupees for every hundred pieces—hardly a penny each. Ayah bargained with the dhobee to wash for us for ten rupees a month—a very fair compact. I had a dirjie here too, a dirjie of repute, to make me up some plain dresses suited to the hot weather now approaching, and was thus let into a curious custom. The ayah forgot to warn the porter that she had ordered the attendance of this needleman, and the durwan would not let him in. I had to send a chit down to him, which, though he could not read, he accepted as a warrant. These chits are quite a plague; one is perpetually note-writing. Every message must be written, word of mouth not answering where messages have to go through so many blundering heads. Another part of the durwan's business I was introduced to in the course of this day. He has to search the persons of all who leave the house. My dirjie could not escape, nor any one not thoroughly known as above suspicion. It is even done to all the servants of the guests at a dinner party, and if it were not, there would be but a poor account of table napkins, spoons, and forks. It is also necessary to search recently-hired servants coming into the family every time they wander beyond the great gates, unless they have been vouched for by the tried heads of their departments—the best and general plan to guard against the imposition of disreputable subordinates being to take some pains to secure the services of higher-caste upper domestics, and to make them responsible for their gangs. There is so much of hanging together in the genius of these people, that it hardly ever answers to make one servant independent of another. To trust one chief is therefore the only plan that can safely be resorted to. This is carried so far, that the khansomaun commonly keeps the house purse, the ayah all the clothes, lace, shawls, jewels, and money of her mistress; and it is very rare for either of these to break their trust.

8th.—The holidays in the Supreme Court are over, and Arthur will begin business in earnest. He has had a second case to study, and I believe he will be employed in one of some importance through the kindness of my legal friend, who proposed him in the place of a junior counsel gone suddenly down to the Sandheads for change of air. One of the judges gives a great bar-dinner to-day—a very popular man, who lives much more in the best English style than most others here. If Arthur get away from this generally pleasant party tolerably

early—the judge is famous for his wines—he will join us at a house I am dying with curiosity to find myself inside of—an account of which visit you shall have to-morrow.

AUTOGRAPHS.

PARISIAN MANUSCRIPT.

THE prevailing taste for collecting autographs and manuscripts of individuals who have distinguished themselves in society, although doubtless it is often very trifling in the hands of some childish collector, has proved of immense importance in biography and in history. Events, before mysterious, have been explained; occurrences have been accurately described; and truth has been developed by the discovery of some private letters which had been unexpectedly preserved. The intrigues of statesmen, the negotiations of diplomatists, have had a sudden light thrown upon them by a curious investigator who has ransacked some old papers, and drawn from them a knowledge of the facts that really occurred. The principal source of our minute acquaintance with all the circumstances that marked the reign of Henry IV. of France, is to be traced to the collection made with so much industry and zeal by Lomenie de Brienne, secretary of state to that monarch. From that period commences the real knowledge of events that have occurred in France. He it was who set the example which has been since largely followed of amassing every document that he could place his hands upon—autograph-letters, manuscript memoirs, public acts signed by men in authority, were brought together with avidity and with eager curiosity. This collection has given us an insight not only into events, but has made us acquainted with men, their manners, their customs, their virtues, and their vices. Classed by Messrs Dupuy, who were his executors, copies of them were made, and these were given to them as a reward for the labours, whilst the originals, which occupied 340 volumes, purchased by Louis XIV., are carefully preserved in the National Library of France.

Pierre Dupuy and James his brother followed the example that had been set them, and during a period of forty years completed one of the noblest collections of original manuscripts that has ever been made. The valuable archives were given to Louis XIII., and remain a monument of labour and of energy. The literature of the seventeenth century would have been incomplete without them: they are not confined to French autographs, but are illustrative of the history of Italy and Germany, and even embrace the Greek and Latin languages. The Duc de Bethune, an immediate connection of Sully, not only amassed letters of the age in which he lived, but sought for the treasures of older times, in which he was assisted by the Abbé de Marolles. Upwards of a thousand letters, principally from kings, queens, princes, princesses, and the highest nobility, came into his possession. His son felt the same enjoyment in the pursuit of documents. M. de Gaigneres was the next contributor to this species of historical evidence: he bequeathed his literary treasures to Louis XIV. There were five sections of manuscripts mentioned in his catalogue: the first containing eighty volumes in folio of original titles of archbishoprics and bishoprics with the seals; the second, of twenty volumes of original titles of abbeys, and documents from the clergy; the third, sixty volumes of autograph-letters of all the great men of France, from Charles VII. up to the reigning monarch; the fourth embraced ten volumes of despatches and diplomatic autographs; the fifth was a large collection in portfolios of the deeds, charters, and foundations of the monastic institutions. It was a matter of much marvel how any individual of moderate means could have found money to purchase such rare and valuable materials, and how he could have found time to arrange and explain their various contents.

Many have been the distinguished men who have since devoted much of their lives to similar collections:

amongst them the great Colbert; his antiquarian taste led him to researches of the most important character. Everything that could illustrate the administration of Cardinal Mazarin was most diligently sought after, and he explored every new source for something that could add to his store. Sixty portfolios of original documents from the time of Philippe Auguste down to Francis I. show how indefatigable he was in his inquiries. The recent accusation made against M. Libri, of purloining some of the manuscripts from the public libraries in France, has directed attention to the accumulated treasures in the National Library, and to the carelessness with which they have been hitherto preserved. A number of writers have come into the field, amongst them the Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), Achille Jubinal, Gustave Brunet, and Cretaine. From these we learn that the robberies and mutilation in the manuscript department have been frightful: it has been despoiled of some of its most valuable riches, nor can it be exactly ascertained at what period these losses occurred. It is known that the Vandalism of the Revolution in 1789 extended to every object of literature and of art. The democrats destroyed manuscripts because they thought they might contain the titles of the nobility, or the correspondence of the aristocrats. At a domiciliary visit made to Duplanil, the translator from the German of Busching's 'Domestic Medicine,' one of the commissioners saw in a compartment of the library some portfolios; he dragged them out of the dust, and immediately accused him of corresponding with the enemy. Duplanil showed him that they were letters of Louis XIV., and of Turenne, explaining to him that they were no longer living. The answer was, 'To the guillotine with him! he has dared to receive letters from the tyrants and his doctors, and to keep them!' It was after the burning of innumerable valuable documents, parchments, books, armorial drawings, and historical manuscripts, that in the year 1793 the Abbé Gregoire dared to raise his voice against these barbarous devastations; and the Convention passed a decree forbidding further dilapidations.

M. Jubinal has shown that, within a short period, letters of Louis XI., of Calvin, of Melancthon, of Galileo, of Rubens, of Theodore Beza, of Bongars, of Etienne Pasquier, of Ronsard, of Dubartas, of Stephen Dolet, of Montaigne, and of Mary Stuart, have disappeared. The history given by him of the autograph of Raphael, the only one known to exist of the great painter, is curious enough. There is in the celebrated collection of fac-similes of autographs, published under the name of 'L'Isographie,' one of Raphael, to which is appended a note, stating that the original is in the National Library. Jubinal, anxious to see with his own eyes one of the greatest of all our literary curiosities, went to the library, and learned to his astonishment that it had never been there; he next sought for some information from M. Duchesne, who was one of the editors of 'L'Isographie.' He informed him, that notwithstanding the assertion in his volume, that it had never made a part of the museum. The gentleman stated that it had been brought from Italy during the successes of Napoleon Bonaparte, amongst others of the rich treasures which were destined to adorn the public institutions of Paris; it was in the hands of the conservator of the Louvre, to whom had been consigned, as a public officer, the Venus de Medicis, the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, as well as the autograph of Raphael; but the latter he had placed in his own private library. At his death his collection of autographs was advertised for sale, and amongst them this precious jewel. M. Dubois, since director of the Egyptian Museum, protested against the property of the nation being thus confiscated, and it was withdrawn from the sale. M. Duchesne sought and obtained permission to lithograph the document; but the individual who lent it for the purpose, insisted that the name of the person who held it should not be given, and in consequence of this the editors stated that it belonged to the Royal Library, although it had never been within its

walls. Upon the remonstrances of M. Dubois, the letter was given up to the keeper of the Louvre; but it was again destined to be misplaced, for there was a rumour that it had disappeared from its place, and for fifteen years it was lost to the world. The Revolution of 1848, although it has proved of very little value to anything else, has been of importance to the lost manuscript, for the new administrator of the Louvre, M. Jeannon, has laid his hands upon it. It was found in what is technically called its original chemise, being the covering in which it was first placed. Within this was a document, signed by Tinet and by Berthollet, dated Venice, stating that the commissioners for the importation into France of the works of art of Italy, had collected amongst the *chefs-d'œuvre* a writing of Raphael, which it describes as a bargain made by Raphael for a picture of the crowning of the Virgin, and congratulates France upon its possession of this fruit of its victories. The autograph is in itself interesting. It is dated the 21st of June 1516. It is the agreement for a picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, for which 200 ducats are to be paid—seventy at the commencement of the work, and the rest at its completion. Then follow three lines in Raphael's own handwriting, traced with a firm hand; the writing is excellent, and well defined: it commences—'Io Raffaello so contento qto de sopra e scritto et a fede ho facto questo de mia mano in Roma,' so that no doubt can be raised as to his autograph, and to the orthography of his name, of which there have been many doubts.

No man has made greater use of autographs than Lamartine: he has with singular research availed himself of every opportunity that has presented itself; and the many important collections that exist in Paris have furnished him with ample materials for the correction of the errors into which historians of the Revolution have inadvertently fallen. He has been able to throw considerable light on the mooted question, whether Robespierre shot himself at the Hôtel de Ville at the moment of his arrest, or whether, as has so often been asserted, he was wounded by another person accidentally. From the evidence of a letter in the collection of one of the most fervent admirers of Robespierre, it would appear that the latter was actually the case. It is known that the leader of the Jacobins sat for some time in the saloon, unwilling to take any prominent part in opposing his enemies: he seemed to have lost all energy. Had he at once called out the sections, and headed them, he might have been enabled to overthrow his adversaries. He was with difficulty induced to act: at last he determined to issue his orders. He commenced an address to the Commune, and had finished that portion of it which it was his part to draw up, and was affixing his signature to it, when the detachment rushed into the room. The first letters of his name were then finished, the last with a trembling hand; but he must then have been interrupted, and stains of his blood blot out some of the writing. There is something actually speaking in the appearance of the manuscript, which, when associated with the apartment in which the occurrence took place, carries with it its own history.

Another circumstance has been set to right by a letter, which weighed heavily in the mind of an individual who played a conspicuous part in the Revolution. At the moment when Louis XVI. wished to address the people from the scaffold, on which he had immediately to lay down his head, a command was given, and the rolling of the drums interrupted him, and prevented him from being heard; and as those who condemned him to death had issued no orders to that effect, the responsibility rested on the commander of the forces, Santerre. The Royalists accused him of a gratuitous act of inhumanity, and he was loaded with imprecations. He denied the truth of the statement, but nobody listened to him. At the sale of M. Bourdillon's autographs, was sold a letter from General Santerre, dated 1802, addressed to Citoyen Chateaufort, in which he justifies the conduct of Westerman; but that which rendered the manuscript most

interesting was at its back some observations of Chateaufort, which fully proved, from his own personal knowledge, that it was not Santerre, but that it was an officer who had been a member of the household of Louis XVI. This person being then living, and holding a prominent position, was applied to, and acknowledged himself to have been the person who commanded the drums to be beat, and who gloried in the opportunity of making the fact public.

An opportunity was lately afforded to a collector of autographs, an Englishman residing in Paris, to exculpate his countrymen from a heavy charge that has lately been brought against them by one of the popular writers in the *feuilletons* attached to the daily papers. He made the principal object of his romance an attack upon the English during the Revolution for the treatment of the French prisoners that fell into their hands, and boldly affirmed, that although the accusation had often been made, there never had been the slightest attempt to rebut it; and that English superior officers themselves regretted that the orders they received from their government were of so strict a nature, that they were compelled to carry them out. This was repeated, with some harsh observations, in private society, and gave an opportunity to the collector of autographs, who was present, to produce a letter in French, written by Sir David Dundas when commanding at Toulon, addressed to General Dugommier, the French officer in command, not only stating that he had given every accommodation to the prisoners who had fallen into his hands, expressing that wishes that he should do so were forwarded by his own government, but also inculcating in forcible language the reciprocal duties that they were called upon to perform. Historical documents exist to a much larger amount in France than they do in England, for in the convents and monasteries there were individuals who were glad to employ their time and their minds upon such an object. Many of the classic authors have been written in legible hands, and sometimes very singular annotations are found with them, evidently the work of ripe scholars. Treatises upon rhetoric, upon architecture, upon theology, and upon history, résumés of the lectures delivered by the professors of the Sorbonne, are not unfrequent in the libraries of the learned; and most of them, when offered at auctions, command good prices. In England, it is often the handwriting that the curious are anxious to see—the subject which is written upon interests them but little; and scrap-books thrust before some unhappy individual who has gained a notoriety, attest that there is a species of avarice rather than a laudable wish to learn some new fact; whilst a novel method of extracting a few shillings from the purse has been ingeniously hit upon by some clever fellow, who, aware of the power of self-love, and the complacency of egotism, offers to give an accurate picture of an individual who will forward a few lines of his handwriting. Numerous are the missives despatched upon this errand, and the remunerations have brought several competitors into the field. It is singular that although the British Museum contains a vast number of curious letters, it has not been very active in adding to its stores; and that numerous sales affording good opportunities have been allowed to pass by without any notice. There seems to be an indifference which is quite unaccountable, when we see the advantages which have resulted from the publication of Horace Walpole's letters, of Garrick's letters, of Pepeys, and of the several men who have been brought before the public, to printing the numerous correspondences which must exist, or to giving lithographic imitations of the handwriting of those who have been most eminent. It would often lead the amateur to the knowledge of the authenticity of a piece.

The French have some good works, which have done much good to the antiquary. The one entitled '*Isographie des Hommes Célèbres*' is a useful collection of fac-similes of the writing of men of all countries. It is for the most part well done, and the letters are

chosen from well-known collectors. It has often enabled persons to detect the tricks which are constantly played by the adroit and dishonest fabricator upon the careless and the unwary. The materials in the British Museum would furnish forth admirable food for the savants. It is said that many volumes exist there, made up of fragments taken from some of the most precious manuscripts; and that some of them come from the National Library of Paris. It is supposed that even the Harleian MS. would exhibit many proofs that a barbarous spirit has been at work, and that his evil deeds have been rewarded. In the catalogue of the Greek manuscripts of the National Library of France is recorded 'the act of munificence of Lord Harley,' who restored thirty-five leaves of which it had been despoiled by Aymon. But there are still in the Harleian collection thirteen leaves torn from the Bible of Charles the Bald by Aymon. Oxford and Cambridge are also rich in manuscripts and in autographs known only to few amateurs. They should likewise furnish the literary world with some of those specimens which are most prized. Some sensation has been created amongst the learned by the discovery of an unedited letter of Montaigne: it has been lithographed, and a very curious dissertation published upon it by Achille Jubinal, one of the most learned antiquaries of the day. He has made some interesting remarks upon it, which are worthy an English translation. One of the first difficulties which, as a collector, he has to contend with at the onset, is the orthography of names. It is not only as early as the days of Shakspeare that we have to look for men spelling their names in sundry manners; but at the present time, especially on the continent, there are such variations that we know not by what to abide. We find Bonaparte sometimes admitting a *u* into his name, at other times leaving it out; Bertholet sometimes spells his name with one *l* at others with two; Malesherbes sometimes left out the *e* after the *l*; and examples might be multiplied even in England. The Somerset family have lately spelt the classic Seymour as St Maur; Lord Howden has chosen Caradoc instead of Craddock; and Smiths have chosen to metamorphose themselves into Smythes. The next difficulty is the varieties of different periods of life in penmanship: this, however, would form a chapter in itself as amusing as any that could be offered in the History of Autographs.

IRISH TRAVELLING.

TRAVELLING in this our day is brought to a degree of perfection that is truly astonishing to those who remember what it was in 'the good old times.' There are many who can remember the proud distinction won by those who had made what was once called the 'grand tour'—that is, who passed into France and Italy for a time, and then returned home to be the lions of their respective neighbourhoods. In those days, a journey of 200 miles was a matter of more preparation and importance than one which now comprises half the globe; the ascent of one of our own Irish hills—Kilworth or Tullyesker—was considered as great an achievement as it is now to cross the Alps; and the exploration of the caves of Cloughun was looked on as an event in one's life, of more importance than we think it at present to saunter among the Pyramids of Egypt, or to dive among the hidden things of Herculaneum. When Stephenson the engineer was examined before parliament on the subject of railways, and ventured to say that he thought locomotives might be propelled at the speed of twenty miles an hour, he heard a half-suppressed titter among the members, who thought he was carried far beyond the limits of possibility by a wild enthusiasm; since then, we have become so saucy about travelling, that we think nothing of twice the rate.

The change which has taken place in Ireland is marvellous to those who remember what travelling through that country was half a century since, and who can bear witness to the truthfulness of Miss Edge-

worth's description of Irish posting. The journey between Dublin and Cork, comprising 159 miles, was considered to be happily accomplished if performed in six days. In consideration of the casualties which might occur in so hazardous an undertaking, it is said that no person possessed of any property would set out without first making his will. There were heartrending leave-takings, and tedious days of anxious waiting, till news of the travellers could arrive: fond mothers were haunted by disastrous visions of a succession of damp beds, and daring robbers, and reckless drivers; catarrhs, and rifled pockets, and broken limbs, constantly flitted in wild confusion before their troubled fancies. As a gratuity was given to the postboys at each stage, a caution was not unfrequently given to be sure to save upon anything rather than this, for there were fearful tales of post-juvenile revenge.

An old gentleman, a dear friend and neighbour of ours in the county of Limerick, has often described to us the journeys which he made in the days of his youth, to attend quarterly examinations during his college course. He and three fellow-students (among whom was Mr O'Grady, afterwards Lord Guiltamore, and for many years Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer) used to travel together; for the accommodation of their party they hired a coach, and thought themselves fortunate if it rattled through the streets of the metropolis, having completed its route of 119 miles, by the close of the third evening. To while away the tedious hours of their journey, the students going up to Dublin to attend examination provided themselves with a pack of cards; a handkerchief spread across their laps serving the purpose of a card-table, on which they pursued their game of whist. As the driver invariably availed himself of every rut and stone which lay before him, the bumping and jolting were incessant, and consequently the shuffling and dealing were performed somewhat after the fashion of a paroxysm of St Vitus's dance. On approaching a town, the postilion was sure to have an access of energy; and lashing the jaded horses, if possible, into a gallop, to the manifest danger of women and children, pigs and dogs, he reached the inn-door in a fit of frenzy, and banged the door of the carriage open, and clattered the steps down with a noise which might have awakened the Seven Sleepers. It is strange that all this time no attempt to reform the system of travelling had been made by the influential inhabitants of the country, and that the task was ultimately left to two strangers—one a Scotchman, the other an Italian.

The former, Mr Anderson, had arrived among the Irish people with but £500; but that sum, realised by his own industry, was a fortune to one in humble circumstances. He brought to Ireland what was far more useful than wealth—wonderful activity of mind, and an earnest desire to benefit his fellow-creatures. He embarked his little capital in the staple trade of Cork—the exportation of provisions—and soon found himself in possession of £25,000, which was eventually increased to £50,000. Instead of sitting down quietly to enjoy the fruit of his industry, he resolved to serve the country which he had made his home, and to turn all the vigour of his mind, as well as his other resources, towards its improvement. With him to project and to execute were the same. Attracted by the picturesque situation of Fermoy, and its capabilities of improvement, Mr Anderson purchased four-sixths of the estate. His first object was to build a town where he found but a poor hamlet, consisting of a carman's inn and a few wretched hovels. Soon after it fell into his hands, no traveller could pass without being struck by the appearance of the town—one of the handsomest and most prosperous of which the south of Ireland could boast: the admirable manner in which it was planned, the regularity of its buildings, and its clean and flourishing condition, were deservedly admired. The scenery by which it is surrounded added much to its attractions—the river, the Black Water, on which it is situated, being embellished by beautiful demesnes which skirt its

here also lay huge travelled blocks of Alpine rock (the Pierre-a-bot, a notable example), as if the Rhone glacier had crossed to this place with its magnificent burthen. It was hardly possible to imagine such a thing; but it was at least manifest that ice had somehow been at work for the smoothing of the mountains above Neufchatel, and that it had in some way been the carrying agent by which the blocks had travelled so far from their original seat.

It was now remembered that appearances resembling those attributed to ancient ice had long been under the observation of the scientific men of Sweden and Norway. In most districts of those countries, the rocky surface of the ground, wherever it was exposed, excepting only on the highest mountains, was found to be worn down into flat and rounded forms, and often with striae freshly marked. This was particularly the case on eminences exposed to the north and west, while the opposite sides remained comparatively rough. The notion of the Scandinavian philosophers was, that a tremendous deluge had set in upon the country in ancient times, carrying stones and mud along with it, and that by these means the country had been worn down and striated in the manner now seen. When ice was suggested as an agent more likely to have produced the effects, the idea was grasped at by many; but still a great difficulty remained, in the necessity of explaining how ice could pass over so vast an extent of country, not formed like the descending valleys, where alone glaciers now reside, but open, and presenting every variety of surface.

General attention being now attracted to the subject, various English geologists, and particularly Dr Buckland and Mr (now Sir Charles) Lyell, set themselves to search for traces of ancient glacial action in the British islands. Some smoothed and grooved surfaces which Sir James Hall had found on the Corstorphine Hill, near Edinburgh, and attributed to floods, were now fixed upon as memorials of the former presence of ice. A few other surfaces resembling those smoothed by glaciers were discovered; but the chief objects fastened upon by Dr Buckland were certain masses of gravel and sand which are liberally interspersed throughout the Scottish mountain vales, and which he believed to be remnants of ancient moraines, though in reality they are clearly attributable to the operations of rivulets at a time when the sea filled the main valleys in the form of estuaries. Some allowance, however, ought to be made for the zeal of scientific men at the first outburst of any new discovery. There is always a disposition to ascribe hitherto unexplained phenomena to the new cause; and it is not till comparatively cool times that we can distinctly discern the limits beyond which it is improper to go.

The transatlantic geologists were more successful in their researches, and it is now pretty generally acknowledged that the entire surface of North America, as far south as Florida, and even on grounds 3000 feet above the sea, has been subjected to the action of ice. The appearances are particularly conspicuous around Lake Superior, the line of grooving and cutting being generally from the north or north-west.

Professor Agassiz of Neufchatel, in order to account for the wide prevalence of glacial action in the northern hemisphere, started a theory which for a while met with some favour. He suggested that at a particular period, owing to an unusual depression of temperature, the circumpolar ice extended much farther to the south than it now does. There was, in fact, a cap of ice on the northern hemisphere, reaching to a point far within the limits of the present temperate zone. The glaciers, he said, move by a process of dilatation dependent on the expansion of water when it takes the form of ice. There are chinks in all glaciers; the water melted during the day by the sun's rays trickles into these chinks; at night, when the influence of the sun is withdrawn, the water freezes—consequently expands; hence the movement of the glacier. He supposed that in this way the ancient circumpolar ice was urged athwart Europe and America, grinding down the entire surface, and

leaving the appearances which we now see. But this theory did not stand long. Professor James Forbes of Edinburgh devoted himself to a most careful study of the movement of glaciers, and by a series of ingeniously-contrived experiments, completely ascertained that they move by the force of gravitation. A glacier is simply a river of plastic matter, rushing downhill as fast as its tenacity and the friction it encounters will permit, and no faster. It thus became evident that, were there a cap of ice over the northern hemisphere, it would not move so as to produce the observed appearances, because it would not have the requisite of a downhill course. An inclination of at least 3 degrees is necessary for its motion.

The glacial theory has therefore stood for some years at an awkward point, or rather has been in a great measure given up. Men have rather inclined to doubt the fact of the appearances than to rest in a state of inability to account for them. We must, however, reassert these appearances to be a most remarkable superficial feature of our globe, however difficult it may be to understand their origin.

Perhaps no one, without travelling over Sweden and Norway, could form any approach to a right idea of the phenomena as they are actually presented. The worn, rounded, and polished surface is so prevalent, that one comes to regard anything else as an exception. On actually seeing it, all preconceptions of easy ways of accounting for it are found to be too weak to stand for a moment. Ice has been there beyond a doubt, because it is impossible to detect the slightest distinction between a well-preserved piece of surface and what you see close beside an Alpine glacier at this day. The ice has not been carried in any light, or trivial, or occasional way over the surface of the country—as it might be, for instance, by icebergs: it has clearly been a *sheet of ice*, moving over the ground in the same close, hugging, equably-pressing manner that we see in existing glaciers. It has moved over a wide extent of country at once, preserving one general direction, rarely admitting of any deviation, indifferent to minor inequalities of all kinds, capable of ascending hills several hundred feet high; passing, in short, over the hill and dale of an undulating country in one straight course. In the Christiania Fjord this course is south-westerly; on the shore of the Gulf of Bothnia it is south-easterly; on the shores of the Icy Sea it is north-easterly. In Northern Norway it more generally follows the line of the valleys, perhaps because the valleys are there deeper. Remains of an immense quantity of rubbish, which it has transported along with it, are spread over the lower grounds of Sweden, but all bearing the manifest traces of a subsequent washing in an unfrozen sea. Much of this rubbish has been rearranged by that element in long ridges, called *ösar*, some of which extend for hundreds of miles through the country, regardless of the diverse lines of lakes and rivers which they cross in their course.

We shall endeavour to bring these glacial memorials before the mind of the reader by describing them as they appear in a limited district of Scotland. The object here primarily is to show that such things really are—that they are no delusion of some casual observer, but a great and wonderful reality, which rests for the present in need of an explanation.

The valley of the Firth of Forth, besides the estuary itself, comprehends a plain of about fifty miles in length, and from eight to twenty in breadth, flanked on the south by the Pentland and Lammermuir Hills. From the general undulating level of this plain start up a few ranges of small hills and isolated eminences, on one of the latter of which the Castle and Old Town of Edinburgh are situated. The direction of the general valley is between a point south of west and a point north of east. In this fact by itself there is of course nothing remarkable. But, what is very striking, it is a rule among the smaller hills which variegate the plain, that, long and narrow in form, they lie in precisely the direc-

tion of the general valley. The long hollows between the hills *observe the same direction*. Another general feature of these hills is, that they are bold and abrupt towards the west, but slope away towards the east, melting in that direction into the general plain. On their north and south sides they are all perfectly smooth.

The Corstorphine Hill, near Edinburgh, is in some features exceptive. It consists of an upturned piece of a stratum of trap, having its cliffy face to the east, and dipping away at a low angle to the west. There are, however, in the crest of this hill three or four clefts or transverse valleys, lying in a line directed precisely to a point north of east. In the low country to the eastward there is a trough or dry valley running along from each of these clefts in *precisely the same direction*. On the western slope of the hill, the trap, wherever exposed—and it is so over whole roods of space, besides being smoothed down into rounded and flat surfaces—is full of grooves from several inches to a foot in depth, and *all observing exactly the same direction as the hills and valleys*.

The general surface of the plain country is so much covered over with formations of clay, gravel, and soil, as to be much masked; but there are several places where the rock is ordinarily exposed. It is invariably in these places found smoothed down into flat or rounded surfaces, usually somewhat weathered, but in many situations retaining the original polish, and even showing certain striae and groovings. We have here only the remains of an original aspect of things. What that was, is shown whenever there happens to be an uncovering of a portion of the rock surface heretofore concealed under clay. Such an exposure was made a few years ago on a shoulder of Arthur's Seat, nearly 400 feet above the sea. Another has lately been made in a valley of the Pentland Hills, 200 feet higher. A third has more recently been made at the North British Railway works, on the northern basis of Arthur's Seat. In these instances we see the porphyry brought to a glassy polish, evidently by some mechanical agent externally applied. That polished surface is full of long scratches or striae, the whole bearing, in short, precisely the appearance of those rocks over which glaciers are passing at this day in the Alps. And, strange to say, these striae seldom diverge, and never but in a very slight degree, from one direction, and that is to a point north of east, being the direction of the groovings on the Corstorphine Hill, that of the minor hills and valleys, and that of the general valley itself. Such markings are seen in many places between the Pentland Hills on the south and the Fife Hills on the north, and even over and beyond those hills, and always observing a uniformity of direction—clear proof of their having been produced by some agent which comprehended the whole space at once. If this agent was ice—and the identity of the appearances with those produced by existing glaciers leaves no doubt on that score—then it must have been a current of that material many hundreds of feet deep; not an aggregation of loose masses, but one pretty compact volume. It is an idea difficult to form; but there seems to be no escape from it.

During the last few years Mr Charles Maclaren, Mr David Milne, Professor Fleming, and other observers, have pointed out different places in Scotland and the north of England, generally in valleys or the sides of hills, where the rock, when uncovered, presents the same appearances. In the valley, for example, of the Gare Loch, opposite to Greenock, the whole surface is smoothed and striated, from the top of the hills, 600 feet above the sea, down to a point below its surface. Several of the Highland valleys, as far north as Caithness, are so marked. It would appear that one great ice-stream has passed through the valley between the Firth of Clyde and the Forth; another down the upper part of the Forth valley; and these two meeting at the extremity of the Campsie Hills, have formed the grand current which has been spoken of as passing

between the Fife Hills and the Pentlands. The direction of these various ice-streams is usually from the north or west; but sometimes it is from the eastward. There is also a group of mountains in the island of Skye where the lines of smoothing clearly radiate from a centre in the high ground, exactly as is the case in modern glaciers, though perennial snow has long ceased to exist in that district. The author of the present article lately, in a paper read before the British Association at Edinburgh, laid down the proposition that the northern portion of our island is precisely in the same general condition with respect to ancient ice as Sweden and Norway, which he had visited in the preceding year. The only difference is in the greater masking of the surface of Scotland by superficial clays and gravels; but wherever the rock-surface is presented, it is rounded or worn into flatness, if not grooved and striated; and many farm-houses in Scotland are brought to a near resemblance to those of Sweden, by their being planted on platforms of smoothed rock—rock smoothed by the ice of early times, applied in a way which we can now scarcely understand.

No satisfactory theory has as yet been started to account for these appearances. Sir Roderick Murchison attributes the various phenomena of smoothings, scratchings, and transported materials in Sweden, Finland, Russia, &c. to a flood which had broke away from the Scandinavian chain at the last great upheaval—a flood not excluding ice, but containing it only in a small proportion to water. Mr Milne also argues for water as the chief cause. But it has never been shown that water, however charged with loose materials, could wear down the rocky surface of the earth in such a manner, polish it, and leave it all covered with scratches observing uniform directions throughout large spaces. It has been shown, on the contrary, by Sir Charles Lyell, that a great flood may pass over the land, carrying large quantities of stones along with it, and make very little impression on the surface over which it passes. On the other hand, as has already been insisted on, the appearances are precisely those which modern glaciers produce; therefore it would appear to have been ice in some form which produced the appearances. But what the form, and how applied? It has been suggested that it bore exactly the shape of the modern glaciers, proceeding, for instance, in Scotland from the Grampian Hills into the low country. But while it may be admitted that local glaciers account for some of the local phenomena (as in the case of the Cuhullin Hills in Skye), it is contrary to all our knowledge of glacier movement that a stream of ice proceeding from Ben Nevis could travel through the neighbouring vales for a hundred miles without any adequate declination of ground to give it impetus. When we think of the many hundred miles of flat country in North America and Sweden over which ice appears to have travelled, we see still more clearly that the form of the ice could not be that of common glaciers, or its dynamical power derived from the same source.

The nearest approach to a satisfactory theory on the subject, is one which was explained and illustrated at the late meeting of the British Association by the ingenious Mr Hugh Miller. It is to be observed that there is a remarkable superficial formation very prevalent in Scotland, called the compact boulder clay. It generally lies close upon the smoothed and scratched surfaces. It contains blocks of stone of various sizes, generally brought from no great distance, usually rounded, and often polished and scratched, having apparently been the instruments by which the fast rock was similarly marked. There can scarcely be a doubt that this clay, with its contents, is immediately connected with the mystery of the ancient glacial operations. It strongly betrays the presence of water during those operations. Mr Miller, for these and other reasons, thinks that the phenomena in question may have been produced by *rafts of ice* floating along in currents upon the sea, when the land was deeply submerged.

beauty which can scarcely be surpassed; the length is 520 feet, comprising ten arches; its height 60 feet. Seventeen miles further, the second viaduct crosses the picturesque glen of Monard; its length is 560 feet, comprising seven arches; its height 90 feet. A mile and a-half further, the noble viaduct of Kilnap, with its eight arches, meets the view; its height is 90, and its length 420 feet. The adjacent country, with its green pasture-lands, its corn-fields, and wooded nooks, has a most beautiful effect as seen through the arches of these viaducts. A tunnel is being bored near the ground allotted for a permanent station-house in Cork; its length, when finished, will be about three-quarters of a mile; but as it has to be cut through solid rock, that part of the work will not be completed for some time. The journey between the cities, which once occupied six days, is now accomplished in seven hours, including all stoppages, the locomotives moving at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour; by special train it has been performed in four hours and a-half. To those who remember the six days' tedious journey between the cities, this speed appears miraculous. Those who formerly could afford neither time nor expense to go to see their friends, or to visit the metropolis, can now indulge themselves by merely taking a pleasant morning drive, and at the most moderate expense, as the fare for each passenger per mile only amounts to 2d. for the first-class, 1½d. for the second-class, and 1d. for the third-class carriage.

The advantages of this new style of travelling are so universally felt and acknowledged that they need no discussion. In Ireland it is more especially a national blessing, where the development of natural resources, enterprise, and agricultural advancement, so eminently requires a helping hand. Already the traffic on this great line is considerable, and it is increasing every day. We must remember, too, that these works were going on when the land was wasted by famine and disease, and that four thousand labourers have been employed on them at a time, earning thereby support for themselves and families, who would otherwise have been utterly destitute.

BURSTING OF WATER-PIPES WITH FROST.

A paper on this subject, read at the Mechanical Section of the British Association by Mr Alexander Macpherson of Leith, F.R.S.S.A., appears to us so interesting, and promises to prove so useful in preventing this very inconvenient and destructive occurrence, that we subjoin a brief analysis.—The various unsuccessful means that have been tried to prevent the action of frost on water-pipes are fully described: such as exterior protections of non-conducting materials, charcoal, rope-yarn, straw, &c. and the more generally recommended mode of circulating the water through the pipes by means of partially opening the cock at the sink. This latter, although beneficial in preserving the supply-pipes, is disadvantageous in its freezing, and consequently obstructing, the soil-pipes and drains, and is very often, as in New York, prohibited by the municipal authorities. The only really practical means of preventing the pipes from bursting is simply to *keep them empty* in time of frost; and the means at present of effecting this is to place two cocks on a low part of the supply-pipe, and by the one to shut off the water, and by the other to empty the pipes. But to render this plan of any avail, great watchfulness is necessary; and the consequence is, that even where the cocks exist they are rarely used in time. 'Reasoning on this,' Mr Macpherson goes on to say, 'I have conceived the possibility of employing some self-acting apparatus, which, on the approach of a low degree of temperature, would of itself shut off the water and empty the pipes; or, in other words, of having a machine so constructed and regulated that it would shut a cock before the freezing-point of water 32 degrees, and open it when the temperature assumed its normal state.' This requisite motive power was first considered attainable by mercury confined in a bulbous glass vessel, acting as a barometer, with the difference of having a cylinder and piston. The next was suggested to Mr Macpherson by Sir David Brewster, and consisted of employing the expansion of

metallic rods, on the principle of the pyrometer. But his ingenious experiments led him to the result, that the freezing of pipes depends on their capacity for conducting heat. Thus copper, as a conductor, is to lead as 5 to 1; and therefore a determinate quantity of pure distilled water, confined in a copper tube, was invariably frozen before that in the lead. The expansion (about one-ninth) consequent on its crystallisation is applied, by a simple mechanical arrangement, to elevate a piston and shut a cock while the water in the lead pipes is still fluid. The paper concludes by the following not inappropriate description of the idea:—'I have thus endeavoured to point out and substantiate a principle, that supplies a desideratum long and universally acknowledged, and which may be described in a word, as the somewhat novel but simple application of the expansive force of one body of water while freezing, to counteract the destructive consequences which are the ordinary characteristics of another.'

THE TALISMAN.

AWAY with gems and ornaments, and braidings of the hair,
Bright roses and the rainbow tints are for the young and fair:
The sombre foldings of my robe no glittering clasp confine,
Yet hidden, resting on my breast, a golden emblem shines.
I clasp it close this talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain
To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

My pilgrimage on earth may be perchance through devious ways,
Where joyous sunshine scattereth but dim and transient rays;
And wearied with the journey, in impatience or in pride,
I often wish the pathway was a choice one and a wide,
And lightly clasp the talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain
To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

I shield my precious treasure well from foolish scoffers' eyes,
Its costliness they fathom not, its purity despise;
Yet hath it wondrous healing power to warm, and soothe, and bless,

When chilling blasts strike cold and drear amid the wilderness.
Then clasp it close this talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain
To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

With supplicative lowly plaints, each day at morn and even,
When guardian angels hover nigh to waft each sigh to Heaven;
Oh raise this hallowed emblem high, which, fragile as it seems,
Mysteriously o'ershadoweth with bright and awful gleams!
Say, need I name the talisman? 'Tis known from shore to shore:
Close, closer clasp the priceless cross—the crucified adore!

C. A. M. W.

THE WEDDERSTONE.

The Wedderstone stands in a field near the village of Catton, in Allendale. Tradition states that several years ago a notorious sheep-stealer infested this part of the county of Northumberland, who, it appears, was the terror of the whole of the neighbouring farmers: in the first place, because he appeared to be a good judge of mutton, from the fact of his taking the choice animal of the flock; and in the second place, that although he had paid a visit to every sheepfold for several miles around, and to many where a strict watch was kept, he remained unsuspected; neither was there the slightest suspicion as to who the thief might be. At length, however, the invisible became visible. It appears that his method of carrying off his booty was to tie the four legs of the animal together, and then, by putting his head through the space between the feet and body, thus carry it away on his shoulders. On his last visit to his neighbour's flock, the animal which he had selected for his week's provision being heavy, he stopped to rest himself, and placed his burthen upon the top of a small stone column (without taking it off his shoulders), when the animal, becoming suddenly restive, commenced struggling, and slipped off the stone on the opposite side. Its weight being thus suddenly drawn down round his neck, the poor wretch was unable to extricate himself, and was found on the following morning quite dead; his victim thus proving his executioner.—*Literary Gazette.*

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SHOPS, SHOPKEEPERS, SHOPMEN, AND SHOP MORALITY.

THE *shops* of London form one of the principal attractions to visitors, come from what part of the world they may. There all that the science and industry of man have succeeded in producing at home, as well as all that enterprise and capital have collected from every explorable district of the globe, is to be found in abundance, and to be bought for a price. Everything that man can require under any circumstances of his life, and ten thousand things besides, tempt the vanity and cupidity of the passenger, and teach him, if he be disposed to learn, in one and the same lesson, both the value and worthlessness of wealth. Behind the lofty planes of crystal, framed in brass, he may gaze upon riches in gold, silver, and precious jewels, such as the old monarchs of the East might have dreamt of, but never saw. In the space of a single mile he may travel from the North Pole to the Polynesian Isles—from Western Europe to Japan, and contemplate, and handle if he choose, the infinite productions of every latitude and every race. If he be an Englishman, he will probably feel some justifiable pride in the universal extent of that commerce, the evidence of whose success is in all directions so abundantly manifest. Let him pause—there are two sides to every picture.

There are aching hearts and anxious bosoms behind many a gorgeous front and wealth-crammed window. The inevitable expenses attendant upon a shop of any pretensions in London are enormously large. A trader in search of a shop to settle in, though he may find plenty to let, will rarely find one that holds out any prospect of ultimate success, for which a heavy premium is not demanded. For a house in one of the populous lines of road hundreds must be paid down for liberty to go in, and when that liberty is purchased, hundreds more must often be expended before the place is put in a habitable condition. We have heard of £300 premium being asked for a filthy den, the fee simple of which, independently of situation, was not worth £50; and it is often made a condition of entrance that the incoming tenant shall, in addition to premium, expend some hundreds more in immediate repairs and fittings. Then if we take into consideration that the annual rent of such places, when the traffic is plentiful, may be reckoned low at £200, and is often much more—and that, at the lowest estimate, other expenses which cannot be avoided amount to at least as much, we shall see that every such retail shop must realise a gain of above £1, 10s. a day to defray standing expenses, to say nothing of housekeeping charges and interest of capital. With such responsibilities upon him, it is no wonder that a cloudy day or a shower of rain is regarded as a calamity by a struggling tradesman, who depends, as the

majority of shopkeepers do in the crowded parts of town, upon what is called chance-custom—that is, single transactions with persons whom they never see again.

This chance-custom, by the way, is one of the most inexplicable things connected with shopkeeping. A man shall take £30 a day on one side of the way, averaging the year throughout, while his neighbour on the opposite side of the way, in the same business, and with a similar stock, shall not take £2, 10s. But go a hundred yards down the street, and you shall find that the current of commerce has changed sides, for no reason upon earth that it is possible to imagine. Rents of course change in proportion; and in the favoured spots, a thin slip of a house, hardly as wide as a country-church door, will realise more than a roomy mansion in the less successful locality. The tide of business is liable to strange and anomalous fluctuations from trifling or unaccountable causes. Sometimes a new thoroughfare is opened into a main street, and away flies all the traffic; at other times it will fade away gradually from one block of buildings in a long street, all the rest remaining prosperous as before. The establishment of a gin-shop often changes the commercial character of the neighbourhood entirely, compelling the traders in its immediate vicinity either to change their saleable commodities for others, or to remove altogether from the district. We have known a man's business fall off thirty per cent. through the widening of the pavement by order of the commissioners. The appointment of a cab-stand in a street of no great width may ruin a shopkeeper who deals in fancy articles; nay, a crossing-sweeper, by clearing a clean pathway through the mud, may carry half a man's customers across the road to another shop. The establishment of omnibuses along the whole line of retail traffic has, however, been the severest blow to the retail shopkeepers, and is now, especially since the reduction in omnibus fares, by which everybody may ride to any quarter of the town for threepence, being severely felt by the landlords themselves, whose lordly rents are tumbling down apace. In thousands of instances the tradesman now stands at his shop door, and sees his former customers rolling past on the top of the omnibus: the consequence is, that business is fast migrating to the suburbs, which present an aspect peculiar to London, and to London only; we refer to the rows of houses, miles in length, having their shops projected in front, covering the area that was once the front garden. In many instances the rents of these houses have risen to three or four times their original amount.

Considerable tact is required in the choice of a situation for a business, or of a business for a particular situation. Landlords know this, and as their rents are dependent upon the success of their tenants, they frequently will not let their premises to traders for whose

business they know them to be unsuitable. We have known a man enter upon a house and shop, open it in a respectable calling, with a fair capital, and with civil and obliging manners, and fail in a few years, dragged down by the heavy rent; and we have seen him succeeded by a man in a jockey-cap, talking a race-course jargon, whose whole stock consisted of a huge non-descript iron machine—reminding one of that in the quack's apartment in Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode'—by the aid of which he roasted chestnuts at a penny a dozen, who yet stood his ground for years, and apparently thrived well. We could refer to another who for twenty years fought a hard battle with fortune, rose early, and rested late, and reared a large family upon an average profit of £20 a month, till, by the fortunate expedient of adding one new article to his stock, he raised the profits all at once to £120 a month. So important is it to suit the commodities dealt in to the neighbourhood.

Chance-custom being the main support of the great majority of shopkeepers, of course it becomes of the first importance to catch the eye of the passer-by. The width of frontage, therefore, is one grand element of a trader's success. To secure this to the utmost possible extent, the persons interested have recourse to every possible device. The party-wall of the house is often shaved as thin as is consistent with the safety of the fabric, and is sometimes cut away in front till the window touches the neighbours' premises on either side, and the whole stock is multiplied in appearance by the insertion of mirrors at both ends. Sometimes the stock in trade travels up stairs from room to room, monopolising every front window, and even peeping over the parapet level with the roof. Not content with this, some will paint their houses from the chimneys downwards of a blood-red or emerald-green, or in party-coloured chequers. Others are eternally 'selling off,' and keep their premises, for seven years together, covered with enormous placards, stuck on lengthways, sideways, or with their heads downwards. Some, the shop-sellers in particular, keep a band of music in perpetual pay, which during the day perambulates the streets and suburbs in a huge van swathed all over with the announcement of 'terrific bargains,' and stops at dusk in front of the 'mart,' 'emporium,' 'pantaloonicon,' or whatever it may be, where the blatant brass is heard bellowing far into the night, while a flaring illumination in gas lights up the surrounding district. Others resort to the well-known 'sandwich dodge,' by which the public thoroughfares are crowded with miserables wedged fast between two heavy placarded boards. These poor fellows, whose bread, sandwiches as they are, can hardly be said to be well-buttered, receive invariably a shilling a day for carrying their Sinbad load, from which they are only released when it becomes too dark to read.

Somewhat analogous to the sandwich, though on a much genteeler footing, is the 'gazer.' This leisurely employé, whose very existence is hardly known to one in a thousand, is a genteelly-dressed, complacent-looking individual, having much the appearance and manners of an aristocratic 'gentleman about town.' It is but rarely that his services are monopolised by a single firm, unless they are the proprietors of several shops in different quarters of the town. It more frequently happens that he is the joint property of several individuals whose occupations and interests do not clash with each other. They manage to rig him out in fashionable trim by general contribution: a hatter takes charge of his head; a tailor of his back; the proprietor of the 'pantaloonicon' contributes the trousers; the boot-maker induces him in a pair of the genteelst of boots; he sports a gold-headed cane or a handsome umbrella, supplied by the manufacturer of those articles; neck-tie and handkerchief of irreproachable style and pattern are bestowed by the haberdasher; while a jeweller finds him a gold watch, a showy ring, and a handsome double eye-glass. Thus equipped, he 'goeth forth to his labour'

whenever the state of the weather is such as to support the probability of his genuineness. All he has to do is to walk leisurely from the shop of one of his patrons to that of another, stopping in front of the window, and scrutinising with much apparent interest and complacency the various objects displayed to public view. In so doing, he handles his gold eye-glass with aristocratic grace—taps his model boot with his splendid cane—drops a monosyllabic ejaculation of surprise or commendation, and when half a score of simpletons have gathered round to admire the astonishing cheapness and perfection of the wares, he pops into the shop, gives an order in a loud and pompous tone for a dozen of the article which the tradesman wants to push off—desires that they may be sent to May Fair before dark, and leaving his card with the shopman, who bows him reverentially out, walks leisurely off to the next shop on his beat, there to repeat the same interesting ceremony. He contrives to arrive at the tailor's at the fashionable hour when that functionary is engaged with customers; there he may perhaps give a concise order for a couple of coats, a paletot, or an Oxonian. 'You have my measure—no immediate hurry: this-day-week will do,' and he is off again on his way to the jeweller's. He accomplishes his easy round in the course of the day, and betakes himself to his scurvy lodging, and doffs his 'show-togs' before dark; after which he is perhaps 'touter' in some gold or silver 'hell' in the purlieus of St James's Street, or master of the ceremonies at one of the hundred casinos open for midnight folly and debauchery. His pay varies from half-a-crown to three-and-sixpence a day, according to his figure and effrontery; and he considers it easily and pleasantly earned, inasmuch as he is, according to his own notions, to all intents and purposes a gentleman during the hours of duty.

He has a counterpart in the fair sex, who, however, is not half so pleasantly occupied or provided for. She stands at this moment, where she has stood for the last dozen years (we know her well), in the front door-way of one of those tempting shops where bonnets and millinery are displayed in the windows. Her function is far more delicate and difficult than that of the dashing 'gazer.' She has to watch over the interesting vacillations and indecisions of the fair, who, hovering on the brink of purchase, fear to launch into actual outlay, and look and long, and withdraw, and return, and look again, at the tempting wares and snares that ingenuity has prepared for vanity. She is to the shopkeeper what the landing-net is to the angler: it is her office, at the precise crisis between hesitation and resolve, to lug the half-unwilling victim who has bitten the fawdry bait into the interior of the shop, where she is handed over to persons too well skilled in the art of perpetrating a sale to leave her any chance of escape. These syrens, all unlike their classical prototypes, are for the most part worn, weather-beaten, and extra-ordinary, not to say ugly. Judging from their dowdy appearance, and the evidence of ill-feeding in their gaunt bony figures, and their lank aspects, they must be but stingily remunerated for their eternal sentinelship. They are the standing monuments of woman's inhumanity to woman, and, like myriads of other monuments less touching, have suffered considerable dilapidations from contact with angry winds and tempestuous weather.

So numerous are the devices of tradesmen to attract attention to their wares, that they have themselves given rise to many trades, which are among the most flourishing. Shop-fitters abound in every district, and are ever ready to contract for any alteration, however trifling or extensive, from twenty shillings to a thousand pounds or more. The amount of money that is annually paid in London for mere shop-fittings must be enormous. The rage for new fronts and plate glass seems at length to have reached its maximum, and it will shortly be necessary to have recourse to some less common luxury to excite the public attention. Costliness and profusion seem to be studied more than any-

thing else in connection with shop decoration. Of course this is found to meet the public approbation, or it would not be continued; yet it is an anomalous thing, and would seem to wear the aspect of bad policy, seeing that the public must be aware that the cost of all comes out of their pockets, and must in some way or other tend to increase the price of goods. The gin-shops originally set the example in this race of splendour and magnificence; and it has since been proved by plentiful experience that the same bait which allures the very poorest and most wretched of the populace, has charms equally potent with the better classes.

The dummy-maker pursues an occupation which within the last few years has risen to great importance in all our large towns, but more especially in London. The demand for dummies has wonderfully increased with the exaltation and extension of shop-windows. Though the shopkeeper may carry his windows up to the first or second floor, as indeed many of them do, it is out of his power to lift the heads of his customers up to the same level: he consequently finds out, sooner or later, that it is a losing game to exhibit his perishable stock at a height of half-a-dozen feet or more above the heads of the public; and he has recourse to the maker of dummies, who can counterfeit any description of solid-looking goods, and save him from the deterioration of genuine stock. The dummies, therefore, go aloft, and occasionally fill in the background, and, for purposes of show, answer just as well as the real article. They are not, however, confined to the window solely: a young tradesman with small capital may fill the major portion of his shelves with dummies, displacing them gradually by real wares as success enables him to do so. Pieces of linen, rolls of broad-cloth or Brussels carpeting, whole fathoms of backs of elegantly-bound books, chests of tea, huge tuns of 'Old Tom,' or real Jamaica rum, packets of patent medicines, and fifty things besides, are counterfeited with such perfect effect, as to defy recognition by a stranger; nay, we have sometimes seen the tradesman himself lay hands on the dummy, mistaking it for a piece of real goods. The dummy-maker is liable occasionally to strange mistakes in the fabrication of sham books: taking his titles from some printed catalogue, you may often see that of a small duodecimo upon the ribbed back of a huge folio, and *vice versâ*; or find a work which was published in the form of one thin octavo, blazoned in morocco and gold to resemble the backs of ten ponderous quartos. But we must now leave the shops, and turn our attention to their owners and occupiers.

CONFESSIONS OF A SHY MAN.

AMONG the minor miseries of life, there is none greater than the misery of shyness. I speak feelingly, for I have all my life been under the dominion of that evil spirit, which I have in vain attempted to exorcise. And here, before proceeding further with the narrative of my sufferings, I would rectify a mistaken supposition entertained by many persons, that it requires greater confidence to unbosom one's self to the public than to an individual. Quite the contrary I know to be the case. In confiding one's woes to the public, there is no accompanying dread of a cold word or a cold glance—no fear of one's communications being received with that manifestation of indifference, or air of abstraction, which is agony to the shy man, because it makes him feel as if he had been guilty of folly or presumption—thus establishing more firmly than ever the thrall of his tyrant foible. In addressing the public, the man is sheltered behind the author. He is not, as in the society of his fellow-men, so flurried and nervous that, knowing not what he says or does, he is guilty of absurdities foreign to his real character. In the quiet of his own study, with only his pen for his companion, he preserves his

presence of mind, and can be *himself*, which, with others, the shy man never is, or can be. True, when his productions are fairly launched on the cold, merciless waves of public opinion, he may feel many misgivings: he may seek more than ever to abstract himself *personally* from the notice of the world; but he buoys himself up with the belief that some will understand his sorrows, and, in spirit at least, yield him their sympathy: he indulges the hope that to the hearts of those who share the same unfortunate constitution, his words, foolishness as they be to others, will carry the consolation they suffer not alone or unpitied. But to return to myself.

Many would call me one of the fortunate of the earth, and in outward circumstances I have reason to esteem myself such. But philosophers have agreed that the seed of happiness is in the mind: one would say, therefore, that when the mind is in a constant state of constraint and uneasiness, there can be little real enjoyment. I am one of two brothers, the children of parents in easy circumstances, belonging to the great middle class of society. In disposition my brother was remarkably the reverse of myself. He possessed that easy grace, that winning confidence of manner, equally remote from forwardness on the one hand, and from shyness such as mine on the other. I was early sensible that he was with everybody a much greater favourite than I was—even with our father and mother; not that they intended this to appear—for they were good and just parents, and wished in every respect to do rightly by their children, and in all substantial marks of their regard ever made them equal; but they replied to my brother's affectionate demonstrations by caresses which were never lavished upon me. All this was perfectly natural. Perhaps they thought I did not care for such manifestations of love, as I did not court them; but it wounded me to the quick, and I frequently withdrew to my own little room to weep alone and unpitied—my grief aggravated by the consciousness that while over-sensitiveness was the fault of my nature, I was regarded as an indifferent, apathetic child. And yet I would have died rather than my tears should have been seen or their cause guessed. At these times I frequently felt jealous of my brother; but this frame of mind seldom continued long, for I admired him greatly, was peculiarly sensible of the fascination of his disposition, and even passionately desirous of being valued by him. With these sentiments towards him, I served him in every way I could devise, screened him when he got into scrapes, and wrote his Latin version or Greek verb for him when he was idle or puzzled, for I was not only more painstaking than he was, but my intellectual powers were greater. No one, however, gave me credit for the last kind of superiority: I was generally considered a 'plodding boy.' In common minds there is always a sort of showy effectiveness associated with idea of talent; and most persons erroneously regard industry as the virtue of dulness, or at best of mediocrity, instead of, as it ordinarily is, the concomitant of superior abilities. My brother meanwhile rewarded my good offices now and then by informing me that I was 'a very good fellow after all, though it was a pity I had so little pluck!'

As I drew towards manhood, the agony I endured from being obliged to go into society was indescribable. The company of women in particular was formidable to me. I was plain and insignificant in appearance, and awkward in manners, and I fancied that they despised my attentions, and even sometimes made merry at my expense. A party was for me but a succession of mortifications. One lady in particular, an intimate friend of my mother's, was a constant source of terror to me. I would willingly have walked ten miles any day to avoid her. She was not, however, generally considered a disagreeable person; on the contrary, she was a favourite with most people. She was a lively, sharp-witted woman, fond of saying smart things, and thoughtless of the pain they might give. Her heart, I believe, was good and true, and she would not have intentionally done an injury to any one; but her sym-

thies were all with wit, brilliancy, grace, and fashion. My brother was a prodigious favourite with her. She invited him to all her entertainments, and he was her right hand man upon every occasion. Me she was constantly twitting with my sheepishness, stupidity, and want of gallantry. She was mercilessly witty at the expense of my awkwardness and blunders, and denied that diffidence had anything to do with them. On the contrary, she declared that I frequently said and did ruder and more forward things than anybody she knew. And making allowance for her exaggerated style of speaking, there was truth in her accusation; but she little dreamt of the desperation, the mortification, goaded for the moment to recklessness by her jibing, satirical remarks, which prompted my unmannerly conduct. Such a disposition as mine was quite inconceivable to her—totally foreign to her own nature. Had she comprehended my character, her conduct, I believe, would have been different, for, as I have said before, she was far from being a bad-hearted woman, and had been my mother's tried and constant friend from childhood. But in my behaviour she saw only obstinacy and disagreeableness.

My mother had died while I was a schoolboy, and I was still little more than a youth when my father followed her to the grave. He had realised a considerable fortune, which he left to be equally divided between my brother and myself. My brother embarked his share in the concerns of a mercantile house, in which he was a partner; I succeeded to the profession of my father—that of a solicitor in a large town. I am now approaching what I may term the romance of my life; for even my life, pale, colourless, and negative as its general tenor has been, has had its era of romance, or at least of romantic feeling.

After my father's death I rarely went into company, but confined myself to the society of clerks and musty parchments during the day, while in the evening I held converse with the mighty minds of humanity through the medium of books. I had become a sort of city hermit. I was now resigned to my fate. In the complete seclusion in which I lived, I was no longer daily subjected to my former mortifications. I enjoyed a sort of negative contentment, if not a positive felicity. But the calm of my life was broken at last. One day I received an invitation to an entertainment, to be given at the suburban villa of an old and intimate friend of my father's, and the senior partner in the firm to which my brother belonged. The invitation was an unwonted one, as, from my evident disinclination for society, everybody had given up asking me. This was to be quite a gay affair: there was to be dancing within doors, and the grounds were to be lighted with coloured lamps. The evening arrived. How well I remember it! A warm August night, with a soft, starlit sky, and no moon. I had not thought much about the party, and had not at all made up my mind whether I should go or not. Now, however, I decided on going. I thought I should like to take a peep at the world once more, as a mere spectator, and by way of adding to my materials for philosophising. I went, and to my amazement was received by my host and hostess almost with distinction. By them I was immediately introduced to their daughter, the heroine of the night, for the ball was given in honour of her birthday. I had not seen her since she was quite a child, as she had been absent at school for several years. And now, how shall I describe her, so as to do justice to her grace and beauty, and to the goodness and intelligence which spoke in every feature of her lovely face! Mary—for such was her name—seemed about eighteen or nineteen, of a tall, graceful, and yet girlish figure. Her complexion was very dark, but uncommonly smooth and clear. A rich roseate glow, changing with every emotion of her sensitive heart, mantled on her cheek, and added brilliancy to her soft dark eyes, while the expression of her exquisite mouth bespoke the sweetness of her temper. Long luxuriant curls of the richest and

darkest hair fell around the fresh, blooming, joyous, young face. An overwhelming fit of shyness seized me the moment this lovely vision met my eyes. I made a more than usually awkward bow, for my muscles seemed suddenly to contract and stiffen. I stammered, and said nothing, feeling as if suddenly bereft of ideas. A glance in a pier-glass completed my discomfiture. There, beside my radiant companion, my defects were more striking. My shabby ungainly figure, my pale, harsh features, my awkward attitude and disconcerted aspect, formed a strange contrast with her brilliant figure and graceful deportment. I felt that I looked like a fool, and yet I knew I was not a fool. But my fate (so it seemed to me) had condemned me ever to appear like one. I would have shrunk into an obscure corner, had not Mary, in a frank, lively tone, began to talk to me. By degrees I became more at ease. There was a fascination in her voice, and under its influence, for a few brief minutes, I forgot myself and my shyness in the pleasure of listening to her. She asked me if I danced: I replied in the negative. How I wished I had! In the excitement of the moment I believe I might have asked her to join a quadrille.

We were standing near a window which opened upon the lawn. I ventured to admire the picturesque effect of the ladies' white dresses seen through the trees, and the lamps glittering among the dark foliage.

'Have you been out?' she inquired.

'No,' I replied.

'Should you like to go?'

'If you will accompany me,' I said hesitatingly, and in amazement at my own courage.

'Willingly,' she answered; and the next minute I found myself sauntering down a shady alley, partially illumined by the green-like light of the coloured lamps, the stars shining through the rents in the leafy roof, the sound of music borne on the perfumed and tepid air, and the most charming woman I had ever seen leaning on my arm. It was like enchantment; and now when I look back upon it through the long vista of years, it resembles a dream of fairyland. The brief moment of intoxication was soon over. I was not again that night near Mary; but from a remote corner I watched every movement of her light, bright figure—every turn of her sweet, gleeful countenance.

From that day forward I thought and dreamed only of Mary. I never had another conversation with her; she never leant on my arm again; but when I met her, she bestowed on me a sweet sunny smile, and a kind 'How do you do, Mr Charles?' and these were the golden moments of my life. I lived upon the remembrance of them for days and weeks. I would have given the world to have been able to accost her; but I never could, and I believe she thought I preferred to be unnoticed. I would have walked ten miles any day to have caught only a glimpse of her; and the very sight of a light in the window I imagined to be hers would make my heart beat violently: little did she dream of the fond idolatry with which I regarded her.

Half a year had elapsed from the time of the memorable ball, when one day my brother looked into my private writing-room, and with his handsome face lighted up with more than usual satisfaction, informed me that he came to tell me some news: he was going to be married, and bade me guess to whom. I could not.

'What do you think of Mary—?' he replied.

Thanks to the long-confirmed habit of suppressing all outward demonstration of my emotions, which my shyness had rendered almost instinctive, though unable to make any reply, I contrived to maintain a calm demeanour. My brother was too much occupied with his own satisfaction to observe my silence. After expatiating for some time on his felicitous prospects, he left me to call upon Mary, his countenance beaming with delight.

As soon as he was gone, I gave orders that I should not be disturbed on any pretext whatever, locking the door of my apartment, that I might indulge my feelings

unmolested. I felt stunned, wretched, and overwhelmed with a bitter sense of loneliness. It seemed to me as if, by an irrevocable doom, I had been thrust beyond the pale of human sympathy. In Mary's eyes I was probably but an odd, insignificant, *outré* sort of being, whom her gentle heart led her to compassionate—and my brother was the object of her love! My heart was torn with jealousy, and even with envy. I cursed the hour of my birth, my many disadvantages, and the crowning evil of my shyness, which prevented me from making any use even of those I might possess. How that wretched afternoon passed I cannot tell. But 'time and the hour run through the roughest day,' and pass it did. By degrees I became resigned to my fate, and after long struggles, I almost brought myself to rejoice in the prospect of my brother's happiness. I could not, however, so far conquer my feelings as to be able to call on my sister-in-law elect, and I excused myself from appearing at the marriage on the plea of illness. And in truth I was ill—in one of the worst stages of life's 'fitful fever.'

When the honeymoon was over, and the young couple settled in their new home, I overcame myself so far as to visit them there. The kindness, nay, affectionateness of Mary's manner towards me almost maddened me. With playful grace she rallied me on my eremitish propensities, and invited me to come to them any evening that I felt tired of my own company, or every evening if I pleased. Sometimes, but rarely, I availed myself of this invitation; for though I always received a kind welcome, I fancied somehow or other that my presence was a drawback to their ease and enjoyment. As the years rolled on, however, the adoration I had once felt for my brother's lovely wife settled down into a devoted but calm friendship: the happiest hours of my existence were spent in her company, and I was no longer so mad as to regret the tie which had given me a claim to her society, and a title to address her as my dear sister Mary.

Mary and my brother had been married for more than twelve years; when the latter was killed by a fall from his horse. Poor Mary had hardly recovered from the first poignant anguish caused by this sudden calamity, when intelligence was received that a vessel in which nearly all her fortune and that of her children was embarked had been lost at sea. Her father being involved in the same misfortune, could do nothing to help her, and she was thus left almost penniless. The intelligence of this last sad blow was communicated to me by herself in a note full of good sense and good feeling. She at once asked me to afford her some assistance to get her boys educated. Her little girl, she said, she should teach herself, while she could easily maintain both by giving instruction in music, in which she was allowed to be a proficient. As soon as I had read this note, the contents of which had caused me truly the deepest concern, although there was mingled with it a strange and selfish feeling of satisfaction, which I in vain endeavoured to hide from myself, I hastened in the direction of Mary's house, which was situated in a different quarter of the town. I found her alone, writing, and surrounded by letters and papers. My brother's widow was dressed in the deepest mourning; her magnificent dark curls were now all drawn beneath her close muslin cap; the bright bloom of youth had forsaken her cheek; she was sad and pale; but in her noble, patient sorrow she was still a beautiful woman.

'This is another heavy affliction, dear Charles,' she said as she affectionately pressed my hand; 'but it would seem nothing after the last' (here her lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears) 'if it were not for my children. The poor boys, Charles!' And Mary looked the petition she had preferred in her note.

Now, being asked a favour always added tenfold to my shyness. I stammered, turned away my head, shuffled my limbs, and returned no answer. Then, as I stole a glance at Mary, I saw that her countenance fell,

and she began hastily to say, 'Oh never mind; perhaps you cannot. I shall be able perhaps to get one of them into Christ's Hospital, and'—

But I hastily interrupted her. 'I am a fool, Mary; but you must forgive me. See, here is my will. Read it.'

It was a will by which I bequeathed the bulk of my property to her, and in succession to her daughter. Her face as she read assumed an expression of extreme astonishment.

'You see, Mary,' I said, 'it is all intended for you. I need but little at any time: so take it now; educate your boys, and keep what remains for yourself and little Mary.'

'No, no, Charles—dear, generous brother! But this will, I see, was made long ago. I thought you had not cared for me?'

'Oh, Mary! I have always thought more highly of you than of any other in the world; and I wished you to know, at least after I was dead, how I had valued your goodness, and felt all your benevolence towards me.'

'My dear Charles, I am more and more amazed! I fancied you disapproved of me, you came so seldom to see us. Sometimes I imagined my mirth displeased you, and I used to try to be grave when you were here; but all in vain.'

'And did you actually imagine I disliked you?'

'No, not *disliked*; I knew you had too good a heart for that.'

'And how did you know I had a good heart, Mary? It must have been your own good heart that led you to suppose so.'

'No, Charles; I know your heart better than you think.'

My distress was for a moment inconceivable, and I was not a little astonished that Mary should think of alluding to such a subject—it seemed unlike her usual delicacy. I was therefore almost relieved when, opening a drawer, she produced several numbers of a magazine to which I had long been a contributor.

'I have read your heart in your writings,' she said.

'My writings!' I cried, blushing like a maiden accused of love. 'How did you know—how?'

'I had long suspected you of being literary; and I chanced one day to meet with an article in this magazine which, in language and sentiment, reminded me so forcibly of something I had once heard you say, that I was convinced it must be yours. I became a subscriber to the magazine; and both from what I read, and from watching your proceedings, I was confirmed in my opinion. I admire your talents, Charles; still more your principles. Often and often have I derived pleasure and improvement from your writings. I have felt proud of my brother I can assure you.'

'Did my brother know?' I inquired at that moment, more deeply gratified than I had ever been in the whole course of my life before.

'No; I thought it might vex him to think you had not told him, and I almost felt that I was bound in honour to keep the secret I had discovered; though I was mortified that you should think us so illiterate, or so tasteless, or so wanting in affection, as not to deserve your confidence.'

'Ah, Mary, how you have misunderstood me!'

'I feel I have so most completely; and I fear that all this time, when I imagined you so placidly contented, you have not been happy. I wish you would confide in me, Charles, as I have confided in you. I am sure you can have nothing to tell that will not do you honour, and I long to understand you thoroughly.'

She spoke with innocent, affectionate earnestness. At that moment I made a desperate resolution to obtain for myself for the first time the luxury of sympathy. Without permitting myself a moment for reflection, which I felt intuitively would only be to bring back the nightmare of shyness to seal my lips for ever, I plunged at once into a somewhat incoherent recital.

I laid bare the arcana of my nature. I even told her of the mad love I had once—long ago now—felt for herself. I told her it was this which had first kept me from her society, and afterwards the fear that I but cast a gloom over their happiness—a fear which was doubtless increased by the gravity she had so kindly assumed with the hope of pleasing me. I told her that I felt for her now the affection of a brother and the esteem of a friend; and that no one on earth could ever have upon me a claim so strong as herself and her children. Mary was evidently deeply touched, and wept several times during my narrative. When I had finished speaking, she took both my hands and pressed them between hers, while she said, 'I always thought well of you, my dear brother Charles; but only now am I able to do you justice, and love you as you deserve. God bless you for all your goodness to me and mine! Make what arrangements you please for the boys: I leave them all to you.'

'And yourself and little Mary?'

She returned no answer; but she must have read a wish in my eyes, for a sweet kind smile gave me courage to say, though in faltering accents, 'Mary, if you do not agree to what I propose, I shall not feel at all hurt. You must leave this house; and if you would come to mine, I should not be much in your way. I am at chambers in the morning, and at night.'

'Ah, Charles, you are far, far too kind! But we shall try to make your house as cheerful and comfortable as we can: it is all we can do to show our gratitude. Little Mary will be so glad to try to amuse you of an evening, dear, kind uncle Charles!' and Mary burst into tears, and I wept with her.

It is now some years since Mary took up her abode in my house: they have been the happiest years of my life: and though a shade of sadness will occasionally steal over the placid brow of my widowed sister, and a gentle sigh bear witness that her thoughts are occupied with the memories of other and brighter days, she appears content, is always cheerful, and has even moments of mirth, which seem to bring her before me once more in all the pride and joy of her girlish beauty and vivacity. As in former days, I pass my mornings at chambers; but in the evening I read to Mary, or she and her daughter, my niece Mary (now a blooming, sweet-tempered girl of fifteen, of whom I am very fond, and very proud), play and sing to me; or we consult together as to what is to be done with the boys, for I have the cares of a family on my shoulders now.

I am still a shy man, and shall, I fear, continue so to the end of the chapter: but I am no longer alone on the earth; and when I look back on the seasons of suffering past long ago, I feel in the peace of the present, with its calm enjoyments, sufficient cause for thankfulness and happiness.

And now, I fear, you will think I have been describing a very undignified character. You will say that my miseries have proceeded from a morbid sensitiveness about the opinions of others, which I ought to have checked: you will say that a noble mind ought to proceed onwards in the path of rectitude and benevolence, satisfied with the approbation of the still small voice, and undisturbed by the anxious solicitude for the suffrages of men, which has in my case been the reason I have never obtained them. And it is all true. But in saying this, you will only say what I have said to myself without avail a thousand and a thousand times. No: I write not in the expectation that you are to hold my character in veneration. It is but your pity I have sought to win, that through this pity you may be induced to be tender to others afflicted as I am—to be cautious of hurting their feelings by a thoughtless jest; and never, for the sake of appearing witty, to inflict a wound of which you can little guess the anguish. Had those by whom my own youth was surrounded sympathised with and encouraged me, instead of neglecting me or laughing at me, I believe I might have been a different man; for ere I was aware

of the nature of my disease, it had taken too firm a hold of my character ever to be eradicated. But if I can persuade only a few to observe the golden rule in their behaviour towards the shy and the sensitive, I shall neither have suffered nor confessed in vain.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

WHEN, in the year 1827, the pasha of Egypt presented two living giraffes to the kings of England and France, so great was the interest excited by the appearance of a creature which for nearly three centuries had been a stranger to Europe, that every fashion of the year was, in the French capital, *à la giraffe*. Ladies bore the pictured form of the graceful animal on their dresses, men carried it on their handkerchiefs, and little children rejoiced in giraffe-bordered pinafores. Such a distinction will probably not be extended by the English to the unwieldy form of the hippopotamus now in Regent's Park; yet his arrival will, we think, render the following notes not unacceptable to our readers.

The earliest account, *by name*, which we now have of this animal, is that given by Herodotus, but which is said by Porphyry to have been copied from that of his predecessor Hecateus. This description attributes to it the cloven foot and hoof of an ox, a snub nose, projecting tusks, and the mane, tail, and voice of a horse; while Aristotle adds that it has a crest on its forehead, and the tail of a pig. It is almost needless to remark, that with the exception of the tusks, both these descriptions are incorrect. Pliny closely follows these accounts, and adds, that before leaving the river for its daily pasturage, it fixes upon a proper place of resort, and then walks backwards to its destination, lest its footsteps should be traced, and snares set for it on its return. He also tells us that when it feels oppressed by fulness of habit, it seeks out a place where strong and sharp-pointed reeds abound, and lies down in such a manner as to cause the reeds to pierce the skin, and act the part of a lancet. This idea is reproduced with variations by Santos, who says, that being subject to gout in the stomach, it falls on the hoof of the left foot, which, penetrating the flesh, 'appeases and terminates its pain'; on which account the Caffirs carry about the left hoof as a preservative from gout.

The first hippopotamus which was brought to Rome, and apparently the first seen in Europe, is said to have been the one exhibited at the games by Æmilius Scaurus during his edileship, in the year 58 B.C., when a temporary canal was formed for the accommodation of this animal and five crocodiles. Others say, but with less authority, that the hippopotamus, together with the rhinoceros, was first conveyed to Rome by Augustus Cæsar in the year 29 B.C., as an appropriate memorial of his triumph over Cleopatra. The next record of such an exhibition at Rome is that given by Capitolinus, who informs us that Antoninus Pius imported 'hippopotamuses, and various other foreign animals,' between the years 130-180; an example which was followed, though in a very different spirit, by Commodus, who in 180, and the twelve succeeding years, slew no fewer than five hippopotamuses* in the amphitheatre, where he enacted the part of a hired gladiator. In the following century, a collection of various curious animals, which included a hippopotamus, was made by Gordianus Pius, and used by his murderer and successor, Philip, in the games which, in the year 248, celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the building

* It may be proper to point out the incorrectness of the generally-adopted plural of the word hippopotamus, which, being compounded of two Greek words, has yet been given a Latin plural termination, *hippopotami*, while the true plural would be *hippopotamoi*. Perhaps the English form of hippopotamuses would be the best, as the present mode of spelling the singular is a corruption, in which the Latin *u* usurps the place of the Greek *o*, making it *hippopotamus*, instead of the original *hippopotames*.

of the imperial city. The hippopotamus which appeared on this occasion was commemorated on the medals of Otacilia Severa, the wife of Philip, and on the coins of Philip Junior, their son. Tracing the historical associations connected with this animal onwards, we find that in 273, when Firmus the Seleucian assumed the purple in Alexandria, he distinguished himself by riding on a hippopotamus.

In the fifth century this animal was described by Damascius and Achilles Tatius; the last of whom, though he delineates its form more correctly than the earlier writers, yet fables it to breathe fire and smoke. It is generally supposed that this extraordinary error arose from the extreme hardness of the teeth and tusks, which, in the gladiatorial combats above mentioned, caused the spears with which they were struck to emit sparks; while we can easily imagine that the laboured breath of the poor animal would ascend like smoke from his nostrils, when he was taken from his favourite element, and baited and worried to death in a crowded amphitheatre.

We have said that Herodotus is the earliest writer extant who mentions the hippopotamus by name, but there remains little doubt that the Behemoth of Job may be referred to this animal, whose habits are accurately and characteristically portrayed in the description given in the 40th chapter, which, after alluding to his great strength, and stating that 'he eateth grass like an ox,' proceeds, 'the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not,' &c.

The hippopotamus is peculiar to Africa, though it was supposed by an ancient writer to exist in the Indian rivers; and some more modern authors have believed that it is also found in Sumatra—an opinion which is unsupported by proof, while every negative evidence is opposed to it. It is not a little singular that small figures of it occur in the casts from the ancient tombs of Siberia, which are now in Paris; whence it is concluded that the worship of it had been by some means introduced into the north, though the animal was unknown to the inhabitants. We may, however, mention that fossil remains of four distinct species have been discovered in various parts of the old world, and it is possible that some of these fossil forms, like those of the mammoth, another huge pachyderm, may have been sufficiently preserved to give rise to the notion of the sculptor. The Egyptians certainly held it sacred, and in one district even revered it as a god; yet they scrupled not to make war against it, and to slay it—a practice which still exists among certain negro tribes who worship, and yet eat it; very justly regarding it as one of the most valuable products of their rivers, and in a great measure relying on it for their stock of animal food, yet at the same time holding it as a power whom it is necessary to propitiate, on account of the damage it sometimes does to their crops, trampling and destroying by its enormous weight that which it does not devour.

The flesh is described by Europeans as an excellent substitute for beef, while that of the young animal greatly resembles poor veal; the tongue, and the layer of fat which is found under the skin, are regarded as great delicacies; and the Dutch colonists of the Cape frequently exhibit a ludicrous eagerness to obtain the first offer of these comestibles from the natives. It is curious that the fat, which they call *see-koo-spek*—seacow's pork—is concentrated in this layer, while the remainder of the flesh is entirely lean; an arrangement which appears to be accounted for by the necessity of lubricating the skin, caused by its amphibious habits. Pliny recommends this fat as a cure for 'cold fevers,' and we believe that some medical virtue is still supposed to abound in it. In the year 1776, Sparrman brought a dried tongue of the hippopotamus, which measured

two feet eight inches in length, to Europe, and presented it as a rarity to the king of Sweden.

The teeth of the animal are also much valued, as, from their superior hardness, and from their not becoming yellow, they are preferred by dentists to the ivory of the elephant: these qualities apply not only to the canines, but also to the incisors. Nor are they without their superstitious uses: Pliny prescribes the teeth of the left jaw to be rubbed against the gum as a remedy for toothache; while the native Africans, believing them to be a charm against poison, form them into trinkets, which they suspend round their necks.

Nor is the hide without its economic value. Herodotus and Aristotle mention that it is so thick as to be formed into spear-handles. This was probably done by cutting it into narrow strips, and rolling each piece in such a manner that the edges were neatly placed together, and then suffering it to dry. Indeed staffs are still manufactured in this way by the native Africans, as are whips also, though these last are afterwards greased in order to render them pliable. The ancients, and probably some of the negro tribes, used that part of the skin which covers the spine for shields and helmets—a purpose for which its extraordinary thickness rendered it peculiarly appropriate.

The habits of the hippopotamus long remained a mystery to man; nor, indeed, are they yet accurately known. In some particulars Pliny appears to have been better informed than many of his successors; as, for instance, when he asserts that it feeds upon corn; while many modern naturalists, among whom was Buffon, looking to the analogy drawn from its amphibious existence, instead of to its structural anatomy, affirmed that it partly subsisted on fish—an idea which, though now wholly disproved, gave it a place among the animals allowed to be eaten in Lent. Not contented with giving it a fish diet, Poncet informs us that it carries off goats and sheep, and feeds upon them; Santos declares that they devour each other; and Lobo darkly hints that a human limb would not be rejected by these dangerous creatures. Then, again, Pliny says that there 'exists some kind of connection between the crocodile and the hippopotamus.' This was in course of time denied; and the two animals were supposed to maintain a constant state of warfare, in which great numbers of crocodiles were slain. Salt, Burckhardt, and a number of other credible witnesses, however, mention that these mighty river-giants constantly frequent the same pools, where they swim about and take their pastime in perfect indifference to one another.

Much uncertainty exists as to whether the hippopotamus ever voluntarily enters salt water; for though he has undoubtedly been found at the briny mouths of rivers, it is highly probable that this was merely an accidental occurrence. He certainly cannot drink salt water, and appears to have a great aversion to it; while but a very slight inference can be drawn from the fact of the head of a hippopotamus being found in the interior of a shark, as mentioned by Dampier. Some authors have endeavoured to set the question at rest by suggesting that the animal which resorts to the open sea may be a different species from that which is confined to the rivers; but this appears to be little more than hypothesis so far as relates to locality, though not, we believe, with regard to the difference of kind.*

From all these uncertainties and mistakes, we turn with pleasure to the amiable and contented creature which arrived in the Regent's Park on the 25th of May last. This specimen was made a prisoner in the month of August 1849, on the island of Fobays-ch, in the White Nile, about 2000 miles above Cairo (on which account it has received the name of Fobays-ch); and from thence it was conveyed to Cairo, where it was

* The conjecture that a second species of hippopotamus—for which Morton proposes the name of *H. minor*—should be established, is chiefly founded on difference of size and cranial formation.—See *Ann. Nat. Hist.*, xiv.—*Report of Roy Society*, 1847, &c.

placed by Abbas Pasha under the care of the Hon. Mr Murray, the British Charge d'Affaires. Here it excited much curiosity; for though the animal formerly abounded in Lower Egypt, it is now quite unknown there; and we believe the last living hippopotamus seen at Cairo was that mentioned by Thevenot, as being partially domesticated, in the middle of the seventeenth century. From Cairo, Fobays-ch was sent to England in the Ripon steamer, on board of which it had a comfortable berth, constructed for its especial accommodation, with a bath attached: this bath was filled every other day with 600 gallons of fresh water; while the allowance of food for the infant giant consisted daily of the milk of two cows and twelve goats, together with a reasonable proportion of Indian meal. When he reached England, he was $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, 7 feet in length, and about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet in girth, and was supposed to be about ten months old. When captured, he was about the height of a new-born calf, but much more bulky in his proportions. His bushy retreat in the island was discovered by the earnest endeavours made by his poor mother, who had been mortally wounded, to return to the place; and as soon as the young creature saw that his concealment was no longer safe, he attempted to rush into the river, and would, on account of the slippery nature of his skin, have succeeded, had not one of the men struck a boat-hook into his flank, and so secured him. It is interesting to observe how this account coincides with that given by Thunberg in the year 1795. The Hottentots, he says, shot the mother hippopotamus, and then left their hidingplace in order to catch the new-born calf alive: the creature, however, 'being wet and slippery, got away from them, and made the best of its way to the river, without having previously received any instruction from its mother either relative to the way it should take, or to this most natural means of saving itself.'

The extraordinary affection which Fobays-ch has formed for his Arab attendant is well known, and was of great service in obviating the difficulties of his various changes of conveyance. Professor Owen gives a pleasant description of the manner in which the keeper walked from the transport van into the Zoological Gardens, followed by the unwieldy creature, trotting along, and sniffing grotesquely at the bag of dates which was carried by Hamet, and with which it was duly rewarded on reaching its destination.

The same naturalist then proceeds to give such graphic sketches of its habits in captivity, that we can do no better than to transcribe such portions of them as our limits will allow. 'When I saw the hippopotamus,' he says, 'it was lying on its side on the straw, with its head resting against the chair on which its swarthy attendant sat. It now and then uttered a soft complacent grunt, and, lazily opening its thick smooth eyelids, leered at its keeper with a singular protruding movement of the eyeball from the prominent socket, showing an unusual proportion of the white. . . . It had just left its bath, and a minute drop of a glistening secretion was exuding from each of the conspicuous muco-sebacous pores. . . . This gave the hide, as it glistened in the sunshine, a very peculiar aspect. When the animal was younger, the secretion had a reddish colour; and, being poured out more abundantly, the whole surface became painted over with it every time he quitted the bath. . . . After lying quietly about an hour, now and then raising its head, and swivelling its eyeballs towards its keeper, or playfully opening its huge mouth, and threatening to bite the leg of the chair on which the keeper sat, the hippopotamus rose, and walked slowly about its room, and then uttered a loud and short harsh snort four or five times in quick succession, reminding one of the snort of a horse, and ending with an explosive sound like a bark. The keeper understood the language, and told us the animal was expressing its desire to return to the bath.' The keeper then led the way, the animal 'following like a dog close to his heels. On arriving at the bath-room,

he descended with some deliberation the flight of low steps leading into the water, stooped and drank a little, dipped his head under, and then plunged forwards. It was no sooner in its favourite element than its whole aspect changed, and it seemed inspired with new life and activity: sinking down to the bottom, and moving about submerged for a while, it would suddenly rise with a bound, almost bodily out of the water, and splashing back, commenced swimming and plunging in a cetaceous or porpoise-like style, rolling from side to side, taking in mouthfuls of water, and spurring them out again, raising every now and then its huge grotesque head, and biting at the woodwork of the bath. . . . After half an hour spent in this amusement, it quitted the water at the call of its keeper, and followed him back to the sleeping-room, which is well bedded with straw, and where a stuffed sack is provided for its pillow, of which the animal, having a very short neck, thicker than the head, duly avails itself when it composes itself to sleep. When awake, it is very impatient of any absence of its favourite attendant, rises on its hind-legs, and threatens to break down the wooden fence by butting and pushing against it in a way strongly significative of its great muscular force.'

The whole of this narration proves the now acknowledged fact of the extreme docility and gentleness of the creature, which the older travellers delighted to represent as one of the most ferocious of wild beasts. Father Merolla talks of the houses in Congo being built upon statues ten feet high, with a ladder to draw up and down, to 'prevent the inhabitants from being injured by the sea-horses!' Andrew Battel, in his quaint old narrative, assures us that 'they are verie dangerous in the water, having greate strength in the claws of their left forefoot.' Dampier affirms that he knew a man who had seen one of these animals open its jaws, seize a boat between its teeth, and sink it to the bottom; and Lobo says that it is equally dangerous with the crocodile. The animal is, however, in common with many calm and placid natures, very courageous; and if wounded, or otherwise irritated, he may become a formidable enemy, more especially when in the water.

The Africans have various modes of ensnaring the hippopotamus; a common plan being by means of pitfalls dug in the paths which they frequent. According to Hasselquist, the Egyptians and Hottentots throw large quantities of dried peas in his way, which he greedily devours, but which afterwards swell in such a manner as to destroy him. Sometimes he is lamed by means of iron spikes, when he falls an easy prey to his pursuers; or occasionally a poisoned dart is stuck into a heavy block of wood, which is suspended by a cord over the hippopotamus's haunts in such a manner that the feet of the animal catching in the cord, bring down the laden dart with unerring precision upon his back. The more usual method, however, is by shooting or harpooning him when in the water. Of the dangers and excitements of this sport, Sparrman gives some animated and amusing pictures; but the most extraordinary accounts are those of Mr Gordon Cumming, who talks of 'bagging' fifteen first-rate hippopotamuses as coolly as if they were so many snipes: he, however, destroys the interest of his tales by the cold-blooded and life-wasting tone which he throughout assumes.

The hippopotamus is not found in any of the African rivers which flow into the Mediterranean, except the Nile, to the upper part of which it is now confined. They usually, though not invariably, associate in large herds of from twenty to thirty; selecting deep and shady river pools for their retreats, and sleeping on the muddy shores, or in the little islands. When swimming, they seldom raise more of their heads out of the water than is necessary to procure air; and their nostrils are curiously furnished with valves, which can be spontaneously opened and shut, and which are in constant movement when the animal is in the water. The ears and eyes are very small, but the mouth is of great size, and opens to such an extent, that Ray supposed the

upper jaw to be capable of movement. Owen remarks on the upward curve of the corners of the lips, which gives such a comic and characteristic expression to the whole countenance. The body is of a dark dusky colour, and is almost destitute of hair; but the muzzle is furnished with short, stiff bristles, which project at regular distances. The legs are short and thick, and support the body only just clear of the ground; while each of the feet terminates in four spreading hoofs. The general outline of the animal would seem to connect it very closely with the hog, on which account some naturalists have suggested the propriety of changing its name to that of *cheropotamus*, or river-hog; but this name would not, in reality, convey any better notion of generic identity than the old-established, and therefore better recognised, one of *hippopotamus*, or river-horse; though the latter is by no means applicable to its appearance, nor, according to modern researches, to its voice, notwithstanding the assertion, that it received the name from the resemblance of its neigh to that of a horse. Belonging to the thick-skinned or *pachydermatous* order of animals, which includes the elephant, rhinoceros, tapir, horse, hog, &c. some points of generic affinity to each or all of them is only what might be expected by the scientific inquirer.

CELESTIAL INTELLIGENCE.

CHINA is so much an unknown land, a land of exclusion, that we think some gossiping news about the self-styled Celestial Empire and its 'black-haired myriads,' as the people are affectionately termed by their omnipresent, deified, and otherwise unrivalled emperor, the son of the Sun and Moon, will not be devoid of interest to our readers, especially when they consider that the country of which we speak is nearly as large as all Europe, and its population exceeds a third of the whole inhabitants of the globe.

Our informant as to the recent doings of the Celestials is a good-sized pamphlet, bearing the imprint 'Hong-Kong, 1850'—having, in fact, been published there only in March last, and thence traversed three-quarters of the globe, till it duly reached our table. Its externals are admirable, superior to any pamphlet of the kind we ever beheld even from our home press. The type is new, and beautifully impressed on India paper of admirable consistency—(lucky dogs! they get nothing but India-paper out there, while we pay our guinea extra for an engraving on a piece not two feet square)—and its whole 'getting up' does ample credit to our clever countryman Shortrede, who recently established the 'China Mail' in Hong-Kong. The author of the pamphlet is Mr Wade, assistant Chinese secretary; and he tells us that he has drawn his materials from the pages of the 'Pekin Gazette,' the only publication in the least resembling a newspaper that has ever existed in the immense empire of China, and whose origin is traced back to the tenth century of our era. It appears daily at Peking, and manuscript copies are forwarded to the chief functionaries throughout the empire. Its contents may briefly be said to be—a chronicle of the proceedings of the imperial family—elaborate memorials from the chief officers of government 'upon almost every topic that can interest the welfare of a nation'—and the decrees of the emperor, either of his own motion, or in reply to the memorials. Mr Wade has digested the contents of this Gazette for 1849, and gives some valuable reflections and observations on the present condition of the Chinese empire. But with the heavier portion of the work we shall not meddle; we merely gather the lighter pickings scattered through its pages, and present them in a connected form to our readers.

Firstly, there have been great floods in China. The Yellow River, and the Yangtse-kiang, or Son of the Ocean—the two enormous rivers which traverse the em-

pire from west to east—have burst their embankments, and inundated to a frightful extent the level country through which they flow, and which is the very garden of China. The rains have been falling for forty days, says a memorial recounting this second deluge, 'until the rivers, and the sea, and the lakes, and the streams, have joined in one sheet over the land for several hundred li,* and there is no outlet by which the waters may retire.' In the province of Hu-pih alone, says a Franciscan missionary, a district 230 miles long by 80 broad—larger than all Scotland from John o' Groat's to the Border—was under water. In two of its larger cities the flood rose to the upper storeys of the highest houses, and the damage done in them amounts to between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 sterling. Wu-chang-fu, the capital of the province, 'fared no better;' while the smaller towns were utterly overwhelmed, ten thousand people destroyed, and 'domestic animals drowned in untold numbers;' crowds even of the first families were begging bread, and (horror of horrors to the pious Celestials!) coffins were floating about everywhere on the face of the waters. Altogether, the inundation exceeds in extent and devastation anything within the memory of the present generation.

The emperor and his court have done their utmost to alleviate the wide-spread distress. In some districts the half-year's taxes for 1848 were remitted; and in all gratuitous distributions of grain had been made from the public stores. Subscriptions for the sufferers were opened throughout the empire; and the amounts contributed, though not without some recompense from the state, are very creditable to the Celestials; while, as the revenue is short, a large sum has been raised for the same purpose by *sales of rank*, of which we shall say more anon. Many governors of provinces are desirous of hiding their incapacity to meet the emergency by resigning. 'Your servant,' says one styled Wu-wan-yung, in his address to the emperor, 'has set up altars in all places; and, followed by his subordinates, has gone hither and thither, sacrificing early and late, shedding bitter tears, and crying aloud for grief; but he has been unable to succour the afflicted.' If he had been building dikes and cutting drains it would have been more to the purpose, especially as all these are 'phrases of stereotyped perfection,' as Mr Wade says—nothing more. 'Shuddering and bewildered,' proceeds the luckless governor, and still speaking in the third person, 'at his meals he cannot swallow his food; during the night, as he hears the rain falling, he wanders about his dwelling. He knows not what measures to adopt, and beats his breast at his own incompetence.' This is all very fine, but we think the rescript of the vermilion pencil must have astonished him. The emperor, whose eyes seem to have been opened of late to the character of his *subs*, writes back that 'Wu-wan-yung's despatch is the extreme of stupidity, absurdity, and audacity! . . . He has had the sense only to accuse himself of a fault, but has not thought of discharging his duty to the utmost. If, whenever there were a season of difficulty, all those upon whom devolves the personal charge of our dominions were to act like Wu-wan-yung, what would become of the misery to which the myriads and tens of myriads of the black-haired race are exposed?' The luckless governor is then deprived of his button, but ordered to remain at his post, with the assurance, that if he is successful, he may yet in some degree atone for his transgression. 'But if it again appears,' says the emperor, 'that he does not know how to exert himself, and that his administration is, after all, so unsuccessful as to send the people wandering to the streams and ditches, his crime will of course be severely dealt with. When Our word has once gone forth, the law follows it; and We shall assuredly not allow the least mercy to be shown him. Tremble and attend! Respect this!'

The whole conduct of the emperor during this disas-

* Three lis are equal to one English mile.

trous period exhibits his 'paternal' government in a very favourable light. It is a despotism certainly, but with far more checks than we generally believe; and the emperor almost never takes a step without first consulting the boards at Peking, one of which, the Censorate, is privileged to tell him his faults whenever they see occasion. All his decrees are very sensible productions, perfectly plain, and free from the bombast so common in the East. But he has a sad set of knaves and imbeciles to look after; indeed the government offices, from Peking to Thibet, are one vast hive of peculators. Of late years the embezzlement of the mandarins has occasioned a defalcation in the revenue; and the practice of supplying the deficit by sales of rank and office is increasing the evil, by placing incapable men in office. On an average of the last seven years, the money thus raised in Cheh-kiang has annually averaged upwards of L.93,000; while the whole pay of the civil and military officers of that province only amounts to L.100,000. Thus more than nine-tenths of its expenditure, exclusive of any public works, has been made up by riches unfairly reaping the rewards of talent. This system is a serious evil, and is always quoted as a chief one among those which have led to the fall of previous dynasties.

But the incapacity of the officials thus selected, woful as it is, is quite thrown into the shade by their corruption, by their unceasing traffic in bribes. Their sole science of government seems to be—to give bribes to all above them, and to receive bribes from all below them. Were there nothing else, the extraordinary rewards bestowed upon official integrity would hint the general prevalence of its opposite; but the Gazette for last year furnishes proofs 'plenty as blackberries.' Take one province and one excise department as a sample. In Shan-tung the salt-tax should yield a fixed revenue of L.40,000; but the arrears last year amount to nearly L.30,000, of which L.22,000 is the interest due on collections from 1844 to 1848. 'An inquiry, conducted by Ki-ying as high commissioner,' says Mr Wade, 'resulted in the arrest of the present governor of the province, four ex-governors, his predecessors, and eight ex-directors of the Gabelle, accused of collusion with the salt monopolists, and general abuse of their trust. . . . The commissioner of finance was also implicated.' The governor of Shan-si was exiled in the early part of the year for the extortion of a relative of his own, and others in the province; but his misdeeds were so eclipsed by the rapacity of his successor, long notorious for his avarice, that he was recalled, and promoted. This is a pretty picture of speculation certainly: from the lowest to the highest, all seem engaged in a nefarious struggle to better themselves at the public expense. But instances might be endlessly multiplied; and in one of his decrees the emperor even threatens to send his lords of the Treasury 'to the Board of Punishments, who will make strict inquiry, and upon proof of the facts, award the proper penalties. . . . Governors-general and governors guilty of previous connivance at, or subsequent suppression of, such acts, shall be treated with the utmost rigour.' What should we think of a state of matters here in which it was thought even possible for Lord John Russell and his colleagues to be pilfering from the Mint and the Treasury? In China not even a transit of government goods from one quarter to another can take place without those in charge making the most of their opportunity. Thus we learn that the supply of copper for the mint, despatched in 1847-8 from Yun-nan in the south-west, had not reached Peking by the end of 1849, in spite of numberless and reiterated reports that it was close at hand. The real cause of the delay is said to be the avarice of the officials in charge, who are engaged in laying fees upon such private boats as they meet or overtake, upon the pretext that they are obstructing the way of the government vessels. Indeed so national is this predilection for dishonesty and fraud, that an imperial proclamation offering a reward almost always closes with the assurance that

government will keep faith—that it will not 'eat its words;' and the issue of licenses, or the payment of a sum, is guaranteed to take place in open court, 'to prevent any extortion on the part of the clerks or runners.' Even their legal code is framed on the supposition that fraud is universal, and must be tolerated. And on a nobleman being recently deprived of his rank for his connection with a forgery, the edict had to ground the sentence on his want of self-respect, shown by his keeping low company, for the money which he had fraudulently obtained did not amount to what the statute declares requisite as a ground of arraignment.

A new emperor has succeeded to the throne since this year began; but the notices we have of the late monarch, if not very valuable to the historian, have some interest for the general reader. The Gazette, as we have said, chronicles his actions most minutely; and in a country so astoundingly consistent and conservative as China, it sounds not a little strange to hear that the emperor 'turns his coat' every year. The fact is, even in China, even for his Celestial Highness, the seasons will not stop changing, and like a sensible man, he changes his garments with them. The first announcement in the Gazette for 1849 was, that he had put on his doublet with the right side out—which means that the fur lining was exposed, instead of being worn next the body, as when the weather is at the coldest. This 'turned coat' again he by and by changes for a cloth doublet and robe with white fur sleeves, wearing a cap of the skin of an unborn lamb; next a cloth cap and cuffs of white; then a robe of double cloth; then of single cloth; then of crape—first of a close, then of an open texture; and so on, until the cold of winter forces him to betake himself once more to furs and sheepskin. In this way he undergoes some twenty transitions between February and November. His birthday and New Year are, ceremonially speaking, his busiest times. At those periods the Board of Ceremonies advise him daily of the requirements of the Code; and from day to day he fags in a ceaseless round of banquetings, thanksgivings, and sacrifices—even his nights being sometimes spent in a temple. Verily no light weight is the weight of a crown!

As in most other despotic governments, where talent is imperatively required at the head of affairs, the succession to the throne in China is not restricted to the eldest son; and of this the late sovereign, Tao-kwang, was an example. When the Emperor Kia-king was at the point of death in 1820, he asked his imperial consort which of his sons he should choose as his successor. Her own son was then a youth of fifteen; but with much wisdom, and rare disinterestedness, she advised him to appoint Tao-kwang, his son by a former empress, who was then in the prime of life, being about thirty-seven. Moreover, in Kia-king's will, he is said to have merited this preference by preserving his father's life in 1813, when attacked in his palace by assassins of the White Lily faction, two of whom were killed on the spot by the son of his choice. Out of grateful esteem, no less than as a public example of filial obedience, Tao-kwang used to visit the empress-dowager twice or thrice every month, up to the day of her death. This event took place on the 23d of January last, in her seventy-fourth year; and a general mourning for her was ordained, to last a hundred days, although her will, quoted in the Gazette, desired that it should be limited to twenty-seven. It is not a little remarkable that the intelligence of her death reached Canton within a day of the news of the death of our own queen-dowager; and there is a no less remarkable coincidence in the request of both these royal ladies—that all superfluous posthumous honours should be dispensed with. Those two days must have been memorable ones in the annals of Canton, for the death of a third crowned head was announced at the same time. The same despatches that published the death of the empress-dowager reported that the career of Tao-kwang, or the Lustre of Reason, was also at an end, and that his fourth son had

succeeded him, entitling his period* Chang-hing, which may be rendered *Ever Fortunate*. There are no rumours of the internal convulsions predicted by many as certain to ensue upon his decease; and the present family has an additional safeguard in the interest now taken in its existence by England and the United States, whose commerce with China would be jeopardised by anarchy within it, or by hostility from without. 'And unless his "Southron Boors," as their fellow-countrymen term the people of Canton, entail upon Great Britain the necessity of chastising them, the emperor has less ground to fear her hostility than he has reason to reckon upon her friendly mediation or interference.'

A paragraph in last year's Gazette, trivial enough in itself, is nevertheless well worthy of notice, as illustrative of the most remarkable feature in the national institutions of China. It is a capital sentence passed upon a woman for her father-in-law's *suicide*, which is ascribed to his shame at having received a blow from her in what every Englishman would say was a justifiable self-defence! The emperor reverses the sentence, though similar acts of mercy are recorded as extraordinary, and form no precedent for the guidance of the provincial courts: even here, although the prisoner escapes with her life, she is condemned to perpetual separation from her husband. This erroneous severity is to be ascribed to the circumstance, that in China the parental relation takes precedence of every other. The government itself is based upon this principle; the nation is regarded as one large family, and is avowedly ruled accordingly. A Chinese head of a family has an almost unlimited power over the lives and fortunes of his household; a magistrate or governor is regarded as the father of his district or province; while the emperor styles his 360,000,000 subjects his 'children.' We think it is Sir John Davis who relates that a parricidal crime of more than common heinousness having been committed during the last reign, the emperor commanded that the village where it was perpetrated should be razed to the ground, as a national example, and in order that the earth might not be polluted by the scene of so much impiety.

We learn also that the contraband opium trade, about which we and China went to loggerheads some ten years ago, if not about to be legalised, is at least looked upon with less aversion. The ministers have given up presenting memorials for its stoppage, and the emperor no longer fulminates against its iniquity; and report says that the poppy is now extensively grown in some of the provinces. The hilly, sandy district of Kan-suh in the north-west, where the poppy at present grows wild, is said to produce the mildest and best-flavoured kind; and as this province, though the largest in the empire, is of little value in its present state, it is of course a most suitable field for the growth of this valuable but deleterious plant. Such a home cultivation of the poppy would of course soon put an end to foreign importations of opium, by rendering them superfluous; and thus the Chinese ministers would escape from the present drain on their bullion, which causes them so much uneasiness, and would, moreover, acquire a new source of taxation. As Mr Wade informs us that opium has now become 'an almost national requirement,' it is probable either that the foreign importation of the drug will be legalised upon payment of a fixed duty, or that an extensive cultivation of the poppy will be permitted at home. One serious objection to the latter course, however, is, that already, it is reported, the natives are in some parts displacing their grain and rice crops to make room for this useless but more valuable plant—an evil of the most dangerous kind in a country so densely peopled as China.

Our opium war with the Celestial Empire was a most

lamentable affair for the mandarins. Want of success is regarded in China in much the same light as want of capacity; and Commissioner Lin (whose name is doubtless still familiar to our readers) was not the only 'buttoned' man who emerged with withered laurels from the strife. Poor Lin! After being accorded in 1838 the rare privilege of riding on horseback within the precincts of the imperial palace, he was, a few months afterwards, despatched as high commissioner to Canton, to put down the opium trade, and bring the foreigners to their senses. Lin forthwith, with exuberant energy, drove the English to their ships, and got their smashing broadsides for his pains. His good intentions availed him nothing with the imperial court, and he was immediately superseded and recalled to Peking, to be tried for his life; but he escaped with banishment to Ili—a district somewhere between the deserts of Cobi and those of the Caspian Sea. Soon after, however, he 'recovered his complexion,' as the Gazette phrases it, was replaced in office, and in 1842 came an announcement of his death. Forthwith an imperial decree appeared, as usual, praising the defunct to the skies, ordaining him a pall of honour, a libation to be poured out by two princes, £500 for his funeral, and a place in the imperial cemetery. This very complimentary document, however, turned out to be a forgery (though a mystery still hangs over its origin), and his death a fabrication or mistake; and Lin went on prospering in office, but declining in health, till last year, when, quite worn out, and after frequently soliciting his dismissal from office, the Gazette at length made known his majesty's pleasure that 'Lin-tsih-sü, governor-general of Yun-nan and Kwei-chau, should return home and tend himself.' He has been forty-six years in the service of his country, and enjoys the rare distinction of being free from all charge of corruption.

Lin's successor in office at Canton, Ki-shen, fared no better. He was sent in chains to Peking, deprived of his rank of earl, had his vast estates confiscated, and was banished like his predecessor to Ili. Recommencing public life in the far west as assistant resident in Yarkand, he thence obtained office in Thibet, and finally worked his way back again into China Proper as governor on its south-western frontier. In the spring of last year we find him accusing himself in a memorial to the emperor, and begging to be punished for the rather whimsical fault of sentencing a man to simple strangulation when he should have been beheaded! the latter death being reckoned the severer punishment in China. Soon afterwards the Gazette shows him exerting all his military and diplomatic abilities in arresting the inroads of the Ye Fan, or 'Wild Strangers,' who were invading his province from the south. Who this nation of Ye Fan are we cannot exactly say, but they seem to have thrice crossed the Celestial borders during the past year. On the first of these occasions they are said to have been 'soothed' by Lin; but the brunt of the business seems to have fallen on Ki-shen, who was rewarded with a button of the first class for his success. The chief of the Ye Fan at length made tender of his allegiance, which it was deemed expedient to accept; and on the recommendation of Ki-shen, he was presented with a peacock's feather, and invested with the hereditary government of his tribe. We wonder what the savage thought of the emperor's munificence, and what he made of his gift. As a suitable ending to this 'soothing' and presentation of feathers, we are informed that Ki-shen, having ascribed his success to the intervention of two spirits, to whom he had repeatedly sacrificed during his expedition, 'the emperor decreed them a tablet a-piece, with an appropriate inscription!'

The only affairs of moment to European powers last year were the destruction of two pirate fleets by our vessels of war (for which, by the by, we got little thanks from the Chinese government), and the murder of the Portuguese governor of Macao. This horrible affair made a great sensation at Canton, and spread an excitement even in Europe. Senhor Amaral, an officer of known personal courage and resolution, assumed the

* When a Chinese emperor ascends the throne, he adopts a surname, which gives a title to his reign. Thus the name of the late emperor was at first Ming; but when he mounted the throne he styled himself Tao-kuang, or the Lustre of Reason, by which title his period is known.

governorship of Macao in 1846, since which time his energy and firmness have been a remarkable contrast to the feebleness of former governors. A mutinous disturbance among the Chinese in Macao, upon whom he had imposed a new tax, was put down with the strong hand; and he warned the petty officials at that port that they must thenceforward desist from claiming a share of the jurisdiction there, and strictly forbade any show of such authority by the sounding of gongs or the like. All this gave great offence to the Chinese; denunciatory placards were posted in Canton, and rewards are even said to have been offered for the governor's head. Amaral himself made light of his danger; but on the evening of 22d August last he was assassinated by a party of seven natives, who made their escape, carrying with them his head and one hand. Immediately upon intelligence of this horrible affair, the whole foreign ministers addressed the governor of Canton on the subject, the Portuguese council in plain terms charging him with having countenanced the murder. Governor Su was in no haste to make inquiries or reparation, and sought to give the affair the go-by. After repeated representations on the subject, however, the Chinese authorities announced that they had discovered Senhor Amaral's head and hand, but refused to surrender them until three native soldiers, then detained as witnesses at Macao, were released. One man was at length executed as principal in the murder, and others were imprisoned; but Governor Su's conduct gave rise to a host of conjectures; and the whole truth of the matter will probably continue unknown to us. 'Many who were firmly persuaded a short time since,' says Mr Wade, 'that Su had promoted the chief assassin to high official rank, are now disposed to accuse him of sacrificing his agent to hush the clamour of the European legations.'

We conclude our budget by a brief notice of the two statesmen who at present, and for some years to come, are likely to exercise a paramount influence on our relations with China. These are Su and Ki-ying. The former of these, the present governor of Canton, who figures so unfavourably in the tragedy related above, is said to be less courteous in his manners, but not inferior in dignity, to Ki-ying, who was his predecessor at Canton; but his countenance has not the same wily expression as the Tartar's—it rather betokens a supreme indifference for all around him, without, however, any hauteur or arrogant pretension. Report speaks him a cold voluptuary, inattentive to business, and of a somewhat sanguinary disposition. It would be hard to decide, adds Mr Wade, 'which of the two were the more honest politician'—of course meaning *dishonest*. Although we are entitled, by treaty, to free ingress into the city of Canton, Su, backed by the influential men of the province, still manages to keep us out; and as we are not inclined to go to war for a trifle, our present quiescence under injustice will doubtless be represented by him as a glorious triumph of his diplomacy, and perhaps win for him a double-eyed peacock's feather from the emperor. Su is less vacillating and less ready to make promises than Ki-ying; but then he has never been in as great dilemmas, and has not yet been made to feel the prowess of the 'foreigners.'

Su is a Chinese, but Ki-ying is a Tartar, and he seems to be one of the ablest statesmen in the empire. As High Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, he concluded with us the treaty of Nankin; and in the spring of 1848 he resigned his governorship of Canton, and was presented with a double-eyed peacock's feather, 'as a reward for the progress his late government had made in the arts of peace.' From the incessant audiences granted him by the emperor, and duly chronicled in the Gazette, it is evident that Ki-ying holds the highest place in the imperial favour. He is now one of the four chief secretaries of state (two of whom are Tartars, and two Chinese), and the second Tartar in the ministry; and as he is not yet sixty years of age, he will probably succeed Muh-chang-ah, the present premier, who must be well stricken in years. It is not likely that the

policy of China will become suddenly aggressive; but in the event of any rupture with foreign powers, Mr Wade says that 'concession, as conducive to peace, will be pretty certain to find an advocate in Ki-ying.'

Mr Wade speculates a little—for China is so large and so little known, that one can only *speculate*—as to the present condition of the Celestial Empire; and he comes to the conclusion that there are 'no signs of its immediate dissolution.' So we should think. An empire that has stood immovable through forty centuries is not likely to break up in a day; we should as soon expect a simoom to sweep away the Pyramids. Turkey might be a warning to all croakers about the fall of empires. For the last two hundred years it has been the fashion of writers to proclaim its approaching destruction, yet there it still stands, giving the lie to their predictions.

THOMAS MOORE.

'I CANNOT help thinking that it is possible to love one's country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that the Irish was the language spoken in Paradise—that our ancestors were kind enough to polish the Greek—or that Avaris, the hyperborean, was a native of Ireland.' It is to Thomas Moore, who thus frankly and truly speaks, that Ireland is indebted for at least the beginning of the association of her name with elegant literature. He has been the defender of her political and religious liberties; he has sympathised with her wrongs, and pleaded indignantly against her oppression; he has held up her claims to equitable treatment, veiled her foibles and vices, and inseparably connected her in the imagination with all that is graceful in music and song.

Thomas Moore was born on the 28th of May 1780. Genius, the French say, is especially plebeian, and the poet was no exception to the rule. His father was Garret Moore, a respectable tradesman in Dublin, gifted with plain good sense, and possessing some acquisitions. Nothing is recorded worthy of notice in regard to Moore's childhood; none of those precocious evidences of talent that have so frequently disappointed expectation. He was placed at school with a Mr Whyte in Grafton Street, Dublin, where he made such satisfactory progress, that his father thought he was justified in transplanting him at fourteen to Trinity College. There, although in the midst of much unblushing obsequiousness to authority of any and every kind, young Moore acquired and cherished that independence of feeling which ever afterwards distinguished him. He was remarkable, likewise, from his earlier years for his social temper, and distinguished for his conversational talents and ready wit, at a time when the principles he professed were regarded with an evil eye by the political party that ruled Ireland under a system destitute of all principle.

At that time, about the close of the century, there was a spirit of conviviality abroad in Dublin, which was shared by many persons of talent. In their amusements they exhibited no small fertility of invention, if all their countryman, Sir Jonah Barrington, has written about them is to be credited. There is a small island, or rather rock, on the south side of the bay of Dublin called Dalkey Island, lying off a town of the same name on the main. A number of frolicsome spirits, and among them Curran the Irish master of the rolls, suggested an annual visit to this island; and the coronation of a monarch of the fête, to be called the King of Dalkey, together with the attendant officers of a mock court. The day was always humorously announced in the 'Dublin Morning Post.' Various regal ceremonies were performed, guns were fired, a mock-heroic speech delivered from the throne, and the new monarch anointed by pouring a beaker of whiskey upon his head. Petitions and complaints accumulated during the preceding year were heard and answered, an archbishop preached a courtly sermon, a laureate ode was recited, and a dinner on the rocks concluded the business of the

day. Some of the proceedings were very humorous. There was a Lord Minikin, dignified as lieutenant of the town; and a periwinkle order of knighthood. The last coronation took place in 1797, just before the rebellion broke out, when such proceedings might have been punished as treasonable. Moore was then in his seventeenth year, and contributed the last laureate ode. The lines not being in his works, may be worthy of record here:—

'Hail, happy Dalkey! Queen of isles,
Where justice reigns and freedom smiles!
In Dalkey, justice holds her state
Unaided by the prison-gate:
No subjects of King Stephen lie
In loathsome cells, they know not why;
Health, peace, good-humour in music's soft strains,
Invite and unite us on Dalkey's wide plains.

No flimsy bailiff enters here—
No trading justice dare appear—
No soldier asks his comrade whether
The sheriff has yet cleaned his feather;
Our soldiers here deserve the name,
Nor wear a feather they don't pluck from fame!

How much unlike those wretched realms
Where wicked statesmen guide the helms!
Here no first-rate merchants breaking;
Here no first-rate vessels taking;
Here no shameful peace is making;
Here we snap no apt occasion
On pretences of invasion;
Here informers get no pensions
To repay their foul inventions;
Here no secret, dark committee
Spreads corruption through the city.
No placemen nor pensioners here are haranguing,
No soldiers are shooting, no seamen are hanging;
No mutiny reigns in the army or fleet,
For our orders are just, our commanders discreet!"

Thus young did the poet exhibit that spirit of political satire for which during his subsequent career he has been distinguished. Lord Clare, the zealous supporter of constructive sedition in the sister island, could not pass unnoticed the presumption of any one calling himself 'king,' even of a rock. He kept the eyes of a true minister of police upon Dalkey, and at last, full of official dread of something like treason, he sent for one of the mock court. The dialogue was excellent:—

'You, sir, are, I understand, connected with this kingdom of Dalkey?'
'I am, my lord.'
'Pray, may I ask how you are recognised?'
'I am Duke of Muglins.'
'And what post may you hold?'
'Chief commissioner of revenue.'
'What are your emoluments?'
'I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheads duty free.'

'How?—hogsheads of what?'
'Of salt-water, my lord!' The lord chancellor made no further inquiry about Dalkey.

There is another anecdote of Lord Clare with which Thomas Moore was connected. Moore was, then at Trinity College. The lord chancellor hearing that an offensive paper had been circulated among the collegians, insisted that they and their officers should take an inquisitorial oath, called 'an oath of discovery'; or, in other words, should swear before him, each and all of them, that they did not know who had written the document, and that they had not written the seditious paper themselves; and further, that they did not know of any disaffected persons or treasonable societies in the university. Such an oath, equally against law and reason, was a mild proceeding to some others taken about that time. Many of the collegians were ready to swear that they were not themselves disaffected persons; others would not swear one way or the other, insisting upon the unconstitutional nature of such a requirement. On thus objecting, fifty were marked out for expulsion. Thomas Moore was one of the first who refused to be sworn. He objected until the scene became ludicrous. He shook

his head at the book which they wanted to thrust upon him, and put his hand behind his back; they then tried to put it into his left hand, and he placed that where his right was. They still pressed the book upon him, and he retreated backward until the wall of the room forbade his retreating further. On the following day the chancellor, probably feeling he had presumed too far, modified the oath, and Moore consented to swear that he knew of no treasonable practices, or societies within the walls of the university. This conduct exhibited remarkable firmness in a lad of sixteen. His acuteness, and his progress in classical acquirements at the college, are yet remembered by some of his contemporaries.

In 1799 Moore quitted Ireland for London, and entered himself of the Middle Temple, being in his nineteenth year. In place of studying the law, however, he employed himself in translating the Odes of Anacreon. He was at this time a mere boy in appearance, and his translation obtained for him the name of 'Anacreon Moore.' The 'Anacreon' is a fluent and pleasing, rather than a close translation. The Greek of 'Anacreon,' at all times too condensed for a modern tongue, has always been paraphrased rather than translated—by Cowley and Hawkes, for example—in English, none approaching the brevity of the original. Not only did Moore shine as a translator at this time, but also as a wit, a 'failing' fatal to the due consideration demanded by Coke and Littleton. His powers in this respect are on record by one who was both himself a wit, and the cause of wit in others. Sheridan highly praised his brilliant conversational powers, and declared there was 'no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Thomas Moore.'

Soon after this period Moore was destined to exchange the gay life of London for a very different scene: the congenial circle composed of the gay, and thoughtless, and frivolous, as well as of the learned and wise, for the contemplation of nature in her grandeur, and society of a very mediocre description. In 1803 he was appointed vice-registrar of the Admiralty Court at Bermuda; but what signified the fine climate and the majestic rocks, the storms and calms of such a region as the Bermudas, to one who liked much better 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall?' Moore foolishly confided the duties of his office to another, who, acting as his deputy, became a defaulter, and he was obliged to make good the loss, suffering great pecuniary inconvenience in consequence. He went from the Bermudas to the United States; but it is not probable that the manners of the American people, in a much earlier period of their republic than the present, would be seen by one like him in a better point of view than the social life of Bermuda. He remained at New York only a few days; and visiting several of the other principal places of the Union, then very inferior in all respects to what they have become since, he returned to England in 1804. His impressions upon this visit are found in his 'Odes and Epistles,' published about two years afterwards. These were, as might be expected, not very favourable to the American character. The poet had no doubt drawn in idea a picture far too flattering of the social state of America. He had thought of ancient republics realised in the new world; of primitive simplicity of manners in a modern Arcadia; and of a species of 'golden age,' where freedom and Grecian high-mindedness were associated with modern comfort.

Soon after his return, he published his two poems entitled 'Corruption' and 'Intolerance.' The former was a political satire, in which he boasted that he leaned to neither of the two great state parties, both having been alike unjust to his country. The lines upon Intolerance were intended as part of a series of essays which he never continued beyond them. In 1808 he published poems by Thomas Little, Esq., unhappily of a very exceptionable character. He subsequently expressed his regret that he had sent this volume into the world—the merit of which, as poetry, in no way redeemed the immorality.

Smoothly written, however, elegantly pointed, and artificially, not naturally passionate, it fitted so well the trifling taste of the age, that it went through eleven editions in five years. 'A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin,' and 'M.P., or the Blue Stocking,' were his next publications. This last was a comic opera in three acts, performed at the Lyceum Theatre in 1811. The poetry and music were characterised in the journals of those days as delightful, but the opera itself as being neither new nor interesting. It was said to be the production of a 'Mr Moore, an Irish gentleman, who had published some sonnets and songs,' the 'spirit of which transcends Ovid as to excitement, and even the Basia Secundi as to the force of descriptive expression.' Thus it would seem that the translation of Anacreon had been already forgotten, and that the fame of the poet depended wholly on what he had written subsequently. In the following year (1812) he surprised the world with the 'Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Postbag.' These met universal applause, and speedily ran through thirteen editions. The satire was playful, pungent, polished, and while insinuating everything intended, said nothing rude or vulgar to shock the ears of fastidious fashion.

The next work of Moore was of a higher character—the 'Irish Melodies,' written at Mayfield or Mathfield in Staffordshire. These are too well appreciated by all who feel the charms of music and song, and, above all, by the poet's countrymen, to need criticism. He was perhaps the only poet among all his contemporaries who understood music, and was able to set his own songs. He had therefore peculiar advantages for undertaking such a work, although the present airs were arranged by Sir John Stevenson. Moore was not only a composer, but played and sung with great taste, and his voice was remarkably soft and pleasing. He translated at this time a portion of Sallust for Murphy, and edited the work soon after the death of that author. The 'Sceptic,' an odd theme for the erratic muse of Moore, and a performance not very edifying either in its ethics or rhyme, was next published.

'Lalla Rookh,' an Oriental romance, appeared in 1817. For this poem Moore received three thousand guineas. It was read universally, and translated into several European languages. Though an Eastern tale, it has none of the verisimilitude of 'Vathek' as respects Eastern manners and objects. It is in this respect for the most part wholly poetical, and is indebted to the richness of the author's fancy for its attractions, as he has seized insulated objects belonging to Eastern climes and manners, and strung them in his own way rather than in their natural associations. The poem has no lofty Miltonic flights—no hall of Eblis reaching the height of the sublime—but it is calculated to suit the taste of every order of mind. Young and old, educated and uneducated, alike comprehend its luxurious imagery, sweet passages, fascinating descriptions, and gorgeous voluptuousness: hence the uncommon popularity of the poem. The gilding and carmine, the glare and riches, lavished upon a feeble structure of story, are not at first seen to be misplaced. The numbers flow harmoniously, and there is no surfeit from the perfumes that are presented to the senses. Those who have hearts for the deeper things of humanity, whose enjoyments come not from external colour, Orient hues, and Tyrian purple, will prefer the heart which is shown in many of Moore's other productions. 'Lalla Rookh' is too merely sensuous for such as seek their pleasure in natural things.

'The Fudge Family in Paris' appeared in 1818, purporting to be letters in verse written by Thomas Brown the Younger. Mr Fudge, the author has hinted, was one of those 'gentlemen' whom the Lord Castlereagh of that day delighted to honour with pensions for certain offices which individuals with clean hands scorned to perform. The letters are full of political allusions, but with interest generally of a temporary character.

'Sacred and National Songs and Ballads,' 'Tom Crib's

Memorial to Congress,' 'Trifles Reprinted in Verse,' and 'The Loves of the Angels,' next appeared. 'The Loves of the Angels' was written at the moment when Byron was about to publish his beautiful drama on the same subject; but in 'Cain' there is an intensity of feeling which in Moore's poems is looked for in vain. 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'Evenings in Greece,' 'Memoirs of Captain Rock,' in prose, 'The Epicurean,' a 'Life of Sheridan,' one of Byron, and it is said 'A Letter from a Young Man in Search of a Religion,' have all proceeded from his fertile pen. Moore's prose works, however, have not added to his literary reputation.

The poet married Miss Dyke, a lady of beauty and accomplishments, by whom he had several children, who are now dead. He resided at one period in a retired cottage at Mathfield or Mayfield, on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, two miles from Ashbourne in Derbyshire. His habitation was truly a cottage, squarely built, having an orchard on one side, and trelliswork around the door. His small library was in a room on one side, and from thence he dated No. 6 of the 'Irish Melodies' in 1815. Here he was only a mile from Oberon Hall, and but three miles from Wootton, where Rousseau lived for some time, nor far from the noble woods of Ilam and the entrance to Dovedale, renowned for the visits of Isaac Walton. Latterly, his residence has been at Sloperon Cottage, near Devizes, Wilts. It is not so picturesque as his Staffordshire retreat, but more convenient. It is within a short distance of Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and not a great way from Bremhill parsonage, the residence of the late Rev. William Lisle Bowles, a brother poet. There are two doors in front of the cottage, which is very plain; both are surrounded with trelliswork, and the whole covered with flowering shrubs. As a host, Moore was hospitable, lively, and attentive to his guests: the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' ever accompanying the grosser entertainment. He was always full of animation, easy, and cordial, but in person so diminutive, that the Prince of Wales (George IV.) is said to have hinted in his own presence that a wine-cooler would make an appropriate habitation for the Bacchanalian poet.

Moore's acquaintance with Byron commenced in an odd way. The latter had turned into ridicule, in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' the bloodless duel between Moore and Jeffrey, in the lines—

'When Little's leadless pistols met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by.'

Moore's Milesian blood was immediately up; and he addressed a letter on the subject to the noble poet, which (Byron being abroad at the time) did not reach him for a year and a-half. When Byron at length received the missive, he wrote a candid, manly reply, assuring Moore that he would find him ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which should not compromise his honour. This led to a meeting at Rogers's, when four poets—Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Byron—sat down together to a friendly dinner.

A singular circumstance in relation to Byron occurred in the life of Moore. There were certain memoirs of the noble poet written by himself, and placed in Moore's hands as a legacy for his sole benefit. Moore, at the desire of his friend, lodged the manuscript with Mr Murray the bookseller, as a security for the sum of two thousand guineas. 'Believing,' said Moore, 'that the manuscript was still mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction—at least without previous perusal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with me in opinion, and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us. The manuscript was accordingly torn and burned before our eyes, and I immediately paid to Mr Murray, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, two thousand

guineas, with interest, &c. being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond,' &c. The family of Byron proposed an arrangement by which Moore might be reimbursed; but this he declined. Moore's conduct was applauded by many, but not by all. It was pointed out that there was a duty owing to the deceased poet, which had been neglected. The proper course to have taken was for persons of judgment, totally unconnected with the parties, to have read the papers, and if there were anything seriously objectionable, to sanction their destruction. Byron seems to have concluded that the papers would be in safe custody in a friend's hands; and farther, he had declared he was indifferent about all the world knowing what they contained. 'There were few licentious adventures of his own, or scandalous anecdotes that would affect others, in the book.' 'It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood—very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. The second part will prove a good lesson to young men; for it treats of the irregular life I led at one period, and the fatal consequences of dissipation. There are few parts that may not, and none that will not, be read by women.'

In the year 1818 a public dinner was given to Moore in Dublin. The Earl of Charlemont was in the chair, and the poet and his venerable father sat on his right and left hand. The poet was welcomed to his native land with the most flattering acclamations. He replied in a very eloquent but short speech, being much affected by the scene around him. One of the passages in his speech on 'The poet' being given as a toast, will explain his manner, and it ran as follows:—'Can I name to you Byron without recalling to your hearts recollections of all that his mighty genius has awakened there; his energy, his burning words, his intense passion, that disposition of fine fancy to wandering among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in places which the fire of feeling has desolated, and like the chestnut-tree, that grows best on volcanic soils, to luxuriate most where the conflagration of passion has left its mark? Need I mention to you Scott, that fertile and fascinating writer, the vegetation of whose mind is as rapid as that of a northern summer, and as rich as the most golden harvest of the south, whose beautiful creations succeed each other like fruits in Armida's enchanted garden—one scarce is gathered ere another grows? Shall I recall to you Rogers, who has hung up his own name on the shrine of memory among the most imperishable tablets there? Southey (not the laureate) but the author of "Don Roderick," one of the noblest and most eloquent poems in any language? Campbell, the polished and spirited Campbell, whose song of "Innisfail" is the very tears of our own Irish muse, crystallised by the touch of genius—made immortal? Wordsworth, a poet even in his puerilities, whose capacious mind, like the great whirlpool of Norway, draws into its vortex not only the mighty things of the deep, but its minute weeds and refuse? Crabbe, who has shown what the more than galvanic power of talent can effect, by giving not only motion, but life and soul to subjects that seemed incapable of it? I could enumerate still more,' &c.

Moore visited Paris with his family in 1822, and residing there for some weeks, became acquainted with many of the literary characters of that capital, most of whom have been since taken away by death. A dinner was given to him by some of his countrymen on this occasion, which was very numerously attended, and which he addressed with his accustomed facility and figurativeness of expression. On numerous public occasions in the British metropolis he has also delivered speeches of more than ordinary eloquence, especially where they have been connected with literary objects.

Moore, however, is merely the poet of society: he belongs to artificial life. Incapable of a flight long sustained, his poetical talents are best displayed in poems of a few pages, or even of a few stanzas. He is evi-

dently the bard of the town circles—lively, witty, flustering, and brilliant. Nothing can be further in idea from a Highland solitude, a dashing brook, or the aspect of a sere wood in autumn, than the poetry of Moore. His songs are not full of natural truth, like those of Burns, nor elevating, nor passionate, after nature's simple guise. He makes love in the drawing-room. His heroines are all town ladies, dressed by the court tire-women in the newest mode from Madame Deville's. They are opera-haunters, ballet-dancers, and figurantes. In satire his excellence consists in hitting—as a pugilist would say—the vanities, ignorance, and vulgarisms of high life, and the inanities of great personages. Like the vain regent's own sword, Moore's sallies flash upon the vision, and wound while they playfully wave in mere show of warfare. Contempt was never so gracefully concealed under one of Stultz's best-cut garments. George IV. was painfully alive to it; and Moore, who was at one time the visitor of the Prince of Wales, did not spare him when he became regent, and turned his back on the Whigs. It is said that when he was first introduced to the Prince of Wales, the latter asked him if he was the son of Dr Moore, the author of 'Zeluco,' when Moore replied, 'No, sir; I am the son of a grocer in Dublin!'

It is no small merit to have contributed so much as he has done to the stock of human enjoyment. A distinguished individual in society said he could not tell how to express his gratitude to Scott for the delightful forgetfulness of his ailments which 'Waverley' had caused, while perusing that work upon a sick-bed. Something similar may be said of the works of Moore, whether serious or witty; in which latter style he has not been approached since the days of Sheridan and Wolcot, although he resembles neither of those his contemporaries in early life. This gifted person has now completed his seventieth year, and the state of his health seems to announce that he has reached the last term of life. There has been much controversy as to the real merit of his poetry; but the public voice, we apprehend, will decide the question, and the 'Irish Melodies' more especially will long survive the author. In person, we have said, he is diminutive; but in middle age he arrived at a full habit of body. His forehead is good, his eyes dark, nose prominent, the reverse of aquiline; the character of mouth good-humoured, and somewhat voluptuous; and the stamp of the whole person decidedly Irish.

THE ANEMONE MANIA.

The garden anemone does not appear to be the plant mentioned by the great naturalist Pliny, and named from the Greek word *anemos*—the wind; for there is reason to suppose that it was not known in Europe until about the beginning of the last century, when it was introduced into France by M. Bachelieur of Paris. This gentleman, who was an amateur botanist, had been travelling in the Levant, and there saw the flower, which derived its first bright hues from an Eastern sun. Struck with its beauty, he procured some of the seed, and on his return to Paris, immediately sowed it. The season was favourable, and ere long the garden anemone opened its petals for the first time on the soil of France. M. Bachelieur, who was passionately fond of flowers, was the owner of a magnificent garden, which was visited by persons from every corner of Paris. His possession of this rare and beautiful plant soon became known, and was much talked of. Fashion is not less arbitrary at Paris than elsewhere. M. Bachelieur's garden had more visitors than ever; they flocked to it daily in crowds; a perfect mania set in; evening parties were formed only to afford opportunities for talking of the anemone; acquaintances never met but with the flower on their lips; in fact the anemone was in every mouth, but in no garden but that of M. Bachelieur. He was very willing that people should see and admire his rare flowers, but he would not suffer any one to touch

them: he guarded them with the most jealous care; and declared positively that he would not give a single seed even to the king himself, or his own nearest or dearest friend. Not give the seed! What on earth was to be done? The Parisians were in despair: how could they exist without the seed? It is true the people of France had for ages done without anemones, and still contrived to get on comfortably enough; but then they knew not that anything so lovely was to be found in the creation; and now that they had seen the flower, to live without it was impossible. All Paris was in a commotion: an anemone mania seemed to have attacked every individual in the city; but M. Bachelieur continued inflexible.

'Oh, I see how it is,' said one; 'he wants to make a market of the seed. Well, cost what it may, I'll have it.' Letters containing the most extravagant offers now showered upon the fortunate possessor of the plant. One offered a hundred, another three hundred, a third a thousand, and another furious anemonomaniac went as high as three thousand francs.

'My fortune is made!' said M. Bachelieur to himself with a chuckle: 'however, I will not give way yet; for the longer I hold out, the higher will be the offers.' Meanwhile the flowers withered, and the seed alone remained on the stalk: the anemone fever raged fiercer than ever; but all offers were vain. M. Bachelieur persisted in refusing either to give or sell the seed. This was not to be endured; a company was formed to send out a vessel to the East, for the sole purpose of obtaining the seed of the anemone; and all Paris was about to join in the enterprise, when M. Saint-Aulaire, a minister of state, undertook to procure it in an easier, though scarcely so honourable a manner.

In his frequent visits to M. Bachelieur's garden, having observed that the seed of the anemone, like that of the burdock, adhered, when quite ripe, to any woollen texture that happened to come in contact with it, he dressed himself in his robes of office, and went once more to visit the garden and its envied owner, with whom he had made acquaintance. A lackey followed, holding up the train of his gown.

'When we are in the garden, and close to the bed of anemones,' said he to the servant, 'be sure to let the gown slip out of your hands.' M. Bachelieur received his visitor with his usual obliging politeness, and conducted him into the garden. At the moment when they reached the bed of anemones, M. Saint-Aulaire turned suddenly round, and pointing to a plant at the other side of the garden—'Ah,' exclaimed he, 'what a superb plant is that!' As he spoke, his robe fell from the hands of the servant, and swept over some beautiful anemones, which left their seed clinging to the stuff. The man hastily caught up the gown, and the theft remained concealed in its folds.

Entirely occupied with the minister's admiration of his flowers, M. Bachelieur was quite unconscious of the transaction; and smiling and bowing, conducted him to the door, little suspecting that his treacherous guest was carrying away with him his hopes of fortune, and a cure for the anemone mania in the seeds of the anemone.

The following year the anemone was to be seen in many gardens, and poor M. Bachelieur looked foolish enough when he beheld them, and awoke suddenly from his dream of wealth. But although his covetousness may lessen our commiseration for his disappointment, it does not render more excusable the fraud practised by the minister. What sentence would *he* have pronounced on his own action had he been called on to judge it in another?

CURIOSITY IN ZOOLOGY.

A very curious animal has been discovered by Captain Bigot in the Punjab. The animal is formed in the rear like a hog-deer, but in the front it is covered with quills like those of the porcupine. The fore-feet are cloven, but the hind-feet have perfect hoofs.—*Indian News.*

AUGUST FANCIES—TWO SONNETS.

BY MRS NEWTON CROSLAND.

I.

It is the Crown of Summer—August tide!
Nor reels the Earth with her tiara's weight,
But with a stately, calm, befitting gait—
Not wholly unto gladness unallied,
That matron-mirth which wears a mask of pride—
Lifts her broad brow with conscious wealth elate,
As if to ask what worthy planet-mate
Gemmed the clear sky, and circled by her side.
Still seems She ever lone: the moon—pale face!
She makes but servitor—for wages this,
To hold her anchored in the sea of space:
And in her pride Earth takes no meaner kiss
Than from the Orb of Day, whose warm beams chase
The winter's sorrow with dear summer's bliss.

II.

Beneath an ancient elm-tree's broadest shade,
In mood of idleness that rusteth not,
Dull work-day ploddings are an hour forgot,
And finer fancies round the soul are laid
In tender ministration. Earth arrayed
In August vesture is a charmed spot—
A small bright chequer on our sombre lot—
And fairy voices come from mead and glade,
Sound from the humming bee that saileth by,
In the light footfall of the bounding deer,
And in the rivulet that trickles nigh,
Telling in accents musically clear,
Which float far upwards to the azure sky,
A thousand secrets for the Poet's ear!

August 5, 1850.

SMALL COURTESIES OF LIFE.

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small sweet courtesies of life,' those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, their sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum-total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas-tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighbourhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you!—*Letter from William Wirt to his Daughter.*

VICTORIA REGIA.

The discovery of this plant was communicated to the Botanical Society of London by Sir Robert Schomburgk, and not to the Royal Geographical Society, as was stated in No. 346 of this Journal. Such was the enthusiasm excited on the occasion, that Sir Robert was instantly and unanimously elected a foreign member of the society.

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THE PEACE QUESTION.

SOME people assert so loudly that there always will be war upon earth, that one might almost suspect them of a dislike to peace. On the other hand, some of the friends of peace are so sanguine about the realisation of their favourite views, as almost to create a diversion in favour of war. Perhaps just views lie between. It may be quite true that mankind in general are as yet far from that moral state which would put an end to war; but we may nevertheless say, let there be as little war as possible, and we may encourage all rational plans for reducing the likelihood of its recurrence. There is surely a prudent and sober course for a lover of peace, which should give offence to none, but simply advance the cause he advocates.

When practical people scoff at the proposed courts of arbitration, they forget that there is a system nearly equivalent in operation at this moment. When a dispute arises between two states, a third, meaning well to both, usually gives her friendly services in bringing about an amicable settlement. Great Britain and some other states are at this time busy in patching up various disputes tending to war throughout the continent, not always perhaps with the greatest wisdom or the highest success, but yet acting towards the very purpose contemplated in a court of arbitration for nations. There is nothing, therefore, so very wild in this idea.

It may nevertheless be frankly admitted—we at least have no difficulty in making the admission—that cases will occur where no kind of mediation will serve, and where a court professing the power of arbitrating would only add one party more to those involved in the strife. To adjust a quarrel, there must be a strong disposition to peace on at least one side, and no resolute desire of war on the other. We know that this is not always the case. On the contrary, it often happens that one of the parties is under the influence of such a passion of one kind or another, that, in Pistol's phrase, incision there must be. Who, for example, could have charmed the Americans out of that 'earth-hunger' which impelled them into the late Mexican war? There are spirits of such a towering nature among rulers, that remonstrance is hopeless. Let it be tried, for instance, with the Emperor Nicholas, in regard to his efforts for the subjugation of Circassia! Or could any kind of intervention have availed with the English government at the close of 1792, in keeping it from rushing into hostilities against France? In that case there was no injury on either side worth speaking of to be redressed. The motive on the side of England was a terror of the threatened spread of democracy. What could any court of arbitration have done there? No, in such cases, distressing as the consideration may be, there appears no recourse but to arms.

But it may be questioned—Should this consideration be so very distressing? Grant all the evils attending on war, it is still something to which human nature has never pronounced itself quite repugnant. On the contrary, many generous natures have professed a love for it. Men in general very readily become soldiers. The excitement of a campaign makes up to most persons engaged in it for all its unavoidable inconveniences. Armies fight, without complaining of it as a hardship, or weeping over its consequences. We never find an old soldier repentant of the course of his life. After even the most disastrous wars, nations quickly regain their usual strength, often, indeed, prompted by their very losses to a degree of exertion which becomes a permanent good. It often appears as if invasive and conquering wars, though painful in their immediate effects, accomplish a great good in the long-run, by bringing a more vigorous national intellect to bear upon a weaker, and thus communicating a fresh impulse to civilisation. Though, therefore, we could not, beforehand, feel entitled to say—Let there be an aggressive war upon that peaceful apathetic people, in order to spur them forward to a better career, yet when we see such an effect arise from the uncalculating and uncontrollable passions of men, we may be permitted to acknowledge the benefit. All of these are considerations which should at least make us hesitate before setting down war as an unmixed evil, or any wholly unrelieved outrage upon humanity. Let it not be forgotten that our present English nation is a result of several warlike invasions and conquests—that we should not have been in existence but for the results of war—and that in point of fact every pure descendant of the Saxon and Norman invaders is enjoying property of which the Britons were despoiled: these Britons, as is now ascertained, having been themselves despoilers of a previous race. Our country is altogether a battle-ground. The most prized of our institutions have been won by the sword. Would 'peaceful suasion' ever have secured the revolution settlement and bill of rights? Force, it is humiliating to own, has been the basis of our civilisation; and we fear it must still remain, at least in *terrorem*, until the more general diffusion of knowledge enables mankind at large to understand their own interest. To begin the reform at the beginning, we must address ourselves to the masses, not to their governors; we must inform the popular mind, and bring instinct under the control of reason.

We think it would be well for the peace party to keep such things in view—we mean, both that war is not wholly avoidable in the present state of society, and that it is not an unqualified evil. It is of vast consequence, we conceive, for a party aiming at a great moral or social reform, to contemplate and to represent what is to be reformed in a just light. Stolid and

insensible as the great bulk of mankind often appear, there is nevertheless an instinctive common-sense throughout the mass that makes them very readily apprehend when a case is overstated, or when visionary and impracticable views are entertained. They say little, but it is because they view the matter with indifference. The subject is then left to the patronage of a few possessed of warmer hearts and less reflecting intellects than the mass; and the consequence is, that no advance is made towards the accomplishment of the object. If, on the contrary, the case of the reforming party is stated moderately, and no aim or hope expressed beyond what common-sense admits to be capable of fulfilment, a very different result may ensue.

We would have the advocates of Peace to divest their cause of everything which may appear extravagant both in the statement of the evils to be reformed, and in the expression of their hopes of improved arrangements. We would not merely have them to tame themselves and their language down into a strictly practical tone, but we would call upon them to abstain from all claims, as well as clamours, which proceed upon what must generally be felt as a false ideal of human nature. We would warn them particularly against such errors as the advocacy of the cause of the Bornese pirates. It is not merely visionary, but, what is far worse, it is an injustice to humanity to demand that wretches of that kind should be treated in a mild, remonstrative, or even reformatory way. They have always as yet been crushed like vermin wherever they were to be found, and they will be so treated while human nature lasts. It may be possible, no doubt, in time to reclaim even the Bornese pirates from their evil inclinations, and we hope this will be done; but the question is, what is to be done immediately or directly with a horde of villains whose occupation it is to plunder their harmless countrymen, killing the men, and carrying off into slavery the women and children? Will peace measures avail there? As well ask if a sermon will turn aside a bullet in its flight. There is a manful and righteous spirit which pronounces that such fiends may be dealt with summarily, and that no other measure will avail in driving them from their evil courses. So ninety-nine of every hundred of the people of England feel. What are these to think of the benevolent minority who call in rose-water surgery for such cases? Only—that they are a set of people too good for this world.

We think it is at the same time due to the gentlemen who come prominently forward for the advocacy of Peace, to view their proceedings in the most favourable light possible, and to make the handsomest acknowledgment of the goodness which is at the bottom of the movement. If it is an error to think too well of human nature, it is a generous error. If those who assume the possibility of putting down war, are sure to be looked upon as visionary, it is the more gallant in them, having such sentiments, to come forward and frankly avow them. Some allowance, too, ought always to be made for those who take up any great cause at its first outburst. At such a time, men do not usually stop to measure their propositions with exactness, or to look round for all the potential counteractions. There is always an excitement at the first embrace of a new principle, which makes its likelihoods somewhat obscure. In time, first errors are corrected, and more practical views adopted. We would claim for the Peace party the benefit of these considerations. And we would have the party itself to go on with hope of good

result within fair and rational bounds, and not to be too much discomfited should they find, as we are assured they will, that they have damaged their cause by the assumption of an extreme position.

THE UNLAWFUL GIFT.

THE chastened glory of a bright autumnal evening was shining upon the yellow harvest fields of Bursley Farm, in the vicinity of the New Forest, and tinting with changeful light the dense but broken masses of thick wood which skirted the southern horizon, when Ephraim Lovegrove, a care-cankered, worn-out, dying man, though hardly numbering sixty years, was, at his constantly and peevishly-iterated request, lifted from the bed on which for many weeks he had been gradually and painfully wasting away, and carried in an arm-chair to the door. From the cottage, situated as it was upon an eminence, the low-lying lands of Bursley, and its straggling homestead, which once called him master, could be distinctly seen. The fading eyes of the old man wandered slowly over the gleaming landscape, and a faint smile of painful recognition stole upon his harsh and shrivelled features. His only son, a fine handsome young fellow, stood silently, with his wife, beside him—both, it seemed, as keenly, though not perhaps as bitterly, impressed with the scene and the thoughts it suggested; and their child, a rosy youngster of about five years of age, clung tightly to his mother's gown, frightened and awed apparently by the stern expression he read upon his father's face. A light summer air lifted the old man's thin white locks, fanned his fallow cheeks, and momentarily revived his fainting spirit. 'Ay,' he muttered, 'the old pleasant home, Ned, quiet, beautiful as ever. It's only we who change and pass away.'

'The home,' rejoined the son, 'of which we have been robbed—lawfully robbed.'

'I'm not so clear on that as I was,' said Ephraim Lovegrove, slowly and with difficulty. 'It was partly our own want of foresight—mine I mean of course: we ought not to have calculated on'—

The old man's broken accents stopped suddenly. The strength which the sight of his former home and the grateful breeze which swept up from the valley awakened, had quickly faded; and the daughter-in-law, touching her husband's arm, and glancing anxiously at his father's changing countenance, motioned that he should be reconveyed to bed. This was done, and a few spoonfuls of wine revived him somewhat. Edward Lovegrove left the cottage upon some necessary business; and his wife, after putting her child to bed, re-entered the sick-room, and seated herself with mute watchfulness by the bedside of her father-in-law.

'Ye are a kind, gentle creature, Mary,' said the dying man, whose failing gaze had been for some time fixed upon her pale, patient face; 'as kind and gentle—more so, it seems to me, in this poor hovel than when we dwelt in yon homestead, from which you, with us, have been so cruelly driven.'

'Murmuring, father,' she replied in a low sweet voice, 'would not help us. It is surely better to submit cheerfully to a hard lot than to chafe and fret one's life away at what cannot be helped. But it's easy for me,' she hastily added, fearing that her words might sound reproachfully in the old man's ear—'it's easy for me, who have health, a kind husband, and my little boy left me, to be cheerful, but it is scarcely so for you, suffering in body and mind, and tormented in a thousand ways.'

'Ay, girl, it has been a sharp trial; but it will soon be over. In a few hours it will matter little whether old Ephraim Lovegrove lived and died in a pig-sty or a palace. But I would speak of you. You and Ned should emigrate. There are countries, I am told, where you would be sure to prosper. That viper Nichols, I remember, once offered to assist—I could never make out from what motive—from what—A little wine,' he added feebly. 'The evening, for the time of year, is

very chilly; my feet and legs are cold as stones.' He swallowed the wine, and again addressed himself to speak, but his voice was scarcely audible. 'I have often thought,' he murmured, 'as I lay here, that Symons, Nichols' clerk, from a hint he dropped, knows something of—of—your mother and—and'— The faint accents ceased to be audible; but the grasp of the dying man closed tightly upon the frightened woman's hand, as he looked wildly in her face as he drew her towards him, as if some important statement remained untold. He struggled desperately for utterance, but the strife was vain, and brief as it was fierce: his grasp relaxed, and with a convulsive groan Ephraim Lovegrove fell back and expired.

The storm which had made shipwreck of the fortunes of Ephraim Lovegrove had levelled with the earth prouder roof-trees than his. In early life he had succeeded his father as the tenant of a farm in Wiltshire. He was industrious, careful, and ambitious; and aided by the sum of £500, which he received with his wife, and the high prices which agricultural produce obtained during the French war, he was enabled, at the expiration of his lease in Wiltshire, to become the proprietor of Bursley Farm. This purchase was effected when wheat ranged from £30 to £40 a load at a proportionately exorbitant price of £5000. His savings amounted to about one-half of this sum, and the remainder was raised by way of mortgage. Matters went on smoothly enough till the peace of 1815, and the subsequent precipitate fall in prices. Lovegrove showed gallant fight, hoping against hope that exceptional legislation would ultimately bolster up prices to something like their former level. He was deceived. Every day saw him sinking lower and lower; and in the sixth year of peace he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the long since desperate and hopeless struggle with adverse fortune. The interest on the borrowed money had fallen considerably in arrear, and Bursley Farm was sold by auction at a barely sufficient sum to cover the mortgage and accumulated interest. The stock was similarly disposed of, and stout Ephraim withdrew with his family to a small cottage in the neighbourhood of his old home, possessed, after his debts were discharged, of about thirty pounds in money and a few necessary articles of furniture. The old man's heart was broken: he took almost immediately to his bed, and after a long agony of physical pain, aggravated and embittered by mental disquietude and discontent, expired as we have seen, worn out in mind and body.

The future of the surviving family was a dark and anxious one. Edward Lovegrove, a frank, kindly-tempered young man, accustomed, in the golden days of farming, to ride occasionally after the hounds as well equipped and mounted as any in the field, was little fitted for a struggle for daily bread with the crowded competition of the world. He had several times endeavoured to obtain a situation as bailiff, but others more fortunate, perhaps better qualified, filled up every vacancy that offered, and the almost desperate man, but for the pleading helplessness of his wife and child, would have sought shelter in the ranks of the army—that grave in which so many withered prospects and broken hopes lie buried. As usual with disappointed men, his mind dwelt with daily-augmenting bitterness upon the persons at whose hands the last and decisive blows which had destroyed his home had been received. Sandars the mortgagee he looked upon as a monster of perfidy and injustice; but especially Nichols the attorney, who had superintended and directed the sale of the Bursley homestead, was regarded by him with the bitterest dislike. Other causes gave intensity to this vindictive feeling. The son of the attorney, Arthur Nichols, a wild, dissipated young man, had been a competitor for the hand of Mary Clarke, the sole child of Widow Clarke, and now Edward Lovegrove's wife. It was not at all remarkable or surprising that young Nichols should admire and seek to wed pretty and gentle Mary Clarke, but it was deemed strange by those who knew his father's

grasping, mercenary disposition, that he should have been so eager for the match, well knowing, as he did, for the payments passed through his hands, that the widow's modest annuity terminated with her life. It was also known, and wonderingly commented upon, that the attorney was himself an anxious suitor for the widow's hand up to the day of her sudden and unexpected decease, which occurred about three years after her daughter's marriage with Edward Lovegrove. Immediately after this event, as if some restraint upon his pent-up malevolence had been removed, the elder Nichols manifested the most active hostility towards the Lovegroves; and to his persevering enmity it was generally attributed that Mr Sandars had availed himself of the power of sale inserted in the mortgage deed to cast his unfortunate debtor helpless and homeless upon the world.

Sadly passed away the weary, darkening days with the young couple after the old man's death. The expenses of his long illness had swept away the little money saved from the wreck of the farm; and it required the sacrifice of Edward's watch and some silver teaspoons to defray the cost of a decent funeral. At last, spite of the thriftiest economy, all was gone, and they were penniless.

'You have nothing to purchase breakfast with to-morrow, have you, Mary?' said the husband, after partaking of a scanty tea. The mother had feigned only to eat: little Edward, whose curly head was lying in her lap as he sat asleep on a low stool beside her, had her share.

'Not a farthing,' she replied mildly, even cheerfully, and the glance of her gentle eyes was hopeful and kind as ever. 'But bear up Edward: we have still the furniture; and were that sold at once, it would enable us to reach London, where you know so many people have made fortunes who arrived there as poor as we.'

'Something must be done, that is certain,' replied the husband. 'We have not yet received an answer from Salisbury about the porter's place I have applied for.'

'No; but I would rather, for your sake, Edward, that you filled such a situation at some place further off, where you were not so well known.'

Edward Lovegrove sighed, and presently rising from his chair, walked towards a chest of drawers that stood at the further end of the room. His wife, who guessed his intention—for the matter had been already more than once hinted at—followed him with a tearful, apprehensive glance. Her husband played tolerably well—wonderfully in the wife's opinion—upon the flute, and a few weeks after their marriage, her mother had purchased and presented him with a very handsome one with silver keys. He used, in the old time, to accompany his wife in the simple ballads she sang so sweetly—and now this last memorial of the past, linked as it was with tender and pious memories, must be parted with! Edward Lovegrove had not looked at it for months: his life, of late so out of tune, would have made harsh discord of its music; and as he took it from the case, and, from the mere force of habit, moistened the joints, and placed the pieces together, a flood of bitterness swelled his heart to think that this solace of 'lang syne' must be sacrificed to their hard necessities. He blew a few tremulous and imperfect notes, which awakened the little boy, who was immediately clamorous that mammy should sing and daddy play as they used to do.

'Shall we try, Mary,' said the husband, 'to please the child?' Poor Mary bowed her head: her heart was too full to speak. The flutist played the prelude to a favourite air several times over before his wife could sufficiently command her voice to commence the song; and she had not reached the end of the second line when she stopped, choked with emotion, and burst into an agony of tears.

'It is useless trying, Mary,' said Edward Lovegrove soothingly, as he rose and put by the flute. 'I will to bed at once, for to and from Christchurch, where I

must dispose of it, is a long walk.' He kissed his wife and child, and went up stairs. The mother followed soon afterwards, put her boy to rest, and after looking wistfully for a few moments at the worn and haggard features of her husband as he lay asleep, re-descended the stairs, and busied herself with some necessary household work.

As she was thus employed, a slight tap at the little back window struck her ear, and looking sharply round, she recognised the pale, uncouth features of Symons, lawyer Nichols' deformed clerk and errand-man, who was eagerly beckoning her to open the casement. This was the person of whom Ephraim Lovegrove had spoken just previous to his death. Symons, who had never known father or mother, had passed his infancy and early boyhood in the parish workhouse, from whence he had passed into the service of Mr Nichols, who, finding him useful, and of some capacity, had retained him in his employ to the present time, but at so bare a stipend, as hardly sufficed to keep body and soul together. Poor Symons was a meek, enduring drudge, used to the mocks and buffets of the world; and except under the influence of strong excitement, hardly dared to rebel or murmur, even in spirit. His acquaintance with the Lovegrove family arose from his being placed in possession of the furniture and stock of Bursley Farm under a writ of *fi. fa.* issued by Nichols. On the day the inventory was taken, in preparation for the sale, a heavy piece of timber which he was assisting to measure fell upon his left foot, and severely crushed it. From his master he received only a malediction for his awkwardness; but young Mrs Lovegrove—not so much absorbed in her own grief as to be indifferent to the sufferings of others—had him brought carefully into the house, and herself tended his painful hurt with the gentlest care and compassion, and ultimately effected a thorough cure. This kindness to a slighted, deformed being, who before had scarcely comprehended the meaning of the word, powerfully affected Symons; and he had since frequently endeavoured, in his shy, awkward way, to testify the deep gratitude he felt towards his benefactress, of whose present extreme poverty he, in common with every other inhabitant of the scattered hamlet, had of course become fully cognisant. Charity Symons—the parish authorities had so named him, in order, doubtless, that however high he might eventually rise in the world, he should never ungratefully forget his origin—beckoned, as I have said, eagerly to the lone woman, and the instant she opened the casement, he thrust a rather heavy bag into her hand.

'For you,' he said hurriedly: 'I got it for next to nothing of Tom Stares; but mind not a word! God bless and reward you!' and before Mrs Lovegrove could answer a word, or comprehend what was meant, he had disappeared.

On opening the bag, the surprised and affrighted woman found that it contained a fine hen-pheasant and a hare! No wonder she was alarmed at finding herself in possession of such articles; for in those good old days game could not be lawfully sold or purchased; and unless it could be distinctly proved that it came by gift from a qualified killer, its simple possession was a punishable offence. This pheasant and hare had doubtless been poached by Tom Stares, a notorious offender against the game-laws: but what was to be done? Spite of all the laws that were enacted upon the subject, the peasant and farmer intellect of England could never be made to attach a moral delinquency to the unauthorised killing of game. A dangerous occupation, leading to no possible good, and eventually sure to result in evil to the transgressor, prudent men agreed it was; but as for confounding the stealing of a wooden spoon, worth a penny, with the snaring of a hare, worth perhaps five shillings—that never entered anybody's head. And thus it happened that Mrs Lovegrove, though conscious that the hare and bird had been illegally obtained, felt nothing of the instinctive horror

and shame that would have mantled her forehead had she been made the recipient of a stolen threepenny-worth of cheese or bacon. She recalled to mind the journey her husband must take in the morning—he weak, haggard for want of food—of which here was an abundant present supply: her boy, too, who had twice at tea-time, ere he fell asleep, asked vainly for more bread! As these bitter thoughts glanced through her brain, a sharp double rap at the door caused her to start like a guilty thing, and then hastily undo her apron, and throw it over the betraying present. The door was not locked, and the postman, impatient of delay, lifted the latch, and stepped into the room. Was he soon enough to observe what was on the table? Mary Lovegrove would have thought so, but for the unconcerned, indifferent aspect of the man as he presented a letter, and said, 'It's prepaid: all right;' and without further remark, went away. The anxious and nervous woman trembled so much, that she could hardly break the seal of the letter; and the words, as she strove to make out the cramped hand by the brilliant moonlight, danced confusedly before her eyes. At last she was able to read. The letter was from Salisbury, and announced that Mr Brodie 'regretted to say, as he had known and respected the late Ephraim Lovegrove, that he had engaged a person to fill the situation which had been vacant a few hours previous to his receiving Edward Lovegrove's application.' That plank, then, had sunk under them like all the rest! A hard world, she thought, and but little entitled to obedience or respect from the wretches trampled down in its iron course. Edward should not, at all events, depart foodless on his morning's errand; neither should her boy lack breakfast. On this she was now determined, and with shaking hands and flushed cheek, she hastily set about preparing the bird for the morning meal—a weak and criminal act if you will; but a mother seldom reasons when a child lacks food: she only feels.

Edward Lovegrove very easily reconciled himself to the savoury breakfast which awaited him in the morning; and he and his son were doing ample justice to it—the wife, though faint with hunger, could not touch a morsel—when the latch of the door suddenly lifted, and in hurried Thompson the miller, and chief constable of the Hundred, followed by an assistant. A faint scream escaped from Mrs Lovegrove, and a fierce oath broke from her husband's lips, as they recognised the new-comers, and too readily divined their errand.

'A charming breakfast, upon my word!' exclaimed the constable, laughing. 'Roasted pheasant—no less! Our information was quite correct, it appears.'

'What is the meaning of this, and what do you seek here?' exclaimed Edward Lovegrove.

'You and this game, of which we are informed you are unlawfully possessed. I hope,' added the constable, a feeling, good sort of man—'I hope you will be able to prove both that this half-eaten pheasant and the hare I see hanging yonder were presented to you by some person having a right to make such gifts?'

A painful and embarrassing pause ensued. It would have been useless, as far as themselves were concerned, to have named Charity Symons, even had Lovegrove or his wife been disposed to subject him to the penalties of the law and the anger of his employer.

'After all,' observed the constable, who saw how matters stood, 'it is but a money penalty.'

'A money penalty!' exclaimed Lovegrove. 'It is imprisonment—ruin—starvation for my wife and child. Look at these bare walls—these threadbare garments—and say if it can mean anything else!'

'I am sorry for it,' rejoined Thompson. 'The penalty is a considerable one: five pounds for each head of game, with costs; and I am afraid, if Sir John Devereux' agent—lawyer Nichols—presses the charge, in default of payment, six months' imprisonment! Sir John's preserves have suffered greatly of late.'

'It is that rascal, that robber Nichols' doing then!' fiercely exclaimed Lovegrove. 'I might have guessed

so; but if I don't pay him off both for old and new one of these days!—

'Tut—tut!' interrupted the constable: 'it's no use calling names, nor uttering threats we don't mean to perform. Perhaps matters may turn out better than you think. In the meantime you must appear before Squire Digby, and so must your hare and what remains of your breakfast.'

Arrived before the magistrate, the prisoner, taken in '*flagrant delict*,' had of course no valid defence to offer. The justice remarked upon the enormity of the offence committed, and regretted exceedingly that he could not at once convict and punish the delinquent; but as the statute required that two magistrates should concur in the conviction, the case would be adjourned till that day week, when a petty sessions would be held. In the meantime he should require bail in ten pounds for the prisoner's appearance. This would have been tantamount to a sentence of immediate imprisonment, had not the constable, who had been formerly intimate with the Lovegroves, stepped forward and said, that if the prisoner would give him his word that he would not abscond, he would bail him. This was done, and the necessary formalities complete, the husband and wife took their sad way homewards.

What was now to be done? Their furniture, if sold at its highest value, would barely discharge the penalties incurred, and they would be homeless, penniless, utterly without resource! The wife wept bitterly, accusing herself as the cause of this utter ruin; her husband indulged in fierce and senseless abuse of Nichols, and in a paroxysm of fury seized a sheet of letter-paper, tore it hastily in halves, and scribbled a letter to the attorney full of threats of the direst vengeance. This crazy epistle he signed '*A Ruined Man*,' and without pausing to reflect on what he was doing, despatched his little boy to the post-office with it. This mad proceeding appeared to have somewhat relieved him: he grew calmer, strove to console his wife, went out and obtained credit at the chandler's—the first time they had made such a request—for a few necessities; and after a short interval, the unfortunate couple were once more discussing their sad prospects with calmness and partially-renewed hope. More than once Edward Lovegrove wished he had not sent the letter to Nichols; but he said nothing to his wife about it, and she, it afterwards appeared, had been so pre-occupied at the time, as not to heed or inquire to whom or of what he was writing.

On the third day after Edward Lovegrove's appearance before the magistrate, he set off about noon for Christchurch, in order to dispose of his flute—a sacrifice which could no longer be delayed. It was growing late, and his wife was sitting up in impatient expectation of his return, when an alarm of '*Fire*' was raised, and it was announced that a wheat-rick belonging to Nichols, who farmed in a small way, was in flames. Many of the villagers hastened to the spot; but the fire, by the time they arrived, had been effectually got under, and after hanging about the premises a short time, they turned homewards. Edward Lovegrove joined a party of them, and incidentally remarked that he had been to Christchurch, where he had met young Nichols, and had some rough words with him: on his return, the young man had passed him on horseback when about two miles distant from the elder Nichols' house, and just as he (Lovegrove) neared the attorney's premises, the rick burst into flames. This relation elicited very little remark at the time, and bidding his companions good-night, Lovegrove hastened home.

'The constables are looking for you,' said a young woman, abruptly entering the chandler's shop, whither Edward Lovegrove had proceeded the following morning to discharge the trifling debt he had incurred.

'For me?' exclaimed the startled young man.

'Yes, for you; and,' added the girl with a meaning look and whisper, '*if you were near the fire last night, I would advise you to make yourself scarce for a time.*'

Her words conveyed no definite meaning to Edward Lovegrove's mind. The fire! Constables after him! He left the shop, and took, with hasty steps, his way to the cottage, distant over the fields about a quarter of a mile.

'Lawyer Nichols' fire,' he muttered as he hurried along. 'Surely they do not mean to accuse me of that!'

The sudden recollection of the threatening letter he had sent glanced across and smote, as with the stroke of a dagger, upon his brain. 'Good God! to what have I exposed myself?'

His agitation was excessive; and at the instant the constables, who had been to his home in search of him, turned the corner of a path, a few paces ahead, and came full upon him. In his confusion and terror he turned to flee, but so weakly and irresolutely, that he was almost immediately overtaken and secured.

'I would not have believed this of you, Edward Lovegrove,' exclaimed the constable.

'Believed what?' ejaculated the bewildered man.

'That you would have tried to revenge yourself on Lawyer Nichols by such a base, dastardly trick. But it's not my business to reproach you, and the less you say the better. Come along.'

As they passed on towards the magistrate's house, an eager and curious crowd gradually collected and accompanied them; and just as they reached Digby Hall, a distant convulsive scream, and his name frantically pronounced by a voice which the prisoner but too well recognised, told him that his wife had heard of his capture, and was hurrying to join him. He drew back, but his captors urged him impatiently on; the hall-door was slammed in the faces of the crowd, and he found himself in the presence of the magistrate and the elder Nichols.

The attorney, who appeared to be strongly agitated, deposed in substance that the prisoner had been seen by his son near his premises a few minutes before the fire burst out; that he had abused and assaulted young Mr Nichols but a few hours previously in the market at Christchurch; and that he had himself received a threatening letter, which he now produced, only two days before, and which he believed to be in the prisoner's handwriting.—

The prisoner, bewildered by terror, eagerly denied that he wrote the letter.

This unfortunate denial was easily disposed of, by the production, by the constable, of a half sheet of letter-paper found in the cottage, the ragged edge of which precisely fitted that of the letter. Edward Lovegrove would have been fully committed at once, but that the magistrate thought it desirable that the deposition of Arthur Nichols should be first formally taken. This course was reluctantly acquiesced in by the prosecutor, and the prisoner was remanded to the next day.

The dismay of Charity Symons, when he found that his well-intentioned present had only brought additional suffering upon the Lovegroves, was intense and bitter; but how to help them he knew not. He had half made up his mind to obtain—no matter by what means—a sight of certain papers which he had long dimly suspected would make strange revelations upon matters affecting Mary Lovegrove, when the arrest of her husband on a charge of incendiarism thoroughly determined him to risk the expedient he had long hesitatingly contemplated. The charge, he was quite satisfied in his own mind, was an atrocious fabrication, strongly as circumstances seemed to colour and confirm it.

The clerk, as he sat that afternoon in the office, silently pursuing his ill-paid drudgery, noticed that his employer was strangely ill at ease. He was restless, and savagely impatient of the slightest delay on the most necessary question. Evening fell early—it was now near the end of October, and Symons, with a respectful bow, left the office. A few minutes afterwards, the attorney having carefully locked his desk, iron chest, &c. and placed the keys in his pocket, followed.

Two hours had elapsed, when Symons re-entered the house by the back way, walked through the kitchen, softly ascended the stairs, and groped his way to the inner, private office. There was no moon, and he dared not light a candle; but the faint starlight fortunately enabled him to move about without stumbling or noise. He mounted the office steps, and inserted the edge of a sharp broad chisel between the lock and the lid of a heavy iron-bound box marked 'C.' The ease and suddenness with which the lid yielded to the powerful effort he applied to it, overthrew his balance, and he with difficulty saved himself from falling on the floor. The box was not locked, and on putting his hand into it, he discovered that it was entirely empty! The tell-tale papers had been removed, probably destroyed! At the moment Symons made this exasperating discovery, the sound of approaching footsteps struck upon his startled senses, and shaking with fright, he had barely time to descend the steps, and creep himself up in a narrow cupboard under one of the desks, when the Nichols, father and son, entered the office—the former with a candle in his hand.

'We are private here,' said the father in a low, guarded voice; 'and I tell you you *must* listen to reason.'

'I don't like it a bit,' rejoined the young man. 'It's a cowardly, treacherous business; and as for swearing I saw him near the fire when it so strangely burst out, I won't do it at any price.'

'Listen to me, you foolish, headstrong boy,' retorted the elder Nichols, 'before you decide on beggary for yourself, and ruin—the gallows, perhaps, for me.'

'Wh-e-e-e-w! Why, what do you mean?'

'I will tell you. You already know that Mary Woodhouse married Robert Clarke against his uncle's consent; you also know that Robert Clarke died about five years after the marriage, and that the seventy pounds a year which the uncle allowed his nephew to keep him from starvation was continued to be paid through me to his widow.'

'Yes, I have heard all this before.'

'But you do *not* know,' continued the attorney in an increasingly-agitated voice, 'that about six years after Robert Clarke's death, the uncle so far relented towards the widow and daughter—though he would never see either of them—as to increase the annuity to two hundred pounds, and that at his death, four years since, he bequeathed Mrs Clarke five hundred pounds per annum, with succession to her daughter: all of which sums, I, partly on account of your riot and extravagance, have appropriated.'

'Good heaven—what a horrible affair! What would you have me do?'

'I have told you. The dread of discovery has destroyed my health, and poisoned my existence. Were he once out of the country, his wife would doubtless follow him; detection would be difficult; conviction, as I will manage it, impossible.'

There was more said to the same effect; and the son, at the close of a long and troubled colloquy, departed, after promising to 'consider of it.'

He had been gone but a few minutes; the elder Nichols was silently meditating the perilous position in which he had placed himself, when a noiseless step approached him from behind, and a heavy hand was suddenly placed upon his shoulder. He started wildly to his feet, and confronted the stern and triumphant glance of the once humble and submissive Charity Symons. The suddenness of the shock overcame him, and he fainted.

Mary Lovegrove, whose child had sobbed itself to sleep, was sitting in solitude and darkness in the lower room of the cottage, her head bowed in mute and tearless agony upon the table, when, as on a previous evening, a tap at the back window challenged her attention. It was once more Charity Symons. 'What do you here again?' exclaimed the wretched wife with some asperity of tone: 'you no doubt intended well; but you have nevertheless ruined, destroyed me.'

'Not so,' rejoined the deformed clerk, his pale, uncouth, but expressive features gleaming with wild exultation in the clear starlight. 'God has at last enabled me to requite your kindness to a condemned outcast. Fear not for to-morrow. Your husband is safe, and you are rich.' With these words he vanished.

On the next morning a letter was placed in the magistrate's hands from Mr Nichols, stating that circumstances had come to the writer's knowledge which convinced him that Edward Lovegrove was entirely innocent of the offence imputed to him; that the letter, which he had destroyed, bore quite another meaning from that which he had first attributed to it; and that he consequently abandoned the prosecution. On further inquiry, it was found that the attorney had left his house late the preceding night, accompanied by his son, had walked to Christchurch, and from thence set off post for London. His property and the winding up of his affairs had been legally confided to his late clerk. Under these circumstances the prisoner was of course immediately discharged; and after a private interview with Symons, returned in joy and gladness to his now temporary home. He was accompanied by the noisy felicitations of his neighbours, to whom his liberation and sudden accession to a considerable fortune had become at the same moment known. As he held his passionately-weeping wife in his arms, and gazed with grateful emotion in her tearful but rejoicing eyes, he whispered, 'That kind act of yours towards the despised hunchback has saved me, and enriched our child. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!"'

SELF-IMPOSED TAXATION.

THE ratio of taxation as respects different classes has been a topic frequently discussed, and it seems to be a generally-confirmed impression that the humbler or manual labouring population pay a largely-disproportionate share of all the taxes that are levied. This is true in one sense, but not in another. There are two kinds of taxation—involuntary and voluntary: of the involuntary, the classes referred to can scarcely be said to contribute anything. Let us take the case of a Scottish rural labourer, with whose mode of life we are best acquainted. His house, which has at most three or four windows, is subject to no tax: his small garden or patch of ground is equally exempt: the clothes of himself and family, made from native wool, and from cotton or flax, are also untaxed: the family food, consisting of oatmeal porridge, milk, eggs, bread, cheese, potatoes, with usually a little ham and butcher meat, is likewise untaxed: his Bible is printed on untaxed paper,* and bound with untaxed leather: the furniture of his cottage, made from plain materials, is liable to no fiscal exaction: he pays not a farthing for his seat in the parish church: for his baptism, marriage, and funeral, no fee is sought or taken by the parish minister; in short, all the ordinances of religion are to him free: the pressure of poor-rates, road-rates, and county-rates, he never feels, for the rate collector never enters his door any more than the tax collector. From his cradle to his grave, the manual labourer is not called on to contribute a single hour to public business. Tradesmen, farmers, and other members of the middle-class, are ordinarily called on to serve from two to three whole days—sometimes six days—per annum, as jurors. From this odious and costly sacrifice of time to public duty, the manual labouring-class is altogether exempt.† We are glad to add

*The paper on which Bibles are printed is exempt from Excise duty.

† On a late occasion, at the sheriff's criminal court in Edinburgh, a working-man complained bitterly of being summoned to attend as a juror, on the ground that his time was taken without payment. The audience were amused with the attempts of the returning officer to prove to the satisfaction of the complainant that 'his respectable appearance entitled him to the honour of sitting in the jury box.' Of course these efforts were unavailing: the man could only see that he lost a day, equivalent to three shillings in money.

that now, at least, no man, whether high or low, is exposed to the risk of being balloted for the militia. With his earnings his own, his time his own, his conscience his own, and without the slightest obstruction to his freedom in moving from place to place, the manual labourer, so far as will is concerned, may be said to be altogether untaxed; and yet while contributing neither money nor time to the state, he unquestionably can invoke the whole powers of our social organization in maintaining his rights. If he can show that he is oppressed, he will get law for nothing; his life and property are guarded by police of whose support he is unconscious. Dwelling in his obscure cottage, remote from cities, he and the least among his family are as much objects of regard to the greatest of our judges as are the mightiest in the land; and were he a wandering beggar, the degree of protection accorded to him would be the same.

In what respect, then, is the labouring-man taxed? Exempted from all sorts of direct taxes and rates, he is taxed in an indirect and unseen manner; yet only in relation to one absolute necessary of existence is this taxation involuntary. We allude to the article soap, which, to the discredit of the nation, is still the subject of an Excise duty; and therefore, as no family, with any regard to cleanliness and health, can avoid the use of this article, the labouring-man in Great Britain is not quite untaxed against his will.* Supposing that the consumption of soap by the family of a man in this class is half a pound a week, the tax paid by him on this account, at the rate of three-halfpence per pound, will amount to 3s. 3d. in the course of a year—a very small sum, it will be allowed, to represent the social advantages to which we have called attention. Supposing, however, that the labouring-man indulges in literary productions, he comes in for an additional exaction; because even the cheapest books and periodicals—the works specially prepared for his intellectual and moral improvement—are subject to an Excise duty also of three-halfpence per pound. Making a reasonable allowance on this score, we may arrive at the conclusion that the working-man cannot possibly escape without contributing somewhere about four shillings a year for the public good. In this estimate, no account is taken of the enhancement in value of every manufactured article which is consumed, in consequence of the heavy taxes to which the higher class of producers are exposed; the very gown that the artisan buys for his wife being possibly a shade higher in price than it would be under a lighter pressure of fiscal burthens. It would, however, baffle the ablest computer to say how much or how little the labouring-classes suffer in this oblique manner. Generally speaking, the increase of price must be trifling.

All this may be statistically true, and yet the melancholy fact remains, that the manual labouring-classes pay a large proportion of the taxes. They pay, however, voluntarily. If it be their pleasure, and they can remain satisfied with plain and temperate fare, they need not pay more than the three or four shillings per annum exigible from them as a portion of the price of soap, books, and newspapers; and were the Excise duty on these articles removed, as we trust it will soon be, the labouring-man would not be called on to contribute one fraction to the state. With a full perception of this great truth, let us see in what way the labouring-classes are such liberal taxpayers. They pay, we have said, voluntarily. They tax themselves, because they resort to the use of liquors and other articles which are subject to heavy Excise and custom-house duties. On this subject it is our desire to be quite candid. Tea and coffee are pleasant beverages, and may be said to have become necessities of life with a large number of people; but it is an equally indisputable fact that numbers among the rural population never taste tea or coffee, or at all events they use them

only on special and rare occasions; and nevertheless these individuals enjoy robust health. Do not, however, let it be imagined that we argue for the disuse of these articles; our feeling is the reverse. The consumption of tea and coffee is commendable, as indicative of improved habits and tastes; and the only room for regret is the costliness of the articles, in consequence of the duties with which they are chargeable. Allowing that the family of a working-man consumes about eight pounds of tea in the course of a year, the amount of his contribution to the state, including the items above noted, will be not more than twenty shillings. If coffee be used instead of tea, the contribution will be very much less. It is not, indeed, in the consumption of either tea or coffee, or in the use of sugar—a confection, by the way, quite unnecessary, if not positively injurious—that the manual labouring-classes show any extravagance. Self-imposed taxation, to any extent worth mentioning, lies in another direction—the abusive use of stimulants. We refer to spirits, ale, beer, porter, tobacco, and snuff; these being in reality the articles through whose agency the labouring-classes contribute so largely to the national exchequer. On this point we happily do not need to present our own imperfect calculations. The subject was treated with masterly precision by Mr G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, in a paper which he read at the late meeting of the British Association. We invite attention to the following abstract of this valuable paper:—

* The quantity of spirits of home production consumed in 1849 within the kingdom was—

In England,	-	-	9,053,676	imperial gallons
Scotland,	-	-	6,935,003	...
Ireland,	-	-	6,973,333	...
Together,	-	-	22,962,012	do. do.

—the duty upon which quantity amounted to £5,793,381. The wholesale cost, including the duty, would probably amount to about £8,000,000, a sum which would, however, be very far short of that paid by the consumers. According to the best calculations, the retail price to the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, in 1849, was £17,381,643, thus divided—

England,	-	-	-	£8,838,768
Scotland,	-	-	-	5,369,868
Ireland,	-	-	-	3,173,007
				£17,381,643

To this must be added the sum spent for rum, nearly the whole of which is used by the same classes as consume the gin and whisky, of which the cost is here estimated. The consumption of rum in 1849 amounted to 3,044,758 imperial gallons, the duty paid on which was £1,142,855. The class of consumers being the same, and the means of distribution nearly if not wholly identical, it may fairly be assumed that the cost to the consumer bears an equal relation to the duty with that assigned to British spirits, in which case the expenditure for this kind of spirit will reach £3,428,565, making the whole outlay of the people for these two descriptions of ardent spirits £20,810,208, thus locally divided—

England,	-	-	-	£8,205,242
Scotland,	-	-	-	5,285,114
Ireland,	-	-	-	6,319,853
				£20,810,208

If, for the purpose of the calculation, we assume that the population of the three divisions of the United Kingdom was the same in 1849 as it was found to be at the enumeration of 1841, the consumption per head in the year was—

In England,	-	-	-	0.569 gallons
Scotland,	-	-	-	2.647
Ireland,	-	-	-	0.853

These proportions are such as would fall to the share of each man, woman, and child throughout the land; but it must be evident that many, and especially the women and children, can count for very little in the calculation, if indeed they should not be wholly discarded from it. Adopting this latter view, and dividing

* In Ireland, no Excise duty is charged on soap.

the quantity consumed among the adult males in all ranks of life, as they were ascertained in 1841, the following portions would fall to the share of each—

In England, 2-330 gallons, or about 2½ gallons	
Scotland, 11-168	11½
Ireland, 3-469	3½

‘On brandy there is expended the sum of L.3,281,250 per annum; but this liquor is consumed chiefly by the middle and higher classes. [Of wines of various kinds no account is taken; for they are not used by the classes to whom we are referring.]

‘While whisky is the chief excisable liquor used in Scotland and Ireland, beer in its various forms is consumed principally in England. By the most careful calculations, it would appear that the sum spent annually on beer, ale, and porter, amounts to L.25,383,165.

‘Next, as regards tobacco, in its various forms. The quantity of manufactured tobacco upon which duty was paid in 1849 was 27,480,621 lbs., and of manufactured tobacco and snuff 205,066 lbs., yielding a revenue of L.4,408,017, 14s. 11d. The retail price ranges from 4s. to 14s. per lb., 17-20ths, or 85 per cent., of the whole being of the lowest price here named, and only about 2 per cent. being of the highest quality—proportions which were stated by several respectable manufacturers who gave evidence before a committee of the House of Commons in 1845. On the same authority we are told that an addition is made of other ingredients in the processes of manufacture, amounting to 15 per cent. upon the 85 per cent., which consists of cut or shag, and roll tobacco, while the snuff, which comprises 13 out of 15 parts of the remainder, admits of an increased weight to the extent of from 50 to 60 per cent. The average price of six qualities of tobacco is at present 5s. 2d. per lb., and that of the five qualities of snuff is 7s. 6d. per lb. The great bulk of the consumption falls upon the lowest-priced quality of tobacco, which is 3d. per oz., or 4s. per lb. It cannot, therefore, give an exaggerated view of the sum expended for this article, if we assume that lowest price as being paid for the whole. In regard to snuff, a larger proportion of the whole than in the case of tobacco is used by the middling and easy classes, to whom the difference of a penny in the price of an ounce of snuff cannot be any object, and who rarely, if ever, will buy the most inferior quality. The prices, it will be seen, run from 5s. 4d. to 8s. per lb.; if we take the mean of these two prices as the average of the whole—that is, 6s. 8d. per lb.—we shall probably be within the mark. At these rates, the cost to the consumers generally will be as follows:—

26,092,308 lbs. of tobacco, at 4s. per lb.,	L.5,372,461
5,537,344 lbs. snuff, at 6s. 8d.,	1,845,781
549,612 lbs. English-made segars at 9s.,	247,325
Total for British-manufactured,	L.7,465,567
205,066 foreign-manufactured at 12s.,	123,040
Total value as paid by consumers,	L.7,588,607

which amount would yield 50 per cent. above the cost of the tobacco as imported, and the duty paid thereon—a moderate increase to defray all the expenses of manufacture, and the charges attendant upon the retailing of an article nearly the whole of which is paid for in copper coins.

‘If it be conceded that the sums here brought forward are justified by the facts and calculations on which they are based, it would appear that the people, and chiefly the working-classes of England, Scotland, and Ireland, voluntarily tax themselves for the enjoyment of only three articles, neither of which is of any absolute necessity, to the following amount:—

British and Colonial spirits,	L.20,810,208
Brandy,	3,231,250
Total of spirits,	L.24,041,458
Beer of all kinds, exclusive of that brewed in private families,	L.25,383,165
Tobacco and snuff,	7,588,607
	L.57,013,230

‘The amount of self-imposed taxation may be judged from these figures, and we may easily imagine the increased degree of comfort and prosperity among the humbler classes generally by the disuse of spirits and other ministrants of intemperance. There is one consideration arising out of this view of the subject which is of a painful character, and which, if it were hopeless of cure, would be most disheartening to all who desire that the moral progress of the people should advance at least at an equal pace with their physical progress. It is, that among the working-classes so very large a portion of the earnings of the male head of the family is devoted by him to his personal and sensual gratifications. It has been computed that, among those whose earnings are from 10s. to 15s. weekly, at least one-half is spent by the man upon objects in which the other members of the family have no share. Among artisans earning from 20s. to 30s. weekly, it is said that at least one-third of the amount is in many cases thus selfishly devoted. That this state of things need not be, and that, if the people generally were better instructed as regards their social duties, it would not be, may safely be inferred from the fact, that it is rarely, if ever, found to exist in the numerous cases where earnings not greater than those of the artisan class are all that are gained by the head of the family when employed upon matters where education is necessary. Take even the case of a clerk with a salary of L.80 a year, a small fraction beyond 30s. a week, and it would be considered quite exceptional if it were found that anything approaching to a fourth part of the earnings were spent upon objects in which the wife and children should have no share. The peer, the merchant, the clerk, the artisan, and the labourer, are all of the same nature, born with the same propensities, and subject to the like influences. It is true they are placed in very different circumstances—the chief difference being that of their early training—one, happily, which it is quite possible in some degree to remedy, and that by means which would in many ways add to the sum of the nation's prosperity and respectability.’

Little remains to be added. It must be apparent that through the use of intoxicating agents the manual labouring-classes, who are the principal consumers, contribute a very large sum annually to the exchequer—probably ten millions in the aggregate. This is not the place to debate the much-vexed question, whether taxation should be direct or indirect. The fact is at least conclusive, that by the present system, taxation is in a great measure the penalty of improvidence, and comparative exemption from fiscal burthens the reward of the prudently temperate and economical.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

DWARKANATH TAGORE—A NATIVE FETE—PARSER MERCHANTS—DUM-DUM—CATCHING COLD—THE RACES—A FORENOON AT THE MINT.

January 9th. — Dwarkanauth Tagore, a very wealthy native Baboo, of high character and great influence, gave the party I mentioned yesterday in his garden house. He is not so popular among his own countrymen as he is with the Europeans, although he entertains them in a most princely manner, and gives away a great deal of money to the poor. They consider him as a sort of renegade from their religion, because he laughs at absurd customs, disregards objectionable superstitions, and eats with us. His manners are really very like ours, although he has not adopted our dress, nor become a Christian. He is by birth a Brahmin of the highest caste of Hindoos; he owns a great deal of land round about Calcutta, and also in remoter parts of the country; and as his talents are unquestionable, he commands a certain degree of outward respect even from the most bigoted of his ignorant compatriots. Many of the more enlightened must be aware of the follies taught by their priesthood, though they want the courage openly to imi-

tate or admire him who has bravely thrown off these prejudices. Their true sentiments we can never know. We cannot penetrate into their domestic sanctuaries, to hear their honest opinions, if they have such, in their familiar conversations with their friends. If we could, we might discover what we now only guess at, and so think better of a race who appear to us only as a money-making, money-loving, reserved, and little-enlightened class, almost the slaves of gold; for they are all engaged in trade, even the landed proprietors, and they let out their ground in small patches to the lower ranks, exacting from the poor day-labourer a rent exorbitant for his means. Most of these Baboos speak English pretty well. They adopt as much of our habits as they dare, and they live as much with us as their rules of caste admit of. They are very efficient partners in our mercantile houses, and they therefore must, in the course of time, follow in the bolder wake of Dwarkanauth, whose intelligent fearlessness has led him to overstep the boundary line half a century before the rest of his countrymen.

His party this night was in honour of one of our great ladies who is going home—a farewell—and he had spared no pains to make the fête agreeable. Expense, I fancy, he never thinks of. The garden-house is about three miles from Calcutta, on the road to Dum-Dum, and the invitation being to a ball and supper, Edward, Caroline, and I dined quietly with Mr Black and Helen, and had a good romp with the children, magic music, and all sorts of things, before dressing. Mr Black is one of the partners in Dwarkanauth's house, so that we felt as if connected with our entertainer. As we drove up the long sweep from the entrance-gate of the garden, I was taken quite by surprise, for every tree was illuminated—the gate itself was a blaze of light; and a small temple near the house was so brilliant, it reminded us all, in little, of the palace built by Aladdin's lamp. We drove up amid all this glory, and alighted at the foot of a handsome flight of steps, where a brother of our host, in a flowing native garb, was waiting to receive us. By him we were ushered into the fine suite of rooms on the upper storey, all thrown open to the company, and as light as noon-day in this land of the sun, crowded with all the respectable community of Calcutta—every European we had almost ever seen before, and a good sprinkling of natives, whose graceful dress had the best effect when so well disposed as we observed it to be on this occasion. The white muslin turban was in general particularly well put on, and the handsome shawl round the waist greatly improved the tunic. Some few hung the end of their Cachemire over one shoulder, like the belted plaid of the Highlander; but I did not admire this fashion; neither can I reconcile myself to the high stiff cap of the Parsee, made of a dark lilac silk. Dwarkanauth was not in white; he wore a dress of kincab—a rich silk ground with gold flowers, made up to the collar-bone, leaving the throat bare, and with open hanging sleeves. The white shirt was underneath this, and longer, coming down over the trousers like a short scanty petticoat, which did not look well. On his head he had a green velvet cap with a gold band and tassel—not nearly so becoming to Hindoo features as the turban—and a shawl, worth more than you or I would give for it, round his waist. He received his company with ease and dignity, making us all feel at home in the house of this merchant prince. Very soon after our arrival the fireworks began. I have seen very few in my life, none very good, so perhaps I thought more of these than they merited; but I really cannot fancy any show more magical. Besides rockets, and spires of flame, and stars of fire, increasing into streams as they descended, a play of fountains appearing in a semicircle, pouring down showers of sparks one against the other, amazed me with its extraordinary beauty: it was the realisation of the golden fountain of the Arabian tale. There was a fortress, too, attacked, and stormed; and blown-up ships—altogether an astonishing effect created by simple means. Some one said these were inferior to the

display of the same sort given some time before by Dwarkanauth; if so, we have a very faint idea at home of the perfection of the pyrotechnic art in India. This beautiful exhibition lasted about an hour, the guests watching it from the veranda, while the crowd of natives outside surrounded the tank, which was the safe theatre of these experiments, their dusky forms well suiting the fiery region of which for the moment they seemed to be the fit inhabitants. The ball immediately followed; and a costly supper, served exactly in our own style, concluded this very handsome entertainment.

10th.—This must surely be the dinner-giving season: every evening there is a party somewhere. Edward and Caroline are hardly ever now at home, and their friends are so hospitable, we are generally included in the invitations; we have the wisdom, however, to accept very few. We could not, in our position, continue such a course of gaiety, and we therefore think it more prudent not to entangle ourselves in so idly-busy a life. To some of the burra khanas we go without any feeling of this sort, because people in high places consider these dinners a part of their duties, and expect no return. At one of these we assisted to-night: nearly forty people, and a great round of beef and other big joints of a like nature; but a dish in the second course was what most drew my attention. It was a corner dish—a pyramid—most ingeniously erected, of snipes, as they pile cannon-balls or turnips. I hope I am not growing affected: I did not use to be so; but I took a horror at this dish, which I daresay was considered a wonder of beautiful invention by the cooks and the kham-saun. The great quantity of large pieces of beef and mutton is far from pleasant late at night in this hot climate; but those horrid snipes, with all the hard part of the heads turned out, seemed like a mount of skulls: nothing would have induced me to eat one of them. Indeed these very crowded eating-parties are not agreeable. Do you remember what our witty friend called the dinners of sixteen and eighteen which with us at home are reckoned full-sized?—'A meeting of creditors!'

12th.—Another sort of dinner to which we feel privileged to go is among the family connexions; and we had particular pleasure in dining this evening with Mr Black and Helen, because two Parsee merchants, father and son, were to be of the party. It did look a little strange to see them in their white dresses and curious high caps seated so much at their ease among us. Their manners, however, quite fit them for our society, which they seem to enjoy—the lady-part of it particularly. They speak English with sufficient fluency to carry on a conversation very comfortably, for they are very intelligent men. They ate neither beef nor pork, but had no objection to any other of our dishes (I wonder if they know how we make our sauces); nor do they mind who may have touched the pots and pans, as the Hindoos do. They get their prejudices against pork from the Mussulmans; and beef they promised their Hindoo protectors never to touch, when they were first received poor fugitives, on being expelled as Guebres (fire-worshippers) from Persia. There is something peculiar both in the size and the expression of the long Parsee eye. They are hardly a handsome race, although their features are regular, their complexion not dark (a kind of tawny), and their figures good. They never carry arms—another part of their compact—so they have to addict themselves entirely to commerce.

13th.—Cary and I drove out to Dum-Dum this morning—the artillery station, about seven miles from Calcutta, where she had a visit to pay to a particular friend, the wife of one of the officers. It being the first long excursion I had made, I had employment enough for my eyes during the hour we were travelling. The suburbs of this city of palaces are very miserable. The cement with which the walls of the better description of houses had once been covered seems all to have been washed away, showing shabby brickwork full of cracks, all so dirty and desolate, I could not tell whether it

were possible such dwellings could be inhabited, for the roof was in most cases covered with vegetation. These ruinous edifices are interspersed with the huts of the low-caste natives: some of them are made of mud; some are mere frames of bamboo, with coarse matting for the walls, neatly woven, and more durable than one would suppose, except in the season of the hurricanes, when they all fall about like the houses children make of cards which we blow down in our plays with them. These mats are made from the fibres of the cocoa-nut, and are all fastened to frames attached to the bamboo poles supporting the roof; thus forming the slender sides of the cabin. One of these frames is left unfastened, and is raised or lifted up at the lower end upon two sticks made to perform the part of door-posts to this rude porch, about which climbing-plants are frequently clustered, giving a picturesque appearance to what is only a very miserable shed. The substantial part of this frail shelter is the roof, and that, indeed, is all that the inhabitants feel it necessary to construct strongly, as their comfort mainly depends on this protection from the sun and the rain. I believe there is little furniture within beyond a mat or two for sleeping on, a brass pot which they use for bathing, cooking, and drinking, and which it is a religious duty to keep scrupulously clean, and the everlasting smoking pipe and cup never out of a native's hand and mouth, unless he is sleeping or eating. The merest urchins are to be seen puffing away before the doors. Other strange and disgusting sights are to be seen, making one wish to shut the eyes, and look no more. There is a better sort of dwelling built of brick and mud, and roofed with a little beetle-looking red tile, made very round; yet this house is hardly good enough for human beings to live in—more like what we should expect were cattle-sheds. Indeed the contrast between the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor is very painful—humiliating to the right-thinking everywhere, but positively offensive here—owing to the sudden transition from the garden villas of Chowringher, and the noble squares of the European part of Calcutta, to the squalid quarters of the natives. Where their middle ranks reside we do not see; in fact there really are none left in the country hereabouts. All are Calcutta merchants. They live there in houses like ours, forming at the same time their dwellings, their offices, and their warehouses; and these residences are as large as palaces; for it is the custom for the head of the house to support all the rest of the family: brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, their wives, husbands, and children, all crowd under one roof, and live upon the resources of one man. The young people are married as early as possible, and the men are generally brought up to assist in the business. These great merchants mostly possess country-houses, which they call their garden-houses, within two or three miles of the city. They sometimes let these to Europeans; sometimes themselves pay short visits to them on Saturdays and Sundays, when our cessation from labour gives all connected with us a holiday likewise. Here they give their entertainments.

I am told that in travelling over the more interesting portions of Hindoostan, the same comfortless appearance prevails as I remarked to-day. No man ever thinks of repairing a house that another man has built. Even when the son succeeds the father, the first thing he does is to build a new house for himself, to make a name, they say. Decorum prevents his pulling the other one down; so it remains in melancholy desertion, till the climate completes the destruction neglect has begun—a work effected in a surprisingly short space of time. This may account for the quantity of ruins everywhere to be met with throughout India. Very near the unsightly suburbs is the English burying-ground, so filled with immense monuments, not in the best taste, as to present a strange jumbled appearance. It is situated far too close to the living, a matter formerly considered of no moment. Next we passed two fine public buildings, the colleges for the education of the Mohammedans

and the Hindoos. They are kept in high order, and have each a fine tank, neatly railed round, in the middle of their respective compounds. The road was crowded, literally crowded in the fresh early morning, with the country people going into town to their daily labour, or carrying in their market wares. Some had baskets of fruit, not very tempting looking, on their heads; others jars of water, gracefully slung over their shoulders: a long, yielding bamboo lies upon the neck, from each end of which a jar is suspended by cocoa-nut thongs. Under this light burthen these little people trot easily on, for the pots are small; indeed all they do puts me in mind of child's play; yet the work, as far as it goes, is well done; and labour is so cheap, that it answers better to employ a hundred of these water-carriers to fetch their two gallons, and then run back for two more, than to keep one man and one horse and one cart, as is done in like emergencies in England. In Calcutta there is a peculiar kind of water-carrier called a bheestie, one or two, or more, of whom are attached to each household. The vessel he uses is a very primitive one—a goat-skin sewed up into a sack or bag, but retaining its original shape: this is hung at his back, and clings well round his waist by the help of the four legs; the aperture is near one of the feet, and the bearer, walking into the tank or river nearest his beat, fills his skin leisurely. It must then be heavy enough, for his gait under the full bag is much more leisurely than when he is strutting off with it empty. In this way all the water for the baths, the stables, and every purpose except for drinking, is conveyed to all the houses, at a cost of only four or five rupees a month. The water for the table use is all caught during the rains, pure as it falls from the clouds; and it is kept sweet during the eight dry months by a process the obdars well understand, in large jars made of a light, red-coloured earthenware, in common use here. These jars are all of one shape—whatever their size may be—the natural shape of an India-rubber bottle. Those that contain the store of water, look large enough for each to have held one of the Forty Thieves, could he by any ingenuity have been squeezed in at the neck. One of these large reservoirs supplies our consumption for a month. The upper classes, therefore, are well enough accommodated with this first necessary of life; the poor are but badly off in this respect; few of them have the means to treasure up the rain; and what water they get from the river is poison, dead bodies and every sort of filth being thrown in there. Many of the diseases so prevalent among the lower orders are traced to their use of it; and the tanks are all as bad. No one seems to know of filtering. Gentlemen's servants and others make a good deal of money by selling the prepared water, but at such a price, that few of the class most requiring it can afford to buy it. What a noble charity it would be to provide the means of bringing wholesome water within the reach of this numerous population!

Jan. 17th.—I have been laid up these few days with a cold. People do catch cold in India; nor is it any wonder, considering the draughts we live in—every door and window open all over the house. The thermometer on the landing now stands at 60 degrees. During this forced retirement of mine from the gay doings of the house, I have been writing letters home, and clerking for Arthur, who is employed in another case, all the friends of the firm standing by him. Having made the beginning, it will be his own fault should he stop. The poor man who went to the Sandheads for change of air is ordered home. Shocking! that my first thought was of the place he vacates—the step up for us. We grow very—not selfish, I hope—but self-anxious in this battle of life, particularly when the struggle is in these climates. I took quite a tidy fit yesterday, and with ayah's assistance made grand reforms in our apartment. These occasional sweeps are perfectly necessary; otherwise the heat, the damp, and the insects would do mischief incalculable.

20th.—Went with Helen, and Mr Black, and their

dear Little Johnny, to Pittar's and to Hamilton's, the two best jewellers here, to see the different cups to be run for at the approaching races, all manufactured in Calcutta, and creditable to the workmen. These shops are full of pretty things, quite in the style of silversmiths' shops at home; so that they are tempting lounging-places for the young men at this season; dangerous ones, I should fancy. We tried another drive this evening for a change. We took a turn on the circular road, but found it so dusty, we decided not to visit it again till the rains, six months hence; and content ourselves, as usual, with the Course, which is always kept well watered. Several balls are going forward, to none of which we quiet couple have been tempted. We talk them all over—extract the spirit from them—at the Course in the cool of the evening air; carriages often drawing up together for the purpose of conversation, when equestrians are sure to gather round so promising a centre.

24th.—The races. Set out so early that we had to dress by candlelight; for we use candles in our own room, with glass shades to them, on account of the draughts, the heavy smell of that cocoa-nut-oil is to me so very disagreeable. The horses must run while the air is cool, so we had no time to lose in order to be sure of good places. It is a pretty little Course, and from the stand we could see all round it. An inclosed space near the stand belonged, we were told, to certain privileged persons; but Cary and her chobdar drove boldly up to the barrier, when it was opened at once—the first time I have ever known that silver stick of any real use. We were soon surrounded by acquaintance; and as we had the horses taken out of the carriage, we mounted up to the box, from whence we had a perfect view of all that was going forward. There was a full attendance of spectators, and what all the lovers of the sport called a most interesting race—a match, and gentlemen riders; bets high; the natives just as busy as ourselves—as much excited. Indeed the gambling part was quite in their own way, quite according to their genius; and high and low participated in the pleasure of the uncertainty; for a dense mob of dark skins was gathered round the Course, all intent on the proceedings, yet most orderly and well behaved. I don't know whether Broad Street, Ludgate Hill, &c. would quite approve of this extension of the transactions of mercantile firms. The principal performers on the race-ground to-day were all members of this responsible profession. The owners of the crack horses, the two riders of the match, were all merchants. Of those of them that were married, the young English wives were fully as much absorbed in the event as their husbands. I could not help looking with sorrow at Helen when Mr Black came in winner. The excuse for all this is, that the languor induced by the climate can only be overcome by some excitement sufficiently powerful to stimulate the mind to re-nerve the body. Surely they forget the unfailing reaction.

26th.—A forenoon very pleasantly spent. The Mint-master, an old school friend of Arthur's, called at breakfast-time to carry us to see the Mint, a handsome building, situated near the river, in the fine European part of the town of Calcutta. It took us two good hours to follow the whole process of melting, coining, stamping, in all the different stages. The machinery is worked by a most beautiful steam-engine, the natives employed doing their duty well, no hard work being required of them, and their genius particularly adapting them for routine labour. It was at first difficult to get them to move quickly enough to keep pace with the rapidity of the mechanism. A little steadiness, the dismissal of idlers, the good pay, and one or two accidents from the want of the necessary activity, have overcome this constitutional indolence. It was quite a cheerful sight to see so many slow Hindoos so wakened up. They have been known formerly to fall actually asleep with all these wheels revolving round them. The breaking of a roller, put out of order by this neglect, awakened one

culprit, who was not permitted to run the risk of a doze in such a situation again; and now all are in too good order for a like accident to occur. I can quite believe that half of these dead-alive people would sleep at their posts, unless kept constantly stirred up. Edward is building a pigeon-house in his compound; and the lazy way in which three or four slender-armed little carpenters, seated upon the ground, have for several days been at work upon it, puts me in mind of children playing at trades. One good English workman, with a boy to hand him the nails, would have knocked up such a box in a day. At this visit to the Mint, one of the chobdars had insisted on attending us; and as a way of developing some of his intelligence, we obtained permission for him to accompany us over the works. He appeared to be properly impressed with all the wonders, and, as I fancied, interested in no common degree in the magical machinery. But on inquiring afterwards from ayah, to whom he had given a truly marvellous account of what he had witnessed, I found it was the actual sight of so much money that had excited him. He had noticed nothing else. He remembered only those showers of shining coin produced by the fire and the Mint-master.

'THE ROMAN.'

AMONG the events that are noticeable, and befitting to be noted, we are inclined to reckon the advent of a poet. That peculiarity of intellect which reveals to us new and unexpected manifestations of the beautiful, has always been a quality of attractive interest among men; and notwithstanding the somewhat too exclusively mechanical tendencies of the present generation, we think it a mistake to suppose, as some do, that poetry is ever likely to fail in obtaining a just and becoming appreciation. There are always refined and cultivated minds capable of estimating and enjoying its delights, and there are therefore no sufficient grounds for concluding that any poetical work of merit will fall into neglect for want of proper readers. *Superiority* of any kind is, sooner or later, pretty sure of acknowledgment. In the meantime, it does not appear to us that the age has been particularly guilty of overlooking anything under the name of poetry which was really and absolutely worthy of its regard. A clever mediocrity, perhaps, may have often achieved a more extensive popularity than has been acquired by minds of the highest order; but it must be understood that this will always be the case, inasmuch as mediocrity, by the nature of it, appeals to a larger range of comparative intelligence than is accessible to intellects of greater compass and profundity; whose speculations, to be adequately interpreted, require an insight and cultivation more closely approximate to their own. The 'fit audience' which Milton desired will necessarily be 'few' whenever the argument is high; but that any genuine poet will ever fail to obtain a cordial recognition, at whatsoever time or period he may appear, we believe there is no sufficient cause for apprehending.

It is with this impression that we have undertaken to draw the attention of our readers to 'The Roman,' a new dramatic poem by a youthful author, who publishes under the assumed name of 'Sydney Yendys.' His work is one of quite unquestionable merit; full of lusty and exalted thoughts, strongly and often beautifully expressed; decorated with graceful imagery of a vigorous originality; animated with strains and strokes of passion of high interest and emphasis; and all wrought in and to some extent held harmoniously together by a marked and unifying purpose or design—the chosen argument or action of the drama. It is, however, necessary to be stated, that the poem likewise displays a continual tendency to diffuseness, an undue proneness to the rhetorical and declamatory, a general disposition

* 'The Roman': a Dramatic Poem. By Sydney Yendys. Bentley.

to excess, which, in a youthful effort, may be readily excused, but which nevertheless signally impairs the beauty of the performance. The light and fire of genius are both present, but there is also something of the smoke. Or perhaps we might not unfitly compare the poem to a forest, wherein there are many graceful and noble trees (but by no means all of equal majesty), and along with them others that are irregular and unshapely, and the whole together blended and intermixed with a considerable complement of brushwood—not always inappropriate, perhaps, or unseemly where it grows, but yet not entitled to be regarded in the light of forest timber.

The story of 'The Roman' may be briefly told. The leading personage of the work is *Vittoria Santo*, a sort of political John the Baptist, who, as a 'missionary of freedom,' goes forth in the disguise of a monk 'to preach the Unity of Italy, the Overthrow of Austrian Domination, and the Restoration of a great Roman Republic.' The elements of the conception are traceable in history: the influence of single individuals upon the fate of Italy being sufficiently well known to all who have heard of Rienzi, Savonarola, or Arnold of Brescia—the last being apparently the prototype of the poet's 'Santo.' The assumed mission of the hero is to arouse the latent nationality of his countrymen, to quicken them into a spirit of rebellion against their oppressors, and an heroic and determined effort to regain the liberty of which they have been deprived. He goes forth among the people prophesying of *Rome*, as of a kingdom that is to be re-established by the prowess and awakened virtues of her sons. He seeks to kindle in their hearts a faith in her possible regeneration, to strike their imaginations with her olden glories, and to excite in them the hope and the desire of building up her magnificence afresh upon the ruins of her now desolate and fallen empire. On the highways, and in the market-places, at the gates of peasants' homesteads, in green and rural places where the people congregate for recreation, the monk appears, and publishes his mission—brings with him the thought of *Rome*, and sows it broadcast all about him, in words of earnest eloquence, which, like vital seeds, take root, and grow to strong resolves in the breasts of the listeners. Of the manner in which he takes occasion to conduct his patriotic agitation, there is a fine description in the poem, part of which we cannot do better than transcribe:—

'By summer elms and vines, the village forge
From cheerful anvil all the long day rings
The chimes of labour. * * * * *
* * * * * Thereby the priest
Pausing, the sturdy smith suspends his stroke
Before the reverend stranger; who accepts
The homage with such liquidating grace,
That the stunned peasant, unabsolved of duty,
Renews obeisance. Then the pale intruder
Striding some stool, with hand upon the bellows,
Moves the slack fire, and bids the work go on:
Cursing the slave who stoops for prince or priest
The dignity of toil. To the rough music
Setting strong words, he sends with easy skill
Wrongs, hopes, and duties trooping through the soul
Of the stout smith, and there on his own smithy
Blows the rough iron of his heart red-hot.
Seizing the magic time, with sudden hand
He stamps him to the quick—"Patriot! the hour
Is come to beat our ploughshares into swords,
Our pruning-hooks to spears!" The brand driven home,
The apostle vanishes, lest weaker words
Efface the sign.'

It will probably be a question among critics whether our author's genius be properly *dramatic*; or perhaps there will scarcely be a doubt that the real excellences of the poem do not belong to this species of composition. His drama consists of nine rather loosely-connected scenes, in which there is neither unity of time, place, nor action; though there is an undoubted unity of *idea* in the scope and purpose of the work. We incline to consider his genius best fitted for epic or reflective poetry, or perhaps some possible combination of the two; for indeed it is in the utterance of thought, and in portray-

ing passion by *recital*, rather than in displaying its growth and development in action, that he seems to be most successful. The few characters of any prominence in the piece, though tolerably well defined and individualised, are of an extremely limited range of being, and with one exception are delineated in mere outline. The monk is the sole figure of eminence in the drama, and his significance is manifested more by what he says than by what he is called on to perform. There seems, in truth, to have been no artistic necessity for casting the monk's story into a dramatic shape; and we conceive it might have been exhibited more congruously, and fully as impressively, in the form of poetic narrative. The finest passages of the poem are passages of reflection or description, and though they are mostly introduced in illustration of the grand theme, they are rather examples of vigorous thought, fancy, and imagination, than instances of dramatic power in the portrayal of character, the revelation of inward motives, or the working out of an important action.

In a 'dramatic poem,' however, great latitude is held to be admissible, so that it would scarcely be wise to insist strongly on mere particulars of form. It may very well suffice for us that the work contains a large variety of poetical beauties, and it is to these chiefly that we are desirous of drawing the attention of the reader. One of the characteristics of the poem is the number of felicitous single lines and sentences, which display a deep poetic insight, and a vigorous originality of expression. The passage marked in italics in the preceding extract is an instance, and there are many more besides the few which we here present for notice:

'Give eyes to this blind trouble in my soul.'

'Trembling lips
Tuned to such grief that they say bright words sadly.'

'There is no Lazarus
So poor as Dives fallen.'

'Truth is a Nemesis
Which leaeth her beloved by the hand
Through all things; giving him no task to break
A bruised reed, but bidding him stand firm,
Though she crush worlds.'

'There must be fire from heaven or hell to burn
Offerings that burnt were incense, but neglected,
Pollute the winds.'

'For before every man the world of beauty,
Like a great artist, standeth day and night,
With patient hand retouching in the heart
God's defaced image.'

'That fierce king did well
Who slew the priests of Baal, hewed down his groves,
And spoiled his altars. But that king did better
Who crowned Moriah. 'Tis a zealot's faith
That blasts the shrines of the false god, but builds
No temple to the true.'

'That which you call rebellion
Is but the changed obedience which we pay
To changing dispensations. The true rebel
Is he who worships for the powers that are
Powers that are not.'

'Age is the shadow of death,
Cast where he standeth in the radiant path
Of each man's immortality.'

'Stern duties need not speak
Sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder
Worshipped the still small voice.'

'Not a bare
Untempled spot, unblest, unconsecrate
On earth, but is sufficient sanctuary
For the best hour of the best life; no cloud
In any heaven so dark that a good prayer
Cannot ascend.'

There is something of a Roman majesty in many of these verses—a stateliness unadorned, and consonant with Roman dignity. Nothing has struck us more forcibly than the solemn *strength*, the quiet and manly *vigour*, of our poet's style. Crudities, redundancies, are not uncommon with him, but rarely is there anything like feebleness. His faults are for the most part evi-

dences of the greatness of his powers—powers too considerable to be wielded easily, and therefore now and then making a false stroke, though this defect is obviously curable by a wise and patient discipline. The passages we have selected are of various merit, but we think they all indicate the possession of a vigorous capacity of thought. Of the lighter and more fanciful portions of the poem we will next present one or two examples. The first is part of the soliloquy of a woman, 'sitting on a bank beneath trees,' on a moonlight evening:—

'I will but live in twilight,
I will seek out some lone Egerian grove,
Where sacred and o'er-greeting branches shed
Perpetual eve, and all the cheated hours
Sing vespers. And beside a sullen stream,
Ice-cold at noon, my shadowy self shall sit,
Crowned with dull wreaths of middle-tinted flowers;
With sympathetic roses, wan with weeping
For April sorrows; frightened harebells, pale
With thunder; last, half-scented honeysuckle,
That, like an ill-starred child, hides its brown head,
Through the long summer banquet, but shuns late
To wander through the fragments of the feast,
And glad us with remembered words that fell
From guests of beauty; sun-burnt lilies, gray
Wind-whispering flees, and whatever leaves
And changeling blossoms Flora, half-asleep,
Makes paler than the sun and warmer than the moon!'

Take also the following picturesque apostrophe to a child:—

'Thou little child,
Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope—thou bright
Pure dwelling where two fond hearts keep their gladness—
Thou little potentate of love, who comest
With solemn sweet dominion to the old,
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
With the grave embassage of that dear past,
When they were young like thee—thou vindication
Of God—thou living witness against all men
Who have been babes—thou everlasting promise
Which no man keeps—thou portrait of our nature,
Which in despair and pride we scorn and worship—
Thou household god, whom no iconoclast
Hath broken.'

These passages have not the bold simplicity of the former class of extracts, but we submit they have a true poetic beauty. The next quotation is in a different strain to either; and though perhaps not quite intelligible to every one, will be recognised by many as a just and beautiful reflection of an interesting phase of mental history:—

'It must be
That noble man who deems his nature born
As vast as truth, must sweat, and toil, and suffer,
And overcome—enduring. When the heart
Adds a new planet to its heaven, great portents
Clash the celestial influence; strange signs
Of coming dread, mysterious agencies,
And omens inconceivable convulse
The expectant system, while the stranger sails
Still out of sight in space. Dim echoes
Not of the truth, but witnessing the truth—
Like the resounding thunder of the rock
Which the sea passes—rushing thoughts like heralds,
Voices which seem to clear the way for greatness,
Cry advent in the soul, like the far shoutings
That say a monarch comes. These must go by,
And then the man who can outwatch this vigil
Sees the apocalypse.'

Our concluding specimen will be what we consider an exquisite description of Roman ruins:—

'All through the lorn
Vacuity winds came and went, but stirred
Only the flowers of yesterday. Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each
More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—
Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked forth
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds

Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering sons
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
Upon his deathbed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.

Rank weeds and grasses
Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest
Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,
And bent with duty. Like some village children
Who found a dead king on a battle field,
And with decorous care and reverent pity
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
And everywhere he was begirt with years,
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honour
Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
That none should mock the dead.'

We have now exhausted the riches of this poem, but we think our quotations are sufficient to prove the author's title to the honoured name of poet. Those who are willing to study poetry, will find an ample satisfaction in this volume. There is in it a display of thought and a magnificence of imagination quite beyond the compass and attainments of the ordinary poetical writers of the day. The lyrical portions of the poem perhaps are not equal to the rest: there is a tone in them that sounds like imitation, which will probably be obvious to the readers of Macaulay's 'Lays' and the ballads of Alfred Tennyson. The author's achievements of this kind seem to us to be far below the merit of his models. Still we do not doubt that with larger practice in this description of poetry, he may attain a very eminent success. We have no advice to give the author. With the gifts which he possesses, there can be little doubt that he will learn ultimately whatsoever may be needful for their appropriate development. Listening intently to the admonitions of the inner mind, to the still and secret voices which speak through him in his hours of inspiration, it may be his lofty privilege to draw up a deeper and still deeper wisdom with every successive visit to the wells of beauty.

MY FIRST GOVERNESS.

WHEN my two sisters had reached the ages of twelve and thirteen, and my brother was counting the days till he arrived at seven years of age, and I was neither expected nor wished for, it pleased Providence that I should be born. While a very little child, I fared like all other very little children among not ill-disposed people; but the older I became, the less did my popularity increase. I was plain and shy, and gave great trouble to my sisters, who were appointed to teach me reading, writing, sewing, and music; and as they neither of them were endowed with the faculty of imparting easily or pleasantly the little knowledge they possessed themselves, the lesson hours were detested both by the teachers and the taught, and little progress was made. The blame of this was, they said, all mine—'Cecilia was so stupid, and so idle;' and they thought it very witty to contract my name to Cilly (Silly). My mother was engaged with her house and her company—for we kept a good deal—and my father with his field-sports or his farming; and after I outgrew the nursery-maid's care, mamma's personal attendant thought she did quite enough for me when she made up gingham frocks after the same pattern as those her mistress had worn at the same age, or made down some white dress which my sisters had laid aside, for me to appear in on company days—always disagreeable days to me, who, running wild amongst the servants and labourers, was infinitely happier in their society than in that of 'the company' in the drawing-room, where I had to sit as still as a statue, to hear people remark, after looking at me, 'How dif-

ferent Cecilia is from all the rest! she is not even like Charlie: she does not appear to belong to the family.' I am sure I did not feel to belong to the family, except, indeed, as to the right the whole of them apparently had to say unpleasant things: 'Don't stoop; do turn out your feet; pray look less solemn; let this alone; don't touch that,' &c. or some such agreeable and polite observation. I was certainly very plain: I had a fat face, which looked unnecessarily large from my uncurled hair being cut short on my forehead, and a white pasty complexion, from indulging in green fruits and all the trash I could get from servants at irregular hours. Except my eyes, none of my features were particularly good; my teeth were uneven; and I held myself awkwardly. My ill-made clothes made my figure, which had nothing elegant to recommend it, look worse than it might otherwise have done, whilst my shy manner communicated to my *tout-ensemble* an air of constraint which was truly deplorable.

From hearing every day that I was idle, stupid, obstinate, untidy, plain, and awkward, I learned to believe that I was so naturally and inevitably, and need therefore give myself no trouble to become what I could never attain. I was to consider nothing my own that any one else could use: old clothes, old toys, old books, were given to me, as they would do quite as well for Silly as new ones. No facilities for tidiness were offered to me; but yet I was expected to be tidy. I was never praised, and often blamed; so I very naturally supposed that I never deserved the first, and frequently merited the second. I took no pride or pleasure in anything; and all I aimed at was to scuffle through hated lessons I was forced to learn, and then run to play with the gardener's children, or wander to a thick wood near the house, and far from the 'human face divine,' where, surrounded by birds and insects whose voices soothed instead of irritating me, and flowers, that though beautiful and elegant themselves, never reproached me for my want of these qualities, I could for the time forget my troubles, singing over the songs I had caught up in the hayfield, and building castles in the air for my future life: wherein I chose to fancy my sisters married and absent, and my parents become old and blind. These were to be my days of happiness and peace; in which the former being gone from the house, the latter unable to see how ugly and awkward I was, might perhaps forget all about it, and love me as they did Fanny and Madge.

When the weather was bad, I was put into a large dull apartment next the dining-room, to be out of the way, where a carpet that was never swept or lifted, an ink-stained table, two guns and a hunting-whip, and all the broken chairs in the house, composed the furniture. The window was a very large one, but I could not see out of it, for two high green blinds, that reached halfway up, were always shut, and were too stiff for me to open. Often when turned back with my weary lessons, I was desired to go and study it in 'the parlour:' when naughty, here I was sent as a punishment; and as the very sight of the room gave me a cold shudder, I never visited it of my own free will.

'Now remember, Cecilia,' said my mother to me one day, 'your godmother is coming; pray answer her smilingly when she speaks to you, and try to be very good, and have your catechism perfect, for she will be sure to make you say it.'

My godmother, Mrs St Stevens, was a well-looking, well-dressed, well-mannered, handsome woman. She looked a little surprised when I was presented to her, but spoke kindly, and asked me several questions, which were obligingly answered for me.

'What are you reading, my dear?'

'Poor Silly,' laughed Frances, 'has not made much progress in reading or writing: she has no capacity for learning I fear.'

'Do you like work, Cecilia—sewing?'

'Oh no,' answered Margaret in her turn; 'she hates and detests work of all kinds, and sews abominably.'

'Have you begun music?'

'Yes; to my sorrow she has,' replied Frances; 'for I have to teach her. But 'tis no use going on, I think, for she never will play—has no ear!'

Next day Mrs St Stevens asked me by the name of Celia to take a walk in the garden with her alone, where she recommenced the questions she had asked the evening before.

'Do you like music?'

'Yes, very much when other people play; but I don't like learning it, it is so difficult.'

'But don't you like reading pretty stories?'

'I like to hear them when Jane or Warden tell them; but I can't read them for myself—I wish I could.'

'Then why don't you try to learn, my love?'

'Because I am so stupid: I can learn nothing.'

'Is it not rather that you are idle, Celia?'

'I like to be called Celia, but my sisters always call me Silly, and papa and mamma Cissy.'

'My name is the same as yours, and I was always called Celia.'

'Then I like to be Celia too; for I like you, though you are a lady.'

My godmother looked pleased, and soon after I saw her talking very earnestly to my father and mother, and I overheard mamma say, 'Well, I am sure I have no objection; but I fear, poor child, there is nothing to be made of her.'

About a month after this I was, as usual, crying about my lessons. 'Ah,' said Fanny, 'if you cry with us, what will you do when the governess comes? She won't let you off so soon as we do, or so easily either;' and from that day, whatever I did wrong, the coming governess and her terrors were used as a threat, till I trembled and grew sick at the thoughts of what awaited me.

Just before this terrible governess was expected, I—most providentially as I thought it—caught a violent cold, and had the comfort of being confined to bed when she arrived. I complained as much and as long as I could, in order to be kept back longer; but at last these pretexts could serve me no longer, and one morning I was desired to go into the dining-room, where they were at breakfast, to be introduced to my future instructress. Paler and uglier than ever from my recent illness, more awkward from my present terror, I advanced, looking down, towards a lady whose hand was held out to me, and who said something I was much too agitated to hear. While one hoped I would no longer 'be idle,' another kind relative hoped I would be made 'more tidy;' a third, that I would not be 'troublesome.' But on papa's saying, 'Give me a kiss, Ciss; I'm sure you'll try and be good,' I looked up; and Miss Hereford rising, said kindly, but resolutely, 'Come to me in the school-room in half an hour, Celia, with all your books.'

When she was gone, my sisters brought my blotted copy-book, my dogs'-eared spelling-book, my torn, crumpled music-book, and a towel I had been so long in hemming, it was quite black.

'There,' exclaimed Margaret with a sneer, 'I wonder what Miss Hereford will say when she sees these specimens of your progress!'

I no doubt would have felt very much ashamed had my terror of the governess and my coming literary miseries not extinguished every other sensation, and mechanically taking what was mockingly handed to me, I proceeded towards the hated parlour, now more detestable than ever, for it was turned into a school-room. Long I stood at the door without courage to open it, when my spelling-book falling and making a noise, Miss Hereford called out, 'Come in!' One moment more, and I stood in the school-room. Oh how unlike the old parlour! A bright fire burnt in the grate, a gay paper covered the walls, a new carpet the floor; the green blinds were gone, and I looked over a plot of spring-flowers into the garden. Miss Hereford sat before a table covered with books and packages, looking quite good-humoured.

'Welcome, Celia, to a room I hope you and I may

spend many a happy day in. Come here, my dear, and see the pretty presents your kind godmother has sent, and your papa has given you.' There was a small new pianoforte; two bookcases, before the smallest of which stood a table with a drawer, on which was a workbox. 'These are yours.' I was speechless; so Miss Hereford went on. 'I trust you will keep everything in order: all your books must be put in that bookcase; your scissors, thimble, and needles, in that workbox; in this basket your work; in the drawer of the table your copy-book and pen: your work must never again look black like *this*. Read to me while I finish hemming it, that we may get rid of the sight of anything so dirty.'

I began to stammer through a story, stopping to spell every third word, while Miss Hereford sewed on, without making a remark, and then turning over the leaves of my copy-book, deliberately put it in the fire.

'I have no doubt that we shall find some poor child who will be very thankful for your old books; and as we are to be very tidy,' added she smiling, 'we shall use this new one instead.' Most unpleasant were the reflections connected with my former books, and I gladly looked my approbation.

'Now, my dear,' said my governess, handing me the towel, 'here is a very little bit to do; I have laid it down for you: do it as nicely as you can, while I read aloud a pretty tale out of one of your own new books.'

Spoken to with mildness and civility, and interested in the story, which was told in language suited to my comprehension, and read distinctly, I worked on without disliking it, and before the tale was quite finished, had completed my task. Miss Hereford observed that it was more neatly sewed than any I had before done, and then asked me to let her hear me play, in a tone which, although mild and kind, made me feel I must do so at once without excuse. My performance was even worse than usual; it was an easy air I had been hammering over for six weeks, and could not play yet without innumerable mistakes. Miss Hereford sat down, and went through it several times distinctly, and with the proper expression; and then bade me try it once more. I did so, and to my own astonishment played it nearly quite correctly.

'That will do, Celia; I see you have a good ear, and will, if you take pains, play very well; but until you are thoroughly grounded, you shall attempt no more airs; and the exercises I shall give you are so easy, and the difficulties come on so gradually, that when you are far enough advanced for pieces of music, you will learn them without disgust, having before mastered the mechanical parts. Now come and look at these books; to-morrow I shall teach you how to paper them; and we shall begin this new copy-book after we have taken a walk.'

I was enchanted to be told that there was a possibility of my playing well; that, after all, I *had* an ear; that the time would come that learning would be easy; and seemed in a dream when I reflected that I had things—new things! good things!—belonging to *me*—*my own*! and places to keep them in. All this was strange, and as delightful as strange. I already loved Miss Hereford, although, three hours before, I had trembled at her name. I was now dismissed, to put on my walking things, which I tried to do as tidily as I could, and for the first time in my life felt ashamed of the knotted ribbons in my shoes, and the tumbled bows of my bonnet; but Randall was out of the way, and I could only go down in them as they were. Miss Hereford said nothing, but quietly took the ribbons off my bonnet, and arranged them properly, pinning in underneath a little net-frilled cap of her own. She put new strings in my shoes, a clean collar round my neck, and then presenting a hand-glass, asked me if I thought I looked neater. I was pleased at the change, thanked her heartily, and ten minutes afterwards was walking by her side, chattering cheerfully, and feeling as well as looking a dif-

ferent being. Oh how I now loved the parlour!—how I longed for my happy school hours! I did not 'come on,' as it is called, very fast at first; for I had not the *habit* of learning, nor indeed could I give my undivided attention to anything, except the happy and unlooked-for change in my present life. Miss Hereford began at the very beginning again, making me spell words of three letters, and write single strokes. She read to me, while I worked, such pretty instructive stories, that I longed for the sewing hour to commence. She always, and until I read without hesitation, read to me the lessons and psalms for the day, requiring only that I should tell her something I had gathered from what I had listened to; so that nothing I was taught was distasteful to me, and I began at last, when lessons were over, to read tales for myself, and very soon was able to do so easily. I shall never forget the delight with which I sat one rainy day reading Miss Edgeworth's 'Rosamond,' and the pride with which I reflected that I could do so for myself. I felt quiet, calm, and really happy.

'Oh la! la!' cried the mocking voice of Frances, 'Silly reading by herself! Well, Miss Hereford *must* be a witch to have got you to do *that*! How often does she whip you?'

'My name is Celia, not Silly. Miss Hereford never whips or scolds; but she knows *how* to teach, and you do not, that's all.'

'You little impertinent monkey, I have a great mind to box your ears. I can teach any one but such a stupid thing as you well enough,' replied Frances, opening my workbox, and taking out a reel of cotton.

'That's my cotton; I shan't let you have any.'

'Yours, indeed! What business has such a chit as you to have anything to call yours? little untidy thing as you are!'

'I am not untidy, now that I have things of my own; and I won't lend them to you—you are so unkind. So put that down, and go away.'

Her answer was a slap, mine a loud cry, and in came Miss Hereford from her own room with 'what is the matter?'

'Miss Silly is obstinate and impertinent, as usual—nothing more,' cried Frances angrily.

'Frances takes my things without asking me, and slaps me; and I hate her,' sobbed I.

'Gently, Celia. Remember that Frances is your elder sister; and you must control your passion, and not speak rudely.'

But I was too angry to hear reason, and without attending to Miss Hereford, I continued violently, 'She *shan't* have my cotton.'

'Go into my room, Celia, and remain there until I call you.'

What passed in the schoolroom I know not; but when Miss Hereford came, and desired me to beg pardon of my sister, I flatly refused, saying, 'It was all her fault. I was reading quite happily, and she mocked me, and slapped me, and took my thread, and I won't ask her pardon: she should rather ask mine!'

'Admitting that your sister was wrong, *that* does not make you right. I have no authority over her; but you are my pupil; you have behaved ill; and I must have you to obey me. Go and beg your sister's pardon for your share of the offence, and afterwards I shall talk the matter over with you.'

I went sullenly, was received as sullenly, and so the matter ended. But the day passed drearily, Miss Hereford was displeased, talked a great deal to me; but still I felt sore against Frances, and felt truly rejoiced to think that she and all the others were going away the week following for three months, during which time the house (except our rooms) was all to be painted and papered, and my little bed and chest of drawers brought to Miss Hereford's bedroom, which I was to occupy during that period. As long as I live, these happy three months will be the green spot in my 'memory's waste.' The peace, the calm, the gradual development

insensible as the great bulk of mankind often appear, there is nevertheless an instinctive common-sense throughout the mass that makes them very readily apprehend when a case is overstated, or when visionary and impracticable views are entertained. They say little, but it is because they view the matter with indifference. The subject is then left to the patronage of a few possessed of warmer hearts and less reflecting intellects than the mass; and the consequence is, that no advance is made towards the accomplishment of the object. If, on the contrary, the case of the reforming party is stated moderately, and no aim or hope expressed beyond what common-sense admits to be capable of fulfilment, a very different result may ensue.

We would have the advocates of Peace to divest their cause of everything which may appear extravagant both in the statement of the evils to be reformed, and in the expression of their hopes of improved arrangements. We would not merely have them to tame themselves and their language down into a strictly practical tone, but we would call upon them to abstain from all claims, as well as clamours, which proceed upon what must generally be felt as a false ideal of human nature. We would warn them particularly against such errors as the advocacy of the cause of the Bornese pirates. It is not merely visionary, but, what is far worse, it is an injustice to humanity to demand that wretches of that kind should be treated in a mild, remonstrative, or even reformatory way. They have always as yet been crushed like vermin wherever they were to be found, and they will be so treated while human nature lasts. It may be possible, no doubt, in time to reclaim even the Bornese pirates from their evil inclinations, and we hope this will be done; but the question is, what is to be done immediately or directly with a horde of villains whose occupation it is to plunder their harmless countrymen, killing the men, and carrying off into slavery the women and children? Will peace measures avail there? As well ask if a sermon will turn aside a bullet in its flight. There is a manful and righteous spirit which pronounces that such fiends may be dealt with summarily, and that no other measure will avail in driving them from their evil courses. So ninety-nine of every hundred of the people of England feel. What are these to think of the benevolent minority who call in rose-water surgery for such cases? Only—that they are a set of people too good for this world.

We think it is at the same time due to the gentlemen who come prominently forward for the advocacy of Peace, to view their proceedings in the most favourable light possible, and to make the handsomest acknowledgment of the goodness which is at the bottom of the movement. If it is an error to think too well of human nature, it is a generous error. If those who assume the possibility of putting down war, are sure to be looked upon as visionary, it is the more gallant in them, having such sentiments, to come forward and frankly avow them. Some allowance, too, ought always to be made for those who take up any great cause at its first outburst. At such a time, men do not usually stop to measure their propositions with exactness, or to look round for all the potential counteractions. There is always an excitement at the first embrace of a new principle, which makes its likelihoods somewhat obscure. In time, first errors are corrected, and more practical views adopted. We would claim for the Peace party the benefit of these considerations. And we would have the party itself to go on with hope of good

result within fair and rational bounds, and not to be too much discomfited should they find, as we are assured they will, that they have damaged their cause by the assumption of an extreme position.

THE UNLAWFUL GIFT.

THE chastened glory of a bright autumnal evening was shining upon the yellow harvest fields of Bursley Farm, in the vicinity of the New Forest, and tinting with changeful light the dense but broken masses of thick wood which skirted the southern horizon, when Ephraim Lovegrove, a care-cankered, worn-out, dying man, though hardly numbering sixty years, was, at his constantly and peevishly-iterated request, lifted from the bed on which for many weeks he had been gradually and painfully wasting away, and carried in an arm-chair to the door. From the cottage, situated as it was upon an eminence, the low-lying lands of Bursley, and its straggling homestead, which once called him master, could be distinctly seen. The fading eyes of the old man wandered slowly over the gleaming landscape, and a faint smile of painful recognition stole upon his harsh and shrivelled features. His only son, a fine handsome young fellow, stood silently, with his wife, beside him—both, it seemed, as keenly, though not perhaps as bitterly, impressed with the scene and the thoughts it suggested; and their child, a rosy youngster of about five years of age, clung tightly to his mother's gown, frightened and awed apparently by the stern expression he read upon his father's face. A light summer air lifted the old man's thin white locks, fanned his sallow cheeks, and momentarily revived his fainting spirit. 'Ay,' he muttered, 'the old pleasant home, Ned, quiet, beautiful as ever. It's only we who change and pass away.'

'The home,' rejoined the son, 'of which we have been robbed—lawfully robbed.'

'I'm not so clear on that as I was,' said Ephraim Lovegrove, slowly and with difficulty. 'It was partly our own want of foresight—mine I mean of course: we ought not to have calculated on'—

The old man's broken accents stopped suddenly. The strength which the sight of his former home and the grateful breeze which swept up from the valley awakened, had quickly faded; and the daughter-in-law, touching her husband's arm, and glancing anxiously at his father's changing countenance, motioned that he should be reconveyed to bed. This was done, and a few spoonfuls of wine revived him somewhat. Edward Lovegrove left the cottage upon some necessary business; and his wife, after putting her child to bed, re-entered the sick-room, and seated herself with mute watchfulness by the bedside of her father-in-law.

'Ye are a kind, gentle creature, Mary,' said the dying man, whose failing gaze had been for some time fixed upon her pale, patient face; 'as kind and gentle—more so, it seems to me, in this poor hovel than when we dwelt in yon homestead, from which you, with us, have been so cruelly driven.'

'Murmuring, father,' she replied in a low sweet voice, 'would not help us. It is surely better to submit cheerfully to a hard lot than to chafe and fret one's life away at what cannot be helped. But it's easy for me,' she hastily added, fearing that her words might sound reproachfully in the old man's ear—'it's easy for me, who have health, a kind husband, and my little boy left me, to be cheerful, but it is scarcely so for you, suffering in body and mind, and tormented in a thousand ways.'

'Ay, girl, it has been a sharp trial; but it will soon be over. In a few hours it will matter little whether old Ephraim Lovegrove lived and died in a pig-sty or a palace. But I would speak of you. You and Ned should emigrate. There are countries, I am told, where you would be sure to prosper. That viper Nicholas, I remember, once offered to assist—I could never make out from what motive—from what—A little wine,' he added feebly. 'The evening, for the time of year, is

very chilly: my feet and legs are cold as stones.' He swallowed the wine, and again addressed himself to speak, but his voice was scarcely audible. 'I have often thought,' he murmured, 'as I lay here, that Symons, Nichols' clerk, from a hint he dropped, knows something of—of—your mother and—and'—The faint accents ceased to be audible; but the grasp of the dying man closed tightly upon the frightened woman's hand, as he looked wildly in her face as he drew her towards him, as if some important statement remained untold. He struggled desperately for utterance, but the strife was vain, and brief as it was fierce: his grasp relaxed, and with a convulsive groan Ephraim Lovegrove fell back and expired.

The storm which had made shipwreck of the fortunes of Ephraim Lovegrove had levelled with the earth prouder roof-trees than his. In early life he had succeeded his father as the tenant of a farm in Wiltshire. He was industrious, careful, and ambitious; and aided by the sum of £500, which he received with his wife, and the high prices which agricultural produce obtained during the French war, he was enabled, at the expiration of his lease in Wiltshire, to become the proprietor of Bursley Farm. This purchase was effected when wheat ranged from £30 to £40 a load at a proportionately exorbitant price of £5000. His savings amounted to about one-half of this sum, and the remainder was raised by way of mortgage. Matters went on smoothly enough till the peace of 1815, and the subsequent precipitate fall in prices. Lovegrove showed gallant fight, hoping against hope that exceptional legislation would ultimately bolster up prices to something like their former level. He was deceived. Every day saw him sinking lower and lower; and in the sixth year of peace he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the long since desperate and hopeless struggle with adverse fortune. The interest on the borrowed money had fallen considerably in arrear, and Bursley Farm was sold by auction at a barely sufficient sum to cover the mortgage and accumulated interest. The stock was similarly disposed of, and stout Ephraim withdrew with his family to a small cottage in the neighbourhood of his old home, possessed, after his debts were discharged, of about thirty pounds in money and a few necessary articles of furniture. The old man's heart was broken: he took almost immediately to his bed, and after a long agony of physical pain, aggravated and embittered by mental disquietude and discontent, expired as we have seen, worn out in mind and body.

The future of the surviving family was a dark and anxious one. Edward Lovegrove, a frank, kindly-tempered young man, accustomed, in the golden days of farming, to ride occasionally after the hounds as well equipped and mounted as any in the field, was little fitted for a struggle for daily bread with the crowded competition of the world. He had several times endeavoured to obtain a situation as bailiff, but others more fortunate, perhaps better qualified, filled up every vacancy that offered, and the almost desperate man, but for the pleading helplessness of his wife and child, would have sought shelter in the ranks of the army—that grave in which so many withered prospects and broken hopes lie buried. As usual with disappointed men, his mind dwelt with daily-augmenting bitterness upon the persons at whose hands the last and decisive blows which had destroyed his home had been received. Sandars the mortgagee he looked upon as a monster of perfidy and injustice; but especially Nichols the attorney, who had superintended and directed the sale of the Bursley homestead, was regarded by him with the bitterest dislike. Other causes gave intensity to this vindictive feeling. The son of the attorney, Arthur Nichols, a wild, dissipated young man, had been a competitor for the hand of Mary Clarke, the sole child of Widow Clarke, and now Edward Lovegrove's wife. It was not at all remarkable or surprising that young Nichols should admire and seek to wed pretty and gentle Mary Clarke, but it was deemed strange by those who knew his father's

grasping, mercenary disposition, that he should have been so eager for the match, well knowing, as he did, for the payments passed through his hands, that the widow's modest annuity terminated with her life. It was also known, and wonderingly commented upon, that the attorney was himself an anxious suitor for the widow's hand up to the day of her sudden and unexpected decease, which occurred about three years after her daughter's marriage with Edward Lovegrove. Immediately after this event, as if some restraint upon his pent-up malevolence had been removed, the elder Nichols manifested the most active hostility towards the Lovegroves; and to his persevering enmity it was generally attributed that Mr Sandars had availed himself of the power of sale inserted in the mortgage deed to cast his unfortunate debtor helpless and homeless upon the world.

Sadly passed away the weary, darkening days with the young couple after the old man's death. The expenses of his long illness had swept away the little money saved from the wreck of the farm; and it required the sacrifice of Edward's watch and some silver teaspoons to defray the cost of a decent funeral. At last, spite of the thriftiest economy, all was gone, and they were penniless.

'You have nothing to purchase breakfast with to-morrow, have you, Mary?' said the husband, after partaking of a scanty tea. The mother had feigned only to eat: little Edward, whose curly head was lying in her lap as he sat asleep on a low stool beside her, had her share.

'Not a farthing,' she replied mildly, even cheerfully, and the glance of her gentle eyes was hopeful and kind as ever. 'But bear up Edward: we have still the furniture; and were that sold at once, it would enable us to reach London, where you know so many people have made fortunes who arrived there as poor as we.'

'Something must be done, that is certain,' replied the husband. 'We have not yet received an answer from Salisbury about the porter's place I have applied for.'

'No; but I would rather, for your sake, Edward, that you filled such a situation at some place further off, where you were not so well known.'

Edward Lovegrove sighed, and presently rising from his chair, walked towards a chest of drawers that stood at the further end of the room. His wife, who guessed his intention—for the matter had been already more than once hinted at—followed him with a tearful, apprehensive glance. Her husband played tolerably well—wonderfully in the wife's opinion—upon the flute, and a few weeks after their marriage, her mother had purchased and presented him with a very handsome one with silver keys. He used, in the old time, to accompany his wife in the simple ballads she sang so sweetly—and now this last memorial of the past, linked as it was with tender and pious memories, must be parted with! Edward Lovegrove had not looked at it for months: his life, of late so out of tune, would have made harsh discord of its music; and as he took it from the case, and, from the mere force of habit, moistened the joints, and placed the pieces together, a flood of bitterness swelled his heart to think that this solace of 'lang syne' must be sacrificed to their hard necessities. He blew a few tremulous and imperfect notes, which awakened the little boy, who was immediately clamorous that mammy should sing and daddy play as they used to do.

'Shall we try, Mary,' said the husband, 'to please the child?' Poor Mary bowed her head: her heart was too full to speak. The flutist played the prelude to a favourite air several times over before his wife could sufficiently command her voice to commence the song; and she had not reached the end of the second line when she stopped, choked with emotion, and burst into an agony of tears.

'It is useless trying, Mary,' said Edward Lovegrove soothingly, as he rose and put by the flute. 'I will to bed at once, for to and from Christchurch, where I

policeman, and wonders what on earth he always looks down her area for. As for followers, that is quite out of the question. Servants stay long enough upon their errands to talk to all the men and women in the parish; and the idea of having an acquaintance now and then besides—more especially of the male sex—tramping into the kitchen to see them, is wildly unnatural. She tells of a sailor whom she once detected sitting in the coolest possible manner by the fireside. When she appeared, the man rose up and bowed—and then sat down again. Think of that! The artful girl said he was her brother!—and here all the every-day married ladies in the company laugh bitterly. Since that time she has been haunted by a sailor, and smells tar in all sorts of places.

If she ever has a passable servant, whom she is able to keep for a reasonable number of years, she gets gradually attached to her, and pets and coddles her. Betty is a standing testimony to her nice discrimination, and a perpetual premium on her successful rearing of servants. But alas! the end of it all is, that the respectable slut gets married to the green-grocer, and leaves her indulgent mistress: a striking proof of the heartlessness and ingratitude of the whole tribe! If it is not marriage, however, that calls her away, but bad health; if she goes home unwell, or is carried to the infirmary—what then? Why, then, we are sorry to say, she passes utterly away from the observation and memory of the every-day married lady. This may be reckoned a bad trait in her character; and yet it is in some degree allied to the great virtue of her life. Servants are the evil principle in her household, which it is her business to combat and hold in obedience. A very large proportion of her time is spent in this virtuous warfare; and success on her part ought to be considered deserving of the gratitude of the vanquished, without imposing burthens upon the victor.

The every-day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet adopted either in their houses or languages. This thing is Comfort. The word cannot well be defined, the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, that a description would read like a catalogue. We all understand, however, what it means, although few of us are sensible of the source of the enjoyment. A widower has very little comfort, and a bachelor none at all; while a married man—provided his wife be an every-day married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully: it is a thing of course—a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his features and his heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says, 'This is comfort!' it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner: it was not she who lighted the fire, or dressed the dinner, or drew the curtains, and it never occurs to him to think that all these, and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their virtue to her spicing, and that the comfort which enriches the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which broods in the shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own full heart, emanates from her, and encircles her like an aureola. We have suggested, on a former occasion, that our conventional notions of the sex, in its gentle, modest, and retiring characteristics, are derived from the every-day young lady; and in like manner we venture to opine

that the every-day married lady is the English wife of foreigners and moralists. Thus she is a national character, and a personage of history; and yet there she sits all the while in that corner, knitting something or other, and thinking to herself that she had surely smelt a puff of tar as she was passing the pantry.

The curious thing is, that the dispenser of comfort can do with a very small share of it herself. When her husband does not dine at home, it is surprising what odds and ends are sufficient to make up the dinner. Perhaps the best part of it is a large slice of bread and butter; for it is wasting the servants' time to make them cook when there is *nobody* to be at the table. But she makes up for this at tea: that is a comfortable meal for the every-day married lady. The husband, a matter-of-fact, impassive fellow, swallows down his two or three cups in utter unconsciousness of the poetry of the occasion; while the wife pauses on every sip, drinks in the aroma as well as the infusion, fills slowly and lingeringly out, and creams and sugars as if her hands dallied over a labour of love. With her daughters, in the meantime, grown up, or even half-grown up, she exchanges words and looks of motherly and masonic intelligence: she is moulding them to comfort, initiating them in every-dayism; and as their heads bend companionably towards each other, you see at a glance that the girls will do honour to their breeding. The husband calls this 'dawdling,' and already begins to fret. Let him: he knows nothing about it.

It is surprising the affection of the daughters for their every-day mother. Not that the sentiment is steady or uniform in its expression, for sometimes one might suppose mamma to be forgotten, or at least considered only as a daily necessary not requiring any special notice. But wait till a grief comes, and mark to what bosom the panting girl flies for refuge and comfort; see with what *abandon* she flings her arms round that maternal neck, and with what a passionate burst the hitherto repressed tears gush forth. This is something more than habit, something more than filial trust. There are more senses than five in human nature—or seven either: there is a fine and subtle link between these two beings—a common atmosphere of thought and feeling, impalpable and imperceptible, yet necessary to the souls of both. If you doubt it—if you doubt that there is a moral attraction in the every-day married lady, irrespective of blood-affinity, carry your view forward to another generation, and interrogate those witnesses who are never mistaken in character, and who never give false testimony—little children. They dote on their every-day grandmamma. Their natures, not yet seared and hardened by the world, understand hers; and with something of the fresh perfume of Eden about them still, they recognise instinctively those blessed souls to whom God has given to love little children.

This is farther shown when the every-day married lady dies. What is there in the character we have drawn to account for the shock the whole family receives? The husband feels as if a thunder-cloud had fallen, and gathered, and blackened upon his heart, through which he could never again see the sun. The grown-up children, especially the females, are distracted; 'their purposes are broken off'; they desire to have nothing more to do with the world; they lament as those who will not be comforted. Even common acquaintances look round them, when they enter the house, with uneasiness and anxiety—

'We miss her when the morning calls,
As one that mingled in our mirth;
We miss her when the evening falls—
A trifle wanted on the earth!

Some fancy small, or subtle thought,
Is checked ere to its blossom grown;
Some chain is broken that we wrought,
Now—she hath flown!

And so she passes away—this every-day married lady—leaving memorials of her commonplace existence

everywhere throughout the circle in which she lived, moved, and had her being, and after having stamped herself permanently upon the constitution, both moral and physical, of her descendants.

L. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

LEGAL METAMORPHOSES.

THE respectable agent of a rather eminent French house arrived one morning in great apparent distress at Scotland Yard, and informed the superintendent that he had just sustained a great, almost ruinous, loss in notes of the Bank of England and commercial bills of exchange, besides a considerable sum in gold. He had, it appeared, been absent in Paris about ten days, and on his return but a few hours previously, discovered that his iron chest had been completely rifled during his absence. False keys must have been used, as the empty chest was found locked, and no sign of violence could be observed. He handed in full written details of the property carried off, the numbers of the notes, and every other essential particular. The first step taken was to ascertain if any of the notes had been tendered at the bank. Not one had been presented; payment was of course stopped, and advertisements descriptive of the bills of exchange, as well as of the notes, were inserted in the evening and following morning papers. A day or two afterwards, a considerable reward was offered for such information as might lead to the apprehension of the offenders. No result followed; and spite of the active exertions of the officers employed, not the slightest clue could be obtained to the perpetrators of the robbery. The junior partner in the firm, M. Bellebon, in the meantime arrived in England, to assist in the investigation, and was naturally extremely urgent in his inquiries; but the mystery which enveloped the affair remained impenetrable. At last a letter, bearing the St Martin le Grand postmark, was received by the agent, M. Alexandre le Breton, which contained an offer to surrender the whole of the plunder, with the exception of the gold, for the sum of one thousand pounds. The property which had been abstracted was more than ten times that sum, and had been destined by the French house to meet some heavy liabilities falling due in London very shortly. Le Breton had been ordered to pay the whole amount into Hoare's to the account of the firm, and had indeed been severely blamed for not having done so as he received the different notes and bills; and it was on going to the chest immediately on his return from Paris, for the purpose of fulfilling the peremptory instructions he had received, that M. le Breton discovered the robbery.

The letter went on to state that should the offer be acceded to, a mystically-worded advertisement—of which a copy was enclosed—was to be inserted in the 'Times,' and then a mode would be suggested for safely—in the interest of the thieves of course—carrying the agreement into effect. M. Bellebon was half-inclined to close with this proposal, in order to save the credit of the house, which would be destroyed unless its acceptances, now due in about fourteen days, could be met; and without the stolen moneys and bills of exchange, this was, he feared, impossible. The superintendent, to whom M. Bellebon showed the letter, would not hear of compliance with such a demand, and threatened a prosecution for composition of felony if M. Bellebon persisted in doing so. The advertisement was, however, inserted, and an immediate reply directed

that Le Breton, the agent, should present himself at the Old Manor-House, Green Lanes, Newington, unattended, at four o'clock on the following afternoon, bringing with him of course the stipulated sum in gold. It was added, that to prevent any possible treason (*trahison*, the letter was written in French), Le Breton would find a note for him at the tavern, informing him of the spot—a solitary one, and far away from any place where an ambush could be concealed—where the business would be concluded, and to which he must proceed unaccompanied, and on foot! This proposal was certainly quite as ingenious as it was cool, and the chance of outwitting such cunning rascals seemed exceedingly doubtful. A very tolerable scheme was, however, hit upon, and M. le Breton proceeded at the appointed hour to the Old Manor-House. No letter or message had been left for him, and nobody obnoxious to the slightest suspicion could be seen near or about the tavern. On the following day another missive arrived, which stated that the writer was quite aware of the trick which the police had intended playing him, and he assured M. Bellebon that such a line of conduct was as unwise as it would be fruitless, inasmuch as if 'good faith' was not observed, the securities and notes would be inexorably destroyed or otherwise disposed of, and the house of Bellebon and Company be consequently exposed to the shame and ruin of bankruptcy.

Just at this crisis of the affair I arrived in town from my unsuccessful hunt after the fugitives who had slipped through my fingers at Plymouth. The superintendent laughed heartily, not so much at the trick by which I had been duped, as at the angry mortification I did not affect to conceal. He presently added, 'I have been wishing for your return, in order to intrust you with a tangled affair, in which success will amply compensate for such a disappointment. You know French too, which is fortunate; for the gentleman who has been plundered understands little or no English.' He then related the foregoing particulars, with other apparently slight circumstances; and after a long conversation with him, I retired to think the matter over, and decide upon the likeliest mode of action. After much cogitation, I determined to see M. Bellebon *alone*; and for this purpose I despatched the waiter of a tavern adjacent to his lodgings, with a note expressive of my wish to see him instantly on pressing business. He was at home, and immediately acceded to my request. I easily introduced myself; and after about a quarter of an hour's conference, said carelessly—for I saw he was too heedless of speech, too quick and frank, to be intrusted with the dim suspicions which certain trifling indices had suggested to me—'Is Monsieur le Breton at the office where the robbery was committed?'

'No: he is gone to Greenwich on business, and will not return till late in the evening. But if you wish to re-examine the place, I can of course enable you to do so.'

'It will, I think, be advisable; and you will, if you please,' I added, as we emerged into the street, 'permit me to take you by the arm, in order that the official character of my visit may not be suspected by any one there.'

He laughingly complied, and we arrived at the house arm in arm. We were admitted by an elderly woman; and there was a young man—a moustached clerk—seated at a desk in an inner room writing. He eyed me for a moment, somewhat askance I thought, but I gave him no opportunity for a distinct view of my features; and I presently handed M. Bellebon a card, on which I had contrived to write, unobserved, 'send away the clerk.' This was more naturally done than I anticipated; and in answer to M. Bellebon's glance of inquiry, I merely said, 'that as I did not wish to be known there as a police-officer, it was essential that

the minute search I was about to make should be without witnesses.' He agreed; and the woman was also sent away upon a distant errand. Every conceivable place did I ransack; every scrap of paper that had writing on it I eagerly perused. At length the search was over, apparently without result.

'You are quite sure, Monsieur Bellebon, as you informed the superintendent, that Monsieur le Breton has no female relations or acquaintances in this country?'

'Positive,' he replied. 'I have made the most explicit inquiries on the subject both of the clerk Dubarle and of the woman-servant.'

Just then the clerk returned, out of breath with haste I noticed, and I took my leave without even now affording the young gentleman so clear a view of my face as he was evidently anxious to obtain.

'No female acquaintance!' thought I, as I re-entered the private room of the tavern I had left an hour before. 'From whom came, then, these scraps of perfumed note-paper I have found in his desk I wonder?' I sat down and endeavoured to piece them out, but after considerable trouble, satisfied myself that they were parts of different notes, and so small, unfortunately, as to contain nothing which separately afforded any information except that they were all written by one hand, and that a female one.

About two hours after this I was sauntering along in the direction of Stoke-Newington, where I was desirous of making some inquiries as to another matter, and had passed the Kingslaw Gate a few hundred yards, when a small discoloured printed handbill, lying in a haberdasher's shop window, arrested my attention. It ran thus:—'Two guineas reward.—Lost, an Italian greyhound. The tip of its tail has been chopped off, and it answers to the name of Fidèle.' Underneath, the reader was told in writing to 'inquire within.'

'Fidèle!' I mentally exclaimed. 'Any relation to M. le Breton's fair correspondent's Fidèle, I wonder?' In a twinkling my pocket-book was out, and I reperused by the gas-light on one of the perfumed scraps of paper the following portion of a sentence, '*ma pauvre Fidèle est per*'—The bill, I observed, was dated nearly three weeks previously. I forthwith entered the shop, and pointing to the bill, said I knew a person who had found such a dog as was there advertised for. The woman at the counter said she was glad to hear it, as the lady, formerly a customer of theirs, was much grieved at the animal's loss.

'What is the lady's name?' I asked.

'I can't rightly pronounce the name,' was the reply. 'It is French, I believe; but here it is, with the address, in the day-book, written by herself.'

I eagerly read—'Madame Levasseur, Oak Cottage; about one mile on the road from Edmonton to Southgate.' The handwriting greatly resembled that on the scraps I had taken from M. le Breton's desk; and the writer was French too! Here were indications of a trail which might lead to un hoped-for success, and I determined to follow it up vigorously. After one or two other questions, I left the shop, promising to send the dog to the lady the next day. My business at Stoke-Newington was soon accomplished. I then hastened westward to the establishment of a well-known dog-fancier, and procured the loan, at a reasonable price, of an ugly Italian hound: the requisite loss of the tip of its tail was very speedily accomplished, and so quickly healed, that the newness of the excision could not be suspected. I arrived at the lady's residence about twelve o'clock on the following day, so thoroughly disguised as a vagabond Cockney dog-stealer, that my own wife, when I entered the breakfast parlour just previous to starting, screamed with alarm and surprise. The mistress of Oak Cottage was at home, but indisposed, and the servant said she would take the dog to her, though, if I would take it out of the basket, she herself could tell me if it was Fidèle or not. I replied that I would only show the dog to the lady, and would not trust it out of my hands. This message was carried up

stairs, and after waiting some time outside—for the woman, with natural precaution, considering my appearance, for the safety of the portable articles lying about, had closed the street-door in my face—I was readmitted, desired to wipe my shoes carefully, and walk up. Madame Levasseur, a showy-looking woman, though not over-refined in speech or manners, was seated on a sofa, in vehement expectation of embracing her dear Fidèle; but my vagabond appearance so startled her, that she screamed loudly for her husband, M. Levasseur. This gentleman, a fine, tall, whiskered, moustached person, hastened into the apartment half-shaved, and with his razor in his hand.

'Qu'est ce qu'il y a donc?' he demanded.

'Mais voyez cette horreur là,' replied the lady, meaning me, not the dog, which I was slowly emancipating from the basket-kennel. The gentleman laughed; and reassured by the presence of her husband, Madame Levasseur's anxieties concentrated themselves upon the expected Fidèle.

'Mais, mon Dieu!' she exclaimed again as I displayed the aged beauty I had brought for her inspection, 'why, that is not Fidèle!'

'Not, marm?' I answered, with quite innocent surprise. 'Vy, ere is her wery tail;' and I held up the mutilated extremity for her closer inspection. The lady was not, however, to be convinced even by that evidence; and as the gentleman soon became impatient of my persistence, and hinted very intelligibly that he had a mind to hasten my passage down stairs with the toe of his boot, I, having made the best possible use of my eyes during the short interview, scrambled up the dog and basket, and departed.

'No female relative or acquaintance hasn't he?' was my exulting thought as I gained the road. 'And yet if that is not M. le Breton's picture between those of the husband and wife, I am a booby, and a blind one.' I no longer in the least doubted that I had struck a brilliant trail; and I could have shouted with exultation, so eager was I not only to retrieve my, as I fancied, somewhat tarnished reputation for activity and skill, but to extricate the plundered firm from their terrible difficulties; the more especially as young M. Bellebon, with the frankness of his age and nation, had hinted to me—and the suddenly-tremulous light of his fine expressive eyes testified to the acuteness of his apprehensions—that his marriage with a long-loved and amiable girl depended upon his success in saving the credit of his house.

That same evening, about nine o'clock, M. Levasseur, expensively, but withal snobbishly attired, left Oak Cottage, walked to Edmonton, hailed a cab, and drove off rapidly towards town, followed by an English swell as stylishly and snobbishly dressed, wigged, whiskered, and moustached as himself: this English swell being no other than myself, as prettily metamorphosed and made up for the part I intended playing as heart could wish.

M. Levasseur descended at the end of the Quadrant, Regent Street, and took his way to Vine Street, leading out of that celebrated thoroughfare. I followed; and observing him enter a public-house, unhesitatingly did the same. It was a house of call and general rendezvous for foreign servants out of place. Valets, courtiers, cooks, of many varieties of shade, nation, and respectability, were assembled there, smoking, drinking, and playing at an insufferably noisy game, unknown, I believe, to Englishmen, and which must, I think, have been invented in sheer despair of cards, dice, or other implements of gambling. The sole instruments of play were the gamblers' fingers, of which the two persons playing suddenly and simultaneously uplifted as many, or as few, as they pleased, each player alternately calling a number; and if he named precisely how many fingers were held up by himself and opponent, he marked a point. The hubbub of cries—'cinq,' 'neuf,' 'dix,' &c.—was deafening. The players—almost everybody in the large room—were too much occupied to

notice our entrance; and M. Levasseur and myself seated ourselves, and called for something to drink, without, I was glad to see, exciting the slightest observation. M. Levasseur, I soon perceived, was an intimate acquaintance of many there; and somewhat to my surprise, for he spoke French very well, I found that he was a Swiss. His name was, I therefore concluded, assumed. Nothing positive rewarded my watchfulness that evening; but I felt quite sure Levasseur had come there with the expectation of meeting some one, as he did not play, and went away about half-past eleven o'clock with an obviously discontented air. The following night it was the same; but the next, who should peer into the room about half-past ten, and look cautiously round, but M. Alexandre le Breton! The instant the eyes of the friends met, Levasseur rose and went out. I hesitated to follow, lest such a movement might excite suspicion; and it was well I did not, as they both presently returned, and seated themselves close by my side. The anxious, haggard countenance of Le Breton—who had, I should have before stated, been privately pointed out to me by one of the force early on the morning I visited Oak Cottage—struck me forcibly, especially in contrast with that of Levasseur, which wore only an expression of malignant and ferocious triumph, slightly dashed by temporary disappointment. Le Breton stayed but a short time; and the only whispered words I caught were—‘He has, I fear, some suspicion.’

The anxiety and impatience of M. Bellebon whilst this was going on became extreme, and he sent me note after note—the only mode of communication I would permit—expressive of his consternation at the near approach of the time when the engagements of his house would arrive at maturity, without anything having in the meantime been accomplished. I pitied him greatly, and after some thought and hesitation, resolved upon a new and bolder game. By affecting to drink a great deal, occasionally playing, and in other ways exhibiting a reckless, devil-may-care demeanour, I had striven to insinuate myself into the confidence and companionship of Levasseur, but hitherto without much effect; and although once I could see, startled by a casual hint I dropped to another person—one of ours—just sufficiently loud for him to hear—that I knew a sure and safe market for stopped Bank-of-England notes, the cautious scoundrel quickly subsided into his usual guarded reserve. He evidently doubted me, and it was imperatively necessary to remove those doubts. This was at last effectually, and, I am vain enough to think, cleverly done. One evening a rakish-looking man, who ostentatiously and repeatedly declared himself to be Mr Trelawney of Conduit Street, and who was evidently three parts intoxicated, seated himself directly in front of us, and with much braggart impudence boasted of his money, at the same time displaying a pocket-book, which seemed pretty full of Bank-of-England notes. There were only a few persons present in the room besides us, and they were at the other end of the room. Levasseur, I saw, noticed with considerable interest the look of greed and covetousness which I fixed on that same pocket-book. At length the stranger rose to depart. I also hurried up and slipped after him, and was quietly and slyly followed by Levasseur. After proceeding about a dozen paces I looked furtively about, but not behind; robbed Mr Trelawney of his pocket-book, which he had placed in one of the tails of his coat; crossed over the street, and walked hurriedly away, still, I could hear, followed by Levasseur. I entered another public-house, strode into an empty back-room, and was just in the act of examining my prize, when in stepped Levasseur. He looked triumphant as Lucifer, as he clapped me on the shoulder, and said in a low exulting voice, ‘I saw that pretty trick, Williams, and can, if I like, transport you!’

My consternation was naturally extreme, and Levasseur laughed immensely at the terror he excited. ‘Soyez tranquille,’ he said at last, at the same time ringing the bell: ‘I shall not hurt you.’ He ordered

some wine, and after the waiter had fulfilled the order and left the room, said, ‘Those notes of Mr Trelawney’s will of course be stopped in the morning, but I think I once heard you say you knew of a market for such articles?’

I hesitated, coyly unwilling to further commit myself. ‘Come, come,’ resumed Levasseur in a still low but menacing tone, ‘no nonsense. I have you now; you are, in fact, entirely in my power: but be candid, and you are safe. Who is your friend?’

‘He is not in town now,’ I stammered.

‘Stuff—humbug! I have myself some notes to change. There, now we understand each other. What does he give, and how does he dispose of them?’

‘He gives about a third generally, and gets rid of them abroad. They reach the Bank through *bona-fide* and innocent holders, and in that case the Bank is of course bound to pay.’

‘Is that the law also with respect to bills of exchange?’

‘Yes, to be sure it is.’

‘And is amount of any consequence to your friend?’

‘None, I believe, whatever.’

‘Well, then, you must introduce me to him.’

‘No, that I can’t,’ I hurriedly answered. ‘He won’t deal with strangers.’

‘You must, I tell you, or I will call an officer.’ Terrified by this threat, I muttered that his name was Levi Samuel.

‘And where does Levi Samuel live?’

‘That,’ I replied, ‘I cannot tell; but I know how to communicate with him.’

Finally, it was settled by Levasseur that I should dine at Oak Cottage the next day but one, and that I should arrange with Samuel to meet us there immediately afterwards. The notes and bills he had to dispose of, I was to inform Samuel, amounted to nearly twelve thousand pounds, and I was promised £500 for effecting the bargain.

‘Five hundred pounds, remember, Williams,’ said Levasseur as we parted; ‘or, if you deceive me, transportation! You can prove nothing regarding me, whereas I could settle you offhand.’

The superintendent and I had a long and rather anxious conference the next day. We agreed that, situate as Oak Cottage was, in an open space away from any other building, it would not be advisable that any officer except myself and the pretended Samuel should approach the place. We also agreed as to the probability of such clever rogues having so placed the notes and bills that they could be consumed or otherwise destroyed on the slightest alarm, and that the open arrest of Levasseur, and a search of Oak Cottage, would in all likelihood prove fruitless. ‘There will be only two of them,’ I said in reply to a remark of the superintendent as to the somewhat dangerous game I was risking with powerful and desperate men, ‘even should Le Breton be there; and surely Jackson and I, aided by the surprise and our pistols, will be too many for them.’ Little more was said, the superintendent wished us luck, and I sought out and instructed Jackson.

I will confess that, on setting out the next day to keep my appointment, I felt considerable anxiety. Levasseur might have discovered my vocation, and set this trap for my destruction. Yet that was hardly possible. At all events, whatever the danger, it was necessary to face it; and having cleaned and loaded my pistols with unusual care, and bade my wife a more than usually earnest farewell, which, by the way, rather startled her, I set off, determined, as we used to say in Yorkshire, ‘to win the horse or lose the saddle.’

I arrived in good time at Oak Cottage, and found my host in the highest possible spirits. Dinner was ready, he said, but it would be necessary to wait a few minutes for the two friends he expected.

‘Two friends!’ I exclaimed, really startled. ‘You

told me last evening there was to be only one, a Monsieur le Breton.

'True,' rejoined Levasseur carelessly; 'but I had forgotten that another party as much interested as ourselves would like to be present, and invite himself, if I did not. But there will be enough for us all, never fear,' he added with a coarse laugh, 'especially as Madame Levasseur does not dine with us.'

At this moment a loud knock was heard. 'Here they are!' exclaimed Levasseur, and hastened out to meet them. I peeped through the blind, and to my great alarm saw that Le Breton was accompanied by the clerk Dubarle! My first impulse was to seize my pistols and rush out of the house; but calmer thoughts soon succeeded, and the improbability that a plan had been laid to entrap me recurred forcibly. Still, should the clerk recognise me? The situation was undoubtedly a critical one; but I was in for it, and must therefore brave the matter out in the best way I could.

Presently a conversation, carried on in a loud, menacing tone in the next room between Levasseur and the new-comers, arrested my attention, and I softly approached the door to listen. Le Breton, I soon found, was but half a villain, and was extremely anxious that the property should not be disposed of till at least another effort had been made at negotiation. The others, now that a market for the notes and securities had been obtained, were determined to avail themselves of it, and immediately leave the country. The almost agonized intreaties of Le Breton that they would not utterly ruin the house he had betrayed, were treated with scornful contempt, and he was at length silenced by their brutal menaces. Le Breton, I further learned, was a cousin of Madame Levasseur, whose husband had first pillaged him at play, and then suggested the crime which had been committed as the sole means of concealing the defalcations of which he, Levasseur, had been the occasion and promoter.

After a brief delay, all three entered the dining-room, and a slight but significant start which the clerk Dubarle gave, as Levasseur, with mock ceremony, introduced me, made my heart, as folk say, leap into my mouth. His half-formed suspicions seemed, however, to be dissipated for the moment by the humorous account Levasseur gave him of the robbery of Mr Trelawney, and we sat down to a very handsome dinner.

A more uncomfortable one, albeit, I never assisted at. The furtive looks of Dubarle, who had been only partially reassured, grew more and more inquisitive and earnest. Fortunately Levasseur was in rollicking spirits and humour, and did not heed the unquiet glances of the young man; and as for Le Breton, he took little notice of anybody. At last this terrible dinner was over, and the wine was pushed briskly round. I drank much more freely than usual, partly with a view to calm my nerves, and partly to avoid remark. It was nearly the time for the Jew's appearance, when Dubarle, after a scrutinising and somewhat imperious look at my face, said abruptly, 'I think, Monsieur Williams, I have seen you somewhere before?'

'Very likely,' I replied with as much indifference as I could assume. 'Many persons have seen me before—some of them once or twice too often.'

'True!' exclaimed Levasseur with a shout. 'Trelawney, for instance!'

'I should like to see monsieur with his wig off!' said the clerk with increasing insolence.

'Nonsense, Dubarle; you are a fool,' exclaimed Levasseur; 'and I will not have my good friend Williams insulted.'

Dubarle did not persist, but it was plain enough that some dim remembrance of my features continued to haunt and perplex him.

At length, and the relief was unspeakable, a knock at the outer door announced Jackson—Levi Samuel I mean. We all jumped up, and ran to the window. It was the Jew sure enough, and admirably he had dressed and now looked the part. Levasseur went out, and in

a minute or two returned introducing him. Jackson could not suppress a start as he caught sight of the tall, moustached addition to the expected company; and although he turned it off very well, it drove the Jewish dialect in which he had been practising completely out of his thoughts and speech, as he said, 'You have more company than my friend Williams led me to expect?'

'A friend—one friend extra, Mr Samuel,' said Levasseur; 'that is all. Come, sit down, and let me help you to a glass of wine. You are an English Jew I perceive?'

'Yes.'

A silence of a minute or two succeeded, and then Levasseur said, 'You are of course prepared for business?'

'Yes—that is, if you are reasonable.'

'Reasonable! the most reasonable men in the world,' rejoined Levasseur with a loud laugh. 'But pray where is the gold you mean to pay us with?'

'If we agree, I will fetch it in half an hour. I do not carry bags of sovereigns about with me into all companies,' replied Jackson with much readiness.

'Well, that's right enough: and now how much discount do you charge?'

'I will tell you when I see the securities.'

Levasseur rose without another word, and left the apartment. He was gone about ten minutes, and on his return, deliberately counted out the stolen Bank-of-England notes and bills of exchange. Jackson got up from his chair, peered close to them, and began noting down the amounts in his pocket-book. I also rose, and pretended to be looking at a picture by the fireplace. The moment was a nervous one, as the signal had been agreed upon, and could not now be changed or deferred. The clerk Dubarle also hastily rose, and eyed Jackson with flaming but indecisive looks. The examination of the securities was at length terminated, and Jackson began counting the Bank-of-England notes aloud—'One—two—three—four—five!' As the signal word passed his lips, he threw himself upon Le Breton, who sat next to him; and at the same moment I passed one of my feet between Dubarle's, and with a dexterous twist hurled him violently on the floor; another instant and my grasp was on the throat of Levasseur, and my pistol at his ear. 'Hurra!' we both shouted with eager excitement; and before either of the villains could recover from his surprise, or indeed perfectly comprehend what had happened, Levasseur and Le Breton were handcuffed, and resistance was out of the question. Young Dubarle was next easily secured.

Levasseur, the instant he recovered the use of his faculties, which the completeness and suddenness of the surprise and attack had paralysed, yelled like a madman with rage and anger, and but for us, would, I verily believe, have dashed his brains out against the walls of the room. The other two were calmer, and having at last thoroughly pinioned and secured them, and carefully gathered up the recovered plunder, we left Oak Cottage in triumph, letting ourselves out, for the woman-servant had gone off, doubtless to acquaint her mistress with the disastrous turn affairs had taken. No inquiry was made after either of them.

An hour afterwards the prisoners were securely locked up, and I hurried to acquaint M. Bellebon with the fortunate issue of our enterprise. His exultation, it will be readily believed, was unbounded; and I left him busy with letters to the firm, and doubtless one to 'cette chère et aimable Louise,' announcing the joyful news.

The prisoners, after a brief trial, which many readers of this narrative may perhaps remember, were convicted of felonious conspiracy, and were all sentenced to ten years' transportation. Le Breton's sentence, the judge told him, would have been for life, but for the contrition he had exhibited shortly before his apprehension.

As Levasseur passed me on leaving the dock, he exclaimed in French, and in a desperately savage tone, 'I will repay you for this when I return, and that infernal

Trelawney too.' I am too much accustomed to threats of this kind to be in anyway moved by them, and I therefore contented myself by smiling, and a civil 'Au revoir—allons!'

VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES.

RAPIDITY OF VEGETABLE GROWTH.

THE rapidity of the growth of tropical vegetation is in many cases truly astonishing, and far surpasses the greatest wonders of the kind observable in the less luxuriant native plants of our temperate clime. The advanced state of horticulture, however, has been instrumental in bringing into our own country living illustrations of many wonderful facts formerly only known to us by the almost incredible accounts of travellers. We have before us a paper by Mr Robert Scott, published in a late number of the 'Annals and Magazine of Natural History,' containing statistics of the growth of a bamboo cane in the large conservatory at Chatsworth, surpassing any similar facts we have ever seen in an authentic form. 'In the tropics,' says Mr Scott, 'the bamboo not only grows with astonishing rapidity, but attains a very great height—in some instances as much as 100 feet; this, together with its feathery elegance, places it in bold contrast to surrounding vegetation, and entitles it to rank second to the noble palm. But under artificial culture it is indeed seldom seen in anything like its native majesty—the extent of our horticultural structures not admitting of its full development. In some degree at least this defect is obviated at Chatsworth—the *Bambusa* being planted out in a border of rich loam [in the conservatory], with plenty of room for its roots, and the canes likewise, in most cases, having ample accommodation: so situated, the bamboo seems at home.'

Mr Scott states that on the 19th August 1846 he observed the crown of a cane just showing itself above the surface of the ground, and being led to infer from its appearance that it would ultimately attain to a large size, he resolved to watch its progress. By the 1st September—thirteen days after its first appearance above ground—the cane had reached to the height of 8 feet, being an average growth of nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per day. By the 7th of the same month its stature was increased to 19 feet, showing an average daily growth of 1 foot 10 inches, or very nearly an inch per hour!—no bad progress for a stout woody stem like the bamboo. On the 30th September the cane had attained to the height of 42 feet, having continued since the 7th to grow at the diminished rate of 1 foot per day. Being now in immediate contact with the roof of the house, it was necessary to arrest its progress at this stage, otherwise it would in all probability have extended 8 or 10 feet more.* Mr Scott states that the cane was cut down in December 1847, when the following observations of its dimensions were made:—Number of internodes, 32; circumference of the base of cane, 8 inches; circumference of the top, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch: the greatest circumference (9 inches) occurred 8 feet 3 inches from the base, and extended over 4 internodes; the two longest internodes measured each 1 foot 6 inches: they occurred at 19 feet 8 inches from the base, and were each 8 inches in circumference; the shortest internode was 11 inches, and was the lowermost on the cane. From the observations above detailed, it will be noticed that the cane varied in its rate of growth in the different stages of its development; but even if we take the average rate of growth of the entire period of its existence, we scarcely find less cause for wonder. It appears that, during its life of forty-two days, it grew to

* It is a curious fact, well known to cultivators of such plants as the bamboo, palms, &c. that when they reach the roof of the structure in which they are growing, they immediately push their way through the glass, and often, if the weather is mild, grow upwards to a considerable height above the roof.

a height of 42 feet from the ground, making an average growth of half an inch per hour, day and night, throughout the entire period—an extraordinary rapidity of development even for a luxurious tropical production. Mr W. McNab, the late superintendent of the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, measured, during a long summer-day, a growth of the young stem of a bamboo, to the extent of 7 or 8 inches.

Some of the *fungi*, or mushrooms, have been observed to grow with great rapidity. Professor Balfour ('Manual of Botany,' p. 554) mentions that *Bovista gigantea* in a single night has increased from the size of a pea to that of a melon. The force also (says the professor) with which they expand has been shown by their raising pavements under which they had been developed. Mr Ward, in his work 'On the Growth of Plants in Closely-glazed Cases,' gives another remarkable instance of the rapidity of fungoid development. 'I had been struck,' he says, pp. 68, 69, 'with the published accounts of the extraordinary growth of *Phallus foetidus*, which was said to attain a height of four or five inches in as many hours. I procured three or four specimens in an undeveloped state, and placed them in a small glazed case. All but one grew during my temporary absence from home. I was determined not to lose sight of the last specimen; and observing one evening that there was a small rent in the volve, indicating the approaching development of the plant, I watched it all night, and at eight in the morning the summit of the pileus began to push through the jelly-like matter with which it was surrounded. In the course of twenty-five minutes it shot up three inches, and attained its full elevation of four inches in one hour and a-half. The entire life of the *Phallus* was four days. Extraordinary as this may appear, I believe this rapidity of development to be surpassed by other fungi, as I was informed by Lady Arden—who has paid great attention to the species of this family, of which she has made numerous exquisite drawings—that the lives of some were so brief as scarcely to allow of sufficient time to finish her representations. Marvellous are the accounts of the rapid growth of cells in the fungi; but in the above instance it cannot for a moment be imagined that there was any increase in the number of cells, but merely an elongation of the erectile tissue of the plant.'

GIGANTIC TREES.

Of all organic beings, trees are gifted in an especial manner with extraordinary longevity. Not to speak of the baobab of Senegal, said to be more than 5000 years old, nor of the cedars near the village of Eden in Lebanon, believed by the Maronites to be the remains of the forest which furnished Solomon with timber for the famous Temple 3000 years ago; passing over these too-extraordinary instances, we find in our own country specimens sufficiently aged to call forth our most unqualified wonder and admiration. Oaks planted before the Conquest have weathered the blasts of more than eight centuries. The celebrated Fountains Abbey yew (a branch of which is now before us) waved its boughs in the breeze 1200 years ago, and the age of the yew at Fortingall, Perthshire, is stated to be from 2500 to 2600 years; the one at Brabourne churchyard, Kent, 3000 years. These living monuments of antiquity have in numerous instances attained to dimensions as extraordinary. A yew at Hedsor, Bucks, has a trunk stated to be 27 feet in diameter; and a banyan, on an island in the river Nerbudda, is believed to be the one mentioned by Nearchus in the time of Alexander the Great, as being capable of overshadowing 10,000 men. Speaking of this tree, Professor Balfour says—'Parts of it have been carried away by floods, but it can shade 7000 men; and its circumference, measuring its principal trunk only, is 2000 feet. The chief trunks of this tree greatly exceed our English oaks and elms in thickness, and are above 350 in number. The smaller stems are more than 3000 in number.' We have just stumbled upon a letter from the Rev. Thomas Ewing of Hobart Town, published

in the 'Botanical Gazette' by Mr Gould, wherein some similar living wonders are described. 'Last week,' says Mr Ewing, 'I went to see two of the largest trees in the world, if not the very largest that have ever been measured. I had heard of them in 1841, and I think mentioned them to you [Mr Gould] when in England. The person who found them then had forgotten their whereabouts; but I had a man out for three days in the forest in the direction intimated, and on the third he came in to say that he had rediscovered them; and I started with a party of five to measure them. They were both on a tributary rill to the North-west Bay River, at the back of Mount Wellington, and are what are here called swamp gums; but I do not know the specific name. I see that Dr Hooker, in his description of new species of *Eucalyptus*, in the "London Journal of Botany," names the stringy bark *Eucalyptus gigantea*; this would have been a more appropriate name for the swamp gum, which is a much larger tree. One was growing, the other prostrate; the latter measured to the first branch 220 feet; from thence to where the top was broken off and decayed, 64 feet—or 284 feet in all; so that with the top it must have been considerably beyond 300 feet. It is 30 feet in diameter at the base, and 12 at 220 or the first branch; and to that distance only would, from the stem alone, turn out more timber than any three of the largest oaks mentioned in Loudon with their branches. We estimated it to weigh with the branches 440 tons! The standing giant is still growing vigorously without the slightest symptom of decay, and looks like a large church tower among the puny sassafras-trees. It measures, at 3 feet from the ground, 102 feet in circumference, and at the ground 130 feet! We had no means of ascertaining its height (which, however, must be enormous) from the density of the forest. I measured another not 40 yards from it, and at 3 feet it was 60 feet round; and at 130 feet, where the first branch began, we judged it to be 40 feet: this was a noble column indeed, and sound as a nut. I am sure that within a mile there are at least a hundred growing trees 40 feet in circumference.'

OBSTRUCTIONS IN DRAINS BY THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.

The attention of agriculturists has recently been directed to the obstructions of land-drains and other conduits of water, which have occurred throughout various parts of the country, and are occasioned by the roots of trees and other plants. The roots, after entering the drains, seem, by some structural changes, to be enabled to derive an extraordinary amount of nourishment from the running water, as is shown by the very remarkable manner in which they are developed. In some cases these obstructions have taken place to a considerable extent, and threaten to be highly prejudicial to judicious improvement, since upon efficient draining much of the success of other agricultural operations depends. Among trees, the ash, the elm, the poplar, and the willow, have been found in different localities to insinuate their roots into tile-drains, often doing much mischief; and in the more humble tribe of field-weeds, the amphibious polygonum, the equisetum, tussilago, and ragwort, have been severally observed to be formidable intruders. Of the last-named plant, Dr Neill stated, at a late meeting of the Botanical Society, Edinburgh, that he had received a specimen more than twenty years ago whose root had entered a drain by a very small orifice, but afterwards extended itself, completely filling the drain for a space of 20 feet. This fact should have some influence in diminishing the numerous assemblages of this showy field-flower, which so frequently give a golden glow to our pasture-lands in autumn. Indeed it is a well-known fact, that the eradication of weeds is little attended to, even by many farmers whose cultivation in every other respect is unexceptionable; but attention, it is hoped, will now be drawn to the importance of the operation. In most cases of drain obstruction, however, it has been found to be caused

by the roots of trees, field-weeds being comparatively little troublesome. It thus becomes a matter of interesting and important inquiry, in what manner those pleasant hedgerows and strips of green woodland, which tend so much to beautify and shelter cultivated districts, can be allowed to exist without affecting the drainage of adjoining fields? We should be loath to see such enlivening ornaments swept away; but if rural industry requires their abolition, why, then, we must submit. In the words of a recent writer in the 'Scottish Agricultural Journal,' we can admire the beauty of a bramble brake; but we rank not amongst those pseudo-philanthropic philosophers who would regret to see it cleared away to give place to a cottage garden, or a field of golden cereal.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

ROTTERDAM.

At nine in the morning of the 1st of July, after a pleasant voyage of twenty-three hours from London, in the steamer *Batavier*, I walked on shore at the Boompjes in Rotterdam, and my long-felt wish to visit Holland began its realisation. If the physical aspect of the country presented but few attractions, there was much in the character and habits of the people, in the results of their long-continued plodding industry, and sturdy assertion of their right to freedom, that would more than make up for the want of picturesque scenery. I was prepared to travel as best suited my inclination, and carried no other baggage than a knapsack, a light overcoat, and slim umbrella, which, in a glazed case, did duty as walking-staff. I purposed journeying along ways as well as highways, hoping thereby to gain as true an idea of the country as was possible in a visit of a few weeks.

Before I got off the pier, I was stopped by two officials in uniform, with swords at their side, who demanded my passport; the document being given up to them, is afterwards to be reclaimed at the bureau de police in the Stad Huis, where the particulars are noted in a book, together with the name of the place to which you may be bound. Next a customhouse officer cried halt; but on seeing my modest equipment, bade me pass on without examination. A few paces further, at the verge of the quay, I was again arrested by a group of men, who insisted on my going to the customhouse. In vain I represented that my baggage had been 'passed': whether or no, they would bar my passage. I made a feint of yielding, and doubling round a *vigilante*, as the cabs are named, made off towards the Berlijner Hof, the hotel to which I had been commended. The party had perhaps watched my movements, for they rushed after me, and were about to renew their clamour, when a tall man came up and dispersed them, after inquiring in English if the officer had passed me. I afterwards found that the stoppage was a 'dodge' on the part of the cab-drivers, their object being to compel their victims to escape from the difficulty by a ride.

It has been said that if you desire to be thoroughly taken out of your own country, you should not travel to Constantinople, but to Rotterdam, and to a great extent this is true; for in the latter city you see all in one what can only be met with piecemeal elsewhere. There is a street at Lincoln with a canal along the centre, which on a market-day presents a busy scene of vessels and vehicles, and with a row of clipped lime-trees on each side of the water-course, would offer no inapt likeness to a Rotterdam haven or Amsterdam gracht. A residence in New York had familiarised me with the aspect of streets looking cool and pleasant as leafy avenues; and any one who has visited Edinburgh, will have seen the broad-bordered caps worn without bonnets by the lower class of Dutchwomen; with this difference, that the Hollanders wear the borders nicely stiffened and fluted, while the Scotch leave them to flap and dangle in a manner approaching to slovenly. In general appearance the people are precisely what one has been accustomed to at home, a few peculiarities excepted. Great numbers of the

working-classes wear sabots and coarse blue shirts, such as the English peasantry wore some sixty years ago when the saying was rife, 'blue shirts pays for all.' Caps, too, are the almost universal head-covering—a practice greatly to be commended, when one considers that the alternative is a hat—that phenomenon with which civilised people afflict their heads, to please others, not themselves. Then you see a constant lifting of hats or touching of caps in passing salutations; so much so, in fact, that the observances in this respect become rather oppressive.

Hood's description of Rotterdam is perfect; those who have read the poem will have a clearer idea of the city than could be conveyed by a volume of prose. He writes—

'Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine;
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam—
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.'

The poet further calls it a 'vulgar Venice,' and to a stranger the queen of the Adriatic can hardly present a more striking appearance. Land and water are so strangely and picturesquely intermingled, the busy life that pervades both is so thoroughly in keeping with the scene, that to walk about and look on with curious eye is occupation enough. Turn your eye which way you will, you see a bridge, its strong pillars rising aloft, bearing the heavy cross-beams by which each portion is counterpoised. The whole is painted white; and the wooden floor slopes gently upwards from each side to the centre. Presently a tall-masted vessel floats up; the two men always in attendance at the little lodge erected close by run out, they withdraw the iron wedges from the staples, and then with a slight pull at the chain hanging from the cross-beams, each half of the bridge begins slowly to rise: before they are at the perpendicular the *schuit* has passed; a push at the cross-beams sends them up again, the men spring to the centre to accelerate the descent, impatient boys scramble after them, the wedges are replaced, and the stream of traffic which had been momentarily interrupted resumes its course with no more delay than is caused by the issuing of a dray from one of the side-streets in the Strand.

My walks up and down in Rotterdam gave me the key to several matters that had puzzled me when living in New York. The American farmer drives to market with two horses at a fast trot, harnessed to a light narrow wagon, with side rails rising high behind at a sharp curve: the Dutch farmer does the same. The New York milkman goes his round in a similar wagon, supplying his customers from two bright cans placed in front of his seat: the Dutchman does the same. New York builders frequently erect whole rows of houses, side, back, and middle, leaving the entire front to be built up last: I saw the same process in Rotterdam, where many new houses were 'going up.' Here, too, was the original of the clumsy truck or dray which the 'carmen' of New York drive about the streets by hundreds. Here, too, the reason why shopkeepers' names are so perseveringly painted on each door-post in Broadway and other business thoroughfares. Here, too, the frequent occurrence of the announcements BAKKERIJ, BLEEKERIJ, and KOEKIJ, sufficiently explained why in the oversea city a baker's shop was called a bakery, a bleaching-ground a bleachery, and a cake-shop a cookie store; and the exposing of groceries in open barrels ranged in rows in the shops also accounted for the similar practice still existing in New York. Who would have thought that the early settlers at the mouth of the Hudson, whose town-council 'met one day and smoked their pipes,' would have left such enduring traces behind them?

The literalness of announcements on sign-boards amuses a stranger: provision-dealers tell you in painted capitals over their windows that they have 'Boter te koop, Kaas te koop'—'Butter to sell, cheese to sell,' and this not

in back lanes only, but in the Hoog Straat. In this street a printed label on a basement door stated, 'Hier is een kelder te huur'—'Here is a cellar to let'—a conveyancer could not wish for greater detail or exactitude. Our 'Mangling done here' is advertised by 'Hier mangelt men'; the mangle, however, instead of being turned with a winch and a rope, is pushed to and fro by a man who stands at one end of the machine. In Rotterdam too, as in all Dutch towns, the houses are not numbered according to the streets, but in districts. Thus Wyk 4. 349, means No. 349 in the fourth Wyk, or ward of the city; an inconvenient arrangement in some respects, as it is far easier to follow the numbers in a street than over a whole quarter, where you cannot tell the direction of their beginning or ending. Mistakes of delivery or address frequently occur in consequence even among the natives.

In going about the streets, the leaning over of the house-fronts never fails to excite attention; and nearly all travellers tell us that this effect is produced by subsidence of the foundations. This may be true in a few cases; but a very little examination shows that whole streets were originally built in the sloping position: the backs of the houses present no such deviation from the perpendicular, neither is the roof-line altered. I heard two reasons assigned for this departure from ordinary rules of architecture: one, that the inclination was given the better to preserve the front walls from injury by weather; the other, that it was a modification of the old style of building, in which the upper storeys projected over the lower, and was adopted to gain more room. Modern builders avoid this overtopping, which, however picturesque, looks dangerous; and new houses in Rotterdam, as well as elsewhere, are erected with more regard to a right line.

I was especially struck with the appearance of the vessels—coasters and inland traders, which crowd the havens. So clean, so bright, so polished: no scratches, no bruises, no marks of rough usage: you fancy they must have been kept under a glass-case; and you no longer accuse Dutch painters of flattery in putting such a high finish to the vessels in their pictures. The fenders suspended from the bulwarks are curved to fit the protuberant side, and strengthened at either end by polished brass ferules: the heel of the bowsprit, the bitts and windlass, the rudder head, are similarly decorated and painted in gay colours. The little cabins are a perfect wonder of formal neatness, and the *vrouw* and her family not less clean than the most precise residents on shore. Some of them were washing clothes, and the tubs were so contrived as to hang over the vessel's side by means of a bracket, whereby the splashings fell into the canal, and slopping of the deck was avoided. Many of these craft are floating shops for the sale of matting, crockery, brooms, brushes, firewood, &c. and on fine days the stock in trade is displayed partly on the quay and on the deck. When business grows slack, the owners cast off their moorings, and take up a new position in another street.

Mechanical employments are generally worth a little observation. I stopped more than once to watch carpenters at their work, and soon saw that in respect of tools they are a hundred years behind British artificers. Their planes are very long and narrow; taking off wide shavings with them is out of the question; the chisels are heavy and clumsy, resembling those of shipwrights; and the brace or stock used with a bit for boring holes is of a real primitive form, precisely similar to those represented in old woodcuts of the fifteenth century. I looked in vain for a grindstone: there was nothing but the flat short rubstone, with a tray of water by its side, such as English carpenters wearied themselves over a generation or two ago. In one place there was an expedient to save labour which I had not seen before: a man was sawing firewood into short lengths with a saw suspended in a frame, and counterpoised by a weight at the end of a lever. He had therefore only to push the saw forwards, which movement threw up the weight, and as the latter fell, the saw came back to the man's hand without any effort on his part. The men working in a *loodgieterij* (plumber's shop) were not better provided with tools than the *timmermans* (car-

penters); and with this fact it is not easy to reconcile another fact—that of their work being sound and good, though not light or tasteful. This result is only obtained by slowness: one day's labour with such instruments is not worth more than half a one with perfect tools. At every smithy you see a rack constructed of strong posts and joists, within which horses are placed while being shod. A stout rail at one end, and a chain stretched across the other, effectually prevent his advancing or receding. The foot to be operated on is secured within the noose of a strong rope, and a turn being taken round one of the posts, is held by the hammerman while the smith nails on the shoe. This also differs from those which we see here: the calkins are much longer than on shoes made by an English smith, and the horse clinks over the clean-swept streets as though walking on pattens. These singularities are not peculiar to Rotterdam; I noticed them wherever I went in the Netherlands.

For a commercial town and port, Rotterdam is remarkably clean. Carts go from house to house to collect the refuse brought from within; but the cleaning of the streets devolves upon the inhabitants, each householder being required to sweep in front of his own residence; and the servants may be seen every morning sweeping from each side to the middle of the causeway, from which they afterwards remove the litter, and clean out the gutters. The plan of paving is objectionable; the portion of the street which corresponds with the *trottoir* of English towns is generally throughout Holland occupied by short posts or stone pillars, with an ornamental chain stretched from one to the other. Immediately outside of this is the gutter—a square drain, nearly a foot in depth, covered by a hinged wooden flap, which, in a series of lengths of ten or twelve feet, stretches from one end of a street to the other. These flaps can of course be turned back when the channel beneath needs cleansing; but they have a make-shift and slovenly appearance, and by hiding the gutter, lead to neglect. In several places where the plank was broken, I observed the drain half-filled with stagnant sludge. This flap forms part of the footway, and the latter being on the same level as the roadway, is all alike dirty in wet weather. I could not fail to remark this defect some time afterwards when I walked into Amsterdam from Haarlem; frequent showers had fallen in the morning, and the principal thoroughfares were as sloppy as Fleet Street after a shower, with the disadvantage of being without raised side-walks, while vehicles are driven along at the side or the middle at the pleasure of the conductors. For these reasons a Dutch town cannot be properly judged of unless seen in foul as well as in fair weather. During heavy rains, the sill placed round the entrance to cellars is an insufficient protection; the water rises over it, and floods the apartment below. Rotterdam is subject to the additional evil of inundations: that part of the city beyond the dam on which the Hoog Straat is built, is flooded by high tides ten or twelve times every year. A physician at whose house I called informed me that he frequently visits his patients when his carriage is up to the axles in water. A plan to remedy this serious casualty has been drawn up by Mr Beijerinck, one of the government engineers, combining with this improvement the erection of a suspension-bridge across the Maas, and the building of a suburb on the opposite side of the river. The latter is an important desideratum; for at present Rotterdam is, as the natives say, spreading itself too much over the turf—that is, farther from the river; and no true Dutchman likes to live without water at his very door. The new quarter would afford ample accommodation in this respect. It is, in truth, somewhat remarkable to stand on the Boompjes, and see nothing but quiet meadows and rows of trees beyond the stream. The contrast is striking; on one side the busy stir of commerce, on the other solitude—not even a summer-house breaks the level of the low green bank. The throwing over of a bridge would further afford opportunity for establishing public gardens—a means of recreation much wanted in Rotterdam.

Dr van der P., the physician above alluded to, very kindly invited me to pass an evening at his house

He conducted me over the rooms of the Bataafsche Genootschap, a scientific society, first established in 1669 by a clockmaker, who furnished gratuitously the large collection of old philosophical instruments which yet remains. Besides these, which are chiefly for statics and dynamics, there is a good supply of electrical and magnetic apparatus of modern construction. Courses of lectures are delivered every winter, but are not very well attended: the taste for scientific and philosophical pursuits is not yet sufficiently cultivated in Rotterdam. A number of volumes in the library attracted my attention as being analogous to those of our ordnance survey: they contained large engraved plans of the chief rivers of Holland, with all the levels carefully laid down. It is not easy to conceive how such a work could be dispensed with in a country where the streams have to be coaxed and coerced into good behaviour. It was published at the expense of government. After this inspection we went to a Koffy huis outside the town-gate, overlooking the flat meadows towards Schiedam. Here a number of chairs and tables were ranged under the rows of thickly-planted trees, at one of which we seated ourselves. The doctor lit a cigar, and called for a bottle of wine, which we drank *al fresco*, while male and female musicians twanged guitars and sang sentimental songs for a guerdon of small coins; and from every group went up wreathing columns of smoke into the foliage above, and the waiter was incessantly moving about with a pan of lighted turf in his hand, to answer the iterated calls of 'Jan, flammatuur.' Among other subjects we talked of physicians' fees: 'Ah!' said the doctor, 'a medical man does not get rewarded here as in London: he is satisfied with a fee of from one to two guilders; and an income of a thousand guineas a year would place a man in that respect at the head of the profession in Rotterdam.'

It needs but a little calculation to show how much labour must be incurred to realise such an amount at the rate of two florins a visit. Next we fell upon taxation, and on this point Dutchmen can speak feelingly: a tax must be paid for every window in a house, even if there be but one. If your house have but one chimney, you are charged three florins a year for it; for two, five florins; for three, seven florins; and so on. For each maid-servant you pay nine florins yearly; and the law with regard to them is rather curiously applied. The doctor keeps three female servants, at the charge of twenty-seven florins; but he has also a hired coachman, and for four servants the rate is increased to twelve florins each; thus the tax becomes forty-eight florins. This, however, is not the finish: a man-servant is charged ten florins extra, which is nearly the same as reckoning five servants; and last there comes an additional charge of 33 per cent. on the whole assessments. Fifty florins annually are paid for the two carriage horses; and 100 florins for the patentee or license to practise. An impost is also placed on household furniture, varied according to style and class: 'And yet,' continued my worthy entertainer, 'we are always ready to pay; and we love our king and our country better than any other in the world. If the French had come in 1830, we were well prepared to receive them.' With this remark, so eminently characteristic of a Hollander, we brought our sitting to a close.

Other topics not less interesting came on for discussion when we were afterwards seated in the doctor's drawing-room; but, leaving these for the present, I was pleased with an opportunity to see something of a Dutch interior. The furniture was good, but plain, and the apartment was evidently one of those which undergo a frequent cleaning, but are seldom used. Here I first observed a peculiarity which I subsequently found prevalent in other towns—that of making all the doors of the room but one appear as part of the wall. You see a smooth papered surface; suddenly a portion of it gives way, moves outwards, and gives you a view of another room, or a passage, or staircase; and presently, by a little closer inspection, you discover three or four other doors contrived in a similar way.

On another evening I went to St Laurent's church, towards the close of the service, to hear the organ, which exceeds that of Haarlem in size, and rivals it in power. I got upon a raised seat in the deep recess of one of the corner windows, and was perfectly astonished at the view of the vast assemblage. Here, in a busy commercial town, on a working day, fully a thousand men and women had met to listen to a sermon, and not on any extraordinary occasion, but the usual evening for worship. I was endeavouring to reconcile this fact with what I had heard concerning the small attendance at philosophical lectures, when the sermon closed, and the *voorzanger* gave out a hymn. The qualities of the organ came out effectively in the preliminary air, and never shall I forget the burst of sound when the singing began! Not one of that numerous congregation appeared to be silent: all sang with a spirit and heartiness that I have never heard equalled. I was far enough removed to escape any harshness of tone, and as I listened to the pealing and sonorous harmony, I felt that it alone was well worth a voyage across the German Ocean.

Such singing—that is, as regards simultaneity and earnestness—belongs to the history of the past in England; its existence in Holland, I afterwards found reason to believe, is mainly due to the system of instruction pursued in the schools—a subject to be noticed hereafter. On the following day, favoured with letters of introduction from the hospitable doctor, I left Rotterdam by railway for Delft.

MANUFACTURE OF PORT WINE.

IN a series of recent pamphlets on the wine-trade of Portugal,* the whole art and mystery of wine-making and wine-compounding in that country is thoroughly exposed; and for the first time we learn that even the farmers of the Alto Douro are all but uniformly in the practice of mixing their wines with the elder-berry, sugar, and brandy—the first to impart to it a flavour somewhat but distantly resembling port of the best quality, the second to give it sweetness, and the last to add body and strength. In consequence of the prevalence of this system, there is probably more than double the quantity of port wine exported that is actually produced in the wine district. Hence it is that the genuine juice of the grape of the Alto Douro, so much esteemed by our aristocratic ancestors, has now sunk into the character of a kitchen wine, and is little more thought of by the fashionable world than the 'heavy wet' of the London hackney-coachmen. The pamphlets above referred to reprobate the present system, and call upon the wine-farmers to abandon it as injurious to their own interests as well as those of their country. These pamphlets seem throughout to be characterised by an honesty and independence of sentiment which are but little akin to the mere mercantile or money-making spirit.

It has been alleged by the favourers of the above system, that the English taste with respect to port wine has changed; and that instead of wine possessing a fine delicate aroma, derived from the superior climate of certain exposures in the district of the Alto Douro, the English wine-drinkers now demand port that is black, strong, and sweet; and the wine-farmer being bound to conform to the tastes of his customers, has no alternative but to mix his wine with elder-berry, brandy, and sugar, in order to produce the article required. Although the substances here said to be used are far from poisonous in their nature, yet they are all of a coarse and indigestible description, and when largely partaken of, are calculated to impair the functions of the stomach, and to induce a heaviness and lethargy the reverse of genial or agreeable, and the system followed has at last resulted in the wines of the Alto Douro being in a great measure excluded from the dining-tables of the aristocracy of England. The quantity of elder-

berry used may be estimated by the fact, that it is more extensively grown in the district of the Douro than the grape itself, and is admittedly used in an equal quantity in the wine manufacture.

The wine district of Portugal, where the port wine of commerce is produced, extends along the banks of the river Douro from the town of Mazatiro to a short way beyond the town of I. Jaao da Pesqueira, being an extent of little more than eight leagues. The district varies in breadth, but it may be stated as averaging about three leagues. The grape grown in the district varies in richness according to the quality of the soil, its proximity to the river, and its exposure to the genial breezes of the south and west. The richest soils are those which border on the river, especially on its northern bank; for, having a southern exposure, they uniformly produce grapes of the best quality. As you rise into the more elevated situations, where the air is chiller, and the exposure to the storms of winter is greater, a grape is produced whose juice is thinner and more watery, and altogether different from the produce of the richer soils near the river. The port-wine district is thus of a circumscribed extent, and the portion of it where wines of the best quality are produced is still more limited, and would thus be capable only of supplying a limited demand. There is grown, however, a sufficient quantity of grapes to produce 20,000 pipes of port of the first quality annually—the total annual production amounting to about 100,000 pipes.

The pamphlets to which we have referred show that the genuine unmixed wine of the most elevated point of the Douro district is of itself sufficiently rich and nutritious (with the addition of about from 7½ to 10 per cent. of brandy, which is necessary for its preservation) to form a healthful and exhilarating beverage; and but for the extraneous substances with which it is drugged, even it would create a demand which would much enhance its price in the market, and restore its character among the upper classes of England. If the same attention, indeed, were bestowed on the cultivation of the vine that is devoted to the mixing and adulterating of the wine, a greater quantity of port wine would be produced and exported than at present, and a much higher price obtained for it; thus illustrating the old adage in a larger sense than usual—that 'honesty is the best policy,' and that we cannot do injustice to our fellow-men, and hope to thrive by it. The productions of a country, indeed, form a good barometer, indicating strikingly the moral and intellectual attributes of its population; for where the articles produced are of the best quality, and free from adulteration, it evinces a deep sense of truthfulness on the part of the producers, which is uniformly accompanied with all other blessings.

WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.

I ONCE knew a little boy, a little child, of three years old; one of those bright creatures whose fair loveliness seems more of heaven than of earth—even at a passing glimpse stirring our hearts, and filling them with purer and holier thought. But this, the little Francie, was more of a cherub than an angel—as we picture them—with his gladsome hazel eyes, his dazzling fairness, his clustering golden hair, and his almost winged step. Such he was, at least until sickness laid its heavy hand on him; then indeed, when, after days of burning, wasting fever—hours of weary restlessness—the little hand at last lay motionless outside the scarcely whiter coverlet of his tiny bed, the fair, still head pressed down upon the pillow, and the pale face gazing with the silent wonder of returning consciousness on the anxious ones around it; then indeed a bright yet pitying look would flit across it, or dwell in the earnest eyes—a look such as we assign to angels in our dreams, when some fond fancy seems to bring them near us, weeping for mortal griefs beyond their remedy.

It was a strange sickness for one so young.

* By Mr Joseph James Forrester, of the firm of Osley, Webber, and Forrester, wine-merchants, Oporto.

struggle of typhus fever with a baby frame; but life and youth obtained the victory; and quicker even than hope could venture to expect, the pulses rallied, the cheeks grew round and rosy, and the little wasted limbs filled up again. Health was restored—health, but not strength: we thought this for a while. We did not wonder that the weakened limbs refused their office, and still we waited on in hope, until days, and even weeks, passed by: then it was found that the complaint had left its bitter sting, and little Francie could not walk a step, or even stand.

Many and tedious and painful were the remedies resorted to; yet the brave little heart bore stontly up, with that wonderful fortitude, almost heroism, which all who have watched by suffering childhood, when the tractable spirit bends to its early discipline, must at some time or other have remarked. Francie's fortitude might have afforded an example to many; but a dearer lesson was given in the hopeful spirit with which the little fellow himself noted the effect of each distressing remedy, marking each stage of progress, and showing off with eager gladness every step attained, from the first creeping on the hands and knees, to the tiptoe journey round the room, holding on by chairs and tables; then to the clinging to some loving hand; and then at last the graceful balancing of his light body, until he stood quite erect alone, and so moved slowly on.

It was in autumn this illness seized on the little one, just when the leaves were turning, and the orchard fruits becoming ripe. His nurse attributed it all to his sitting on a grassy bank at play on one of those uncertain autumn days; but he, in his childish way, always maintained 'It was Francie himself—eating red berries in the holly bower.' However this may have been, the season and the time seemed indelibly impressed upon his mind. In all his long confinement to the house, his thoughts continually turned to outward objects, to the external face of nature and the season's change, and evermore his little word of hope was this, 'When the summer comes!'

He kept it up throughout the long winter and the bleak cold spring. A fairy little carriage had been provided for him, in which, well wrapped up from the cold, and resting on soft cushions, he was lightly drawn along by a servant, to his own great delight, and the admiration of many a young beholder. But when any one—attempting to reconcile him the better to his position—expatiated on the beauty or comfort of his new acquisition, his eager look and word would show how far he went beyond it, as, quickly interrupting, he would exclaim, 'Wait till the summer comes—then Francie will walk again!'

During the winter there was a fearful storm: it shook the windows, moaned in the old trees, and howled down the chimneys with a most menacing voice. Older hearts than Francie's quailed that night, and he, unable to sleep, lay listening to it all—quiet, but asking many a question, as his excited fancy formed similitudes to the sounds. One time it was poor little children cruelly turned out, and wailing; then something trilling, with its last hoarse cry; then wolves and bears, from far-off other lands. But all the while Francie knew he was snug and safe himself: no fears disturbed him, whatever the noise may have done. Throughout the whole of it he carried his one steadfast hope, and in the morning, telling of it all, with all his marvellous thoughts, he finished his relation with the never-failing word of comfort, 'Ah! there shall be no loud wind, no waking nights, when once the summer comes!'

The summer came with its glad birds and flowers, its balmy air; and who can paint the exquisite delight of the suffering child that had waited for it so long? Living almost continually in the open air, he seemed to expect fresh health and strength from each reviving breath he drew, and every day would deem himself capable of some greater effort, as if to prove that his expectation had not been in vain.

One lovely day he and his little playfellows were in

a group amusing themselves in part of the garden when some friends passed through. Francie, longing to show how much he could do, intreated hard to be taken with them 'along the walk just to the holly bower.' His request was granted, and on he did walk; quick at first, then slowly slower: but still upheld by his strong faith in the summer's genial influence, he would not rest in any of the offered arms, though the fugal colour went and came, and the pauses grew more and more frequent. No; with a heavy sigh he admitted, 'Tis a very, very long walk now; but Francie must not be tired: sure the summer is come.' And so, determined not to admit fatigue in the face of the season's bright proofs around him, he succeeded in accomplishing his little task at last.

Thus the summer passed away, and again came the changing autumn, acting on poor little Francie to a degree he had never reckoned on, and with its chill, damp airs nearly throwing him back again. With a greater effort even than before, he had again tried the walk to the holly bower, the scene of his self-accusing misdeed as the cause of all his sufferings. He sat down to rest; above his head, as the autumnal breeze swept through them, 'the polished leaves and berries red did rustling play;' and as little Francie looked upwards towards them, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that had passed since then, seemed for the first time mournfully to steal over his heart. He nestled in closer to his mother's side; and still looking up, but with more thoughtful eyes, he said, 'Mamma, is the summer quite gone?'

'Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the food of winter for the little birds?'

'Quite gone, mamma, and Francie not quite well?'

His mother looked away; she could not bear her child to see the tell-tale tears his mournful little words called up, or know the sad echo returned by her own desponding thoughts. There was a moment's silence, only broken by the blackbird's song; and then she felt a soft, a little kiss, upon her hand, and looking down, she saw her darling's face—yes, surely now it was as an angel's—gazing upward to her, brightly beaming, brighter than ever; and his rosy lips just parted with their own sweet smile again as he exclaimed in joyous tones, 'Mamma, the summer will come again!'

Precious was that heaven-born word of childish faith to the careworn mother, to cheer her then, and, with its memory of hope, still to sustain her through many an after-experiment and anxious watch, until at last she reaped her rich reward in the complete realisation of her bright one's hope. Precious to more than her such words may be, if bravely stemming our present trouble, whatsoever it be—bravely enduring, persevering, encouraging others and ourselves, 'even as that little child'—we hold the thought, that as the revolving year brings round its different seasons, as day succeeds to night—and even as surely as we look for this, and know it—so to the trusting heart there comes a time—it may be soon or late, it may be now, or it may be then—when this grief or grievance will have passed away; and so 'twill all seem nothing—when the summer comes!

AUTOGRAPHS.

NO. 2.—THE LETTRE DE CACHET.

THERE was a period of some duration when the word *lettre de cachet*, whispered in the saloons of Paris, spread among its gay and thoughtless *habitués* affright and alarm. Even the courtiers in the gilded halls of Versailles, as they fluttered in their gallant trim around the dazzling pageant that represented grandeur and monarchy, turned pale as they heard a sound that presented to their bewildered imaginations visions of gloomy dungeons, of mysterious agents, and of machines of torture in every shape and form. The dusky walls

of the Bastille rose up in formidable array before their eyes; they heard the rolling of the carriage-wheels across the drawbridge that cut off every thought of communication with the busy world, and condemned them to silence, to sorrow, and perhaps to the grave. They knew that the presentation of the *lettre de cachet* to the governor of the Bastille was a signal that consigned them to oblivion; for their dearest friends, when once they heard that this act of power had been gone through, would trouble themselves no further as to their fate, lest they themselves should become participants in the folly, the guilt, or the punishment of the hapless prisoners.

The missives that originally emanated from the sovereign were of three kinds—letters patent, letters under the great seal, and letters under the privy seal. The first was open to all: it usually commenced with, 'To all men greeting,' or 'To all those whom it may concern,' or 'Know all men by these presents'—forms which, borrowed from the French law, were introduced by the Norman conquerors into England. These were signed by the king, countersigned by the secretary of state, and sealed with the seal of state. They were generally issued from the council of state, and were such edicts, ordinances, and charters as the sovereign in his council chose to promulgate; and to these were attached the words *par le roi en son conseil*. The second kind of missives were such grants of title, of property, of naturalisation, and of favour, as the king was pleased in the exercise of his prerogative to bestow: they were signed by him, and by the secretary of state, and were sent to the office of the keeper of the great seal to receive the authoritative impression; or to the keeper of the privy seal, when edicts of minor importance were required. But the *lettres de cachet* were not written upon parchment, nor upon ministerial paper; they were admitted to be legal even upon the commonest sheet of paper; they were signed by the king, and countersigned by the secretary of state; they were then enveloped in another sheet of paper, and could only be opened by the individual to whom they were addressed; the guilt of high treason, and the consequent forfeiture of life, being the penalty attached to the breaking of the seal, or even to a clandestine knowledge of the contents. These letters were sent to individuals forming the different councils of state, when they were called upon to assemble for the purpose of deliberation, and were addressed only to one person, the commencement usually being—'I write this letter to inform you,' and the termination, 'I pray God to keep you in his holy care.'

The earliest use made of these letters for punishment, before they became so formidable an instrument of tyranny, was when peers, or men of power and rank, refused to appear before the monarch or his tribunals to answer for offences committed against the state: there were then forwarded *lettres de cachet* announcing the banishment from the country, or the exile from the court, of the accused. Many such letters were issued by Louis XI: they are still extant, and show the refined artifices and crooked policy pursued by the crafty and cruel monarch; but it remained for the still more wily and experienced Richelieu to convert these letters into instruments of unrestrained despotism. It was affirmed by his cotemporaries, and has been generally believed, that the suggestions of Father Joseph du Tremblay were usually followed by this powerful minister; and that every idea the priest furnished him with was for the restraint of the liberty of the subject, and for the increase of punishment; and that therefore whatever unpopularity the cardinal was compelled to bear, arose out of his lending a willing ear to his advice.

Father Joseph, a name execrated by the majority of

historians, had originally been a military man, but had become a capuchin monk. Banished to Avignon, he had been recalled by Richelieu, to give him his silent aid in state affairs; for which his cunning, his pliancy, and his subserviency, were admirably adapted. Promises were perpetually held out to him at every dark step he took, and on every occasion when he was entangled in a maze, that upon his extrication from his difficulties he should be raised to a bishopric. But he was always disappointed: the mitre was always placed before his eyes, but he was never allowed to encircle his brow with it. Imprisonment in the fortress of the Bastille was pointed out by him to the cardinal as the best means of getting rid of a troublesome enemy; but as occasionally the *éclat* which would attend upon such a measure might create a clamour, or awake some disturbance, it was thought right that everything connected with the seclusion of the individual should be conducted with the utmost silence and secrecy. The arrest was to be made with as little publicity as possible: the guard necessary to take possession of the accused was to be formed of persons in whom the utmost confidence could be placed, and who, from being immediately about the king, were attached to the royal person. The prisoner was to be taken at a stated hour to his place of confinement, to be received by the governor of the tower himself, who from that moment became responsible for his person, his actions, and his communication with the external world, and who alone knew the contents of the *lettre de cachet*.

This letter usually gave definite instructions to the governor as to the nature of the seclusion, whether the deep dungeon, the solitary cell, or a higher class of accommodation, was granted. It pointed out the treatment to which the prisoner was to be submitted, but generally in a conventional language, understood only by him to whom it was addressed. The letter in the days of Louis XIV. usually commenced, 'M. de Bernard, it being necessary that Mons. — should enter my castle of the Bastille, I write this letter to tell you my intention:' then follows such commands as it was considered necessary should be given. Several of those documents exist; and amongst others, in a collection of autographs, is seen one headed as above, with directions to allow the witnesses of the *procureur-general* to have access at a certain hour, for such purposes as they may require, to M. Beaujeu, confined within the castle of the Bastille. This order, signed by Louis, and countersigned by Colbert, is in the form which is generally understood to have conveyed the information that the *procureur-general* was about to send those miserable tools of power whose office it was to wring confession by torture, and then appear as witnesses of the acknowledgment of guilt. On the back is endorsed, in the handwriting of Colbert, signed with his name, 'Order to allow six persons, musqueteers, to M. Beaujeu, 8th of March, 1674.' The purpose for which these instruments of the ministers were admitted cannot be doubted; and, as if to confirm the suspicion such a document always carried with it, there are still stains of blood on the paper, evidently the grasp of the finger and the thumb of the executioner when delivering up the authority by which he had entered the Bastille, and upon which he had acted. Further research has led to the knowledge of the fact, that M. Beaujeu, suspected of a traitorous correspondence with the enemies of Spain, had been tried, and found guilty, on his own acknowledgment, of the facts laid to his charge.

There is evident proof of the lavish use which Cardinal Richelieu made of the *lettres de cachet*; there exist many historic documents besides those which are furnished by the writers of the period; and a glance at some of the portfolios which slumber upon the shelves of the National Library, would convince the literary man that there are sources from which romances might be created of far deeper interest than any mere work of imagination.

Mild, gentle, and winning were the manners of Cardinal Fleury: all who approached him were charmed with his prepossessing appearance: his soft and gentle tones sunk upon the ear of the listener, and every one left his presence with the conviction that he was governing France with a tender and paternal care; yet at the moment were the dungeons of the Bastille echoing with the groans of his captives, who called for pity, for mercy, or for vengeance! He who had been the dispenser of the charities of Louis XIV., who had been the friend of the poor and the needy, who was considered the kind-hearted and the tolerant teacher, became, as a minister, the most implacable of men, and the most fiery of zealots. His name is said to have been attached to between twenty and thirty thousand *lettres de cachet*! Any one pointed out to him as suspected of Jansenism, might be immediately arrested, and consigned to a prison.

Before him Louvois had used the same instrument in the name of religion: he is said to have sent eighty thousand persons to prison, with the vain hope of preventing the extension of Protestantism. He is generally accused of the utmost disregard of the liberty of the subject, and is reported to have given blank *lettres de cachet* to all persons of rank and station indiscriminately, the names of the victim to be inserted at their pleasure. The nobility made fearful use of this license: domestic servants, contumacious tradesmen who wanted their bills paid, parents who would not permit their daughters to be insulted, husbands whose attachment to their wives interfered with aristocratic licentiousness, all were shut up under various pretences. The hatred borne to the name of a *lettre de cachet*, and the mysterious stories told of the Bastille, urged the populace on, upon the first breaking out of the great Revolution, to demolish this gloomy fortress, this image of the despotism under which Paris had so long groaned. Upon the destruction of the edifice, seven state-prisoners only were found within the walls—an evidence that of late the *lettres de cachet* had been sparingly used.

Among the articles which were preserved are two manuscript volumes of singular utility in historical research. They were the day-books kept in the Bastille by the Governor De Launay, from the moment he was intrusted with the command, to the day on which he fell, together with his major, Losme Solbray, under the blows of a ferocious mob, that took him from the escort of the guard to whom he had surrendered. In them is the autograph of every prisoner on his leaving his dungeon, containing a promise that he would not divulge anything that had come to his knowledge within the Bastille. Among them are several names of individuals who have been distinguished in the world, and a series of interesting manuscripts are bound up together. The papers preserved were few in number: but they included several of those *lettres de cachet* which serve to illuminate the page of history. With the Bastille has disappeared, it is hoped, for ever such arbitrary means of governing a nation. With that fortress, and with the *lettres de cachet*, fell the despotism of the monarchs of the race of Bourbon. It is a fact well known, that, notwithstanding the short distance between Versailles and Paris, the news of what was passing in the city, while the inhabitants of the Faubourg St Antoine were destroying the Bastille, did not reach the court, busy with its usual round of festivities and frivolities. The evening passed off without Louis XVI. having the slightest suspicion that his crown was passing away. Laroche-foucauld Liancourt, when his majesty had retired to rest, entered his bedroom, and told him that the Bastille was in the hands of the mob.

'What say you, duke?' throwing himself into a chair—'Then there is a revolt?'

'Sire,' replied the nobleman with solemnity, 'there is a revolution!' It was so, and the wounds it has inflicted upon humanity are almost incurable; but still it must not be forgotten that the ministers to whom was committed the charge of watching over a mighty

nation, neglected the solemn duties imposed upon them. They did not seek to repress crime; but they fostered, and then punished it. Their instruments were as abominable as their policy. But generations, thank God, have now learned to rely upon better maxims.

THE FIRST PUPIL OF THE CLAREMONT DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

THE village of Glasnevin is pleasantly situated on the river Tolka, and though not more than two miles from Dublin, from its rural and retired appearance, it might be supposed far from any city. It is interesting from being associated with the names of some celebrated Irishmen. It was the favourite resort of Tickell, Addison, Swift, Delany, Steele, Sheridan, and Parnell; and some of the relics of former days are still to be found there. Delville, situated on a gentle eminence in the midst of lawns and plantations, was formerly the seat of Dean Delany, and was often the scene where these distinguished literary men assembled to enjoy social intercourse. It was there that Swift and his Stella delighted to be received as guests. A little temple stands on a sloping lawn decorated with Mrs Delany's paintings, and a medallion bust of Stella; and under the building a printing-press was found, which Swift used in printing some of his satires. We have often sat in the shady bower, which still goes by the name of Stella's Bower, where it is said that accomplished lady loved to sit and read or work. The Botanic Garden occupies the ground which was once Tickell's demesne. When we last visited it, some years since, it covered thirty acres: it has probably been added to since then. It is laid out on scientific principles, and with infinite skill in the combination of great beauty with all that is interesting and instructive to the botanist. Besides the taste displayed in the disposition of the splendid collection of plants, the garden has natural advantages, which add considerably to its charms: a river which flows through it, fine old timber, and undulations of ground, give a variety seldom to be met with in places systematically laid out. Claremont, the institution for the deaf and dumb, is in the immediate neighbourhood. The house is beautifully situated in the midst of meadows and garden, which extend over nineteen acres. Seventy pupils are lodged there; and it would afford accommodation for 120 if the funds were sufficient for their support. A most successful system of education for the poor children is carried on. Like many other of our national institutions, the establishment of this is owing to the humanity and zeal of a single individual, who has since emigrated to Africa, to the loss of his native country. But long before he left its shores, he had the gratification of seeing the institution which his zealous exertions called into existence firmly established, and it remains a noble memorial of worth and energy.

Dr Charles Orpen having finished his medical and surgical studies in Edinburgh and London, made a tour through the south and west of England (having previously visited the north) to examine the principal hospitals, prisons, manufactories, &c. Among a number of letters of introduction, he had one to Dr Lys of Birmingham, who handed him the first report of an institution for the deaf and dumb just established there. So little interest did Dr Orpen feel at that time in the subject, that he laid the document aside, and did not visit the school; but he afterwards happened to look into the report, and as he read, he became interested; and at length the wish to found an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb, the first ever attempted in Ireland, took complete possession of his mind. He selected from the Bedford Asylum, as the subject of preliminary experiment, Thomas Collins, a deaf and dumb child, because he appeared to him the most neglected. He succeeded in teaching him to pronounce any letter, syllable, word, or sentence

in any language written in English characters, and to know a pretty large number of nouns and adjectives, and a few verbs, and some of the common particles. He could also reckon to any amount, write a pretty good hand, perform the first three simple rules of arithmetic, construct some sentences, and answer a few simple questions. The great patience exercised to forward Dr Orpen's object cannot be overrated. 'As soon as the institution was established,' says the doctor, 'I of course relinquished to it my little pupil.' Not only did the mind of the poor child expand, and his intellect brighten under this judicious training, but his affections, which had been totally without object, were now powerfully excited and tenderly cherished, and never yet were love and gratitude more strongly exemplified than in this poor boy. For a considerable time Dr Orpen taught in the school; but finding it interfered too much with his professional duties, a competent person was placed at the head of the establishment; but he still continued to give great part of his valuable time and attention to it. He traversed distant lands, that he might visit the foreign schools for the deaf and dumb, and corresponded largely with those engaged in educating them. His lectures, embodied in some of the annual reports of the Claremont Institution, contain a fund of interesting information, and a variety of anecdotes connected with the subject. A week never passed without Collins spending at least one day with Dr Orpen, whose care he repaid with unbounded love and almost religious devotion. The money that was given to him by visitors this poor child usually laid out in charity; but having at length accumulated a sum, he gave the whole to the institution, so that his name actually appeared in its reports as a contributor. Indeed among the many good feelings which it would have been impossible not to have observed in this deaf and dumb orphan, his peculiar tenderness for those who laboured under a similar misfortune to his own, and his anxious desire that they should participate in the advantages of education, were very touching. But it was not by his gift alone that he was of use to the establishment; from his superior intelligence, and the progress which he made, he soon became a monitor, and assisted in giving instruction. His letters, which appeared from time to time in the annual reports, were very interesting, as showing the quickness of observation which took account of all that was presented to him. His descriptions of the various exhibitions to which he was brought are remarkable for accuracy, and are given with amusing naïveté: the phraseology is like that of a foreigner. Among his letters, that to George IV. was printed. When the king visited Ireland, he felt a strong desire to write to him, and mentioned it to a friend, who conceived it was but a vague notion which would soon pass away. Collins, however, composed a letter; and having procured some gilt-edged paper, he made a fair copy; and having directed it to his majesty, consigned it to the post-office. It ran thus:—

'MY DEAR GEORGE—I hope I will see you when you come here to see the deaf and dumb pupils. I am very sorry that you never did come here to see them. I never saw you. You ought to see the deaf and dumb boys and girls. I will be very glad to see you, if you will come here often to see me. Did you ever see the deaf and dumb in London? In what country did you see the deaf and dumb? The boys and girls are much improving, and very comfortable here. Are you interested in seeing the deaf and dumb? All the soldiers in the armies belong to you. The king of England gives a great deal of money to them. You must write a letter to me soon. I am very much pleased with writing a letter to you. I want to get a letter from you. I am much polite, and very fond of you. How many brothers and sisters have you? Would you like to see me at Claremont? I could not go to London, because there is too much money to pay to the captain of a ship for me. I am an orphan, and a very poor boy. God will bless you. I love God very much, because he is the

Creator of all things, and sent his Son to save us from sin. He supports us, and gives us everything, and makes us alive in the world. Do you know grammar, geography, Bible, arithmetic, astronomy, and dictionary? I know them very little. Claremont is a very beautiful place; it has a great deal of meadows, ponds, lakes, trees, flowers, gardens, a horse, and an ass. I am thinking of everything, and to be polite to every one. Some of the deaf and dumb boys are always working in our garden. I have been at school for four years and a-half. I am sixteen years of my age. I am very delighted that I am improving very much. Perhaps I will be an assistant of the Deaf and Dumb School. There are forty-one pupils at Claremont. Where were you born? I was born in Dublin. I am quite deaf and dumb, and can speak very well. Would you like to correspond with me? I would be very fond of you. You ought to write a long letter to me soon. What profession are you of? I never saw you. I am very anxious to see you indeed, and would like to see the king of England very much. We want a new school-room, and we want to have more deaf and dumb boys and girls at Claremont, but we have not money enough to buy clothes and food for them. Will you send us some deaf and dumb children, and give us money to pay for educating them? I am your affectionate friend,

THOMAS COLLINS.

Claremont, Glasnevin, near Dublin.

The king, although unused to being addressed by strangers through the medium of the post-office, and to the familiar style in which this letter was written, was sensibly touched by its unaffected simplicity; but no more was heard of it till a short time before his departure from Ireland, when one day the inmates of Claremont were greatly astonished to see one of the royal carriages drive up the avenue, and stop at the door. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and the gentleman who accompanied him, inquired for Thomas Collins, as they had been commanded by his majesty, in consequence, they said, of a letter which had interested the king deeply. The gentlemen stood at the far end of the drawing-room, to observe the boy's countenance as he read the letter which they brought. The boy read the address to himself, and turning the letter to open it, instantly perceived that the seal resembled those which he had seen on official letters from the castle, and guessed it was an answer to his letter to the king; he begged for scissors, that he might not break the seal; but none being at hand, he opened it most carefully. On reading the letter, which contained a draft in his favour on the king's banker for £10, he was in an ecstasy, which he testified so naturally by his words, countenance, and gestures, that the strangers were delighted. The sum was put into the savings' bank, and afterwards laid out in apprenticing him to a printer; and thus did it happen that he found his constant occupation in the diffusion of language. His quick and warm feelings, his intelligence and docility, and, above all, his ardent attachment to Dr Orpen, endeared him to that excellent man's family, and interested the friends and acquaintances who often met him at Dr Orpen's table. Nor did he there seem out of his place, his deportment was so gentlemanly. It is rare to find a vulgar person among the deaf and dumb on whom any pains have been bestowed: their visual perception is so acute and rapid, that what is uncouth or unmannered quickly strikes them. Poor Collins was made very happy by the present of a watch, bestowed on him by Dr Orpen's brother: it was on every account a most precious gift; and seldom has a watch been so often looked at and consulted. It would have been lost to him but for his quickness in detecting a pickpocket who had snatched it away: he pursued her, and with the assistance of a watchman, she was captured, and the watch found in her possession: she was prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Collins subsequently fell into good hands, for a gentleman of large property, and engaged in the most bene-

volent pursuits, took him to his home to superintend a printing press; and here we lose farther trace of the first pupil of the first Irish institution for the education of the deaf and dumb.

ATMOSPHERIC WAVES.

On this subject a correspondent, who dates from Amble-side, writes as follows:—In an article on the Chemistry of Creation, in Part 79 of your Journal, you speak of the atmospheric waves, a phenomenon which is at present one of the subjects of scientific examination, and which has been observed for some time past to manifest itself more remarkably about the middle of November. Another remarkable and hitherto unexplained phenomenon, called the Indian Summer in North America, and l'Été de St Martin in Switzerland, occurs regularly in the same month, and lasts about the same time; from which concurrence and coincidence you conjecture, and very reasonably, I think, that the two phenomena are related to each other. I have now to propose to your consideration another, which seems to me to be related to both, and may perhaps furnish a clue for the explanation of the whole mystery, or at least indicate the line on which the examination should be pursued. It is this—that on the other side of the equator, in America, at the very same time, the heat of the weather is suddenly invaded by a cool *aura*, which the Spanish inhabitants of the country call the '*Yelos de San Andrés*'—the Chills of St Andrew—because they occur not long before the celebration of the festival of that saint and apostle. Now the synchronism of the phenomena in the two hemispheres, as it would seem to refer them to one and the same general cause, so the reversedness of their effects as to sensation, for I can speak to nothing else, would indicate that general cause to be magnetism. For supposing the atmospheric wave to be magnetic and polar, we ought to expect that the effects of it on either side the equator would be respectively reversed—that what was warm in the one hemisphere would be cold in the other.* Since, then, the phenomena answer exactly to this condition of polarity, I venture to submit that the atmospheric waves are somehow related to magnetism; and considering the warmth and coolness which attend them in the opposite hemispheres respectively, I would further suggest that the magnetism is *odylic*. I have lived many years in North and South America, and can answer for the regular recurrence of the Indian Summer and the *Yelos de San Andrés*, with more or less intensity, during all the time.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

1. If you wish to secure the reputation of being an honest man, pay your debts.—2. If you would avoid bringing disgrace upon the religious party you belong to, pay your debts.—3. If you are anxious to get a good article, and be charged the lowest possible price for your goods, never delay to pay your debts.—4. If you wish to obtain such credit as your business may require, be sure to pay your debts.—5. If you would remain on terms of friendship with those you trade with, pay your debts.—6. If you would avoid embarrassing others who are depending upon the settlement of your account, pay your debts.—7. If you wish to prevent mistakes and litigation, keep your accounts well adjusted, and pay your debts.—8. If you wish to aid in the circulation of money, never let cash remain by you, but pay your debts.—9. If you would do to others as you wish them to do to you, you ought to pay your debts.—10.—If you wish to stand clear of the charge of lying, and making false excuses, pay your debts.—11. If you desire to pursue your business with peace of mind, pay your debts.—12. If, in the expectation of death, you would like to leave your affairs in a satisfactory condition, pay your debts.—13. If you wish to do what is right in the sight of God and man, you must pay your debts.—14. Should your debts be ever so old, or should you have 'taken the benefit of the Act,' if you have the means, you are not a just man unless you pay your debts. To enable you to pay, adopt the following advice:—Let your food, living, and equipage be plain, and not costly; avoid expensive clothing; abstain from wine and all intoxicating liquor, and never keep it in the house; do not sink your capital by purchasing plate or splendid furniture; have as few parties as possible; be

careful as to speculations, and never extend your trade beyond your means; never aspire to be shareholders in banks, railways, &c.; have as few men about you as is convenient, and none of a suspicious character; be determined to refuse all offers of partnerships; be careful as to lending money or being bound with others; avoid all lawsuits; keep your books posted, and look well to the accounts of your customers; bring up your family to economy and industry: if you observe these things, you will always be able, with God's blessing, to pay your debts.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE FLYING CLOUD.

CLOUD! following sunwards o'er the evening sky,
Take thou my soul upon thy folds, and fly,
Swifter than light, invisible as air,
Fly—where, ah, where?
—Stay—where my soul would stay; then melt and fall,
Like tears at night-time shed, unseen by all;
As some sad spirit had been wandering round
The garden's bound—
Wandering, yet never finding rest nor calm;
Wounded and faint, yet asking not for balm;
Sick with dull fear lest joy's long-closed gate
May ope—too late!
Cloud! sailing westward tinged with purple dye,
Mocking me, as all helplessly I lie;
Ah, cloud!—my longing erred; for me were best
Another rest.
Then lift me with thee to those fields of air
Where earth grows dim, and upward, upward bear,
Till angels meet us with their wings of fire
That never tire.
Then, standing meekly at Heaven's golden door,
Filled, where I thirsted—rich, where once so poor,
I shall forget—ah! only, only pain;
Love will remain!
And sometimes, sweeping down on wings unfurled,
To work Heaven's unseen work throughout the world,
A happy spirit shall come wandering round
The garden's bound;
Dropping—not tears, but blessings; heavenly-willed,
Fulfilling what in life was ne'er fulfilled;
Since with the last great change the veil was torn,
And Love was born.

DECLINE OF ROYAL AND NOBLE FAMILIES.

It has often occurred to us that a very interesting paper might be written on the rise and fall of English families. Truly does Dr Borlase remark, that 'the most lasting houses have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength: they have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death.' Take, for example, the Plantagenets, the Staffords, and the Nevilles, the three most illustrious names on the roll of English nobility. What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and our Edwards? and yet we find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a cobbler at the little town of Newport, in Shropshire, in the year 1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that 'the aspiring blood of Lancaster' had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at the present time through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., king of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr Joseph Smart, of Halesowen, butcher, and Mr George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St George's, Hanover Square.—*Burke's Anecdotes of the Peerage.*

* Baron von Reichenbach has well conjectured that the effects produced on sensitive persons by magnets, crystals, &c. would be reversed in the southern hemisphere.

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THE PIONEERS AND THE LAGGERS.

WE read the other day of the laying down of the electric communication between France and England, while wandering amongst the wilds at the opposite end of the island. It was a curious contrast, that between the nature and bearing of this piece of intelligence, and the condition of the portion of the nation amongst whom we were sojourning. The electric telegraph, and more particularly this application of it, may be assumed as a type of the extraordinary physical improvements for which our age is remarkable. It were saying little to say that the laying down of this magic wire in the English Channel is a fact more entitled to commence an epoch, or stand at the head of a section of European history, than many of the grand eras to be found in Tytler. Such things are occurring every now and then. One day it is a Waghorn bringing India three months nearer to England. Another, it is a Stephenson and a Fairbairn throwing a gigantic tube across the sea. Again, it may be some marvel of mechanical contrivance from a Whitworth or a Nasmyth—a vast social benefit from a Rowland Hill—a startling new discovery in science from a Faraday—or the advancement and triumph of some commercial principle affecting the material welfare of millions by a Cobden. These are the stars in the front of our time, the heroes, the pioneers. These are the things which are to constitute the glory of our age, when its history is to be written. They are such things as the like of has been seen at no former period. Yet behold at the same time what things are contemporaneous with them!

I am seated in a Highland valley, with hills behind on which the eagle still hovers, and in front a stripe of low slope by a lake's side, the habitation of several hundreds of people hardly one step advanced from the purest barbarism. Each family has a hovel of stone and turf, without any window, and only a hole in the roof through which the smoke escapes. The ostensible means of subsistence of most of them consists in a stripe of tilled ground, sufficient to raise two or three pounds' worth of meal or potatoes. A little more is realised in many cases by occasional work for hire, obtained not at the scene of residence, but in distant parts of the country during only the summer months. Two-thirds of the time of these people is spent in pure idleness. The fate of the undiligent accordingly befalls them—they have neither the aliment, nor the clothing, nor the lodging required to make existence tolerable except to those whom misery has stupified. The case is, in fact, simply this—an application of the powers of a human being to something utterly unworthy of them—a total misapplication of these powers in short. It is a tradition from an ancient rude state of things—a survival of the thirteenth in the nineteenth century.

If the people want the first elements of human necessity, much more must they want the secondary and all others. The intelligence and refinement, the public rights and privileges, of the more fortunately-placed citizens of the commonwealth, exist for them in vain. To them the laying down of the wire in the English Channel is a fact totally irrespective. They might as well live in Kamtschatka—or in the thirteenth century veritably—as *here and now*.

In Scotland, there are scores of thousands of people living in this manner. In Ireland, there are millions. England must also have its own portion of population similarly misapplied and wretched. When, then, we hear of the twenty-eight millions of home population in the British empire, we should consider how much of it is in what may be called an organic condition—that is, diversified and mutually related in the manner of true society—and how much of it is a mere lump of inert barbarism, lagging behind, and dragging back the rest. It surely is a most singular and startling fact, that at the very time when Britain appears as continually rising higher in the scale of nations, and her best sons are reaping such triumphs by their noble intelligence and ingenuity, so much of her is corpse-like and deadly, and apparently but little in the way of making any change for the better—that while there is a Lancashire and a Lanarkshire, there is also a Ross-shire and a Kerry—that, in short, her texture should be so heterogeneous, and therefore, it may be presumed, so incoherent—that there should be such laggards coexisting with such pioneers!

But the contrasts are not merely geographical. Even in one of the cities of a Lancashire or a Lanarkshire the incongruousness holds good of various minor pieces of space and various grades of society. Thus in Glasgow there is at once the Blythwood district, covered with houses furnished forth with every convenience of refined life, and filled with people whose habits present the best examples anywhere to be met with in the middle ranks of society; and the quadrangular space near the river, which forms a hotbed of vice, filth, and disease, horrible to look upon or even to think of. It is found that a Kerry or a Ross-shire may exist in a 'wynd' or in a 'common stair,' but few yards from active commerce, luxurious wealth, and dignified refinement. In the one case we see a people thrown out of the system on which the nation at large thrives by the remoteness of their geographical situation; in the other, equally large hordes placed *hors de combat* by their vices and ignorance, notwithstanding their being under no local disadvantage. The pioneers and the laggards jostle each other in the street, yet with a social gulf between them more formidable than the distance of Dingle Bay or Loch Broom.

The great task set before the public of our day is—

to vitalise these parts of our community, and bring all into a harmonious moral and intellectual organization. A hundred years ago, the government found the Highlands of Scotland a source of danger from its primitive social system and habits, leading it to espouse the cause of a proscribed dynasty. The state consequently set itself busily to a reform of that part of the kingdom, penetrating it with roads, breaking down feudal practices, and taking measures for assimilating the people as far as possible to those of other districts. The immediate danger was thus overcome. The government has now a greater but similar duty placed before it. Recent circumstances have shown vast portions of the people living in a manner which makes them a source of loss rather than of gain to their fellow-citizens, while their whole condition is a reproach to the community. It is requisite that a mission should be undertaken, and vigorously carried out, for bringing these people into the fold of respectable social life.

It may be said means are already in force for these purposes. There are churches, chapels, and schools, even in the wildest extremities of the empire: individuals are everywhere doing much to convert the barbarian from his evil ways, whether he take the form of a crofter, a cottier, a drunken artizan, or a member of the outcast classes of cities. Yes, the sad truth is, that means have for years been in operation. By the slenderness of the results, it only proves that something else is necessary.

If we look dispassionately at the condition of the Laggard Classes of whatever description, or wherever placed, we certainly cannot say that, among the moral agencies at work in their borders, there is any one which makes anything like a direct effort to bring them up abreast with the rest of society. There is not, for instance, in the countries of low cot life, any organ of higher intelligence which tells the people that, by trying to live on mere patches of the soil, they are degrading themselves far below the rank which human beings ought to hold. They are never told that the wages of idleness are poverty, and that in poverty so regulated as theirs man becomes little better than a beast of the wilderness. It is totally unknown to them, and they are not in the way of ever learning, that there are laws of divine providence affecting their secular welfare, and that unless these be studied and obeyed, they must go on suffering. No maxim of a superior economy, no stimulus to a more rational and more dignified life, ever reaches these people. They are led to blame anything rather than their own sloth for the miseries they undergo, and nothing ever hints to them that a reform of their state must commence with some changes in their own daily habits. There is surely a great want here. It is the want of a true Liberal Intelligence, which shall break in upon the night of ignorance, and create aspirations for a rational and respectable life under the ribs of that apathy which is death. Those anxious to implant worthy religious feelings in such people, are interested in seeing such a reform wrought, for otherwise they have a soil on which their seeds will only rise in the form of superstition. A certain enlightenment of the mind appears to be necessary before Christianity can be apprehended as anything better than the primitive delusions of the unassisted intellect, which are paganism. A secular existence raised somewhat above even the complete gratification of the first necessities—much more above a starveling life—appears a pre-requisite of such a form of Christian practice as can be viewed with any satisfaction. In short, both for this world and the next we require knowledge, and without it we die alike to both.

If we have faithfully sketched what is required for the vitalisation of the dead parts of the community, it must readily be seen how far short of realising it are the educational means in operation. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that merely multiplying schools would accomplish the purpose. So far from this being the case, it could soon be shown that in some

districts there are too many schools; for in Scotland at least, in consequence of religious divisions, some of these are all but utterly starved, while others set up in rivalry go on with but poor efficiency. An indefinite extension of the means of learning to read and write would serve little good purpose, unless followed up by instruction which would positively tend to make the pupils enlightened and rational citizens, apprehensive of the duties set before them in this world, and sensible that on the right performance of these duties depends their secular welfare. If we only consider how little any of the instructions at present anywhere imparted bear on such practical matters, or advert to them at all, we may rather wonder that so many youth become tolerably well-conducted citizens, than that so many fall into pitfalls by the wayside, and that such portentous hordes of the entire people exemplify the serfdom of the heptarchy, instead of the liberal forms of life which mark the present century.

In the present happily tranquil state of the empire, even the men of a reflecting turn of mind are less apt to be sensible of the dangers connected with the Laggard Classes than is desirable. The present writer is not usually disposed to alarmist views; but when he remembers that the last ten years have seen nearly every state in Europe in social and political troubles, he certainly cannot consider himself entitled to hope that Britain is to go on for ever on one plan, the Pioneers gloriously advancing, and the unenlightened masses torpid and at rest—the Few enjoying the fruits of their well-directed industry and well-husbanded means, and the Many content with what a very imperfect industrial system and their own ill-regulated appetites provide for or leave them. An upturn may take place, and, while authority remained out of gearing, who can tell what a blow might be inflicted on all that is noble, and refined, and enlightened in this great empire, by the rude hands of the Great Barbarism which we now sustain in the midst of our state? May so terrible a calamity be avoided! but certainly we are little entitled to expect to avoid any obvious evil if we fail to take the means of anticipating and neutralising it which are pointed out by experience and common sense.

A TWELVEMOON IN CALCUTTA.

THE JUDGE—HORTICULTURAL SHOW—EXTRAORDINARY VISITOR
—THE FORCED BRIDE—A GRAND WEDDING, &c.

Jan. 27th.—The judge with whom we dined yesterday is considered to live in the best style of anybody here, which by no means is to be understood as the most expensive; quite the contrary. He has a good house, and it is well furnished, and his servants are the best to be had, and highly paid; but they are few, his dinners are small, and his French cook—an importation from the Isle of France—prepares his little exquisite dishes for less than the cost of two of those big joints. The walls of the dining-room were coloured in panels; and besides the wall shades, the table was lighted by handsome candelabras, and the side-tables by branches. Only fourteen guests, therefore no crowd of servants. A quiet ease pervaded the family. We were welcomed kindly without any fuss; and the evening glided agreeably away by the help of conversation—much above an ordinary average—and a little very good music. Our host had upon one or two occasions been very obligingly encouraging to Arthur; he this evening talked a good deal to him, and finding out my maiden name, grew very cordial, and desired us, with his love, to scold you for not giving us letters of introduction to him. Arthur thinks we have done better by waiting thus to introduce ourselves.

29th.—Our new friend the judge had engaged me to go to-day with the ladies of his family to the horticultural show in the beautiful town-hall. A committee was sitting up stairs upon the poor's fund, which most of the gentlemen had to attend while we ladies walked about among the *mawlies* (gardeners), who were

all standing or squatting in various attitudes beside their baskets. It was an interesting scene, from the childish exhibition of excitement among the competitors. The show was very creditable: cauliflowers magnificent; onions very good; carrots improving; peas excellent; asparagus and celery very poor. It may not be easy in this soil and climate to raise the celery, but surely asparagus, a native of the Brazils, grown there on the sea-shore, upon the sands within the high water-mark, might be better cultivated at Calcutta? Fruits are all, I hear, improving, and may in time have their flavour heightened to suit our palates. At present, juicy coolness is their only merit. The judges consisted of a deputation from the Botanic Society, and the prizes were given by the hands of a lady of some consequence in our little world. The best out of every basket was selected, to be set on a long table at the upper end of the room. The best from each specimen was again chosen out, and arranged on a smaller table for the final decision. Money and medals were distributed very fairly, and the medals pleased most. The first prize got a medal and ten rupees; the second, a medal and five rupees; and so on; and when the medals were done, rupees, half rupees, quarter rupees, were thankfully received, not one competitor going away unrewarded. Many attempted to present themselves anew, as strangers, for a second donation, and were only prevented by the door at one end being kept shut and guarded, that none might return after being watched out at the other. Some of the prize-fruit and vegetables is retained to furnish forth the dinner-table of the society in the evening; the rest is returned to the owners, and is soon disposed of outside, where the visitors and many gentlemen's servants are anxiously waiting to buy it.

31st.—The races have been going on all this time, but I never cared to attend them again; and very glad I was that I refused accompanying Helen to the Course this day, for a dreadful accident has happened—a poor lad was killed who came out in the ship with us, and was a favourite with every one. How the fine boy had been inveigled into such a snare as to turn jockey I know not; but there he was, riding the favourite, which bolted, threw him on his head, in sight of all the ladies in the stand, and he never spoke afterwards. It has put an end to this diversion for this year among our sex at least. Another season the feelings will have forgotten the shock. It is surprising how completely for the time being these races occupy all minds. Young and old, grave and gay, men and women, seem but to live from day to day on the incidents of the race-course. I am intreated not to judge of the effect of the whole scene by the proceedings of this year, as they are considered very tame by comparison; the governor-general, who very much patronises this amusement, generally giving a cup, or a whip, or a purse, to be run for, and a commemorative ball besides; but he is up the country on a progress. His absence is said otherwise to interfere with the gaiety of Calcutta.

Feb. 1st.—I was told this morning that a native of rank had called to do himself the honour of waiting on me—a civility which not a little surprised me, for I felt quite unconscious in anyway of deserving it. However, it struck me that it might be Dwarkanauth, or one of the Parsees we had lately dined in company with; so I bid ayah concoct the proper complimentary message, and prepared myself to receive him. My visitor was a perfect stranger. He was a graceful but effeminate-looking person, his small features rather handsome, although his eyes expressed more cunning than was pleasing: his manner was very gentle. He did not speak a word of English; I had therefore to summon Caroline's Portuguese ayah. While she was coming, I had leisure to observe his dress. It was really magnificent. He wore a red shawl turban; trousers of cloth of gold, very tight on his lanky limbs; a white tunic; a rich shawl round the waist; another over his shoulder; and one string of emeralds, and a second string of pearls, hanging round his neck. The emeralds were

shaped like pears, with holes drilled through them to receive the string; and the pearls were of all shapes, sizes, and colour. He wore many sparkling rings on his fingers. All this certainly denoted a man of consequence; and this he really was—the minister and favourite of some native prince, a tributary of ours, at whose court we have a resident. The resident and this Baboo don't agree: the resident wants to be quit of the minister, and the rajah supports his favourite. The favourite has therefore come to Calcutta to appeal to the Council against the resident; and, taking the opportunity to manage a little law-business of his own, he called on me to say that he had retained my husband as one of his advocates, and understanding that I was related to the *jousty* on whose arm I had been leaning at the horticultural show, he hoped to interest me in his favour, and through me to incline the judge to give a proper judgment in this cause—that is, a judgment in favour of this managing gentleman! To secure my assistance, he assured me that he was of a most grateful nature—that he should never forget a kindness shown him—and that, upon his word, he did not consider his life safe from the machinations of the resident—that he was, in fine, the most injured, the most innocent, the most worthy of men! What the ayah represented to him as my opinions I know not: he did not look dissatisfied at the close of her oration, although I had desired her to explain that I never interfered in matters of business. I had to content myself with hoping this was properly explained to him; and as to the rest, I was almost more amused than angry after the first surprise. Their own affairs are all conducted in this way: we can't expect them to comprehend our different manners.

8th.—Another visit from my Baboo—a most extraordinary one. He came in great state, in a *palkee*, with ever so many attendants, and his fine clothes, pearls, and emeralds, and all. He came to return thanks for my successful interference in his behalf! and to beg my acceptance of a small token of gratitude—a roll of bank-notes for I don't know how many thousand rupees; more, I believe, than Arthur is like to earn honestly for many a session to come, and which he dexterously contrived to slip into my hand before I understood his meaning. The day was very hot, for the heat is increasing now regularly; and my surprise first, and agitation afterwards, added to my sufferings from it. I cannot speak the language beyond the few words necessary to give common orders to the servants; and altogether, I could hit upon no wiser step in my difficulty than to call loudly for Caroline, holding out steadily the bribe to the tempter, who kept his hands resolutely withdrawn, stuck close down by his sides. In this way we moved up the long room, he retreating backwards, bowing, speaking constantly, and most persuasively, in a low voice, shaking his head, and smiling; I following hurriedly, all consternation, and bent on restoring the roll of notes. He was, however, too many for me. He bowed himself to the doorway, and then turning suddenly round, he disappeared down the staircase. The wretch—the odious wretch—and his horrid money, left with me so cunningly! I should have been frightened to death even to look at Arthur, and so I sat down and fairly cried with vexation, to the great amusement of Caroline, who fell into fits of laughter when she heard the tale. She told me that to get these people to comprehend high feelings or honourable motives, or, in fact, any of the principles by which we guide our conduct, was out of the question. By bribery they manage all their own affairs, and of course it is impossible for them to understand that any persons exist inaccessible to corruption. She considered it a stretch of delicacy on the part of this Hindoo prime-minister that he had not offered these rupees before the cause came on; and she hinted that there were some of our immaculate countrywomen not just so sturdily honest as to decline a present after the cause was won. However, she said it would be much less difficult to get our generous friend

to take the money back than to make him comprehend why it could not be accepted, and that we must speak to Mr Black about it, who, having dealings with that rajah, would settle the affair for me. So we drove to his house this evening, when he undertook the business, and received the roll of notes, but laughed so immoderately at my extreme anxiety to be rid of them, that he somewhat displeased me.

It is getting too hot now for walking to be comfortable in the evenings. Even the drive is sometimes airless.

12th.—There is a grand ball somewhere to-night—a farewell to a great favourite. We were some of us too busy, and others too idle, to go to it, and none of us inclined for a gay party either; so we had a little family dinner instead—Mr Black, and Helen, and their *babas*, two very dear little boys. By the by, I must tell you that Arthur and I have been twice honoured by invitations to the little Sunday dinners of our friendly judge. He has a small family party regularly on that day, never exceeding eight or ten guests, and always turning out most agreeable. These little sociable gatherings are so admired by those admitted to them, that all Calcutta would gladly offer to join them, but they are kept strictly to the family, and now and then a member of the bar; and perhaps they are all the more thought of on account of this exclusiveness. What a pity that a dinner should ever be anything more than a small, and therefore happy re-union of friends, familiarly meeting to enjoy an hour or two of unrestrained conversation, the flow of which is so assisted by good cheer! With the general crowd of acquaintance it would be much better to have them all together, fill our rooms in an evening with them, so that they could amuse one another by music, or cards, or conversation, or dancing, without the formality of that long loaded table to sit round.

14th.—A grand wedding. The 'Bouncing Beauty,' as Edward persists in calling the more striking of the two pretty girls who came out in the ship with us, has made what is called here an excellent marriage—a very good sort of man in the civil service, old enough at least to be her father, with a fine income, and well reported of. All the wedding-party met at five o'clock in the afternoon at the cathedral, where three clergymen assisted in performing the ceremony. The punkahs were swinging busily, which certainly has a strange effect in a sacred edifice. They are, however, so silently pulled, and the freshened air is so reviving, that we soon get accustomed to a peculiarity so pleasant to the feelings when the thermometer is up to 80 degrees. The ladies were in very full dress: they dress very much here on all occasions, and very handsomely, and very becomingly; the style suited to this warm climate being in itself of a description that looks dress-like whether we will or no—thin textures very full in the skirt, and long, never more than half-high in the body, with sleeves unlined, and generally white, or of very light colours. The gentlemen were brightened by a good number of uniforms among them. There were twelve bridesmaids, which really may be considered as a stigma on the Calcutta bachelors, who have none of them the British excuse of not being able to afford to marry. A man in India seldom begins to save till he does marry; and, generally speaking, when he reaches thirty, and often some years before, his income is quite good enough to allow of his arranging to be happy. Formerly two bridesmaids would have been at times hard to meet with. Whether abundance proves an evil, I can't say; I only know that, as far as appearance went, six of those pretty girls at any rate would have graced any station. The hopes of one of them, our 'fragile fair,' are fixed, poor little soul, more humbly than suits her worldly-wise relations. The young officer who won her heart on shipboard was summarily dismissed soon after her arrival. Whether there remain any understanding between them the world knows not: she certainly neither looks ill nor unhappy, though she is not as lively as heretofore; but *that may be the climate*. Her friends talk of her many

admirers, and she always seems to have her choice of partners for dancing; but as yet there has been no lover. I am watching this romance with some interest, for I am not afraid of the result. Gentle as our young friend is, she has too much character to allow her heart to be broken.

The nights are getting very hot—too hot for sound sleep.

17th.—Caroline is making me keep her books for her, that I may learn by and by how to manage my own. She checks her bazaar accounts every morning, giving all her orders the day before. Once a week the clerk comes to audit the books, when he settles with the consommeun—I find I may spell this or any other native word any way I like—and gives him a bag of rupees in hand for the current expenses. Once a month every servant is paid, and every large bill for wine, Europe provisions, furniture, &c. All European goods are dear, but wonderfully well preserved, considering the long voyage they come. The produce of the country is extremely cheap, and, generally speaking, excellent. There is a small kind of mutton, very well flavoured, but not easily to be had, although it is in plenty in the market; for a large and coarser kind yields so much more dripping, that it is greatly more in favour with the consommeun. The beef is delicate, but a little dry; veal bad; lamb not good; kid very good—fat and juicy like our own house lamb. All the poultry is fine—the geese and ducks not nearly so strong in flavour as at home, and they are all a great deal smaller than ours. You would be ashamed of such little ducks and chickens as are the common size here; and as for eggs, three of them would not make one of Peggy Dickens's Dorking hen's. You must condole with Old Peggy on this melancholy picture of Indian poultry; maybe if she were here she might much improve things. Want of proper care may be as much in fault as the climate. We can afford, however, plenty of these diminutive delicacies to make up for their small size. All these native supplies are to be had for a tenth of the price we have been accustomed to pay for them. Would it not, then, be true wisdom, for such of us as come out here with the intention of getting away again at the 'earliest convenience,' to content ourselves with what can be had so good and so reasonable, and to avoid running up those ruinous accounts at the European shops for articles little required, and many of them unsuited to this sultry climate?

Another wise remark I have made. You know how at home we run upon china, real china, old china—fine or coarse, it is valuable in our eyes, set out in our drawing-rooms, services of it kept for great occasions, money often foolishly squandered to secure an old plate or bowl, or jar, or, above everything, a teapot of undoubted china: well, an Anglo-Indian will not use a bit of it. Very good dinner-sets, and very pretty breakfast china, can be bought in the bazaar for a few rupees: not very fine, certainly, but real good Nankin, blue and white, and it would not be admissible. A handsome service of coloured porcelain, gilt if required, could be ordered from its own country for a trifle, but it would not be looked at. Spode and Wedgwood, and now the Worcestershire wares, which last are indeed beautiful, carry all before them here, very expensive as they are. Little fortunes are spent on securing these manufactures; and though the servants break, and the masters have to replace at a cost that accumulates into a serious sum, this must be submitted to, rather than incur the notoriety of being content with wares to be had at our doors 80 per cent. cheaper than those which, after all, are but their copies. Surely good sense should overcome fashion in this case. Steam is bringing a good deal of that strangely-rare commodity here. Those who remember India when it was cut off from home by a long year of sea, tell me the change in all ways is wonderful since it has been brought within six weeks of intercommunication.

18th.—Arthur has had to begin to ride; driving was

not sufficient for him; and walking, since the weather became hotter, we have had to give up. We always sit in the open veranda in the early morning, and we generally take half an hour on the flat house-top at night. On moonlight nights this is delightful, but it is not enough for a man accustomed all his life to so much exercise. He has not bought a horse yet; he rides one of the poor captain's, which are all three left to be sold; and I think he will buy a handsome gray he much likes, if no higher price be offered for it than the price he can afford to give. His frequent companion along the Course, morning and evening, is the advocate-general, that agreeable old man to whom I very early lost my heart. His conversation is really very delightful; so sunshiny—a great charm. There are many clever men in this society. Talents are not rare among our Indian countrymen; and there are accomplished women too, quite as great a number as there would be in the same-sized population at home; and there are much fewer decidedly trifling or decidedly underbred than we should find in any even of our large provincial towns. It is a large society too. There is the governor-general with a great suite, secretaries, aides-de-camp, &c. and the ladies belonging thereto; commander-in-chief, almost as numerous attended; naval commander; secretaries to government; three judges of the Supreme Court; officers of that court; the judges of the Sudder; the bar, and all belonging to it; three members of Council! Think of my forgetting these very great burra sahibs, and popping them down beneath the poor bar-risters!—out of all order! What would their wives say? Many other officials, big and little, civil and military, merchants, captains of Indianmen and of frigates, strangers, professors, surgeons—precedence all wrong again, but no matter—and a whole crowd of rich traders hovering on the skirts of our great world, civilly spoken to, but not admitted among us. At this present time, too, there is a law Commission acting here; the head from home, and the assistants from the other presidencies—all men of character and standing. You have no idea what a pleasant mixture it all makes, nor how gay and how cheerful life is, in the cool weather, in Calcutta, even though this year we have no Government-House entertainments. They gave a courtly air, people say, to the intercourse of politeness, and are much missed by those who frequented them.

23d.—We had such a thunderstorm last night! It lasted two hours. Thunder such as I never heard before; lightning vivid in proportion; and rain like the perpetual pour of a waterspout. It will cool the air a little, and otherwise do much good. We had sat late in the veranda, on account of the closeness of the night, and we fancied a storm might be coming, for the frogs in the neighbouring tank made such an intolerable croaking. I don't know what kind of frog this may be, but the noise made by them is quite beyond anything we have a notion of: it is hard to believe that so small an animal can produce it. In addition to this pleasant music, we had crickets chirping, and jackals screaming, and dogs barking; mosquitoes of course in plenty, buzzing and stinging; and a crowd of men abroad; lights in all the houses, for these moonlight nights the people seem hardly to go to bed: they probably sleep in the heat of the day at this season, which seems to agree with them and to suit them.

28th.—By way of amusing ourselves, went all over Government House. It stands near the river at the end of Esplanade Row, as I think I told you, with the fine plain of the Moydaum before it, between it and the fort. The public rooms are truly magnificent as to size and number, but no better finished or furnished than an ordinary Calcutta house. The plan of the building is admirably adapted to the climate, every room having a thorough draught of air through it; and it is placed so as to catch every breeze that blows. This reconciles one to the very ungraceful elevation—a great lumpish dome, and four semicircular wings. Still, it is an imposing edifice from its size, and from a peculiarity

in its construction, which some people abuse, but which I admire. There are three storeys to the principal or centre part of Government House. The whole of the top storey is one immense ball-room, always cool from its elevation, capable of containing two thousand people. On the second storey, just underneath this fine apartment, are the two marble halls, so called from the costly material really used in their finishing, which are the supper-rooms, and state dining-rooms, and the chambers of audience. From the middle windows of these marble halls there descends on the outside down to the ground a very wide flight of steps, up which all state processions are ushered. The new governor-general is always received by the members of the government on the balconied landing at the top; so are native princes paying visits of ceremony, the details being much the same in all cases. The great man to be received ascends leisurely, surrounded by a retinue, immense when it is native; and the great man thus complimented stands above, alone—his staff behind him, servants bearing hand punkabs, and servants carrying scarlet-dyed horse-hair-tail switches! Beside them the members of Council, and the heads of all departments, filling up the group; while a military band, thundering out 'God save the Queen,' completes this scenic representation. I should have much liked a ball in these regal apartments; and I would have taken any trouble, no matter where the thermometer pointed, to see the reception of a real nabob. But the governor-general, unmindful of either you or me, has left Calcutta for a twelvemonth.

BIRD THE ACADEMICIAN.

ABERCROMBIE, in his work on the Intellectual Powers, says that 'intense mental activity, steadily directed to some leading pursuit, call it by what name you will, is the source of all distinction.' By whatever name, however, we choose to designate this quality, we shall find it constantly possessed by those whom the world calls men of genius, and that they are indebted to it for being what they are. The concentration of the faculties into one focus, and the steady direction of their energies to one point, gives them such a power in grappling with difficulty, and in overcoming obstacles which would be insuperable to ordinary minds, that nothing appears too large for their grasp, or too lofty for their ambition. And perhaps genius has nowhere exhibited this power more decidedly or more instructively than in its triumphs over the obstacles which have lain between it and its progress in the walk which it has chosen. Sometimes there have been formidable physical obstructions to its success; sometimes its place in society has seemed hopelessly below the one it aspired to; sometimes those around it have been incapable of appreciating its early efforts, or have had counter views of their own which have led them to cast impediments in its path; sometimes the amount of labour has been vast, or that of endurance trying; sometimes the regular means of progress have been absolutely unattainable, and that progress has had to be made with such substitutes as ingenuity could devise; sometimes it has had to contend with ignorance, sometimes with prejudice, sometimes with envy, sometimes with malevolence: its motives have been misinterpreted, its conduct maligned, its enthusiasm derided, its efforts contemned, its pretensions sneered at; and not unfrequently the hand of power has been called in to brand the exertions which were to be the glory of the future, with the censure, if not the punishment, of the present: but whatever the bands which have sought to fetter its progress, it has burst them, Samson-like, and gone forth in the might of its strength, bearing the impediments along with it as monuments of its triumph.

Few men, on an ordinary scale, have more vigorously exercised this high prerogative of genius—have more incontestably, by their own unassisted efforts, made themselves what they were, and that not merely with-

out the help of circumstances, but often in spite of them—than the subject of our present memoir. He was born on the 12th April 1772, in the town of Wolverhampton. Allan Cunningham, in his notice of him in his 'Memoirs of Distinguished Painters,' states his father to have been a clothier; but this is an error. He was in reality a working carpenter on a very humble scale, and occupied a small house at the bottom of the Horse Fair in that town. Young Bird is said to have given such early indications of his pictorial propensities, that it was dangerous to leave a piece of chalk within reach of his little fingers; and these peccadilloes of genius—the more frequent, as the use of the article in his father's trade made it a plentiful commodity about the premises—procured him more scoldings than praises among the household. One of his sisters, however, rather encouraged than checked these early studies in chalk; and after a time contrived to spare a trifle from her scanty stock of money to buy him a small box of colours. There is no reason to suppose that in this there was any eye to the future; the motive, in all probability, was merely to gratify a pet child, whose affectionate disposition had already begun to endear him to all around him. But whatever the intention of the present, it not only made the boy supremely happy for the time, but served so effectually to rivet the love of painting to his soul, that he used frequently to say in after-life that it was his sister Sarah who had made him an artist. The impulse thus produced on his crude and immature yearnings must certainly have been great, and his labour and assiduity must have been great also, for he had no kind hand to encourage and direct him, and Wolverhampton afforded no paintings—none at least within reach of the poor carpenter's lad—which might teach him how to embody his ideas of beauty in a palpable form; and yet, thus wholly uncheered and unassisted, he produced a regular painting before he was fourteen; and the sketch, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, is said to have exhibited considerable promise. Its appearance perhaps led his father to imagine that the boy might succeed in tea-tray painting, and the latter no doubt hailed the thought with delight, as a fortunate escape from the old man's bench and planes, and at least a step in the way of his favourite occupation, for of any more serious approach to it neither the one nor the other could at that time have dreamed. In due course, therefore, young Edward was apprenticed to Messrs Jones and Taylor, japanners, where he acquired a practical knowledge of the more mechanical parts of the art; while the degree of taste, and sometimes delicacy of colouring, which the ornamental portions admit, kept his invention and judgment in exercise, and no doubt formed the field on which many of his earlier conceptions were worked out, and many of his notions in design and colour tested and matured. His performances in this way were much esteemed, and some of them are still in existence. Allan Cunningham mentions one which Bird himself recognised at Boulogne; and the late Mr John Morton of Bristol was in possession of another, which the writer remembers to have seen.

Bird's life at this period must have been of a deeply-interesting character. Without money, without education, without friends, alone in the midst of a multitude; with a vague consciousness of inward power, and perhaps some indistinct dreams of a time when that power should procure him a name among his fellow-men; but with a wide and seemingly-impassable gulf between him and the realisation of such a vision, and nothing to sustain him in the gap but his own mental energy—that a poor, friendless boy should have nerve enough to enter on such a conflict, and, still more, perseverance enough to carry it on through a series of years in the face of difficulty and privation of no ordinary character, and to bring it at last to a successful termination, is an instance of the power of the will to triumph over opposition which it is both refreshing and instructive to look upon. And this Bird did quietly, and with little appa-

rent effort. He steadily devoted his intervals of leisure to the task of educating himself. Without models, without instructors, without one friend to remove a stone from his rugged path, or bid him God-speed upon the way, he formed his own ideas of excellence, corrected them where experience proved them erroneous, reconstructed them on more enlightened principles, and in this manner slowly, and by the most painful road, toiled his way up the steep of knowledge. During all this time his morals were irreproachable; his heart was always ready to sympathise with distress, and his hand to relieve it. Generous, affectionate, and warm-hearted, ever ready to perform the thousand little acts of kindness which even the poor can render to the poor, and never having a thought for himself while there was any other to think of, it is not surprising that he became a universal favourite with his fellow-workmen and associates, nor that a general regret was felt among them when they found they were about to lose him. In fact his indentures having now expired, he felt that the time had arrived to make the effort for which he had so long been silently preparing; and refusing some advantageous offers to continue in his original profession at Wolverhampton, he bade farewell to his early friends and connections, and at the early age of two-and-twenty departed to push his fortunes in Bristol.

His first efforts in that city were marked by a prudence and discretion which it were well if all in similar circumstances had imitated. Feeling that he had yet much to learn, and that some regular means of support were absolutely necessary till he had established himself in his profession, he procured employment with the firm of Gray, Thomas, & Co., japanners, and kept a drawing academy in the evenings, to the free benefits of which his shopmates were always welcome. As a painter, his natural taste inclined him to subjects of familiar life, and he was very happy at hitting off any little dash of sentiment or humour which might form part of them. His efforts in his art were for a considerable time limited to small compositions on such subjects, which were sold at low prices to persons of moderate means, and helped to supply his immediate wants while he continued his labour of self-improvement. As an instance of his unassuming character, it is said that a Mr Murphy, a brother artist with whom he had become acquainted, having persuaded him to send a pair of these early productions to an exhibition at Bath, he modestly valued them at ten guineas each; his friend, however, who knew the world somewhat better, took leave to triple the price, at which figure they readily sold. He also painted signs for several of the principal inns; and as his merits began to be known, received commissions from various gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and was employed to paint the altar-piece for the new church of St Paul.

The first work which drew the attention of the public in general to his pencil was the picture called 'Good News,' which many have ranked among his happiest efforts in that line. Several of the principal figures are drawn from the life—a very frequent practice with him, and one which has materially contributed to the spirit and variety so discernible in his pictures. The appearance of this piece very greatly enhanced his reputation; but its fame was soon to be eclipsed by that of another and much superior production, which was destined to reward his years of anxious and unremitting toil, and place him on the pinnacle which he had so long struggled to attain.

This was the celebrated picture of 'Chevy-Chase,' which has long since taken its stand as one of the leading historical paintings of the country, and which a writer in one of the magazines says was accidentally proposed at a meeting of a few friends, when Bird agreed to paint the picture if they would purchase it, and to have it ready in time for the exhibition at the British Institution; the chance of the premium to belong to them. It was prepared accordingly; but not being delivered till after the proper time, was shut out from the competi-

tion, but allowed a place in the collection. Bird's worst enemies could never accuse him of anything mean or sordid; he was no sooner aware of the failure of this portion of his hopes, than he offered to return the purchase-money. But this handsome proposal was met in a kindred spirit; his friends declaring that they had merely bought the picture to relieve his mind from anxiety respecting its fate; and that, if it had obtained the premium, they should have presented it to him. Anxiety respecting it, however, proved quite unnecessary. Its success was great and decided: it was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford for 300 guineas, and not only placed the artist at once in the front rank of his profession, but was eventually the means of advancing him to the dignity of a royal academician.

There is in most hearts a corner which is accessible to the voice of praise. Bird was no exception to the rule; and its accents naturally fell not the less sweetly on his ear in that he had been toiling for years in unmerited neglect and comparative obscurity. He felt new life in his veins—fervid, imaginative, artistic life; and determined to follow out the glorious path which had now opened before him by preparing another painting for the ensuing exhibition. This picture, which was the 'Death of Eli,' merits notice as affording an instance of the remarkable facility with which Bird exercised the pencil. He had resolved on the composition; he had commenced the work; but the stimulus died off: that which had been a labour of love became a task; and, like a task, was prosecuted slowly and reluctantly, till he at last satisfied himself that there was not time to complete it, and flung it aside altogether. All at once he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to finish his picture. Like most men of genius, he was quite the creature of impulse; and though it wanted but three days to the opening of the exhibition, and all the principal parts of the painting were still unfinished, what had appeared impossible the day before seemed now quite easy; he bent his energies to the task, and in two days the 'Death of Eli' stood finished on the easel. Even with this extraordinary effort, which has not many parallels in the history of painting, the object of the artist was very nearly defeated; and the fact affords a useful lesson of the danger of procrastination. Literally, according to the statement of a friend, wet from the pencil, it was hurried into its case, and despatched to the Bush Coach-Office for transit to London; but an unusual quantity of luggage had preceded it, and these were not the days of railways, where a ton or two more or less is a trifle: the book-keeper peremptorily refused to receive so large a package; the next day would have been too late, and have subjected 'Eli' to the same fate as 'Chevy-Chase.' Matters were beginning to look desperate, when the accidental arrival of Mr Weeks, the master of the establishment, suddenly changed their complexion. Hearing that it was a picture of Bird's going up to the exhibition, he declared that he would have the whole coach unpacked rather than it should be stopped; and as this decision, like that of the House of Peers, was final, the picture proceeded on its way without further impediment; gained the 300 guinea prize, and was purchased for 500 by the noble proprietor of 'Chevy-Chase,' to add to his magnificent gallery.

Bird's foot was now fairly in the stirrup; his name began to be mentioned among the leading painters of the day; his society was courted by the rich and eminent; he had the honour of a presentation to the late Princess Charlotte, who professed herself much pleased with his appearance and manners, and appointed him her painter; he was permitted to present to her his well-known picture of the 'Surrender of Calais,' which, in many points, is second to none of the productions of his pencil. The Earl of Bridgewater, and several others of the nobility, became his patrons; the Prince Regent purchased one of his pictures (the 'Psalm-Singers'), and ordered another; the Royal Academy elected him a member in a manner highly gratifying to his feelings;

Benjamin West, the president, took him quite under his wing; and the son of the poor carpenter of Wolverhampton, the humble and unfriended jannanner, had the proud gratification of seeing his years of lonely toil and patient struggling rewarded by that fame and honour which is the noblest recompense of genius; for which it will cheerfully spend its best energies, and for which it often sacrifices its ease, its health, its life—and sacrifices them in vain. The last, at least, was not among the hardships of Bird's lot. His progress in public opinion was rapid; his connection enlarged, and became of a higher order; his amiable and docile disposition, his modest and unassuming manners, and the simplicity and frank freeheartedness of his character, deepened the impression originally made by his talents; and those who came prepared merely to admire the artist, rarely went away without loving the man. He had by this time, too, added the comforts of the domestic circle to the honours of the professional one; having married Miss Martha Doddrell, the daughter of an engraver, and become the father of several children; of his devoted attachment to whom all who knew him bear ample testimony. He had had a high and difficult mountain to climb; but its top was at length reached, and the prospect was fair beyond.

But though the great object for which he had toiled was thus triumphantly achieved, and a brilliant future seemed to beckon him on, he was soon destined to find from actual experience that 'all that glitters is not gold.' Disappointment and vexation in various ways attended his plans and marred his prospects; and disappointment and vexation agreed but ill with his sanguine temperament and impulsive character. As an instance, we may mention that in executing the picture of the 'Embarkation of Louis XVIII.' for the Earl of Bridgewater, while he received not only polite affability, but marked kindness from the French monarch and his family, he was subjected to many mortifications from some of the British nobility, whose portraits were necessary for the piece, and who exhibited something too much of 'the proud man's contumely' in condescending to grant them. One, in particular, at that time occupying a high position in the state, made so many appointments for sittings, and broke them so often on frivolous pretences, after the artist had sacrificed time and money in a long and fruitless journey, that the latter, wearied and disgusted, threatened at last to place him in the background of the picture, with his face concealed by his handkerchief. Bird, indeed, though, as we have said, anything but an assuming character, had sufficient consciousness of genius to feel that while a certain amount of respect is always due to exalted station, 'a man's a man for a' that; and the pride of birth, or the arrogance of wealth, often reminded him of his want of these adjuncts in a manner that was deeply painful to his feelings. Some of his most captivating qualities, too, were better adapted to endear him to his friends and associates than to minister to his own permanent happiness. The gentleness and pliability of his nature made him easy of persuasion; and as it was not to be expected that all his advisers should give him wise and prudent counsel, his judgment was sometimes warped by the false views of others, and he was led to adopt opinions and entertain sentiments which his own feelings would never have prompted. His generosity, however attractive in itself, and however praiseworthy in its impulses, sometimes made him forgetful of the fact, that he was a husband and a father; that he had charged himself with the maintenance of his own parent for the rest of his days; and that the admission of any claim which infringed upon theirs, however amiable in feeling, was a failure in principle. He was tried deeply, too, with domestic affliction: the loss of a son and a daughter, who were both buried on the same day, pressed heavily on a heart that was full of affection and tenderness; and some severe attacks of illness tinged his temper with an occasional querulousness and irritability which had been unknown to it in former days. These

attacks increased so much, both in frequency and violence, that the last five or six years of his life were little else than a perpetual wrestle with disease. At last both mind and body were bowed down beneath the weight of a strong hypochondriacal affection, which baffled the utmost skill of the physicians, and reduced him to a state of debility and suffering which it was painful to witness. In this state he painted his last picture, the 'Burning of the Bishops,' and though the conception, and some parts of the composition, are not unworthy of his genius, it bears evident marks that a mightier finger than that of Time was writing Ithabod on his professional prospects. A gentleman who knew him well, himself an artist of no mean attainments, though belonging to a still loftier profession, has given a touching picture of the distressing state of the poor artist while occupied at the easel. 'I have seen him working at that picture, and paint in and out the same head; then put down his palette and cry. But the man and his genius were not here: the latter had departed; the former was departing.' In this melancholy way he struggled on for a time, exerting what little remnant of energy was yet left him in the vain endeavour to check the inroads of disease. But the march of the universal conqueror was not to be stayed: the efforts of the dying man grew feebler and fainter, till at last he dropped his pencil in despair, and never used it again.

From this period disease advanced with a slow but steady step. All that medical aid could now effect was to alleviate the acuteness of suffering; and this was done with much skill and kindness by a gentleman who has long been as a friend in the family, and of whose many good offices Bird had shown his sense in his own delicate way, by introducing him as employed on a mission of benevolence in his fine picture of the 'Poacher's Reprieve.' Nature at length sunk under the conflict, and he expired on the 2d November 1819. A public funeral, which was attended by 300 gentlemen, testified the estimation in which, as a man and an artist, he was held by his fellow-citizens. He was interred in the cloisters of the Bristol Cathedral, the customary fees being remitted in his favour, and the stone which covers the vault now bears the following inscription:—'Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Edward Bird, Esq., R.A., who departed this life Nov. 2, 1819, aged 45 years; and of Martha, his widow, who died May 25, 1846, aged 66. Their children caused this stone to be placed, as a tribute of affection to the memory of their beloved parents.'

A critical examination of Bird's merits in his profession would be out of place in a short notice like this: it belongs rather to works more immediately devoted to the art. As only a few years intervened between the production of 'Chevy-Chase,' his first picture of note, and the time of his death, and during the greater portion of that period his body was borne down and his energies crushed by sickness and affliction, his progress in so short a time, and under such circumstances, seems to warrant the conclusion that had he not been thus prematurely cut off in the prime of his days and the spring-time of his fame, his reputation would have been still greater than it now is. He was a man of close observation himself, and always ready to benefit by the criticisms of others: such a disposition contains within itself the germ of continuous improvement, and it would be difficult to prescribe a limit to its growth.

Of the rapidity with which he could use his pencil we have already given an instance, and it was far from being a solitary one. His friend George Cumberland, who associated with him on terms of the greatest familiarity, has seen him painting by candlelight in oil while his tea was pouring out, and beginning and finishing a study before the meal was completed. He once painted his own portrait over his breakfast in fifteen minutes; and it was no uncommon thing to see him begin a large picture, without any previous drawing, in two or three parts at once, the scale in his eye being so *just, that all harmonised at the termination.*

As a man, his gentle and amiable, rather than strong character, the utter unselfishness of his nature, his many social and companionable qualities, and—till affliction had poisoned the springs of enjoyment—the cordial flow of spirits which he usually brought with him into society, formed just the sort of being that we love. Too noble-minded for envy, he was always ready to assist the labours and facilitate the rise of his brother artists. His comic pictures are remarkable for the scrupulous avoidance of everything capable of wounding individual feeling; and in the series of paintings called the 'Poacher' he has adopted the idea—since extensively acted on by Ripplingill and Cruikshank—of rendering pictorial effect subservient to the purposes of virtue, and making the moral as impressive as the scene.

SHOPS, SHOPKEEPERS, SHOPMEN, AND SHOP MORALITY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE life of a shopkeeper in the wearisome attempt to establish a remunerative business is one of incessant anxiety and warfare. It would appear, upon a glance at the tactics of tradesmen, that every one of them held it as a rule that his own success were dependent upon the ruin of his rival, inasmuch as all seem quite as intent upon decrying the goods of their opponents as on puffing their own. The rivalry that goes on with regard to the retailing of certain commodities, shows that 'war to the knife' is the maxim among opposing traders. Profits upon some descriptions of stock, whose value is well known to the purchasers, have long been cut down to the lowest paying point; and large quantities of such goods are daily handed over the counter at a gain to the retailer of less than one per cent. This cheapness, however, is never referrible to the whole of the trader's goods, but only to one or two articles, used, according to their own expressive term, as 'draw-boys' to lure the public to the shop. Thus silver-plate is seen ticketed up at 7s. 2d. an ounce, the cost of the material being 5s. all but a fraction, and the government duty 1s. 6d.—leaving something over 8d. to pay journeyman's wages and profit to the retailer. But in the same window with the cheap spoons are displayed gold watches, chains, bracelets, and all kinds of jewellery, bearing a profit of from 50 to 100 per cent., or more. The known cheapness of one article leads customers naturally to suppose that the others are equally cheap. Among grocers, the draw-boy is sugar, which is universally ticketed at a price barely enabling the trader to recover his outlay; but with sugar go tea, coffee, and other indispensables, from which an amply-compensating profit is derived. In the book-trade, 'Bohn's Standard Library' has been the draw-boy for the last few years, the volumes being often labelled at prices lower than they were bought for at the publisher's warehouse. The same practice prevails in almost every retail trade; and it would not be difficult to name the specific article which acts the part of the magnet in half the retail trades of London.

If this practice be open to objections, there is another which prevails to a villanous extent, far more worthy of reprobation. We allude to the display of a stock of goods to which lying labels are attached, for the purpose of fraud. The drapers are particularly open to the charge of this species of dishonesty. We could point to goods in a score of well-known establishments broadly ticketed at prices 15 or 20 per cent. below their recent cost to the owner, and at which, consequently, they cannot be, and are not intended to be sold. As in such establishments the shopkeeper has chiefly to deal with ladies, he usually finds it not very difficult to have his own will—which is to cheat the buyer. It is managed thus:—Duplicates of the articles in the window are stored up on the shelves

within, but these are of much inferior manufacture and material, although of the same pattern: these are tendered to the customer as 'precisely the same as those in the window.' If, by the dubious light of the interior, the fraud is not detected, a sale is effected, and there is an end of the transaction; if, however, the lady-buyer is obstinate, and will have the article in the window or none, she is just as effectually cheated—for behold, the polite shopman, all acquiescence, leaps into the window-front, and reaching the article designated, adroitly draws from beneath it the false wares planted in readiness for such an emergency, while the genuine article drops into a convenient cavity prepared for its reception. The whole window-exhibition is in fact got up double: the visible wares are of far greater value than the sums at which they are marked, while those which are really allotted to the purchaser are intrinsically good for nothing but to sell. We have known parties thus defrauded at one of these magnificent saloon-looking establishments to take a male friend with them, and appeal to the proprietor for redress; but never heard of their obtaining anything more than a polite kind of abuse, or a cavalier suggestion that if the lady thinks herself ill-used, she is at liberty to absent herself for the future. There is another manoeuvre, called the 'counter dodge,' which is not unfrequently practised: A piece of goods—Irish linen for instance—lies upon the counter: it is labelled at 20d. a yard, being fairly worth 3s. or 3s. 6d. A customer who has just concluded a purchase takes it up for examination, and is of course recommended by the shopman to buy it as a decided bargain; if she consents to have it, the shopman, taking it from her to pack up with the previous purchase, passes another shopman, and drops it *accidentally* upon the floor. Bestowing a 'How stupid!' upon his fellow, he stoops and picks up a different article of precisely the same form, but not worth more than 10d. a yard. The purchaser pays her bill, and does not find out the cheat until it is too late for redress.

There is a singular method resorted to by drapers to get rid of their old stock, which method is technically termed 'tingering.' A trader who has too much winter stock upon his hands at the approach of spring, tinges his winter goods, after which they rapidly decrease in amount. The tinge is a cabalistic sign appended to the private mark, by which all the shopmen know that a premium is attached to the sale of the article bearing it, which will be paid to the seller in addition to his agreed salary or per-centage. By this means goods are sometimes industriously forced, by dint of lying and exaggeration, upon customers who had no intention of purchasing them. Some salesmen possess a wonderful talent in thus forcing wares upon persons who have no need of them; and these worthies, it is hardly necessary to say, command the highest salaries.

Among the novelties in shopkeeping which have lately sprung up in London, the most extraordinary perhaps of any are the sweepstakes and betting-shops. These establishments—if places liable to a sudden and total transformation can be so called—are so many contrivances for eluding the laws against lotteries. During the whole summer season they are open in all quarters of the town, and are the media of gambling and betting speculations in connection with the various horse-races that take place throughout the kingdom. At such places the public are invited to sport their money upon any particular horse or horses—the 'favourite' or the 'field,' or in anyway that 'suits their fancy.' Odds to any extent are both taken and given according to the estimated chances, it being the business of the shopkeeper of course to make up a book which shall be profitable to him, be the event what it may. He takes care, however, to stand on much safer ground than the man who bets with another on the race-course, inasmuch as he makes no entry in his books without having the cash paid down in advance. Experience has shown that his customers are not always so well protected, it having come to pass in

not a few instances that settling-day has found the shop shut up, and the polite and agreeable holder of the stakes reduced to nothing more tangible than a subject of very anxious inquiry. These lotteries are by no means confined to horse-racing: any doubtful event which may be made the subject of a wager answers the purpose of their proprietors just as well as a horse-race: a foot-race, a pigeon match, a prize fight, the event of a trial and verdict of a jury, or even the birth of a prince or princess—all may be, and are made the subjects of gambling speculation. One of these worthies actually opened a new shop not many months ago in one of the most expensive localities in town, to which he invited the public to resort and risk any sum they chose, from a shilling upwards, upon the lives of the bishops of the Church of England. 'Choose your mitre, gentlemen, and make your game!' You had only to pay your shilling, and name your bishop; and if the right reverend father could be persuaded to die (of mortification or anything else) within a specified time, you had a *claim* upon the bank for £500. We suspect that this speculative genius had authoritative notice to discontinue his ecclesiastical lottery, as one fine morning the shutters of the shop were not taken down, and a storm of thundering knocks at the door brought no one to open it. The friend of the bishops had translated himself, and we did not hear that he had left any notice to his customers regarding their deposits.

No better than such proceedings as the above, in a moral point of view, are the exploits of a set of diligent and unwearied advertisers, whose lying professions and fraudulent testimonials are always before the eyes of newspaper readers. These gentry are continually testing the gullibility of credulous John Bull with some new and marvellous discovery. They have all a well-grounded faith in the stupidity of the public, and in the efficacy of advertising. 'It does not signify a fig,' said one of them to the writer, 'what you advertise; if you push it well, 'twill be sure to go down. I never advertised anything yet that did not bring in twenty per cent. after paying all expenses.' Whether the principle be true or false we cannot say; we only know that when a man once begins advertising in good earnest, he never leaves off.

The advertising of quack medicines is carried to most extraordinary lengths. No article that can be manufactured is so sure of success as a pill, provided a sufficient number of lies are told respecting it in the form of advertisements. We could name a party, once an obscure individual in a country town, who is believed to have made fifty thousand pounds by a pill. Of course the manufacturer of this wonderful pill is a knowing dog. He is well aware that his countrymen are continually complaining of their stomach—from the effects of over-eating—and that they greedily take any medicine that is strongly recommended to them. Reader, if all other trades have failed you, go and invent a bolus, and spend several thousands in advertising it. The world will not fail to reward you as the greatest of benefactors. There are a multitude of articles besides quack medicines, the projectors and proprietors of which, by availing themselves of 'a good advertising medium,' have reaped a plentiful harvest from the fears and fancies of the nervous, credulous, and weak. A still lower morality, if it be possible, is displayed in the preparation of cheap goods. No rule is without exceptions, and we believe that there are some honourable men who, by capital and fair enterprise, are able to undersell their neighbours. But on the whole, the practices of cheap dealers are far from being commendable. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the insane rage of the public for bargains is at the root of this growing evil. Vast numbers of people will buy nothing unless it is low in price, as if apparently unconscious that quality must be regulated by cost. Whether, however, originating with the foolish part of the public, or with tradesmen for their own selfish ends, it is evident that the cheapening prac-

tice is greatly deteriorating our manufactures. Who, in these days, ever gets a piece of cloth that keeps the colour, or wears well? The thing is made up for the market, has a fine gloss, and takes the eye of the customer; but wear it only a short time, or expose it to a shower of rain, and see what a wretched appearance it assumes! And so with a hundred other classes of goods. Locks of doors, window fastenings, hinges, earthenware, crystal, paper, and so forth, are all deteriorated, much to our national discredit and loss. In the fine woollen cloth trade, Belgium, by being more honest, is cutting us out of the American market. Thus a whole country suffers from the knavery of a few manufacturers.

One of the processes resorted to for lowering the price of goods consists in employing inferior hands. Instead of paying reasonable wages to journeymen, small sums are paid to boys, girls, women, and other varieties of workers. In vain have the regularly-instructed hands had recourse to strikes, proclamations, and public meetings; they could not resist the inevitable law of supply and demand—the demand being for cheap goods, and the supply being abundant from the exertions of an army of cheap labourers, increasing every hour, over whom they could not possibly exercise the least control. In the hope of exciting sympathy for their position, they addressed appeals to the public, urging them to patronise only those masters and traders who employed regular journeymen, and paid full wages—as if impressed with the chimerical notion, that the whole world preferred the practice of philanthropy to pecuniary saving. Of course they made nothing by this proceeding, and they are virtually left at the present moment to fight their own battle under difficulties which increase in proportion to increasing numbers, and which are inevitable by the law of supply and demand. To effect 'cheapness,' many tradesmen have abolished their workshops altogether, thus getting rid of one great element of expense; and by giving the work out to be done at the homes of the operatives, they subject every species of labour to the competition of the labourers themselves, who, anxious for individual employment, underbid one another in order to obtain it. This miserable system, which may well be termed the sweating system, though it originated in the ready-made clothing trade, has extended to a great number of others, and is still spreading daily. Not only tailors and shoemakers, but cabinet-makers, bookbinders, pianoforte-makers, cutlers, and a number of other trades, are now carried on at the homes of the artisans, with materials supplied by the trader. There is but little doubt that the journeymen have to thank the garret-masters for much of the deterioration in their condition. This wretched class (who differ from the home-working journeyman only in one particular—namely, that they find their own materials) first taught the tradesman the minimum price at which destitution and dependence could be goaded to labour. The willing victims of intemperance and improvidence, they may be encountered late every Saturday night dragging about the articles manufactured in the week—sometimes a huge 'tall-boy' chest of drawers or an unwieldy loo table, but more frequently objects of a more portable description, for which they are compelled, at that advanced hour, to accept whatever price the retail broker chooses to give.

Miserable as are these practices, they are not confined to English tradesmen. We find by a recently-published small work on America,* that the shopkeepers of New York are as 'clever' as their brethren in London. 'A shameful cheat on Irish girl emigrants,' says the writer of this production, 'is the system of delusive advertisements which is kept up in the daily papers of New York, headed, "Twenty girls wanted to make caps; apply at 230 — Street." "Girls wanted to sew on pantaloons: good wages given." "Twenty girls wanted

to sew straw." These persons take the simple-hearted girls on trial, without wages or board, for two or three weeks or so; and having got so much stitching out of them, dismiss them without paying them a single copper, with the heartless remark, "You don't suit!" A fresh lot of victims are continually coming to these wretches, and by this means they get certain slop-work for the country executed for nothing, or next to nothing.' The same writer alludes to another piece of trickery, which, we believe, is not unknown in our large towns. It consists of advertising for clerks or apprentices, only as an indirect means of drawing attention to a shop. A not very dissimilar scheme to 'keep a name before the public' is that practised by certain stockbrokers, who advertise shares for sale which they well know they have not to dispose of. How much is it to be regretted that any class of traders, through a spirit of competition, should render themselves accountable for such petty breaches of morality.

THE SLATER'S DAUGHTER.

It was a bright sunny morning in June; the little town of Subery seemed to have poured forth its whole population into the streets, and the square which surrounded the church was crowded to excess. This was evidently a festive day.

The town, nestled amidst lofty hills, is chiefly inhabited by miners, who pass their days in laborious toil buried within the bowels of the earth. A holiday was therefore to them a doubly-welcome event. The occasion of their present festival was the completion of some extensive repairs which their old church had lately undergone.

According to a long-established custom of the country, the master-slater was to receive, in addition to his wages, a complete new suit of clothes, in honour of the occasion, and he had given notice that he was on this day to ascend the steeple for the last time, and to perform on its very summit a *tour-de-force* which would astonish the spectators.

Master Madel, the titular master-slater of the place, would never have lent himself to such foolery as this—for he was a prudent man, and the father of a family—but he had lately been very ill, and had been compelled to visit the adjoining baths of Carlsbad in search of that health which was so essential to the very subsistence of his family. The task of completing the repairs had therefore devolved upon his brother-in-law, who was still in the heyday of youth, and to whom a perilous exploit was only a pleasing pastime.

Holding in his hand a small packet containing the new suit of clothes, he hastened through the assembled crowd, and, with the agility of a cat, climbed the scaffolding which surrounded the steeple; by the help of a rope he then raised himself to the top of the gilt ball which crowned its summit, and clinging to the cross which surmounted it, he opened his packet, and began coolly to array himself in the holiday attire which it contained, at the same time bowing courteously to the crowd of gazers who stood in the square below!

Having accomplished this perilous feat, he began to think of making his way down; but, alas, the rope was no longer to be found!—the wind had detached the loop from the point of the cross on which he had suspended it—and in an agony of terror he stretched out his hands imploringly towards the spectators, who quickly perceived the cause of his alarm. But how was help to be conveyed to the unhappy man? In vain did the municipal authorities offer a large reward to any miner who should possess sufficient courage or generosity to go to his relief: not a soul stirred; and his weeping sister, the wife of Madel, who stood amongst the crowd, exclaimed that the only hope left was to send an express to Carlsbad, and to fetch her husband, who alone would dare to climb the dizzy height.

The express was accordingly just about to start, when the young Veronica, the slater's only daughter, seizing

* Nine Years in America. By Thomas Mooney. M'Glashan, Dublin.

hold of her mother's hand, exclaimed, 'Mamma, is it only a cord my uncle wants? If so, I will bring it to him in a minute, just as I used to bring papa his dinner when he was working up there.'

Dame Madel trembled at the thought of exposing her child, who was but little more than five years of age, to a peril which the boldest miner had not dared to face. But the life of her only brother was at stake, and the little one, young as she was, had a fearless heart as well as a sure foot; so, after a moment of anxious thought, she pressed Veronica to her bosom, and said, 'Go then, my child, and may God be with thee!'

A coil of rope was quickly provided; Veronica placed it in a basket on her arm, and before many moments had elapsed, the anxious crowd saw her on the scaffolding, exerting all her feeble strength to throw the cord within reach of her uncle. At last she succeeded, and a loud cheer burst from the assembled multitude, who until this moment had been silent as the grave. We need not describe the joyous welcome which awaited both the little heroine and her uncle when they emerged hand in hand from the church, through which they had passed on descending from the steeple. For three days nothing was talked of in all the country round but the heroism of the *slater's daughter*, and even the columns of the newspapers blazoned forth her noble deed.

And yet at the end of two years Veronica was forgotten!

Two years after the restoration of the steeple, the cross by which it was surmounted was struck with lightning, and the melted pitch falling on the roof, threatened to set the whole structure in a blaze. The pealing of the bell soon mingled with the rolling of the thunder, and the good people of Subery, hastening to the spot, did all that lay in their power to extinguish the flame. Madel, the master-slatter, stood upon the roof, where the danger was most imminent, and with a trembling hand directed the fire-engine towards the spots where the flame raged with the fiercest vehemence. The great heat, the sparks which flew around him on every side, and the glowing flame which dazzled his eyes, caused him intense suffering; but he and his brave companions persevered, and the fire was extinguished. From that night, however, he became liable to continual inflammation of the eyes, and in six months Master Madel had entirely lost the use of his sight.

I will not attempt to describe the anguish which filled the poor man's heart when he found, that so far from being able to maintain his family by the labour of his hands, he must henceforth be dependent upon them for his support. He found, however, a faithful and tender guide in the little Veronica; and Dame Madel, instead of giving way to vain repinings, cheerfully did her best to supply his place, by labouring more diligently than ever. Veronica assisted her mother to the best of her ability, and shared her toils whenever her father did not stand in need of her arm to guide his steps. A year thus glided on, and its close left the little group patient and resigned under their trials; but soon the good mother, worn out by exertions beyond her strength, breathed her last in the arms of her little daughter, exhorting her with her latest breath to be—what she had ever been—a dutiful and tender child to the blind father, who had now no one left to tend and care for him save her.

It was Christmas-eve. The mountaineers sought to forget the inclemency of the season in the cheerful recreations which made their hearths resound with merriment. It was their custom on this evening to illuminate their houses; and the streets were early filled with idlers, attracted by the brilliancy of the scene. Veronica had continued to work hard at her lace-pillow until darkness had closed in, nor would she then have ceased her labours had not her cruise of oil failed her and her lamp expired in its socket.

Then only, and much against her will, did she begin to keep the holiday which was so gaily celebrated around her. She fed the stove with fresh fuel, placed her blind

father in his easy-chair, and then dressing her little brother as warmly as she could, said to the child, 'Come, Georgey, we will go out and see whether the good Jesus* has not something to give us too, that we may keep the feast to-morrow, like everybody else.'

The two children accordingly set forth hand in hand. Sights and sounds of rejoicing met them at every step. Miners in holiday attire wandered through the streets in merry groups, and paused beneath the windows of the richer citizens to sing their Christmas carols. The door of the house thus serenaded never failed to open when the singers paused, and the leader of the party always received from the generous host a few pieces of glittering coin in exchange for his song and his good wishes.

The children, following the example of their elders, joined themselves in little bands, and went singing from door to door, whilst many a Christmas-box was ungrudgingly bestowed on the young musicians.

As Veronica gazed on the merry scene, a sudden thought flashed across her mind—Why should not she, too, sing, and perhaps obtain a little money to buy a few Christmas comforts for her father? He sat at home so desolate, and a dry crust was their only provision for the morrow!

Brought up in retirement, and having seldom time to mingle in the pastimes of the children of the place, Veronica at first shrank from the thought of doing anything to attract attention; but the recollection of her blind father nerved her to the task, and drawing her veil yet closer round her, she hastened towards the quarter of the town where she was least known. Holding her little brother by the hand, she paused beneath the windows of a small, neat-looking house, and with a beating heart, but a pure, fresh voice, began the following couplet:—

'Cheer up, cheer up, ye miners brave!
And though your lot be one of toil,
Still let your hearts with joy bear up!
Beneath the might your right hand wields
The earth her choicest treasure yields,
Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!'

The words were simple and unartistic, and poor Veronica's voice at first trembled so much that she could hardly articulate them; but her courage rose as she proceeded, and she sang the chorus with an energy and expression beyond her years.

She paused; a deep silence ensued, and two long minutes elapsed—minutes which seemed to her an age. Confused and humiliated at the thought of her unsuccessful attempt, she was about to retire, when the door opened, and a woman placed in her trembling hand a piece of cake and three kreutzers.

Veronica's heart overflowed with joy. 'Oh look, Georgey!' she exclaimed. 'Has not my first attempt been a successful one? You shall have the kreutzers for your share, but the cake I will keep for poor papa, that he too may know it is Christmas. Who knows but the good God may send us another piece?'

Cheered by this encouragement, the little songstress went on her way, and many a heart was opened to her, and many a kreutzer and Christmas-cake found their way into the pockets of her little brother. But there is no rose here below without a thorn. From one window a harsh voice cried out, 'Go on, and do not disturb us, you impertinent little wretch!'

Veronica, with a glowing cheek and tearful eye, went her way, and thought she would sing no more. But as she passed before the house of the superintendent of the mines, the wealthiest man in Subery, she said, 'I will try my chance yet this once.' This time she did her very best; her voice rose clear and sweet in the still, frosty air of evening—it might almost have been deemed an angel's song.

* It is well known that there exists a superstition amongst the German children, that on Christmas-eve the infant Jesus goes round to their respective dwellings, and leaves a gift for each who has been a good child during the past year.

Soon a window on the first storey opened; she held out her hand for the expected boon: a kreutzer was dropped into it, but as it touched her, she uttered a piercing cry, and let it fall upon the ground. The kreutzer had been heated *red-hot*, and the author of this gratuitous piece of cruelty only met her cry of anguish by an insulting laugh.

Veronica, weeping bitterly, turned to rejoin her brother, who lingered a little way behind her, whilst eating one of his Christmas cakes. He asked her why she cried, but she would not sow the seeds of bitterness in his infant heart by telling him that man—man created in the image of God—had dared to inflict so grievous a wrong on one of the 'little ones' whom the Saviour came on this night to bless and to save.

With a heavy heart she returned home; and heavily will the tears which Veronica wept that night weigh one day upon the conscience of him who caused her to shed them.

The next day Veronica spent some of the money she had received the preceding night in the purchase of oil to heal her wounded hand, in the hope of being able soon to work as usual! but alas! day after day passed on without its getting any better.

The performance of her household duties was one continued torture to her; and often when she tried to ply her bobbins, and earn a scanty meal for her father and little brother, the pain became so great, that she would lay her head upon the cushion, and wish it were pillowed by her mother's side in the silent grave.

Sometimes her father, to whom she had never told her sufferings, would ask for his favourite song; and the gentle child, suppressing her own grief, would sing the fatal couplet which had cost her so much; whilst the blind father, listening in delighted admiration, would say he had never heard any voice like hers, and bless his 'dear, good child.' These were some of her happiest moments; but oh that was a sad, sad winter for poor Veronica.

In these mountainous districts it is a common thing for a single school to contain from 100 to 150 children, taught by a single master. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if he should frequently prove unacquainted with the peculiar capabilities of each of his pupils, unless some chance circumstance should lead to the discovery.

'Is it possible that your hand is not yet healed?' asked M. Rossel, the schoolmaster of the parish and leader of the village choir, as he gently laid his hand upon the arm of his pupil, Veronica Madel. 'It is now three weeks since you have been able to write. Let me see—what have you applied to the burn?'

'Some leaves of the vest-harrow,' she replied, unfastening the bandage which confined it. The kind-hearted schoolmaster was shocked when he saw the inflamed state of the wound, and being skilled in the science of healing herbs, undertook himself to conduct its cure.

By degrees he elicited from his young pupil an account of the way in which it had been inflicted on her, and exclaimed indignantly, 'What a monster! thus to insult a poor child singing her Christmas carol. But come, my child, let me hear this song, for I am very fond of music, and that is the reason I was so anxious for the office of chanter.'

Veronica was half afraid of singing before so great a personage; but he was so kind she could not refuse. At first her voice trembled, but it gained strength and sweetness as she proceeded; and when she paused, the good master could not refrain from embracing her in a rapture of delight, and exclaiming, 'Who taught you, my child, to sing thus?'

'Nobody,' replied the child. 'I only sing to amuse my poor blind father: it is his greatest pleasure, and it costs nothing.'

'But the melody—the melody! and this method—how did you learn that?'

Veronica looked perplexed: at last, thinking she had

caught the master's meaning, she exclaimed, 'Oh, I often heard some of our miners singing this little air.'

'My child,' replied the chanter after a few moments of meditation, 'this red-hot kreutzer, which has prevented you from making your lace, and has caused you so much misery, has been the means of discovering a precious gift with which you are endowed, and which will, I trust, enable you to provide amply for your father's wants during the remainder of his days. I will myself teach you to use this gift, and shall feel well repaid if I am permitted hereafter to see you make a noble use of it.'

From that day forward the good Rossel gave Veronica constant lessons in singing, and instructed her in all the rules of the art; he also interested several benevolent persons in the case of the blind sister, so that his wants and those of his family were well provided for.

Twelve years had passed away since that Christmas eve which had been so full of sadness to the little Veronica. It was a fine autumn evening, and all the citizens of Subery were to be seen hastening *en grande toilette* to the Hôtel de Ville, where an enjoyment awaited them of which the inhabitants of this secluded spot had not often been permitted to partake. The first cantatrice of the capital, who enjoyed a European reputation, was on this day to give a concert in the town, assisted by her brother. Listeners came from ten leagues round, and the ticket office was thronged with yet the more joyful alacrity when it became known that the generous cantatrice destined the profits of the concert for the poor of Subery.

At the entrance of the concert-room stood the old chanter and schoolmaster, Rossel, who filled the office of cash-keeper. He smiled with delight as the money flowed into his box; and each time that the purchaser of the ticket chanced to be an old acquaintance, the good man drew from his pocket a golden snuff-box, and offering him a pinch of the best Virginia, whispered *confidentially*, but so that all the world could hear, 'It is the gift of a grateful pupil: see! that is engraven on the lid; and when I received it, it was filled with gold!'

Then whilst the visitor was expressing his admiration of the gift, the old man would hastily draw a handsome gold repeater from his fob, and exclaim, 'She gave me this too! Now, if you want to know the exact hour'—And with the innocent delight of a child who has just received a new toy, he would make the repeater strike.

'Is it not true, good Master Chanter,' said a new arrival, 'that this is a very triumphant day for you?'

'Yes, indeed it is; and for the town of Subery too. She is my pupil, and she was born within its walls. May the Almighty spare me to the close of this day, and then I am ready to "depart in peace!"'

The concert-room resounded with applause when, after a few moments of silent expectation, the door opened, and Veronica Madel, radiant with beauty and with goodness, appeared upon the scene with her blind father leaning upon her arm, and her brother standing by her side. The mountain musicians, proud of accompanying their admired countrywoman, played their best, and Veronica sung as she had never done before, even in the imperial halls. Every heart was touched, and every voice was raised in acclamations.

Her brother George also, and his performance upon the violin, met with a due meed of praise.

All the pieces announced in the programme had been gone through, and the audience was about to retire, when suddenly the musicians commenced an air which was well known to all present. The young Madel took up the theme, and displayed his talent in a series of brilliant variations, whilst at the close his sister burst forth in a voice whose sweetness and power bore it above the full tones of the orchestra:—

'Cheer up, cheer up, ye miners brave!
And though your lot be one of toil,
Still let your hearts with joy bear up!

Beneath the might your right hand wields
The earth her choicest treasure yields,
Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!

At this moment the whole assembly rose like one man, the musicians laid down their instruments, and every voice joined in the chorus—

Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!

The concert-room resounded with the joyous song, and even the cantatrice herself was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, when suddenly the old schoolmaster was seen forcing his way through the crowd; and in another moment, forgetful of the imposing audience and the dignity of the prima donna of the Imperial Opera, he had clasped to his heart the grateful pupil, who had so far transcended his brightest hopes; and Veronica, turning to the wondering audience, told them with tears of grateful affection that to this good old man she owed, under God, all the success she had attained, and all the happiness she now enjoyed. Then gracefully bowing to the assembly, she withdrew, followed by universal plaudits.

The inhabitants of Subery had clubbed together in order to give a splendid banquet to their talented and generous countrywoman at the close of the concert. Whilst the preparations for the festival were in course of completion, the chanter drew his pupil aside, and said to her, in the familiar tone of former days, 'My good Veronica, can you spare half an hour to accompany me home? This money weighs me down: I should like to dispose of some of it to-night, and to leave the rest in a safe place.'

In order to afford additional pleasure to the benevolent heart of the old schoolmaster, Veronica had intrusted him with the distribution of the receipts of this evening's concert, and she now gladly acceded to his request.

Confiding her father to George's care, she followed the chanter through many a winding street, which the darkness of the night and her long absence from Subery prevented her from recognising. At last Rossel stopped before the door of a gloomy-looking house, and turning to the cantatrice, said, 'I wish you, my dear Veronica, to see with your own eyes the manner in which I employ the money intrusted to my care. We shall find on the ground-floor of this house a most necessitous and miserable family, and a man whose present state offers a melancholy confirmation of the truth of God's word. This unhappy man was the only son of wealthy parents, who died leaving him possessed of an abundance of this world's goods. Idleness, gambling, and drinking ruined his health and dissipated his property. He is now dying of an internal affection of the throat, leaving his wife and children penniless. He is, moreover, a prey to the bitterest pangs of remorse; and none can approach his dying bed without feeling in his inmost soul the truth of the divine words, that "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap."'

The old man ceased to speak; and groping his way through a dark passage, at length placed his finger on the latch of a door which opened into it. Followed by Veronica, he entered a large room, which presented a striking contrast to the brilliant halls they had just quitted. A single lamp cast its feeble glimmer upon the walls, and barely served to make the miserable scene which this abode of sorrow offered visible to the eyes of the strangers. A pale, careworn woman was pacing the apartment, and seeking to still the cries of the infant who hung at her breast; two other children, about three or four years of age, slept in a corner upon a heap of rags, but even in sleep their sickly faces spoke not of the healthful repose of happy childhood. In a bed, which was placed near the stove, lay the sick man, supported by straw pillows, on which he vainly sought to find repose for his wearied head.

The poor woman received the two strangers with the mournful indifference of despair.

'Is your husband asleep?' asked the kind-hearted old man in a gentle tone.

'No,' replied the woman, 'he is not; and Heaven only knows what is to become of me!'

Rossel approached the sick man's bed. 'How do you feel to-night, Kunkel?'

'Just as I always do,' he replied in a desponding tone; 'and I shall never be better so long as I feel that piece of burning money, which I never can get rid of, sticking just there in my throat!'

'So you will persist in your idea about this burning money,' interrupted the chanter. 'Have not the doctor and I told you a hundred times that the pain you feel is only the natural result of your sore throat? What is the use of making yourself worse by allowing such follies to take possession of your mind?'

'I ought to know best,' replied the sick man in a trembling voice. 'I feel it there burning me continually. I long for cold water; but when I have swallowed it, the heat becomes more intense than before.'

'Kunkel,' resumed the chanter, 'believe me this is a mere chimera. How could a piece of burning money have made its way into your throat, and retained its heat all this time?'

'I know how it was—I know how it was!' answered Kunkel with a look of the deepest anguish. 'It was last Christmas-eve, at five o'clock, that I first felt this burning kreutzer in my throat.'

'Because just then your disease had advanced till it reached that spot.'

'No, no!' exclaimed the dying man; 'there was another reason than that. Twelve years ago, at that very same time'—He paused, and sighed deeply.

'Go on with your history,' said Rossel in a soothing tone. 'This young lady feels an interest in your history, and may perhaps be able to alleviate your sufferings.'

'Oh no, no! none can alleviate them!' cried Kunkel. 'The agony I now suffer is a just recompense of my wickedness. Oh that burning kreutzer!' He stopped, and seemed as if listening to some sound. 'Did you not hear a cry outside the window?' he asked in a tone of anguish. 'Oh that was just the way the poor child cried out when I threw the burning money into her hand twelve years ago!'

He had no sooner uttered these words than a cry escaped Veronica's lips, and she turned deadly pale. She felt as if she were suddenly transported into the presence of the all-righteous Judge, and saw the commencement of the great day of retribution.

'Is it possible?' she exclaimed, turning with an anxious look towards her old master.

He gazed upon her in return with a look of mingled sympathy and affection; and after a moment's silence, said, 'Will you forgive me for having brought you here, Veronica? Will you not crown the work you have done this day by saying to this repentant sinner, "My brother, be of good cheer; I forgive thee, even as I hope myself to be one day forgiven?"'

With tears in her eyes, Veronica placed one hand within that of her good old friend, whilst she laid the other compassionately upon the arm of the dying man.

'Kunkel,' said the chanter in a solemn tone, 'here is the hand in which you once placed the burning kreutzer; it now bestows upon you a free pardon. See, the wound is healed!'

Kunkel raised his head, and looked anxiously at Veronica. 'No!' he exclaimed with a groan; 'it is impossible that that fine lady can be the little girl to whom I was so cruel. You are only mocking my misery.'

'Believe me,' said Rossel, 'it is indeed she. Through God's mercy your burning kreutzer became to her a golden mine. Here is some of its produce.' And so saying, he laid a handful of money on the table, and adding, 'This is for you, and I have more yet in store for you.'

Kunkel, with a bewildered air, gazed alternately at the money upon the table, at his wife, Veronica, and the chanter. At length he exclaimed, 'Oh how gladly

would I believe you! but it cannot—it cannot be! Unless I were to hear the lady repeat the very song that poor child sung I could not be convinced.'

Veronica, in a half-suppressed, softened voice, began the miners' song. The mother stood by in silence, listening to the celestial sounds; the infant's wailing was hushed; the dying man folded his hands upon his breast, and raised his dim, expiring eyes towards heaven. This time Rossel could not join in the chorus; the sick man did so in his place, and sung with an earnest though a faltering voice, 'Cheer up!' It seemed to him in that hour as though he heard the angels singing their song of joy over a repentant sinner, and he was comforted. He no longer felt the burning pain in his throat. He stretched out his wearied limbs, and fell asleep—it was the sleep of death!

The good chanter laid his hand in silent blessing upon the marble brow, and said, 'No longer, my son, do we need to say unto thee "Cheer up!"'

After saying a few words of comfort to the poor widow, Veronica and the old schoolmaster left together this house of sorrow, for they knew that their fellow-townsmen were awaiting their presence at the banquet. A higher joy than any which this earth can give, although it was a joy tinged with sadness, filled their hearts. The scene they had just witnessed had seemed to open another world to their gaze. And as glasses touched around the table, and kindly wishes circulated, they extended their wishes beyond this earth, even to a meeting in a brighter and better world. And thus as the miner, when he issues forth from the gloomy depths of earth, welcomes the bright light of day with the joyous chorus, 'Cheer up, brave hearts—cheer up!' so did the old chanter and his young pupil, as they thought of that brighter day which no night shall ever interrupt, sing with thankful hearts 'Cheer up!'

Happy they who can do the same! Happy they who, like Veronica Madel, have learned to 'overcome evil with good!'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

September 1850.

I HAVE lately heard a good many remarks made on the growing practice of giving fees to porters and others at railway stations. There are certain people who appear to imagine that every little civility they receive must be paid for; such a notion, when carried out, becomes a great injustice to the majority of travellers, whose circumstances do not admit of their being equally indiscreet; for of course those who do not give have the less chance of civil service. Nor is this the only evil: sometimes a guard gets a bribe from a passenger who, in defiance of the rules, likes to smoke in the carriage; thus salutary rules are broken down through the demoralisation of the men. It is alleged that the porters have adopted an ingenious mode of 'impeticoating the gratuity' without getting on the critical side of the law—they suggest to the donor that they are forbidden to receive gratuities, but that if the money be left 'on the ledge,' or 'in the corner,' they will know where to look for it. I have ascertained that the talk on this matter is well-founded, by making myself an accomplice on two occasions in the pernicious practice—a practice which cannot be too strongly reprehended. Most of us remember the hateful exactions perpetrated on passengers in the old stage-coaching days, and even yet where rails have not penetrated; and who would wish to see the revival of such a system? Let us hope that railway directors will look to it.

The Society of Arts announces that, in consideration of the approaching Exhibition, it will not give prizes for the usual objects, but for philosophical treatises on the various departments of that Exhibition, setting forth 'the peculiar advantages to be derived from each to the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the country.' It will also give a prize for the best general treatise on the Exhibition. While the originators of this project are calmly pursuing their liberal and benevolent ends, certain French writers are endeavouring to make it appear that the Exhibition is nothing more than a perfidious attempt to lead foreigners to believe themselves equal to the English in manufac-

turing skill, and thus enable Britain to beat down or circumvent the policy of protection in all countries; for if all are alike clever, what is the use of restrictions? They who write such stuff are almost as much to be pitied as they who read it. Where is the schoolmaster?

The Society of Arts is not the only one in the field with pecuniary allurements: the Committee for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women offer one hundred guineas for an essay on the best means of effecting their objects. It is a question whether the end would not be better answered by expending the money in the building of a schoolroom rather than in making a book, which will do no good. Prize essays never do. But to begin at the beginning is too slow and self-denying a process for these reforming days.

Here, as societies are on the *tapis*, I may as well tell you that two new ones have recently put forth claims to support and favour. One calls itself the 'Epidemiological Society,' and proposes to direct its attention to the causes of epidemics, whether climatic or otherwise—an aim which, if steadily pursued, may 'eventuate,' as the Americans say, in important sanitary results. The other flourishes under the title of 'The British Meteorological Society,' formed, as the prospectus states, because 'Meteorology has remained up to the present time without that assistance which is given to many other branches of physical inquiry by associated bodies.' This society will constitute itself the grand centre of reference and direction for the amateur meteorologists—clerks of the weather, as they may be called—who are now numerous throughout the country; and will 'avail itself of every opportunity of establishing observatories in those parts of the world where none are at present in existence.' Observations are to be collected—tables published and distributed—instruments examined and corrected—phenomena to be simultaneously noted—in short, meteorology is to become, if it will, a positive science. According to the statement of the promoters, although 'the laws of climate may be less obvious than those which regulate and harmonise the motions of the heavenly bodies, yet the more minute investigation of them which is now systematically proposed, will tend to show that in this, as in every other branch of natural knowledge, immediate and important benefits will result from the inquiry; and nothing has a greater tendency to enlarge our views of the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, than a more accurate knowledge of the laws by which the universe is harmonised and regulated.' This society may very beneficially co-operate with the Epidemiological in some parts of its labours.

There is again a rumour from over sea of gas produced from water by a Mr Paine of Worcester, Massachusetts, with some rather magniloquent descriptions of the simplicity and effects of the process. The peace-maker, Elihu Burritt, says of it, 'Two jets such as were burning in his (the inventor's) house would be sufficient to light a moderate-sized hall every night, at an expense of the interest on the cost of the machine (about six dollars per annum), with only the little trouble of occasionally filling the water-cistern.' Such news is, I fear, too good to be true. If really so, it settles the question about cheap gas; and would not Londoners rejoice in the prospect of having their roadways undisturbed by pipes and mains? As it is, there seems to be a hope of gas becoming more available for domestic purposes than at present. Applied to the purposes of heating and cooking, it promises to become the cheapest, cleanest, and safest means that can be used. A bath has just been contrived in which forty-five gallons of water can be heated to the required temperature in six minutes: then there is a stove which boils and bakes, roasts, steams, and broils, all at once, with a consumption of twelve feet of gas in an hour: and besides these, the newly-invented Atmopyre, for cooking and warming at the same time. What a combination of desiderata! If they can be produced cheaply enough, and exhibited in the great show next year, thousands of people will then be able to judge of their merits. I shall wind up these gaseous items with one that comes from Paris, where, as is said, by means of a galvanic battery and soft-iron magnets, 'every lamp in a large town may be lighted simultaneously, or extinguished in the same way by a different action on the galvanised iron.' We shall see.

The approach towards completion of the buildings which comprise the British Museum has led Professor Hosking to publish a plan which he has long contemplated, whereby much additional room will be gained, and the general appearance of the edifice improved. Without damaging

the light admitted by the present windows, he proposes 'to build in the middle of the quadrangular court enclosed by the present main buildings of the museum a modified copy of the Pantheon at Rome—that is to say, of the cupola-covered rotunda known by that name—as nearly the full size as possible, consistently with the size of the area and with the height of the present buildings, and so to form a grand central hall for the exhibition of the finer and more important works of sculpture, and of such other objects proper to the purposes of the museum as most require that steady and equable light which is so well obtained from the eye of a cupola.' As yet, this scheme has attracted little attention except among professional men, many of whom are of opinion that, if carried out, it would spoil what already exists. By and by it will be more talked of, when space is wanted for the antediluvian remains which are some day to be dug up in Mesopotamia; besides all that we are to get from Mr Layard, who is manfully and successfully pushing his researches on the borders of the Tigris. Meantime the new structure has an appearance commensurate with the dignity of a national institution; and the wall and porter's lodge, the outworks of old Montagu House, are fast disappearing.

One or two facts indicative of social and moral progress have lately been discussed in certain quarters. According to the last poor-law returns, the number of paupers in unions and workhouses in England last July was less by 56,000 than in July of 1849; and of these 26,000 were able-bodied. If they are all at work, and not skulking in towns, living how they can, and increasing the ranks of the squalid, the result expressed by the figures may be taken as so much to the credit of prosperity. In July 1849 the number receiving in-door relief in Ireland was 205,104; and out-door relief, 723,530. In the same month of 1850 the former was 235,793; the latter, 101,486; the balance, as in the other case, being in favour of amelioration. To come from a kingdom to a parish: 127,304 persons bathed and washed at the St Martin's Baths and Washhouses during the first half of 1850, being an increase of 20,546 on the last half of 1849. The number, it is said, would have been greater, but that the establishment was at times short of water. This is a valuable fact in the statistics of cleanliness, and will become more valuable as the close connection between physical and moral purity becomes better recognised. It is not the most flashy or noisy enterprise that most assists in true civilisation; and to those who take a desponding view of our social state, no better answer could be adduced than the existence of these silent rectifiers. The Society for Improving Working-Class Dwellings are endeavouring in an easy way to encourage provident habits. Their tenants in Metropolitan Buildings, and at the Artisans' Home, Spitalfields, are invited to insure their lives, or secure premiums for their children, as apprentice-fees, by a payment of a small amount every week in addition to their rent. Sums as low as fourpence are received; and it is gratifying to know that several of the society's occupants have availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered of providing for the future. With such facilities for getting on in the world, who would remain a laggard? The workmen of the South-Western Railway Company have proved that something can be done by self-help: they have established near the station at Nine Elms a library, reading-room, friendly society, and evening school. Such efforts are most praiseworthy. Something is to be done, too, for poor needlewomen in the shape of a model dwelling, to be erected near Gray's Inn Road, with accommodation, including washhouses and cellars, for 20 families and 128 single women. Now that the act for establishing museums of art and science has become a law, there is no reason why every town in the kingdom of 10,000 inhabitants should not join in the progressive movement, of which all the undertakings here mentioned form a part: a rate of one halfpenny in the pound would be sufficient for the support of these humanising institutions.

A few stray items may be unceremoniously clustered together. The submarine telegraph, which a French writer terms the true pipe of peace, is now actually linking England with the continent in thought as well as deed. The first three ships have arrived out at the Auckland Islands, and begun their work on the whaling-grounds, while the new colonists are prospering in their agricultural and fishing operations. The Hudson's Bay Company are about to colonise Vancouver's Island with paid labourers and artisans. A project is talked of for a railway from New York to Cape Canso in Nova Scotia, by which a

dangerous part of the sea voyage of the transatlantic steamers may be avoided, and three days saved in time. The distance is 800 miles, 400 of which are already complete, as far as Portland, Maine; the remainder would pass through New Brunswick. By this line, when finished, passengers would be able to arrive at the point of embarkation with advantage to all concerned; and perhaps, as railways can be made in Canada for £6000 a mile, we may see it accomplished. With a telegraph from the western coast of Ireland, intelligence might then reach London from New York in six days. A lecture has been delivered before the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, demonstrating the possibility of moving machinery by electro-magnetic agency. Let the demonstration be made on this side the water also, and we shall know what to say about it. M. de Paravey, in a memoir to the French Académie, shows that gunpowder and firearms were known in China long before the Christian era; and that mention is made of a cannon having been fired in 618 under the Tang dynasty, which bore the inscription—'I threaten traitors with death, and rebels with destruction.' M. Sedillot, in another memoir, describes his new operation for staphylophary: it consists in cutting the muscles which hold a divided palate asunder; then, by producing a raw surface, the bifid parts are made to unite, and the power of speech and deglutition is restored.

INDUSTRY OF THE INSANE.

THE change that has taken place of late years in the treatment of insane patients presents one of the finest features in the civilisation of the age; but the boon of wholesome labour is perhaps the greatest benefit that has yet been conferred upon this class of sufferers. The fact is strikingly illustrated in the annual Report for last year of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum. The number of patients treated was 738, and at the close of the year there remained as inmates 476. Of this latter number, upwards of 380 were employed daily, and sometimes as many as 100 working in the open air in the extensive grounds of the asylum. 'Among these,' says Dr Skae, 'may be daily seen many of the most violent and destructive of the inmates busily engaged in wheeling earth, manure, or stones, who for years have done little else than destroy their clothing, or spend their days and nights in restless agitation or incoherent raving. The strong necessity which appears to exist, in many cases, for continual movement, or incessant noise, seems to find vent as naturally in active manual labour, if it can with any propriety be substituted and regulated.' And a curious illustration of this is given in the case of 'one of the most violent, restless, and unmanageable inmates of the asylum during the past year,' whose calling was that of a miner. He was 'tall and muscular, and occupied himself, if permitted to mix with others, in pursuing his fellow-patients and fighting with them; if left alone in the airing courts, in running round and knocking his elbows violently on the stone walls; and if secluded, in continual vociferations and incessant knocking on the wall. I directed him to be sent to the grounds, and employed with the wheelbarrow—a special attendant being intrusted with him on his *début*. Hard work seemed to be all he required. He spent his superfluous energies in wheeling stones; he soon proved himself to be one of the most useful and able-bodied of the awkward squad, and ere long was restored to his natural condition—that of a weak-minded but industrious coal-miner.'

Oakum-picking proves a useful occupation not only for imbeciles capable of no higher industry, but for malingerers and idlers, who are soon anxious to escape from it into the shoemaker's, tailor's, blacksmith's, or carpenter's shops. 'In the same manner the females have been gradually broken into habits of industry to a degree hitherto unprecedented. Those who have done nothing for many years but mutter to themselves, or crouch in corners, now sew or knit from morning to night. Knitting, sewing, straw-bonnet making, and other occupations, are carried on throughout the house to such an extent that, I fear, in a very short time, unless some outlet is obtained for exportations, we shall be at a loss to know what to do.' In addition to the usual handicraft employments which are all practised in the establishment, it is interesting to observe that some patients occupy themselves in engraving, drawing, and land-surveying. A considerable portion of one of the houses has been elegantly painted, and in part refurnished, by the patients.

'The various sources of recreation and healthy amusement of former years have continued in full operation during the past. The monthly periodical, written by the patients, has been entirely printed by them, with the exception of one or two numbers, there having been no hired printer in the establishment during the greater part of the year. The circulation of our little journal has been extended; and the profits continue to afford a liberal supply of newspapers and periodicals. The weekly balls and concerts preserve their popularity in the house, and have been varied from time to time by such changes as were calculated to increase the interest and amusement afforded. During the summer season, walks and drives in the country were frequent; and an occasional pic-nic party afforded, as heretofore, its healthful influences to body and mind.'

The Report throughout does great credit to Dr Skae; but we have selected this portion for notice as being more than commonly interesting and suggestive. The useful occupation of the faculties with which God has endowed us is a remedial agent of powerful efficacy in more cases of mental malady than are received into an insane asylum!

TAXES IN GERMANY.

Besides the exaction of three years to serve in the landwehr or militia, and forty days' drill every year afterwards, each man in Germany is subject to a personal tax. Mr Laing, in his late work on the 'Social State of Europe,' describes this system of taxation as follows:—'The *kopfsteuer*, head-tax, or poll-tax, on each individual of the working-class, is a very oppressive direct tax. The working-people are divided, for taxation, into five or six classes; each individual paying a poll-tax, higher or lower according to the class in which the tax-gatherer or assessor thinks proper to place him. In Hanover, for instance, the tax on the day-labourer of the lowest class is one dollar (equal to 4s. 7½d.) per annum, payable by instalments monthly; and in this class fifteen days' wages, or about 6 per cent. of his average income, is fixed as the maximum of tax on any individual. The tax on the highest class of working-people is five dollars (23s. 1½d.), while in the lowest it is one dollar. This is the system, with some variation in the classes and rates of tax in each class, on which the poll-tax or *kopfsteuer* is levied in most parts of Germany. A trade-tax, or *gewerbesteuer*, being a kind of income-tax on the supposed profits of the tradesman in every handicraft or branch of industry, and also a license-tax to exercise the trade; a journeyman-tax, levied on the class of journeymen according to their earnings; a shop-tax, or license to open a shop—are direct taxes on the continental working-man unknown to the working-man in our social state. In civil as well as in military arrangements Prussia has been the model of almost all the other states of Germany. Her institution of the landwehr shows the pressure of this semi-military state of society on civilisation and wellbeing, and her financial arrangements show the pressure upon the common man of her other direct taxes on the people. In Prussia, by a cabinet order of the 7th August 1820, the taxes payable to the state were arranged and established under the following heads:—1st, Duties and consumption-taxes on foreign goods; 2d, The salt-tax; 3d, The stamp-tax; 4th, The tax on trades; 5th, The land-tax; 6th, The taxes on home-made spirits, malt, home-made wines, tobacco-leaves of home-growth; 7th, The tax on meal and meat (*mahl* and *schlachtsteuer*—literally, grinding and slaughtering tax); and 8th, A class-tax, where the *mahl* and *schlacht* taxes are not levied. The land-tax was fixed by this edict at one-fifth of the clear annual produce of the land; but the domain lands of the crown, and those of the privileged nobles, are to pay one-sixth only. The taxable population, and the rates to be levied, are divided into four classes:—1st, Certain large cities, 9 in number; 2d, Certain small towns, 132 in number; 3d, All towns with more than 1500 inhabitants, and not included in the other two lists; 4th, All other small towns, and the country. The class-tax is not levied in those places subject to the meal and meat tax; which exemption includes the 9 cities and 132 towns named in the first and second lists. The class-tax is levied by a division of the people into six classes. The 1st class pays monthly, for a whole household, four thalers (about 11s. 9d. sterling); or, for a single person, two thalers (about 5s. 10½d. sterling). The intermediate classes, between the highest and the lowest, pay proportionally less. The 5th class pays four *groschen* (about 5½d. sterling) for a whole household per

month; or two *groschen* (about 2½d. sterling) for a single person; and the 6th class, the lowest, pays one *groschen* (about 1½d. sterling) per month for each person; but in this lowest class only three individuals in the same family can be charged with the tax. These personal taxes have to be paid within the first eight days of each month; and execution on the property ensues on non-payment of the tax after three days' notice of arrear, and imprisonment also for the debt. The meal and meat tax includes all corn or kinds of grain, beans, peas, &c. The 100 lb. of wheat pays six *groschen* (about 8½d. sterling), and of all other grain four *groschen* (about 5½d. sterling); and no quantity under 100 lb. can be ground. The meat-tax is one *thaler* (about 2s. 11½d. sterling) for 100 lb. of meat. The trade-tax (*gewerbesteuer*) extends over all business, the making of any kind of goods for sale, all handicrafts carried on with journeymen, the trades of millers, carriers, skippers, inn-keepers, provision dealers, lodging-house keepers, eating-house keepers, furnished-room keepers, ale or spirit dealers. Bakers, brewers, and butchers, are rated particularly high, as the tax they pay falls almost as a direct tax on the public.'

CALICO SOIREEES.

Calico soirées are fashionable in some of the manufacturing towns of Massachusetts. They are got up for the benefit and improvement of the operatives at the mills, and are attended by all classes. They receive the name from the ladies appearing in calico dresses.—*Colonization Herald*.

IMAGES OF GOD.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Nor, from the noble quarry,
Nor from the wealthy mine,
Shalt thou bring images of God
To deck His house or shrine:
Carrara's marble mountains
Before His face are dim;
The purest gold that Sibir yields
Recoils abashed at Him.

Canova's art and chisel
Could faultless beauty give;
His glowing thought and magic touch
Could make dead marble live;
For him lost Nymphs and Heroes
Would from the rough block spring;
But weak were all Canova's skill
To frame the scraps' King.

In stone of snowy whiteness,
And precious ores of earth,
Triumphant genius carves or moulds
All shapes of human birth;
He calls up forms and features
Which never yet have been,
But vainly will he toil or think
To show—THE GREAT UNSEEN.

If thou wouldst find His likeness,
Search where the lowly dwell,
The faithful few that keep His laws
Not boastfully, but well;
Mark those who walk rejoicing
The way which Jesus trod;
Thus only shalt thou see below
FIT IMAGES OF GOD.

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Part IX.

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THE CORN-TRADER OF THE DESERT.

WHEN we speak of the Desert, an idea is naturally awakened of a vast expanse, over which no track leads, and with no visible boundary—a region of sand and light, of heat and thirst, made only for the especial habitation of the sunbeams and the simoom. This, indeed, is the aspect under which the Desert appears in the works of the poets; and it is true that in some few portions of Africa and Asia their wildest conceptions are realised. Caravans have been swallowed up, and even armies, we are told, overwhelmed, in endeavouring to cross these frightful tracts—just as ships are wrecked in the ocean; and the ingenuity of thinkers has been baffled in seeking for what may be called the physical excuse for their existence. But the Desert, in its larger signification, is simply a region of comparative barrenness, where scattered tribes of men find, it is true, a scanty subsistence, yet still a subsistence sufficient to enable them not only to form nations, but to be the parents of nations.

The most celebrated inhabitants of the Desert are without doubt the Arabs, commonly called Bedawins. Their manners form an interesting object of study; and although much has been said about them, much more remains to say. I have had opportunities of seeing them under some of their aspects, and was especially led to notice the way in which they provided for the support of life.

When I first started from Egypt into the wilds of Libya, and left behind me the last outpost of what perhaps may with some courage be called 'civilisation,' represented by a cluster of mud huts, sheltered by a huge old ruined wall, I could not suppress a slight feeling of awe. My mind seemed to lose its firm footing on reality, and to move with faltering steps towards the vague and the infinite. But familiarity, if it did not breed contempt, soon consolidated, as it were, my ideas, allowed them to assume a definite form, and fear and mystery vanished together. There is nothing really dreadful but the uncertain and the unknown. I soon found that the Desert, so far from being a disagreeable place, has many fascinating characteristics. The pureness of the air is unrivalled; the sky is nowhere else so glorious, the sun so magnificent, twilight so lovely though so fading, night so tranquil, or the moon so full of light. The forms of the earth's surface are by no means unvaried: vast level tracts do sometimes present themselves, with their trembling horizon of mirage; but there are likewise lofty rocky ranges, defiles of Alpine ruggedness, steep passes, gloomy caverns; and now and then, at the bottom of valleys, or on the sides of hills, or in almost imperceptible depressions in the plains, one meets with little splashes of green, sparkling

thickets of brushwood, tufts of wild sage, or some other plant agreeable to the eye.

Nor is it uncommon for the caravan, in pursuing its undeviating course over hill and valley, to fall in, in the autumn, with fields—unhedged, it is true—where the sturdy stubble, left some six inches in height, speaks of crops of maize or of barley planted and reaped by some wandering tribe, who have left no other traces of their sojourn, but have passed away like the wind. Many of these spots of comparative fertility we found to be far removed from any well, and as little or no rain falls either in spring or summer in the Desert, must have depended for moisture almost entirely on the dews of night, which are exceedingly copious—so copious, indeed, that I have been frequently drenched to the skin after having passed a night in my cloak on the ground.

I knew already that the Bedawins depend in a great measure for support upon the produce of their flocks, and that their hardy sheep and goats, as well as their camels, find sufficient nourishment in the extremities of the ligneous plants which everywhere abound, even in the tracts most desolate to the eye; for this peculiar vegetation blends with the ground in hue: but I soon began to speculate on the possibility of their being able to raise grain enough for their own consumption, and to remember that of old their forefathers used to go down for corn into the land of Egypt. My uncertainty was not of long duration. The very first rencontre we made was that of a kafla of unladen camels, escorted by a certain number of young Bedawins, on the way to Alexandria to procure a supply for the next season; and the same circumstance afterwards recurred repeatedly. We soon became well acquainted with the habits and manners of these extempore traders. They are generally the sons of the chief men of the tribes, who send to Egypt on their own account so many camels, according to their wealth and their wants, and do not consider it prudent to trust hired drivers with so important a care. The camels are the most valuable portions of their property, and none are likely to defend them with so much vigour as those who are to inherit them. Generally speaking, a certain proportion of the purchases are made in Egypt with dollars—whence procured, it is difficult to say—the remainder with the price of a few blankets, woven beneath the tents, or of a camel-colt, reluctantly sold. The Bedawins are not good bargainers when pitted against those who drink of the waters of the Nile, and they are often cheated, and laughed at over and above. They console themselves, however, by staring with barbarian curiosity at the wonders of the city, walled in formerly against them, and by reflecting, no doubt, that a whole bazaarful of supercilious Iskenderanehs would fly like a flock of geese at sight of one of their white burnouses in the Desert. When

they have filled their sacks, and seen enough of civilisation, they hasten to escape from a place where they are exposed to derision and insult; and casting aside, as they issue from the gates, their somewhat astonished and clownish look, resume at once all their pride and arrogance. New tarbooshes and slippers generally adorn them on these occasions; and most probably they compensate themselves for all the humiliations they have endured, by parading about in their gaudy purchases before their untravelled brethren, and telling marvellous tales of the wonders they have seen.

An immense number of these corn-seeking *kafilas* reach Alexandria in the season; and all the markets in Egypt, on both sides of the river, are visited in the same manner by emissaries of tribes situated in various latitudes. At first sight, accordingly, it would appear that a very large proportion of Egyptian produce is drained off in this way. But when we reflect that a moderate vessel will carry as much as a thousand camels, and that sixty or seventy English ships alone have been in the harbour of Alexandria at one time, it is evident that this exportation is comparatively unimportant. However, the two Desert-coasts, if we may use the expression, are so extensive, that some hundreds of thousands of ardebs must be taken off by the Bedawins every season.

The Desert-tribes are not, moreover, wholly dependent for their supply on what they fetch for themselves in this wasteful and expensive manner. A few traders of *fellah* origin, but who have acquired by experience all the energy and adventurous character of Bedawins, annually make a tour through a vast space of country, calling at the principal wells, and following the traces of the movable encampments. By their ministry those who have been unable to send to Egypt are supplied, and some of the productions of the Desert distributed. They seem to be protected—nay, respected—as if they were fulfilling a sacred task. I never heard of a corn-*kafila* being robbed.

One evening we were crossing an immense level track. As usual in such cases, the horizon appeared now to expand infinitely, now to contract into nothing. We were only made aware of a few undulations, resembling the long swell of the ocean, by sometimes seeing, sometimes losing sight of a distant cluster of hills, often mistaken, from their shape, for giant tents. Frequently, it is true, we beheld hazy lakes, dotted with tree-fringed islands, ahead; but as we advanced, the lakes dried into sand, the islands dwindled into tufts of hungry-looking grass. The sun, which had blazed so fiercely all day, seemed to sink into the earth close at hand to our right. There was not a cloud to reflect its glories; but one vast saffron vapour, slightly tinged with purple, like a hectic flush on the cheek of fever, filled the west. There was but one visible line in the landscape—where the Desert ended and the sky began. Below all soon became dim and shadowy, although a thousand Rembrandt hues played over the surface; but it was some time before the canopy of light and gold above sobered into gray.

We had been watching with accustomed admiration this wonderful scene so intently, that old Saleh, one of our guides, called out twice ere we noticed him, that there were some suspicious objects ahead. True enough, when we did look in the direction pointed out, we saw a number of fantastic, ill-defined shapes, that at first slowly approached, but suddenly coming to a full stop, and huddling together, assumed very much the aspect, in that uncertain light, of a huge monster, crouching down to await our coming. The word rapidly passed round to get the firearms in order; for Saleh, who was dreadfully commonplace and positive in his notions, plumply declared that we were very probably about to have an interview with a band of robbers. It is needless to say that the idea was more startling than agreeable; but it had often been suggested before, sometimes with, sometimes without, reason; so, not attaching much importance to it, and yet not neglecting the necessary precautions, we continued jogging on until the

word to halt was given by the sheikh who had chief command in our *kafila*.

We were now sufficiently near to distinguish, strongly relieved against the southern sky, still divided from the Desert by a sharp rim of light, the forms of a number of camels and men awaiting our approach. Though not a novelty to us, the scene was sufficiently exciting, and might have been made much of by a good romance writer. With the setting of the sun a strong breeze, every blast of which was chiller and chiller, had begun to blow, rustling with a low continuous hum along the Desert, and shaking our capotes with a melancholy flapping sound. A few clouds had come out like night-birds, and flew rapidly overhead. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars seemed to drop quivering into their places one by one before the due time of their empire had arrived. Our camels, checked in their persevering march, formed with their huge burthens a magnificent group as they mingled their long necks or looked lazily round, as if indolently inquisitive about this sudden halt. We remained upon our donkeys, presenting anything but a martial appearance, as, in a half sceptical manner, we fingered the locks of our double barrels. Two Egyptian lads who accompanied us pressed close together in dismay, and debated in whispers the possibility of escaping by a headlong flight while we were at work with the banditti. The Bedawins, silent and thoughtful, examined the priming of their weapons, and looked anxiously through the gloom for some sign by which to ascertain the character of the strangers.

After a few moments' pause, a tall slight figure was observed advancing towards us. The sheikh immediately cocked his gun, and crept forward like a wild cat. It was the old manoeuvre, but this time, as in most others, superfluous. A well-known signal announced to Saleh that he might drive on the camels, and presently we met the sheikh coming back with an unarmed youth. We learned now that we had encountered a corn-*kafila*, the drivers of which were a little more timid than usual, on account of the border war then raging between the Harabi and the Waled Ali. Our road lay exactly through the principal scene of their conflicts; and although, as I have said, a corn-trader is generally allowed to pass unharmed, there is no knowing what the exigencies of warfare might not bring about.

There were ten camels, some laden, others not, and only three men, or rather one man and two striplings, his sons. When we had spread our mat, and made everything ready for a halt until the moon rose, we invited Ali Mustafa, the merchant, to smoke a pipe with us. By the glow of the fire, lighted in order to prepare some tea, he seemed a respectable-looking man, with a swarthy countenance and a beard of a pepper-and-salt hue. His large green turban and long blue shirt betokened him a true *fellah*; but he had likewise a brown burnoose, and a capital gun, which he told us with some pride he knew well how to use. At first he appeared a little shy in answering our inquiries, not knowing whether we might not be rivals endeavouring to surprise his commercial secrets; but all hesitation vanished before a handful of tobacco and a cup of tea, into which, at the recommendation of old Saleh, he requested us to pour a little of what he called 'medicine,' and we 'brandy.' The Bedawins, and those who consort with them, although sticklers for the title of good Moslems, are not remarkable for strict compliance with the Koran. They pray when it is convenient, perform their ablutions with sand or water indifferently, drink forbidden liquors when they can get them, and do not seem to believe it at all necessary to hate, abuse, or ill-treat infidels unless at the prompting of some special motive.

It was a simple though curious story that Ali Mustafa told us, or rather began to tell us in his Oriental and circumstantial way as we sat there by the starlight, while the camels, who could never get sufficient

nourishment if they failed in devoting every moment to eating that is not given to sleep, browsed away in an ever-widening circle. He told us that he came from the Said, or Upper Egypt, and belonged to a family which from time immemorial had carried on a trade in corn with the Desert, taking dollars by preference, but, in default of these, blankets, or wool, or camels, or dates, from the oases in exchange. Some of his allusions were obscure—perhaps he romanced a little; but from what we could gather, aided afterwards by the recollections of our old gossip Saleh, it seems that in very ancient times one of Mustafa's ancestors, named Hagg Omar, fell in love with a Bedawin girl, whose tribe had accidentally wandered once to the borders of the land of Egypt. Hagg Omar somewhat inappropriately offered a cow, his whole wealth, in exchange for his beloved, but was repulsed with contempt, and as he continued to hang about the encampment, came in for a good beating. But love gives courage even to a humble fellah; and when the tribe departed, Hagg Omar sold his cow, bought a camel, and began to trade in corn, first with places near at hand, and then with more distant ones. His object was to reach the accustomed station of the tribe to which his Zalzali—that, I believe, was the name—belonged; and I am glad to say that he seems to have succeeded to the extent of his wishes, the only condition attached to the compliance at length vouchsafed being, that he and all his descendants should continue to supply the Desert with grain to the utmost of their power. Good faith combined with interest to insure the keeping of the bargain, as Ali Mustafa himself was there to testify. A great many wonderful things seem to have happened to all the descendants of the almost mythological Hagg Omar, some of whom were represented to have risen to the rank of merchant princes; but we could not ascertain how the family so declined as to leave its chief, after all, nothing but a poor corn-dealer trading with ten camels and two sons in that small peddling way. Our boys listened with devout belief, and always explained the matter by saying that Zalzali was only given on the condition that her husband and her descendants should trade *personally*; and with much animation declared that they too would purchase such a bride on the same conditions. I did not hear from Ali Mustafa any description of this rather apocryphal beauty, but Derwish, from what source of information I know not, several times painted her in such rapturous terms, deriving his metaphors and similes from the moon, the stars, gazelles, and pomegranates, that we all caught something of his enthusiasm, and peeped impertinently into every Bedawin tent we could approach in quest of some other Zalzali.

Time was far spent when our new friend came to his own adventures; and the kind of lunar dawn, sometimes so beautifully marked in the Desert, threatened us with speedy interruption before we had passed the period when his father Mohammed took him by the hand one day and told him that his man's life was about to begin. The worthy trader waxed quite eloquent in describing his first journey in the Gebel, which, according to him, had once been more fertile than the valley of the Nile, until it was burned up by the fiery breath of an Efrat fleeing from Divine vengeance. He alluded to marvellous stories, of which he made himself hero; such as finding the skeletons of a whole caravan—according to his computation, some leagues long—camels, and horses, and men all standing up, formerly buried by the simoom, then uncovered by the same agency. I confess that although we began the conversation in search of useful knowledge, we were too much fascinated by this wild kind of talk to put in a single query, and were quite disappointed when, roused by the increasing light, we looked over our shoulders and saw a large pale crescent floating some distance above the horizon. Ali Mustafa was at this moment enlivening his narrative by a dangerously-satirical picture of the poverty and misery of the Bedawins, his presumed ancestors;

Derwish and Saad, our Egyptians, were stifling a very unruly giggle; Saleh was beginning to stroke his long thin beard rather impatiently; and the sheikh's one eye, which had until then been shut, glowed a good deal more brightly than usual as the ghastly rays of the moon fell upon it. Some one, however, gave the signal to march; everything was at once in a bustle; the camels were collected and separated; the mat was rolled up; a somewhat hasty farewell of subdued cordiality took place; and the two kaflas slowly receded from one another in opposite directions. The breeze once or twice brought to us the sound of distant voices crying 'zah! zah!' to the lagging or straggling camels; but this sign that we were not alone in the Desert soon failed, and, nodding in sleepy silence, we continued our journey towards the Milky Mountains.

INSURANCE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

A FEW months ago I happened to be detained at a roadside station on an English railway rather notorious for its disregard of 'Greenwich' and all other kinds of time. The number of passengers was very few, and their conversation little else than a series of complaints about their detention, varied by a running fire of no kind compliments to the unfortunate clerk, on whose head the sins of others were visited. Having contributed my fair share of angry words, I turned to study the mural literature of the place, consisting of time-tables, notices of by-laws, penalties for smoking, &c. With all these I had become very familiar, and had little disposition to inspect a time-table which did not speak true, but my attention was called to an announcement of the 'Railway Passengers' Assurance Company,' which professed to insure passengers against loss of life by railway accidents, and to allow proportionate compensation in cases of personal injury. The scale of premiums was marvellously low: by paying a penny, a third-class traveller could insure his life for L.200 during a single journey, irrespective of distance; a second-class passenger, for double the sum, could insure for L.500; and a first-class, for treble, could insure for L.1000.

Here was something not only new, but most important to think and talk about. Could the company afford to pay such large sums with such low premiums? The answer was plain—they had a capital of one million, and the directors were eminent London bankers and other capitalists, not only able to pay, but who would take good care not to invest their money in any concern that was not likely to bring them a fair and reasonable dividend. But then, if a thousand holders of single-journey first-class tickets were to be killed, the entire capital of the company would be required, and the premiums paid would only amount to L.12, 10s. Of course any combination of circumstances may be possible, but such a combination is in the greatest degree improbable. The number of fatal accidents on railways is now happily very much reduced, and is diminishing every year. Only five persons were killed on all the railways in the United Kingdom during 1849 by circumstances which they could not avoid, though others were killed through their own negligence, and some by their own intention. So far, therefore, as fatal accidents are concerned, it does not seem probable that the company will have to pay much. But numerous accidents not fatal occur: passengers have occasionally teeth knocked out, limbs broken, or receive bruises and contusions of various kinds. Compensation for these must form the principal drain on the company's funds, and how is that compensation to be determined? Is medical attendance only to be provided, or are sums to be paid according to a graduated scale—so much for a broken leg, or so much for the loss of good teeth; and so on? In these respects the directors will

doubtless be guided by the circumstances of each case, and will award just and reasonable sums, otherwise travellers will not insure, and the company of course become a losing concern.

But other considerations of more importance arose as I speculated on the company's placard. Let us suppose that a working-man, with a wife and several children entirely dependent on him for support, requires to travel, say a hundred miles on a railway. He wishes to be economical, and travels by the parliamentary or a third-class train. His railway fare is a penny per mile; but he is a provident man, and determines to run no risks by which those dependent on him may suffer without using all the precautions within his reach, and he accordingly pays as if his journey were for a hundred and *one* miles, thus insuring his life for L.200, to be paid to his family; and he takes his seat in the carriage with the comfortable reflection that, let any accident whatever happen, his payment of one penny has insured him to a great extent against any pecuniary loss resulting therefrom. Should he arrive at his journey's end safe and sound, he will not consider that his penny has been ill spent, even though his consideration should be based on no higher ground than that the comfortable reflection arising from having insured has enabled him to journey more pleasantly than if he had bought and drunk a glass of ale at every station. Again, how many thousands of people there are who spend a large portion of every year on railways: engine-drivers, stokers, guards, and other officials of the companies, commercial travellers, &c. These may take periodical tickets, and for 5s. insure themselves to the extent of L.200 for a whole year, or L.1000 for the same length of time on payment of L.1. All these men have relatives more or less dependent on them; or they are so situated that, in the event of accident, pecuniary assistance such as this company gives would be of great service to their friends and themselves. Indeed there is perhaps no human being whose death or injury affects himself alone. Now and then we see in the papers notices of the deaths of persons *deeply regretted,* as if there were any men, women, or children whose death would not be regretted by *some* relatives or friends. There are thousands of people who are induced to take many precautions against accident, sickness, and other dangers, less out of consideration for themselves, than for those dependent on them, and who will gladly avail themselves of all safeguards in railway travelling.

Speculating on these things, I gave the clerk two-pence, told him my name, and was supplied with an insurance-ticket for that journey to the amount of L.500. The long-delayed train at last came up, and I got into a carriage; and the pleasing ideas of security that the possession of the little insurance-ticket gave me, soon lulled me into a quiet and refreshing sleep. No accident certainly occurred; and the only shade of regret that passed o'er my mind as I tore up the now useless ticket, was, that some public-spirited company did not undertake, for a reasonable consideration, to compensate railway passengers for loss of time as well as of life or limbs. However, I made up my mind that I would never travel on a railway again unless with an insurance-ticket; and though my journeys are not so numerous as to make it necessary to insure for a year, and though my life was long ago insured in an old-established company, yet I never grudge the two or three coppers required for each journey.

But other passengers equally provident have not been equally fortunate with regard to accidents. The aggregate number of passengers carried on the railways of the United Kingdom during the year 1849 was 63,842,537, and of these only about a hundred thousand insured their lives specially against railway accidents. The number of periodical tickets issued by the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company during the year ending 30th June 1850 was 2808, and the number of single journey tickets was—first-class, 24,788; second, 41,515;

and third, 43,771. It is well known that there is *less* danger in travelling by first than by second or third class—a fact illustrated in the scale of premiums adopted by the company, where a first-class passenger, to insure five times as much as a third, pays only three times more; but nevertheless the insurances effected by first-class passengers are much greater in proportion to the whole than the second or third. Thus only one third-class passenger out of about 750, one second-class out of 570, and one first out of 300, effects an insurance. The difference surely does not arise from the difference of means, but rather from those habits of thoughtlessness and improvidence which better education would remove. Many passengers have had to rejoice over their purchases of insurance-tickets. For example, on a beautiful day during the present summer a cheap train brought a large number of passengers, 'on pleasure bent,' to Liverpool from Staffordshire. In descending the tunnel at the terminus of the line, the usual control by means of breaks over the train was lost, and it ran violently into the station. Happily no lives were lost, but few passengers escaped without injury more or less serious. Eleven of these had fortunately taken insurance-tickets, and they were all compensated for the injuries they sustained. A man and his wife, the latter of whom was much injured, received L.15; a person who was so bruised and shaken that he could not attend to business for some days, was paid L.6; a young woman in a third-class carriage received L.2 for hurts about the face; and similar sums, amounting to L.13, 5s., were paid to the others. But the great majority of passengers in the train were uninsured, and thus did not receive that compensation which the most trifling payment would have guaranteed to them. On the previous day the melancholy accident happened to the steamship *Orion*, and one cannot refrain from wishing that such a scheme of railway assurance should be extended to passengers by steamboats. Had such been the case, many a widow and orphan might have had much of the bitterness of their sad losses removed. Again, an accident happened in August this year at the Cowlands station of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, by which five lives were lost, and many persons injured. Unfortunately only a few had insured, and they received compensation similar in amount to that paid at Liverpool; but not one of those who died had taken such a simple and inexpensive precaution. Other cases even more forcible might be mentioned:—A person at Preston fell from the platform, and was injured; he was paid L.7, 6s.: a mail-guard received injuries at Stirling which prevented him from attending to his duty for five weeks; he was paid L.20: a commercial traveller, whose hand was so severely injured by a porter shutting the door of the carriage too hastily, that he had to stay a week in Newcastle, and on returning home, could not resume his usual occupation for eleven days, was paid thirty guineas: and a clerk in the travelling post-office, whose eyes were fearfully injured by a collision on the Caledonian Railway at Abington, has received two hundred guineas. These and other cases have been paid by the directors out of a revenue for the year of L.3508; and even after such payments, it is said there is sufficient surplus to pay a dividend on the small amount of capital called up of about 8 per cent. These payments also are mostly exclusive of medical expenses defrayed by the company.

Such insurance-tickets can be obtained at all the stations, or nearly all the lines of railway, in the kingdom; and companies are now being formed to extend the plan over the continent of Europe. Several railway companies, it is said, object to give facilities for the sale of tickets, on the ground that, by reminding people of railway dangers, they will be less disposed to travel. This absurd objection will of course soon give way. On the same principle, the boats and life-buoys on board a steamer ought to be kept out of sight, because they remind people of shipwreck. I really hope not only that such tickets may soon be had at *every* railway

station, but that they may be extensively made use of. At the same time, it is to be hoped that such a system will in no degree lessen the responsibility of the different railway companies.

THE BOG-OAK SHAMROCKS.

CHARLES and Ellen Murphy were the children of a small farmer in the west of Ireland. Their father and mother died of fever within a few days of each other, when the boy was fourteen, and his sister twelve years old. Their only near relative was a cousin, who lived in a neighbouring village, and who, on the Murphys' death, came over to arrange their affairs. He found that when the stock, crops, and furniture were sold, and the rent and other debts paid, five pounds and a tolerable supply of clothes were all that remained for the orphans. Tom Handley was a good-natured man, but his own circumstances were far from flourishing, and he had a wife and family to maintain. He therefore felt rather embarrassed as to what could be done with his young cousins; and calling Charles to him on the morning that the farm was surrendered, he said, 'Well, Charley, boy, what do you think would be best for you and Nelly to do?'

The boy sighed deeply. 'I don't know, Tom,' he said: 'I'd like to work, and try to support her if I knew how—if you'd put me in the way of doing it.'

'Tis little you'd earn for a good while yet, I'm thinking,' replied Tom. 'You're a slight young fellow, not over-strong; and I believe you were brought up more to the book-learning than to anything else.'

'Yes; my poor father was giving me a good education, thinking I'd be fit for a clerk in a counting-house, in case the bad times would oblige him to give up farming; or "at anyrate," he would say, "learning is no burthen to any one." But now that's all over, and I know I have nothing to look to but my own work to support myself and Nelly.'

'Well,' said Tom, after a pause, 'you and your little sister can come home with me. I know *herself* (his wife) will be willing to give ye both the run of the house. I'll put your five pounds into the savings' bank, and we'll find you something to do in the fields, and Ellen might make herself useful minding the young infant.'

Charles thanked his cousin; and then with hearts full of grief for the kind parents they had lost, he and his sister accompanied Tom Handley to his home, about six miles distant.

It was a long, low, thatched cabin, with a potato field at the back, a cabbage garden at one side, a pigsty at the other, and in front the filthy, green, stagnant pool which impedes the entrance to many an Irish tenement. In it and about it were disporting themselves a motley crew of quadrupeds and bipeds; the former consisting of pigs and dogs, the latter including ducks, geese, and children. At the door stood Mrs Handley, holding a wooden *piggin* filled with bruised potatoes and bran, and busily engaged in feeding a goodly company of cocks, hens, and chickens. Her eldest son, a fine rosy, dirty boy of eight, stood armed with a furze fagot, lustily repelling the unlawful incursions of the before-named denizens of the pool, who, with the exception of the children, seemed to think that their favoured rivals of the roost were getting far more than their share of the good things of this life; and that it was really worth risking something for a portion in the mess of hot potatoes delicately mingled with bran.

'Here we are, Kitty,' said Tom, 'come home to you, thank goodness, safe and sound! I hope the praties are nearly boiled, for I'm sure Nelly and Charley must be starving hungry.'

'They'll be ready in less than no time, Tom; and I have a fine bowl of buttermilk and a fresh egg for you into the bargain. You're welcome, children,' she con-

tinued, 'kindly welcome; only I wish I had a better place for you.' And wiping her hands on her checked apron, she gave them both a hearty salutation, and led them into the cabin. Although their home had been humble, and their clothing coarse, Charles and Ellen had always been accustomed to strict cleanliness in both; they therefore felt shocked at the first view of their future dwelling. The mud floor was damp, dirty, and worn into ruts; the wooden furniture, although sufficiently abundant and substantial, looked as if it were rarely scoured; and whenever the half-door happened to be left open, the living creatures before enumerated were sure to rush in, bearing with them no small portion of the lacustrine deposits at the door. Charles perceived the painful expression on his sister's face, and drawing her hand within his, he whispered, 'We ought to be thankful to be here, Nelly, and not in the workhouse.'

After supper, they were taken into a very small room, a sort of den partitioned off the kitchen, containing two good soft-looking beds. In one of these Ellen was to sleep with two of her little cousins—the other was occupied by Mr and Mrs Handley and their youngest child. An old stuff curtain was drawn between the two bedsteads—a piece of delicate refinement very uncommon in an Irish cabin. For Charles and the eldest boy a straw-bed was made in a *settle* in the kitchen. Despite the novelty of their situation, both brother and sister slept soundly, and awoke next morning with hearts though sad, yet grateful to God for giving them even *this* shelter.

After breakfast, Tom Handley said, 'Now, Charley, come out to the field, and drive the cows into the lower inch. You can stop there and watch them; and mind, don't let them get into the meadow.'

'Here, Ellen,' said Mrs Handley, 'take this child from me, and good-luck to you: he won't let me do a ha'porth but dandling him all day: 'twill be a fine thing for me if you can mind him.'

Both brother and sister expressed their readiness to do whatever they could to assist their cousins, for they had been well instructed, and knew that they ought not to eat the bread of idleness. Yet they could not help feeling their situation irksome, for beside the physical discomforts of their abode, Ellen was kept all day in close attendance on a cross child, which was also so fat and heavy, that the slender growing girl became bowed beneath its weight. Charles, too, was shut out from that mental cultivation of which he had begun to taste the sweets, with the painful consciousness that the few pence he earned by herding cows for a neighbouring farmer were quite insufficient to pay for his own and Ellen's support. After some time, the Handleys, always poor, became exceedingly distressed. A violent distemper broke out among cattle, and carried off their only cow. No more milk for the children—no firkin of butter towards paying the rent. Then the season was wet, and the potatoes partly failed; and to crown all, poor Tom himself was seized with fever, and lay for many days between life and death.

One morning, when he was beginning to recover, his wife called Charles, and giving him her solitary Sunday gown, a much-prized garment of blue and yellow chintz, said, 'Here, *ma boughal*, carry this to T—; take it to the pawnbroker's, and borrow as much on it as he'll give you, and then buy two ounces of tea and a quarter of sugar for poor Tom, and a stone of meal for ourselves.'

'No, ma'am, begging your pardon, I won't do that; but do you think you could get me the savings' bank-book that Tom has?'

'What for, child?—that's an empty book. Sure we had no money in the bank this many a day.'

'Oh, ma'am, I mean *my* book: there's five pounds in it, and I'll draw it out for you to-day.'

'No, boy, no,' said Kitty, applying the corner of her apron to her eyes; 'I wouldn't rob the orphans that way: what luck could I expect for my own if I did?'

Keep your little penny, *aleah*: I am as much obliged to you as if I took it.'

'Ma'am,' said Charles earnestly, 'if you please you must take it. Aren't you and poor Tom like parents to Nelly and me?—don't you share every bit and sup with us, though you want it so badly yourselves?—how, then, could I have the heart to see you and the children want while I have it?'

'Well, Charley, you're a good boy, and I will take it from you as a loan. Please God, when *himself* is well, we'll soon be able to put it back; and indeed I think he'd a'most murder me for touching it at all.'

The book was produced, Charles took it to the town, drew out his money, and having purchased some necessities for the family, returned cheerfully home. He gave the money to Mrs Handley; but she, although a kind-hearted, honest creature, was, truth to tell, a bad manager, so that the sum did not last as long as it should have done. One day, when Handley was just able to go out, his eldest little girl, a fine intelligent child of seven years old, her father's special favourite, fell off a wall over which she was climbing, and injured her knee severely. The hurt was at first neglected, and then carelessly looked at by an ignorant village apothecary, who pronounced that it required nothing but rest; and the consequence was, that the joint stiffened, and the poor child seemed condemned to a life-long lameness. Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come alone. At this last stroke, Tom Handley, as he said, 'fairly lost all heart.' He surrendered his little farm, removed into a small cabin, and engaged as day-labourer with a neighbouring farmer. Workmen at this time were very plenty, and money very scarce, so that the united earnings of Tom and Charles scarcely sufficed, in Irish phrase, 'to keep soul and body together.'

The children and Ellen grew pale and thin, and poor Mrs Handley almost heartbroken. 'Ah, Nelly,' she would say, as she gave her the youngest child to hold, 'the darling isn't heavy *now* to carry: God help my little Tommy, he's wasting away like a snow-drift on the hill. May our heavenly Father look down on us all!'

From long confinement, poor little Mary became very fretful; and as Ellen was completely occupied in minding the youngest child, which was cutting its teeth, and Mrs Handley had, as she often declared, 'fifty things to do at once,' there was seldom any one at leisure to attend to her. But when Charles came in after his day's work, her pale face used to brighten, for the boy took pleasure in amusing his little sick cousin, and had many playful devices for that purpose. Tom Handley used to sigh when he saw his poor child unable to eat the coarse porridge, which, in very scanty measure, was all he could procure for his family; and once Charles heard him murmur, 'Ah, then, *aleah*, if I could get you the white bread, and the new milk, and the drop of broth, you'd soon be well, and strong, and jumping on my lap as you used long ago!'

One day, as Charles was driving the cows through a turf bog, he saw a fine solid piece of the black oak which in Ireland abounds beneath the peat-moss, and is used by the peasantry for firewood. He carelessly picked it up, thinking it would serve to make the fire blaze that evening; and afterwards, when he sat down beside a rock, watching his charge, he took out an old penknife, and began idly to chip the edges of the wood. Suddenly he remembered a toy which he had seen and greatly admired years before: it was a cup and ball; and it occurred to him that if he could carve one ever so rudely, it would afford great amusement to little Mary. He accordingly commenced; and although the wood was hard, the knife blunt, and his hand unpractised, yet he had made some progress before evening. After supper, he sat next Mary, and while telling her some little long-remembered tale, he continued carving and rubbing his slip of bog-oak. In two days the cup and spike were finished; then came the ball, and this, without a lathe, was no easy matter to accomplish.

However, perseverance is a wonderful thing: with it a new world was discovered; without it the most trifling enterprise will rarely succeed. So Charles worked hard at his ball, and after many failures, made one so round and smooth, that his delighted little cousin, after some practice, seldom failed to catch it on the cup, and even now and then, with the utmost triumph, displayed it sticking on the spike.

It happened about this time that the farmer whose cows Charles herded had occasion for a messenger to the county town, to bring home some groceries which could not be procured in the village. He told Charles he would send him, and giving him sixpence to procure his breakfast in the town, desired him to start before dawn, as he would have a distance of fourteen miles to walk, but could return with his purchases in a neighbour's cart.

In due time Charles reached the town, executed his commissions, and saw them safely stowed away under the care of the man with whom he was to return, before he thought of refreshing himself. He then took out his silver sixpence, saying to himself as he looked at it, 'I can't go home without eating something: I'll get a penny bun, and half a pint of milk; then I'll have fourpence-halfpenny left. Ellen wants a thimble: I saw her poor finger quite red and sore from trying to work without one—that will cost another penny. I'll take a nice white twopenny loaf to little Mary, and the three-halfpence over I'll put by towards mending Ellen's shoes.'

The boy had finished his scanty breakfast, and was thinking that but for the dear ones at home he would very much like to buy another piece of bread, when his foot struck against something that arrested his attention. The street was very muddy, and when he stooped, he saw a small paper parcel almost covered by the gutter. He picked it up, opened it, and found wrapped up in three papers an old battered-looking gold coin. He turned it round, and on examining the envelop in which it was folded, perceived written on it the name of Mr Martin, a jeweller in the town.

To his shop Charles hastened, anxious to restore the coin; for the idea of retaining it never once occurred to his honest mind. When he entered, he found Mr Martin engaged in conversation with a lady, who held some dark ornaments in her hand; so, drawing back, he waited until the jeweller should be disengaged.

'Can you tell me,' said the lady, 'where I could get some shamrocks carved to match these?' And she showed a bracelet very tastefully formed of shamrocks carved in black oak, and fastened on an elastic string.

'I really do not know, madam,' replied Mr Martin. 'I have sometimes seen ornaments similar to these made by amateurs; but I am not aware that any regular workman could be found to do it.'

The young lady looked disappointed.

'This bracelet,' she said, 'was made for me by my brother, who is now in India; and for his sake I prize it most highly. By accident, two of the shamrocks were broken yesterday, and I am most anxious to have them replaced. I would gladly pay highly for having it done.'

With heightened colour and sparkling eyes Charles stepped forward. 'If you please, ma'am'—he began, and then hesitated.

'Well, my boy,' said the lady kindly, 'what do you wish to say?'

'I think, ma'am, I could carve shamrocks. I have a nice piece of bog-oak at home, and I'd be proud to try and do my best.'

'Did you ever learn to carve oak?'

'No, ma'am: I only tried by myself to make a cup and ball to please our little Mary.'

'Is it to sell anything you are waiting here?'

'No, ma'am,' replied Charles; and handing the gold coin to the jeweller, he continued, 'I wanted, sir, to ask you if you know who owns this, as your name is on the paper? I found it just now in the street.'

Mr Martin examined the coin, and exclaimed, 'Miss Elwyn, this is the very antique piece I sold your uncle yesterday! Did he lose it?'

'Ah, yes. I heard him say last night that he missed a curious coin he had just purchased, and feared he must have dropped it.'

'My honest little fellow,' said the jeweller to Charles, 'I am sure Mr Elwyn will be much obliged to you, and will give you some reward for your trouble.'

'I have had no trouble, sir,' said Charles a little proudly; 'and I don't want to be rewarded for doing what is only right.'

'But,' said the soft voice of Miss Elwyn, 'I want to know more about the oak-carving. I daresay Mr Martin will let me sit in his parlour while you tell me all about yourself and "little Mary."'

The lady's gentle manner and sweet countenance soon won the confidence of Charles; and he gave her an artless account of his history, ending by saying, 'I think carving wood would soon come easy to me, only my knife is so very blunt. Will you please, ma'am, to let me look at the shamrocks you showed Mr Martin?'

He examined them minutely, and then looked up with a beaming smile: 'I think, ma'am, I'm sure I could carve leaves like these, if I had the pattern for a few days.'

'Then,' said Miss Elwyn, 'you shall take the bracelet home with you: I know you are an honest boy, whom I may trust. Mr Martin,' she continued, 'will you show me some of the best and strongest penknives you have got, and allow this boy to select one?'

'Oh, thank you, ma'am—thank you!' said Charles. 'I will take great care of the knife and the bracelet, and bring them both back to you as soon as I have the shamrocks finished.'

'The knife I mean to make you a present of: but on what day do you think you can meet me here with the bracelet?'

Charles considered, saying half to himself in an under-tone, 'To-morrow there will be the master's horse to take to the forge, and the bawn-fields to be ploughed the rest of the week; and then after that the turf to be drawn—altogether, I won't have much time, I'm afraid. This day-fortnight, ma'am,' he continued aloud, 'please God, I'll try to be here, and bring you the best shamrocks I can make. I know you won't be angry if they're not nice enough, because, indeed, I'll do my very best.'

Miss Elwyn and Mr Martin were both amused at the boy's earnest, artless manner, and bade him a friendly good-by.

Charles kept his promise, and did indeed 'do his very best' to fashion his rude piece of oak into the delicate form of Erin's emblematic leaf. Early in the morning, late at night, and at every spare moment during the day, he practised his task perseveringly. Sometimes his patience was sorely tried. He found the fine even veining of the leaves most difficult to imitate, and giving the slender curling stem its proper form cost him the spoiling of several half-finished shamrocks. But what will not patient perseverance accomplish? Encouraged by the wish to perform his promise, and by the real pleasure which he took in the work, Charles, on the evening before the expiration of the fortnight, displayed to the admiring eyes of Ellen and little Mary two beautiful shamrocks, in size and form closely imitating the natural leaf. Having obtained permission from his master, he set out next morning, after a very scanty breakfast, to walk to town, carrying the bracelet and his own precious shamrocks in his waistcoat pocket.

He entered Mr Martin's shop. Miss Elwyn had not yet arrived; but Charles, longing to display his workmanship to the good-natured jeweller, put his hand in his pocket. Out came the bracelet, then the penknife, but no shamrocks. In terror he searched again; no sign of them, but what, alas! explained their disappear-

ance—a small hole in the worn lining, which Ellen had forgotten to mend.

The boy burst into tears—he could not help it. 'After all my trouble!' he exclaimed; 'and indeed they were very nice! I'm thankful anyway,' he continued, after a pause, during which the sympathising jeweller tried to comfort him, 'that it was not the lady's bracelet I lost. Will you ask her, sir, to trust me for one week longer? Please God I'll make two more, and maybe better ones.'

Mr Martin promised to do as he wished; and then, with a firm, though sad heart, Charles returned to his poor home. I shall not dwell upon the various expressions of disappointment with which his hungry relatives greeted him, nor describe how poor Ellen reproached herself for not having mended 'that nasty hole.' Suffice it to say, that Charles set resolutely to work, and by the end of the week, had carved two shamrocks superior in finish to the former ones.

Again he went to Mr Martin's, and now no sorrow awaited him. Miss Elwyn came, and was greatly delighted with the little ornaments—they were indeed exact facsimiles of her own. Her uncle, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, was with her. He watched the sparkling eyes and pale intelligent countenance of Charles, while his niece expressed her approbation of the carving.

'Well, my boy,' he said, 'we are indebted to you for two favours—the restoration of my gold coin, and the mending of my niece's bracelet. Here is a pound-note for your shamrocks; I won't offer you money for your honesty—that is a commodity which cannot and ought not to be purchased; but I give you my confidence and approbation, which perhaps may be worth something.'

For a moment Charles could not speak. 'Oh, sir,' he said, 'tis too much; I couldn't take such a sum for two little leaves.'

His objections, however, were soon overruled; and then, with a thankful heart, he pictured to himself the joy and plenty which he would carry home that night.

'Now,' said Mr Elwyn, 'it is evident, my lad, that you have a decided talent for carving wood, and, what is better, a disposition to persevere. Would you like to learn to be an architect, and have to do with erecting stone buildings and oaken carvings on a large scale?'

'Oh yes, sir, indeed I would.'

'Then I have a friend, a good man, and a first-rate builder, with whom I shall place you as a pupil; and it will be your own fault, not mine or his, if you don't prosper. My niece tells me you have a sister and a sick little cousin; we must do something for them also.'

The boy could not find words to express his gratitude, but his speaking countenance and tearful eyes were sufficiently eloquent. The next day Mr and Miss Elwyn, accompanied by their friend, Mr Davis, the architect, paid a visit to Tom Handley's cabin. Greatly moved by the poverty he witnessed, Mr Elwyn not only supplied the family's present necessities, but placed them in a small farm of his own, which had just fallen out of lease—at the same time strongly impressing on 'Tom and his wife the necessity for economy and order as well as industry. Taught by their late sufferings, the lesson was not lost; and after the lapse of a few years, they became quite rich for persons in their class of life. But this is anticipating.

Good surgical assistance was procured for little Mary, which, with nourishment and warm clothing, under the blessing of God, quite restored her limb; so that ere long Miss Elwyn was able to place her, with her cousin Ellen, in an excellent institution provided for the education of girls.

Years passed on, happily and industriously spent; and now, at the time I write, Charles Murphy is a rising architect, well known and respected for his talents and probity. He lives near the city in a neat house; and few could recognise in the fair young wife whom

he has lately brought home, the sickly 'little Mary,' for whose amusement long ago he fashioned the cup and ball.

When I last heard of them, Ellen was about to be married to a physician in good practice; and Charles was actively engaged in promoting, by his influence and exertions, an extensive manufactory of bog-oak ornaments, which promises to give employment to many a boy as poor and friendless as he was on the day when he first tried to carve a BOG-OAK SHAMROCK.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ISCHIA.

It is one of the countless errors which tourists are wont to repeat after each other, that Italy ought to be seen in winter; that Italy has no spring; that it is in summer barren and burnt up. It is true that an Italian winter, a December or January day in Rome, is enchanting to the stranger who remembers the bleakness of his own northern home; but still it is winter. The chestnut and acacia trees are bare; the leaf has fallen from the vine, and its slender twigs have been placed as fuel in the fireplace, for even in Rome the cheerful fire is not unwelcome during three months of the year; and when the tramontana blows, it is often extremely cold, and the air very sharp and piercing. February, however, brings with it new life and beauty. The chestnut-trees burst into leaf; the earth clothes itself with soft verdure; the laurels and the monthly roses, the orange-trees and the serena, put forth their blossoms; the sun shines out brightly, and the skies become of a clear, deep blue. Neither are any of those sweet spring feelings wanting here which are so dear to us northerners; for the joyous gladness felt in Italy upon the awakening of nature is just as great as if one had been shut up for many months between ice and snow.

Surprising, indeed, to northern people are the vigour and rapidity with which vegetable life unfolds itself here in early spring. That which in our country would require several weeks, springs up here in a few short days to perfect beauty; and the rich variety of plants, shrubs, and trees, contributes in no small degree to the magic impression created by this southern land. One must, however, abandon Naples and the Italian peninsula; one must visit the islands in summer-time rightly to know what the south is, and to comprehend a perfectly new state of existence in which he may live joyously, although deprived of many of the ordinary conveniences of our modern civilisation. There they lie near one another—Nisida, the Cape Misena, Procida, the blue Capri, and the lovely Ischia—all children of that moment in which the earth poured forth the flaming stream of her inmost life into the curling waves of the sea, which, on receiving the burning mass, transformed it into a rock. And still is this fire-life full of activity within the islands; still does it breathe in the boiling springs and in the smoking soil; it ripens the fiery grape, it sparkles in the eyes of the natives of the soil, and it glows in the flame-coloured blossoms of the cactus and the pomegranate.

Ischia, the largest of these islands, bears the most evident traces of its volcanic origin. On coming from Naples, and landing at the nearest port in the island, one is immediately struck by a very remarkable rock in the form of a truncated cone, which stands alone in the sea, and is formed of pure lava. It is united to the island by a bridge, and upon its crown arises proudly the fortress of Ischia. Close to the sea-shore beneath lies the little town of Ischia, and beyond it the old crater, which, during five hundred years, laid the island waste so repeatedly, that it became deserted by its in-

habitants, and was re-peopled at a later epoch by certain Greeks and Spaniards, who were attracted thither by the peculiar privileges granted by the king of Naples to the little volcanic island.

Four small towns lie on the northern side of the island—Ischia, Casamicciola, Lecco, and Foria. They are connected by a broad road, the only regular one in the island, and whose course lies across the hills and through the valleys. The total absence of villages, which is so striking a peculiarity of Italy, is here remarkably apparent. Wherever a few families settle down near each other in Italy, there is quickly founded a little town (*paese*), which has its market-place in the midst, its church, its convent, and here, on the sea-coast, its harbour and its *marina*. Neither are there ever wanting a coffee-house, an apothecary's shop, a couple of retail-dealers, a doctor, and a surgeon. Above the door of the last-mentioned is displayed a sign, on which is represented a man, from the veins of whose feet and hands blood spouts forth as from a fountain; for bloodletting is such a relief, such a pleasure to the Italians, that during the warm weather they have recourse to it almost every month. The towns are paved throughout with large flags; the houses massive, with flat roofs. Their windows, which reach to the ground, open out into small iron-grated balconies. In the market-place is always to be found the *aquajolo*, with his small, gaily-painted shop, in which he sells iced-water and lemonade. Around this place of refreshment are wont to assemble men of the labouring class, while the more opulent citizens meet together in the coffee-house; and at the grocer's or apothecary's are to be found ecclesiastics chatting and whiling away the time, which otherwise would hang heavy upon their hands.

In the islands one learns how the varying customs of divers countries depend in a great measure on the climate as well as upon mere local circumstances. In Ischia there is to be found but a single carriage, which belongs to the richest inhabitant of Foria. It is a two-wheeled one-horse cabriolet, and whenever the track of its wheels is seen, then every one knows that Don Antonio is pursuing his triumphant career throughout the island. It is not easy to go any great distance on foot, because of the sultry heat and the abrupt steepness of the hills; so that the most ordinary mode of conveyance is the humble, patient ass, upon whose back a Spanish saddle is placed whenever it is used by women. The deepest stillness reigns in these countries, and it is unbroken even by the sound of those domestic animals which usually give life to a rural scene. As there is but one carriage to be found in Ischia, so is there also only one cow. The people do not eat butter, and those who want milk must be satisfied with goats' milk. No lowing of herds; no neighing of horses, for donkeys are considered so much safer here, that the former are very scarce indeed; no rolling of carriages meet the ear. Even the little towns lie in peaceful silence, and between them are scattered single villas, among which, here and there, is visible a small white church. Each villa is surrounded by its vineyard; each vineyard, enclosed by high walls, forms in itself a separate little demesne.

Gravely and loftily does the once flaming Epomeo, whose rocky and indented ridge cuts the island in two—gravely and loftily does it look down upon the dreamy stillness of the life which breathes at its feet; and truly one is tempted in this little island to desire, amid the simple enjoyments of nature, and far from the turmoil of the great world and its society, to lead a life of dreamy peacefulness to one's-self and one's own remembrances.

The natives of Ischia are handsome, with a Moorish or Spanish type of countenance. The most beautiful amongst them are the inhabitants of Foria, where the clear blue eyes of the people add an indescribable charm to the dark complexion and raven locks of their southern and ardent physiognomies. Like all other

Italians, the islanders have an innate courtesy and refinement in their intercourse with each other, as well as with strangers. Even among the very lowest classes they are full of consideration for women; and nowhere have I seen grown persons so tenderly careful of children, or so gently playful with them, as here. It is by no means true that the Italian is idle and lazy: he labours hard the whole day long; and that is saying much in a climate where, during three months, the thermometer, even at midnight, never falls below 25 or 26 degrees (Reaumur).

The chief source of industry in Ischia is the manufacture of earthen pitchers, which are used in carrying water; and of glazed tiles, with which apartments in those southern countries are often floored. The clay from which they are fabricated is found upon the Epomeo, in the neighbourhood of an old crater, of which there are several on the mountain. From thence it is fetched, partly in wide straw-woven sacks, which are laid across the back of a donkey; partly in large baskets, which are carried upon men's heads. When the day is long, and the labourer robust, he can accomplish this laborious task three times a-day; and although his descent is often perilous, on account of the falling of rubbish and stones, yet the utmost he can gain is a very few pence. Broiling with heat, and bathed in perspiration, the people descend these rocky heights with the swiftness and sure-footedness of a chamois; and quickly changing their linen, by way of avoiding the danger of a sudden chill, they rapidly mount the hill again. The necessity thus arising, from the extreme heat of the climate in Italy, for a frequent change of garments among labouring-men, gives them an appearance of much greater cleanliness than is usually found elsewhere among men of the same class. Neither are the women, on the whole, as uncleanly as is often affirmed of them. It is true they bestow too little attention on their hair, and it is a peculiarity of the Italian women that the poorest among them does not like ever to arrange her own hair. Everywhere—in Rome and Naples, as well as upon the islands—one sees in the evening women sitting before their house-doors busy in combing and plaiting each other's hair. But this occupation being ordinarily pursued only in the evening hour of recreation, which is quickly swallowed up in the night, it may readily be conceived that very few traces of the care thus bestowed are visible on the following day; so that one is very glad when, as is the case in these islands, a large white or coloured handkerchief is rolled turbanwise round the head, concealing beneath its folds the neglected and disordered locks.

Besides the branches of industry already named, the principal one is the cultivation of the vine, which is a source of subsistence to the inhabitants of Ischia as well as of the other islands. All these islands are full of vineyards. Large cellars are excavated out of the rock; and the patient ass is seen incessantly laden with small casks, bearing its burthen from these caves down to the marina, where the wine is shipped in small vessels for Civita Vecchia. These two productions—the clay and the vine—have determined the occupations of the islanders. Hence they are potters, vine-dressers and wine-merchants, sailors and donkey-drivers. The women, with their old-fashioned spindles, spin flax, silk, and cotton, which they weave into divers stuffs for their own use; and I have rarely seen even the youngest girl without her spindle. But because the Italian, after a hard day's work, instead of dozing away his evening, or spending it at the alehouse, as our labourers do, likes to talk in the market-place, or to lounge away an idle hour on the marina; because the Italian women can conveniently go about with their spindles, chatting with their neighbours; because on festival-days the poorest class of people are seen to enjoy that *dolce far niente*, so delightful in a warm climate—therefore is it imagined that they are lazy and idle. So far from it, the Italian is an industrious being,

willing to earn his bread with the 'sweat of his brow,' but with the expectation also of enjoying himself afterwards.

Yet it is remarkable that the nearer one approaches the south of Italy, the more congenial does it seem to the habits of the people to ask alms rather as a natural right than as a matter of favour. If one gazes for a moment with pleasure on a pretty young girl or a joyous-looking child, immediately one or the other stretches out her hand, saying, 'Give me something'—('Date mi qualche cosa!'). In Genoa, a woman begging hides her face, as if she had an instinctive feeling of degradation in asking gifts of strangers; in Rome, it is chiefly cripples or aged people who in the most pitiful tones ask alms of foreigners; but in Ischia, more than in Procida and Capri, it seems as if the natives thought it quite natural that strangers, who have so much money to spend in travelling, should give a little of it to the poor people on whose island they come in quest of recreation and health. A tailor, who was at work before his own door with several apprentices, on seeing our party approach, immediately rose up, and coming towards us, said in the most confiding tone, 'Signori, date mi qualche cosa!' A well-dressed woman, who was busy chatting with her neighbours, on seeing me come out into the balcony, immediately greeted me kindly, and held out her apron with the customary phrase. On finding that no notice was taken of her request, she went away quite good-humouredly; and so far from this circumstance annoying or disgusting me, it merely left a strange and ludicrous impression behind it. The people work as much as they can, and consider begging as an innocent sort of auxiliary employment, which they practise in their leisure hours.

And how gladly does one bestow the trifling sum which one knows will be spent in the preparation of some of their joyous festivals! For truly one of these church festivals, celebrated on the sea-shore in Ischia, in Casamicciola, in Lecco, or in Foria, is one of the most gladdening sights in the world. In the course of a few hours, altars and chapels are erected in the open air, in front of which the processions pause a while for the purpose of receiving a blessing. As soon as the procession appears in sight, the stillness of the air is broken by the discharge of firearms and other demonstrations of joy. Rustic pillars, interwoven with branches of blossoming myrtle, and glittering with the variegated light of many-coloured paper lamps, are planted on the sea-shore. Lights shine out of every window, and lights gleam forth from the boats, whose old lateen sails float lazily in the evening breeze. And the slender *marinero*, in his white shirt and trousers, with his many-coloured scarf twisted round his waist, and his black-banded straw-hat resting knowingly on one ear—how proudly does he go about with his wife and child in all the glory of self-satisfied importance! Yonder are the smart donkey-drivers, with their drooping red caps, dancing the saucy Tarantella to the sound of the tamborine. The lamplight sparkles through the green vine-branches encircling the booths wherein are seated the island-women: the elder ones peacefully enjoying the dignity conferred on them by their costly gold ear-rings and the rich chains hanging around their necks; the younger ones engaged in light and playful converse, until the nearer approach of the tamborine, with its whirling, twirling sound, draws them from their seats into the irresistible metre of the merry Tarantella.

While the people are thus wending their way homewards, one hears on all sides, from the hills and valleys, as well as within the towns, both the favourite songs of 'Luisella' and 'Ti voglio ben assai,' until they also gradually fade away into silence, and the deepest stillness reigns over the whole island. On the laurel-bushes are glimmering myriads of bright glow-worms; while the nightly butterfly and the *cicada* flutter gently about until the approach of morning.

It is very pleasant at this early hour of prime to ascend the hill which overlooks Foria, the little white

town which even now is protected by the square battlemented watch-tower, built in the time of Saracenic dominion. It stands upon the summit of an extinct volcano, and commands a wide and distant view of the sea. It is surrounded by fearful memorials of that time in which earth's flaming streams burst forth through her surface, and transfigured themselves into strange fantastic forms. No cultivation prospers, no seed ripens, in this desolate waste. Only the thorny Indian fig forces its way through the clefts, and produces its countless yellow blossoms and sweet fruit for the nourishment of the people. And not far off, where the soil is better, are to be seen villas rising up here and there between the base of the Epomeo and the sea-shore. Everywhere the eye rests upon vines, whose luxuriant boughs are bending with ripe grapes. Above the tall flexible stem of the cane appear the dark-green mid-summer bread-trees, and the olives with their silvery heads. Glowing pomegranates and snow-white myrtles cover the sides of the house, while the mighty stem of the aloe rises up like a lofty tree of liberty stretching out its sharp strong leaves and its huge blossoms towards the warm rays of the sun. Glistening ivy clings around the old trees and walls, while by its side droop down gracefully the lovely white caper-blossoms with their purple veins; and the tendrils of the clematis entwine themselves with the roses of Paestum beneath the shade of the red and white blossoming bushes of the oleander.

RECENT BALLOON ASCENTS IN PARIS.

SOME remarkable feats of *aërostation* have been performed in Paris, not merely for purposes of exhibition to the curious, but with the view of recording certain meteorological phenomena in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Of these last-mentioned excursions an account is given in an interesting series of articles on 'The Gifts of Science to Art' in the 'Dublin University Magazine.' A condensation of this account will probably amuse as well as instruct our readers.

On the morning of the 29th of June in the past summer, two persons, M. Barral, a chemist, and M. Bixio, member of the Legislative Assembly, ascended in a balloon of considerable size from the garden behind the Observatory at Paris. Unfortunately, no one accustomed to the management of balloons was invited to assist in the preparatory arrangements, and therefore some serious errors were committed. The *aéronauts* were well provided with scientific instruments, but the balloon was old, and in bad condition: the weather also was unfavourable. On being liberated from those who held it down, the balloon darted upwards with the speed of an arrow, and in two minutes from the moment it was liberated—that is to say, at twenty-nine minutes past ten—plunged into the clouds, and was withdrawn from the anxious view of the distinguished persons assembled in the garden of the observatory.

While passing through this dense cloud, the voyagers carefully observed the barometer, and knew by the rapid fall of the mercury that they were ascending with a great velocity. Fifteen minutes elapsed before they emerged from the cloud; when they did so, however, a glorious spectacle presented itself. The balloon, emerging from the superior surface of the cloud, rose under a splendid canopy of azure, and shone with the rays of a brilliant sun. The cloud which they had just passed was soon seen several thousand feet below them. From the observations taken with the barometer and thermometer, it was afterwards found that the thickness of the cloud through which they had passed was 9800 feet—a little less than two miles. On emerging from the cloud, our observers examined the barometer, and found that the mercury had fallen to the height of 18 inches; the thermometer showed a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit. The height of the balloon above the level of the sea was then 14,200 feet. At the moment of emerging from the cloud, M. Barral made polariscopic

observation, which established a fact foreseen by M. Arago, that the light reflected from the surface of the clouds was unpolarised light.

The continued and somewhat considerable fall of the barometer informed the observers that their ascent still continued to be rapid. The rain which had previously fallen, and which wetted the balloon, and saturated the cordage forming the network, had now ceased, or, to speak more correctly, the balloon had passed above the region in which the rain prevailed. The strong action of the sun, and almost complete dryness of the air in which the vast machine now floated, caused the evaporation of the moisture which enveloped it. The cordage, on the balloon becoming dry, and thus relieved of a certain weight of liquid, was affected as though a quantity of ballast had been thrown out, and it darted upwards with increased velocity.

It was within one minute of eleven when the observers, finding the barometer cease the upward motion, and finding that the machine oscillated round a position of equilibrium by noticing the bearing of the sun, deemed the epoch favourable for another series of observations. The barometer indicated that the balloon had attained the enormous height of 19,700 feet. The moisture which had invested the thermometer had frozen upon it, and obstructed, for the moment, observations with it. It was while M. Barral was occupied in wiping the icicles from it, that, turning his eye upwards, he beheld what would have been sufficient to have made the stoutest heart quail with fear.

To explain the catastrophe which at this moment, and at nearly 20,000 feet above the surface of the earth, and about a mile above the highest strata of the clouds, menaced the voyagers, we must recur to what we have already stated in reference to the balloon and the network. As it was intended to ascend to an unusual altitude, it was of course known that in consequence of the highly-rarefied state of the atmosphere, and its very much diminished pressure, the gas contained in the balloon would have a great tendency to distend, and consequently space must be allowed for the play of this effect. The balloon, therefore, at starting, was not nearly filled with gas, and yet, as we have explained, it very nearly filled the network which enclosed it. Is it not strange that some among the scientific men present did not foresee that when it would ascend into a highly-rarefied atmosphere it would necessarily distend itself to such a magnitude that the netting would be utterly insufficient to contain it? Such effect, so strangely unforeseen, now disclosed itself practically realised to the astonished and terrified eyes of M. Barral.

The balloon, in fact, had so swelled, as not only completely to fill the netting which covered it, but to force its way, in a frightful manner, through the hoop under it, from which the car and the voyagers were suspended. In short, the inflated silk protruding downwards through the hoop, now nearly touched the heads of the voyagers. In this emergency the remedy was sufficiently obvious. The valve must be opened, and the balloon breathed, so as to relieve it from the over-inflation. Now it is well known that the valve in this machine is placed in a sort of sleeve, of a length more or less considerable, connected with the lower part of the balloon, through which sleeve the string of the valve passes. M. Barral, on looking for this sleeve, found that it had disappeared. Further search showed that the balloon being awkwardly and improperly placed in the enclosing network, the valve-sleeve, instead of hanging clear of the hoop, had been gathered up in the network above the hoop; so that, to reach it, it would have been necessary to have forced a passage between the inflated silk and the hoop.

Now here it must be observed that such an incident could never have happened to the most commonly-practised balloon exhibitor, whose first measure, before leaving the ground, would be to secure access to, and the play of, the valve. This, however, was in the present case fatally overlooked. It was, in fine, now quite

apparent that either of two effects must speedily ensue—namely, either the car and the voyagers would be buried in the inflated silk which was descending upon them, and thus they would be suffocated; or that the force of distension must burst the balloon. If a rupture were to take place in that part immediately over the car, then the voyagers would be suffocated by an atmosphere of hydrogen; if it should take place at a superior part, then the balloon, rapidly discharged of its gas, would be precipitated to the earth, and the destruction of its occupants rendered inevitable.

Under these circumstances, the voyagers did not lose their presence of mind, but calmly considered their situation, and promptly decided upon the course to be adopted. M. Barral climbed up the side of the car, and the network suspending it, and forced his way through the hoop, so as to catch hold of the valve-sleeve. In this operation, however, he was obliged to exercise a force which produced a rent in a part of the silk below the hoop, and immediately over the car. In a moment the hydrogen gas issued with terrible force from the balloon, and the voyagers found themselves involved in an atmosphere of it. Respiration became impossible, and they were nearly suffocated. A glance at the barometer, however, showed them that they were falling to the ground with the most fearful rapidity. During a few moments they experienced all the anguish attending asphyxia. From this situation, however, they were relieved more speedily than they could then have imagined possible; but the cause which relieved them soon became evident, and inspired them with fresh fears.

M. Barral, from the indications of the barometer, knew that they were being precipitated to the surface of the earth with a velocity so prodigious, that the passage of the balloon through the atmosphere dispelled the mass of hydrogen with which they had been surrounded. It was nevertheless evident that the small rent which had been produced in the lower part of the balloon, by the abortive attempt to obtain access to the valve, could not have been the cause of a fall so rapid.

M. Barral accordingly proceeded to examine the external surface of the balloon, as far as it was visible from the car, and, to his astonishment and terror, he discovered that a rupture had taken place, and that a rent was made about five feet in length along the equator of the machine, through which of course the gas was now escaping in immense quantities. Here was the cause of the frightful precipitation of the descent, and a source of imminent danger in the fall. M. Barral promptly decided on the course to be taken.

It was resolved to check the descent by the discharge of the ballast, and every other article of weight. But this process, to be effectual, required to be conducted with considerable coolness and skill. They were some thousand feet above the clouds. If the ballast were dismissed too soon, the balloon must again acquire a perilous velocity before it would reach the earth. If, on the other hand, its descent were not moderated in time, its fall might become so precipitate as to be ungovernable. Nine or ten sand-bags being therefore reserved for the last and critical moment, all the rest of the ballast was discharged. The fall being still frightfully rapid, the voyagers cast out, as they descended through the cloud already mentioned, every article of weight which they had, among which were the blankets and woollen clothing which they had brought to cover them in the upper regions of the atmosphere, their shoes, several bottles of wine, all, in fine, save and except the philosophical instruments. These they regarded as the soldier does his flag, not to be surrendered save with life. M. Bixio, when about to throw over a trifling apparatus called an aspirator, composed of copper, and filled with water, was forbidden by M. Barral, and obeyed the injunction.

They soon emerged from the lower stratum of the cloud, through which they had fallen in less than two minutes, having taken fifteen minutes to ascend through it. The earth was now in sight, and they were drop-

ping upon it like a stone. Every weighty article had been dismissed except the nine sand-bags, which had been designedly reserved to break the shock on arriving at the surface. They observed that they were directly over some vine-grounds near Lagny, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and could distinctly see a number of labourers engaged in their ordinary toil, who regarded with unmeasured astonishment the enormous object about to drop upon them. It was only when they arrived at a few hundred feet from the surface that the nine bags of sand were dropped by M. Barral, and by this manœuvre the lives of the voyagers were probably saved. The balloon reached the ground, and the car struck among the vines. Happily the wind was gentle; but gentle as it was, it was sufficient, acting upon the enormous surface of the balloon, to drag the car along the ground, as if it were drawn by fiery and ungovernable horses. Now arrived a moment of difficulty and danger, which also had been foreseen and provided for by M. Barral. If either of the voyagers had singly leaped from the car, the balloon, lightened of so much weight, would dart up again into the air. Neither voyager would consent then to purchase his own safety at the risk of the other. M. Barral, therefore, threw his body half down from the car, laying hold of the vine-stakes as he was dragged along, and directing M. Bixio to hold fast to his feet. In this way the two voyagers, by their united bodies, formed a sort of anchor, the arms of M. Barral playing the part of the fluke, and the body of M. Bixio that of the cable.

In this way M. Barral was dragged over a portion of the vineyard rapidly, without any other injury than a scratch or contusion of the face, produced by one of the vine-stakes. The labourers just referred to meanwhile collected, and pursued the balloon, and finally succeeded in securing it, and in liberating the voyagers, whom they afterwards thanked for the bottles of excellent wine which, as they supposed, had fallen from the heavens, and which, wonderful to relate, had not been broken from the fall, although, as has been stated, they had been discharged above the clouds. The astonishment and perplexity of the rustics can be imagined on seeing these bottles drop in the vineyard.

The entire descent from the altitude of 20,000 feet was effected in seven minutes, being at the average rate of fifty feet per second.

The same parties made a second ascent, and, strange to say, in the same crazy vehicle. In this voyage, however, they were able to make a number of observations valuable to science, a detail of which will be found in the authority whence we draw these particulars. On this occasion they attained the height of 23,000 feet. At this elevation the cold was excessive. The thermometers ceased to give indications, the mercury falling in nearly all of them into the bulbs. They had not been graduated for the purpose of showing a temperature so low, and it was inferred that at this moment the temperature could not have been more than 1 degree above the freezing-point of mercury. The hands and feet of the voyagers were benumbed by this intense cold, but no other inconvenience ensued; respiration was perfectly free, and there were neither pains in the ears nor bleeding at the nose. There was, therefore, no physiological indication of having approached that limit at which the vital functions might not continue uninterrupted. This experiment, therefore, supplies no data from which we can infer what the obstacles may be which will limit the future range of observers in the atmosphere. What will impose a limit on their ascent? Will it be the intensity of the cold, or the absence of the pressure of the air which will arrest the functions? Will it be the balloon which will cease to have buoyancy, or the observer who will be incapable of accompanying it? Of these questions we have at present no certain solution.

A rent in the balloon, as on the former occasion, prevented the aeronauts from extending their journey upwards, and they were reluctantly compelled to take a

downward direction. The descent was made in safety; but some of the instruments were broken, and the excursion, though far from being useless to science, was much less satisfactory than it would have been had all the usual precautions been employed.

A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA FELIX.

THIS is a plain voice, but a strong one. It speaks downright English, but with no more refinement than affectation; and what it wants in the niceties of language and modulation, it makes up for in truth and heartiness. It is the voice of Matthew Harris, a working-man, whose usual materials are iron and tin; and it comes across the ocean from Melbourne, Port Philip, to a friend in London, to tell, for the benefit, not of his calling, but his class, what hap such emigrants as himself may really expect to meet with in Australia Felix. Matthew Harris is a Cornish man, but appears to have worked in London, and to have gone forth with his family to push his fortune at the antipodes, on funds advanced to him by a benefit society. This says something for his respectability at the outset; but the internal evidence of his written message shows that he is a sturdy self-relying London operative—one who will not be put upon, but who is willing to work hard for a fair remuneration. He has no superstitious respect for books. He has been deceived in many things by the printed accounts of Australia he had read; and he therefore writes home to let people know the truth of the matter, and to tell them plainly what sort of country Australia is, and what are the chances it offers to a man who carries into it either capital or industry. Of the former, the share of Matthew Harris was but limited, arriving as he did with his family at Port Philip, and only the sum of L.5, 17s. 6d. in his pocket.

The voyage out we shall pass over in a few words, for we presume it was not greatly different from other voyages. Our operative suggests that only half the usual quantity of biscuit should be allowed to passengers, and the rest made up with flour—biscuit being rarely eaten at sea, except when steeped, or cooked anew in the form of pudding. He remarks likewise that the emigrants should possess among them scales and weights, to ascertain that they really receive the quantity of provisions mentioned in the regulations, which he thinks is not the case at present with regard to any article whatever. He advises them to provide for themselves, as they can afford, a very small store of the following articles—bacon or ham, cheese, flour, potatoes, oatmeal, onions, salt (only rock-salt being allowed by the ship), pepper, jam, wine, and brandy. Thick warm clothing is always requisite, and an additional supply of bedding.

In emigrant ships it is customary to appoint some of the passengers constables, to look after the doings of the rest; but this is an office which Matthew Harris pronounces, from personal experience, to be the most disagreeable that can well be imagined. As for the disagreeables of the weather and the sea, these have no antidote; but their endurance for five months at a stretch must be capital training for the pilgrims of the antipodes. It may be supposed what a happy revulsion of feeling occurs at the close of the voyage; and the following extract from his journal will show that it was largely shared in by our friend, while it will serve as a specimen of his manner:—*Evening, four o'clock.*—The wind shifted against us since I last wrote, but now fair, and the mouth of the bay of Port Philip in sight. We are now sailing through one mass of fish—for I suppose I must call it such—it is in the form of stars,

and much like jelly, but appears to have but little locomotion. Our anchors are now over our bows, and the signal for the pilot going up. All faces are bright, and joyful at the prospect of being at our anchorage in the course of the night. None but those like us can form an idea of the pleasure we feel in the closing scene of our long and tiresome voyage, and of which I shall here close my remarks. Those who may have the chance to read these lines will, I trust, excuse the many imperfections of the whole, written as it was on my knees, and amid the rolling of the vessel and the roar of the elements, the crying of the children, and the sick retching of my fellow-passengers. But all, I hope, is now at an end, as the land of our adoption is in sight. Amen!

When the ship was at length safely moored, the constables were paid L.2 each for the performance, during seventeen weeks, of their disagreeable and laborious duties; and the deck was then turned into a fair for the purchase and sale of labour. The greater number of the emigrants were hired by employers; and the next day the ship was cleared of the whole of her living freight in the midst of a torrent of rain. On arriving at the government depôt, Matthew Harris found it 'not so well as a stable,' and without a fireplace of any kind, while he and his family were drenched to the skin, and their beds and bedding saturated with rain. Under such circumstances, he turned away from the inhospitable depôt, and at once took a little dwelling of his own, and began housekeeping on his capital of L.5, 17s. 6d. This was fortunate; for the rain became an inundation, a portion of the town was flooded, human lives were lost, and hundreds of bullocks, thousands of sheep, and fowls without number, drowned. Such was the début of this working-man in Australia; and it is highly creditable to him that, in the midst of his endeavours to obtain employment, and of his hard labour when he did obtain it, he should have found time for observation and inquiry, and for recording their results on paper. We shall adopt his arrangement of the subjects he touches upon; for Matthew Harris has a clear methodical head of his own.

The Country.—It does not look like the desert it in great part is, but has a highly civilised appearance, consisting of vast plains interspersed with fine trees and beautifully-wooded hills, almost all of which are fit for cultivation. Some of the mountains within view of Port Philip look like recently-extinguished volcanoes, and resemble in shape a beehive flattened at the top. They are well adapted for the vine. The plains are in many places without stones, and composed of earth fine enough to pass through a small sieve. Such lands are ploughed only once in four years, and then suffered to fall back into waste. They would not defray the expense of manure, and are not naturally as rich as is reported in England. The bush is simply a forest of well-grown trees, from two to ten feet in diameter, and planted by nature widely enough apart to admit of cattle feeding between them. Immediately around Port Philip the ground is low, and liable to inundation; but within a mile of the town are rich meadows, where numerous herds of cattle are seen in excellent condition. The rivers afford good water, and are covered with waterfowl. Flies are a detestable nuisance both in and out of doors, and mosquitoes, more especially in damp situations, can only be kept off by a lighted pipe in the mouth, or by burning dried cow-dung in the houses. Ants, biting spiders 'about the size of the palm of the hand,' and grasshoppers, flying from your feet as you walk on the grass in an endless stream, are the other insect torments.

Climate.—Reports at home are too favourable on this subject; for the temperature is so variable, that after frying in 105 degrees in the shade, you may in half an

hour be shivering in a cold wind. But when the wind is hot too, it is scarcely endurable. Such are the land-winds, which blow occasionally for three days at a stretch. There is likewise a dust-wind, which raises the fine particles from the soil, and forms a kind of palpable mist which the eye cannot penetrate to a greater distance than thirty yards. 'On the whole, the weather is much more changeable than in England, and consequently cannot be so healthy. I have this fact from Dr Greeves, our mayor, and an old resident, with whom I am very familiar, in consequence of my connection with him as an Odd Fellow. Therefore, from such authority, I think the lie can be given to the report of this country being more healthy than England. In fact a visit to the cemetery will show that the great majority of deaths is between thirty and forty.' Many deaths take place from excessive drinking of cold water, an indulgence which the hot and dust winds account for easily enough. Consumption, contrary to the received opinion in England, is not uncommon; and insanity, whether owing to the excitement of emigrating, to separation from friends, or to the lonely life of the bush, is more frequent than at home.

Houses and House-rents.—This is a subject which is usually passed over by the English publications, but it is one of very great importance to emigrants. The houses of the working-classes generally are of wood, and so rudely constructed, that they would not let in any place in England. The dwelling inhabited by our informant was built by an agricultural labourer, and could not possibly have cost more than L.20; yet the rent was 5s. 6d. per week. It was of a better class than many hundreds in Melbourne, consisting of two rooms formed by stakes driven into the ground, and boarded round with shingles. The chinks of the wooden floor absorbed anything that was spilt; and during rain all the tubs, basins, plates, &c. in the house were in requisition to catch the water from the ceiling. Such constructions, and even those of a better description, were a source of great wealth to those who were fortunate enough to purchase the ground when it was cheap. Now, however, the frontage in any tolerable street costs from L.2 to L.4, 17s. per foot; and to build wooden houses has been prohibited by an act of council. No one will lay out money in building unless there is a strong probability of its being returned in about three years, and the heavy rent thus imposed upon the newcomer is a great drag at the outset. Mr Harris knew several small butchers, grocers, &c. who paid 25s. per week for three small basement rooms which could not have cost more than from L.40 to L.50. It is therefore a difficult thing for a man without a little money to get on in town; but with a little, there is no place in the world where success is more probable.

Cost of Living.—Living, let folks say what they will, is not cheaper here than in London, as the following prices, if you take them in the average, will testify:—

House-rent, supposing you to have a tolerable house, may be stated at double the amount paid in England.

Bread is 6d. per quartern loaf, and flour 20s. per 200 lbs.

Meat, which is the cheapest of the necessaries, is from 1½d. to 2d. per lb.

Coffee, 9d. per lb.; tea, 1s. per lb.; and sugar, 3½d. per lb.

Water, for a moderate family, 1s. per week—brought to the house in barrels.

Firewood (one fire we presume), 2s. 3d. per week.

Ready-made clothes a little dearer, and the materials a great deal dearer, than in London. Shoe-mending double.

Tobacco is 3½d. per oz.; but the other stimulants must be totally abstained from by any one who desires to advance his fortunes: beer being from 6d. to 1s. per pot; porter, 1s.; rum, 6d. per quartern (gill); gin, 1s.; brandy, 1s.; and wine at the English prices.

Wages.—On this subject Mr Harris is very severe

upon the accounts published in England. He thinks highly of the colony, as will presently be seen, as a field of emigration; and for that very reason he is sorry that any one should be drawn into it by highly-coloured statements, which can only result in disappointment to the individual, and unmerited vilification of the country.

The wages of persons employed in country work are as follows:—

Farming men, from L.20 to L.30 per annum, with rations. These men work hard from sunrise to sunset.

Gardeners receive about L.10 more.

Rough carpenters, in the bush, L.28 to L.36 per annum.

Country blacksmiths, L.30 to L.36 per annum.

Butchers, L.1 per week.

General labourers, about L.25 per annum, with rations.

In towns, where there are no rations, the scale is different.

Blacksmiths receive 24s. to 30s. per week, and a few good workmen a little more.

Carpenters, 36s. per week; wheelwrights, 30s.; masons, 40s.; tinplate-workers, 20s. to 30s.; and other mechanics in similar proportion.

Bricklayers' labourers, 24s. to 30s. per week.

Female servants from L.10 to L.15, and some few as much as L.18 a year. From these facts, it is concluded that men can do as well in the English towns as in Melbourne.

Labour Market.—It is a mischievous mistake to suppose that the labour market of Port Philip is understocked. On the contrary, Mr Harris declares that there is not half work enough for the claimants. Whence, then, the cry for the colony for more hands? It arises from the wish to *cheapen* labour—to bring the rates below those mentioned above. The great number of transports with tickets of leave, and the constant flow of bounty emigrants, keep the market in a state of saturation; but many prefer going into the bush as hut-keepers, shepherds, and bullock-drivers, to accepting what they consider to be inadequate wages. Our informant, who was a respectable mechanic in London, was four weeks on shore before he obtained employment, and then it was only as a labourer to wheel wood and fill carts. In the course of a week he was taken into a smithy on the strength of a recommendation which his employer could not well disregard; but other persons, as competent as himself, were not so fortunate. One individual, a coach-maker and wheelwright—both good businesses in Melbourne—after seeking employment for seven weeks, was fain to go into the bush as a kind of rough carpenter and general workman for L.25 per annum, while his wife acted as cook for the family. This man's wages at home were 30s. per week, and his wife kept a little grocery shop.

The worst market to dispose of labour is on board ship; and for the obvious reason, that the immigrants are ignorant of the wages they ought to receive. This ignorance is studiously kept up—we would fain hope this a mistake—by the authorities, who prevent even a sister visiting a brother on board till the engagements are made. Ships are sometimes kept in this novel state of quarantine for many days, till arrangements can be made for the labour fair.

Capital.—Although emigration to Port Philip is anything but advantageous to many poor emigrants of the classes to be hereafter mentioned, those who bring with them a little money are sure to turn it, by means of judicious management, to excellent account. House-building is a profitable investment; and so likewise is buying land, in the prescribed sections of 640 acres, and selling it again in ten-acre allotments. For this land the speculator pays from L.1 to L.3 per acre, and not unfrequently makes double or treble the amount in one or two years. Matthew Harris is of opinion that, by entering into a business union, fifty families with only L.100 each might arrive at independence in a very

few years. They might purchase and stock a section within a dozen miles of Melbourne, and take it in turn to watch the flocks. In three years they would be able to purchase another section. The capital mentioned would be sufficient to supply the wants of all till a return was made from their estate.

Capital is the one thing needful here; and unless importations of money take place, the sooner that of labour ceases the better. Already nine-tenths of the transactions in the colony are carried on by means of small notes, and even the corporation cannot borrow money for the city improvements at less than 10 per cent. A brewer told our informant that he had received an estimate for certain beneficial alterations in his brewery, but that he hesitated at the amount, which was £1500. 'The fact is,' said he, 'I cannot lay out that money without being sure of its return in three years, which is the increase the same funds would bring in many other kinds of investment.' Mr Harris examined the estimate, and found it not less than £800 above the sum he himself would have charged if he had possessed the necessary appliances.

These extravagant charges are imitated by the small tradesman; for the possession of a shop of any kind is in its way a capital, and has a certain command of the market. On this subject Matthew Harris, moneyless as he was, dreamed morning, noon, and night, and he determined to be a smith on his own account. He would think of no furniture till he could make it himself. He would in the meantime be satisfied with a vice-bench of his own construction for a table, and his boxes for seats; and he had already made a bedstead with his own strong and willing hands, to keep his wife, who was near her confinement, from sleeping on the floor. As a journeyman, he knew he would have no chance, a bricklayer's labourer being as well off as most skilled mechanics. He knew an engineer who was glad to obtain employment at 28s. a week; and he had himself been offered 24s. to superintend the machinery of a malting establishment. Rather than submit to that, he would betake himself to the bush.

Castes of the Colony.—The principle of social repulsion and attraction is as strong here as in India. English hold by English, Scotch by Scotch, Irish by Irish; and in religion, as in everything else, you must belong to 'our people' if you would hope for encouragement. All sects are assisted alike from the colonial funds, according to the number of the congregation; but nevertheless, the anti-state-church cry is as fierce at the antipodes as in England.

Manufactories.—There are two steam-engine factories, employing together about 150 hands; but the principal part of the work consists in press-making for pressing wool, and boilers for melting down sheep. There are likewise a few tan-yards, and about twenty hands employed in ship-building. The wheelwright's business, however, with which is conjoined smith-work, is the most crowded—in every street there being at least one establishment, and in some three or four. The cause of this is the great demand for carts and drays, which the farmers come to town to purchase. The melting-down establishments, however, are the most peculiar of all. At some of these places 100 men are employed, and they are capable of melting down and barrelling off upwards of 1500 sheep per day. Meat is of course of little value there: you may obtain the finest legs of mutton for 6d. The offal is sold for manure. The men's wages are 15s. per week, with board and lodging. The large dairy farms may likewise be mentioned, where women are employed in milking the cows. The feeding of these animals costs but a trifle, and yet milk and cheese are as dear as in London.

Melbourne.—Melbourne looks like the capital of an old country. You see hundreds of tons of wool brought in daily during the wool season, in drays drawn by eight, ten, or twelve bullocks, some of it perhaps coming from a distance of 200 miles in the bush. These drays go back loaded with merchandise for the farmers and

their servants, and it is in this the great interior traffic consists. As for imported goods, large auction-rooms are open every day for their disposal, and it often happens that they do not fetch the English price. The shops in the principal streets are as good as those of the best towns in England; but the publicans seem to drive the most flourishing trade. They number about 200, each paying an annual license of £30. Their chief customers are the paid-off bushmen and farmers. The best of the fine buildings is the Catholic Cathedral. There is also a handsome infirmary, a Mechanics' Institution, a lodge of the Manchester Odd Fellows, three of the London Odd Fellows, one of the Friendly Brethren, and two co-operative land societies, in which a payment of £13 entitles a member to ten acres of land, including the expense of title-deeds. There are poor-laws here, and a society of ladies, who visit the houses of the poor, and administer the required relief from private subscriptions. There are of course courts of law and justice; the latter of which are administered by equity judges, and by magistrates composed of the most respectable merchants. Finally, there are three newspapers—two published daily, and one three times a week.

The roads in the interior are mere tracks made by the wheels of the drays, and travelling, therefore, is out of the question in wet weather. The want of inns is made up for by a law which compels all housekeepers and farmers in the bush to lodge and feed travellers gratuitously. Our informant knew many wayfarers who had journeyed 700 miles without any other means of support than this.

Who should Come, and who should Stay at Home.—Having now briefly glanced at 'everything necessary to be known,' Matthew Harris concludes by declaring his opinion as to the class of emigrants the colony will suit.

No one should think of Port Philip who has a permanent employment and moderate means for himself and family at home; and no one whose mind is not made up to endure, without flinching, perhaps for a series of years, every possible inconvenience both social and domestic.

Agricultural labourers will do better than in England; and likewise mechanics who have no permanent living at home, and who will not object to go into the bush. Even persons who have steady employment, but who are burthened with a large family of children under seventeen, will do well to emigrate, provided they will condescend to the bush in the absence of anything better. Lazy men, and fathers with lazy sons, will find plenty of congenial situations here: such as those of shepherds, hut-keepers, bullock-drivers, &c. where energy would be thrown away. Finally, capitalists, large and small, may come, and welcome; but no capitalist will benefit himself by coming unless he is habitually wary, and has business habits.

The prudent man who has money enough to speculate, or to set himself up as a master in his trade, can hardly fail to do well; but for all others the bush offers the only means of arriving at independence. In the bush, a man and his wife (the latter as cook) might save enough in a few years to purchase a small farm. With children, the rations would nearly feed the family; and the produce of a few cows, pigs, and fowls, which they would be permitted to keep, would increase the amount of wages by about one-half. In a few years this flourishing family would take or buy a piece of ground, or invest their savings in cattle; and when the boys reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, they would receive as good wages and as large rations as their father. It is true the hut they would live in, provided by the farmer, would consist of nothing more than a few poles driven into the ground, and covered with the bark of the gum-tree, with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke; but it is wonderful how comfortable even a tenement of this kind can be made by persons who will lay out a little labour upon it. The bush life is solitary enough of course; but Matthew Harris knew many persons who

found it exceedingly agreeable; and at anyrate it is the only road in Australia Felix which has any chance of conducting the poor to independence.

THE MARSHAL AND THE ARTIST.

WHEN Marshal Lefebvre, in 1807, invested Dantzic, the celebrated engineer Bousmard put it in a condition to sustain a regular siege. General Kalkreuth, over whom Bousmard exercised much influence, had under his command a garrison of twelve thousand Prussians and three Russian battalions. For the attack, Marshal Lefebvre led on a mixed multitude of French, Poles, and Germans, to the number of sixteen thousand. He always showed his soldiers an example of modesty and courage: the marshal of the Empire never forgot that he had risen from the ranks, but was always foremost in mounting a breach, or leading on a forlorn-hope.

Two months, however, passed on, and Dantzic continued impregnable. It was not certainly an unreasonably long time to spend in reducing so strong a place, yet Napoleon became impatient. He who had astonished the universe with the rapidity of his invasions and conquests, and who had recently reduced the kingdom of Prussia to obedience in seven weeks, had some right to complain of Lefebvre's tardiness. From his camp at Finkenstein he surveyed the whole of Europe, moved Turkey, threatened Russia, looked at England with impotent displeasure, concluded treaties with Germany, sent forth his commands, and raised soldiers wherever and whenever he willed, and amid all this he could not, without manifest impatience, think of the siege of Dantzic.

'What's Lefebvre about? What is he doing? I don't understand his dallying.' Such were the Emperor's abrupt exclamations. Whenever a despatch from the marshal arrived, containing an account of the local difficulties of the siege, Napoleon would give it a rapid glance of his eagle eye, and then throwing it down contemptuously, would say—'Stuff!—deuce take the Alsatian and his fine descriptive style!'

'Denon,' said the Emperor one day, addressing his favourite artist, 'I must know how matters are progressing at Dantzic. Go thither immediately, present yourself to the marshal, and bring me back a drawing of the place. I depend on you. Go!'

In a quarter of an hour after the delivery of this imperial mandate, Denon was on the road to Dantzic with his pencils and portfolio. He was now upwards of sixty years old, and had sojourned with Louis XV. and Louis XVI. at Versailles, with Frederick the Great at Potsdam, with Catherine II. at St Petersburg, and with Voltaire at Ferney. Since the memorable Egyptian expedition, he had followed the footsteps of Napoleon. At Eylau a ball struck a piece of ordnance close to the Emperor, and killed three men. Denon, who had learned on the soil of the Pharaohs to draw from nature in the midst of the stormiest battle, without thinking of danger or caring for risk, just then approached calmly, with his sketching materials in his hand.

'I was just thinking of you,' said the Emperor; 'but you must retire, Denon—too much peril here for your head, and too much smoke for your eyes.' Napoleon forgot nothing; the artist's perfect coolness at Eylau was present to his mind when he sent him to bring back a military plan of Dantzic.

Arrived at the outposts of the besieging army, Denon asked an audience of the marshal, and told his errand. Lefebvre, who knew little, and cared less, about the character and talents of his visitor, did not give him credit for good faith, but believed that he came with some sinister design. He measured the artist leisurely with an unfriendly eye, and then in a tone of irony said, 'Ah, ah, so monsieur wants to see Dantzic? He wants to inspect the state of the siege for himself! Well, 'tis

really a pretty drama; I'll secure him a seat in the stage-box!'

So saying, he called a sergeant, one of the bravest, and withal one of the dullest fellows in the army, and said, 'Firbach, you will lead this gentleman to the spot from whence he will have the best view of Dantzic: you understand? on the glacis, opposite the bastion of Bischofsberg.'

'Yes, marshal,' replied the grenadier, moving on.

'I thank you, marshal,' said Denon, as he prepared to follow his guide.

'Thank me for nothing,' muttered Lefebvre between his teeth. 'So,' thought he, 'the Emperor distrusts me, and sends a spy to my camp! A rascally policeman, I'll be bound! He thought to deceive me with his plans and drawings, as if, indeed, Bonaparte were a child that wanted pictures to amuse him! I fancy I'll give my gentleman, Monsieur Denon, as he calls himself, quite enough of his trade. I'll teach him how to stand fire! I'd give a day's pay for the pleasure of seeing him run away from the bullets!'

Meantime Denon and his guide walked rapidly onwards. They soon crossed the line, and came within range of the cannon on the forts, which at that moment were keeping up a most animated interchange of civilities with the French batteries. Balls and bullets whistled about the heads of the artist and the grenadier, and the soil on which they trod was deeply furrowed by projectiles of various kinds. Precisely at the spot where the missiles were flying thickest Firbach paused, and told Denon that they were now arrived at the point indicated by the marshal. Without making any remark, the artist stepped into a hollow dug by the passage of a bomb, and whose raised edge formed a sort of desk; he then calmly opened his portfolio, took out his pencil, and began to sketch.

His brave guide looked at him with astonishment. 'A pleasant place,' said he, 'to stand in and admire the landscape!' Then seeing that Denon was pursuing his employment very leisurely—'Comrade,' said he, 'will you remain here long?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Why—why? Just because 'tis too hot here to be quite agreeable.'

'Do you think so? Then don't let me detain you. You can return to the camp, and when I shall have finished, I shall easily find my way back.'

'Adieu then, monsieur; au revoir!' So saying, the grenadier walked off, nothing loth, to rejoin his company, whose dinner was just served.

Marshal Lefebvre meantime had had much business to transact. At the end of two hours he suddenly recollected Firbach and Denon. 'What!' exclaimed he, 'not yet returned? It would really annoy me to have one of my brave fellows meet death by the side of a spy!'

'Firbach, at all events, is in a high state of preservation,' said an aide-de-camp: 'I saw him just now refreshing himself at the canteen.'

'Then the other must have fallen? Well, well, the joke was certainly rather too practical. I should have preferred his taking back his report to Bonaparte. But it can't be helped: a spy, after all, is no great loss!'

'Sacré!' cried the aide-de-camp, who was looking through a spyglass; 'here's the very man walking quietly towards us, as if the bullets were so many *bonbons*!'

'Is it possible that the fellow can have stood ever since between the batteries? Where's Firbach? Call him to me.'

The grenadier came, and related exactly what had passed. Just as he had finished, Denon arrived. It was pleasant to see the warm-hearted marshal run to meet the artist, grasp both his hands, and exclaim, 'No; you're not a spy, but a really brave honest fellow. I mistook you, Monsieur Denon, and hope you will forgive me. Take sketches under a shower of shot and shell! 'Tis ten times a greater feat than heading a

charge sword in hand. The Emperor has commissioned you to take back an exact description of the place: already you have seen one side of it—forgive me that it was the roughest—now I will show you the others myself. We will not leave a bastion or redoubt unvisited; and I hope you will grant me your friendship in return for the esteem with which your valour has inspired me.

Lefebvre kept his word: he conducted Denon to the best points of view, and could not sufficiently admire the artist's sketches and steadiness of hand. Denon returned to Finkenstein; and in a few days afterwards, on the 24th of May 1807, Dantzic capitulated. General Kalkreuth obtained the same conditions that, fourteen years before, he had himself granted to the garrison of Mayence. Lefebvre had him conducted with all honour to the outposts of the Prussian army; and the ancient comrade of the great Frederick expressed his gratitude in an affectionate letter to the marshal. The conqueror received for a recompense the title of Duke of Dantzic; so it is evident that the report of his proceedings brought by Denon was by no means calculated to lower him in the estimation of Napoleon. Lefebvre died at Paris in 1820; and Denon, whose work on Egypt has gained him an imperishable fame, expired at the same place, at an advanced age, in 1825.

CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.

This often-wished-for but never realised improvement may now be said to be effectually achieved. We speak not from mere theory, but from actual observation. A short time ago Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh erected a new furnace and chimney for a ten-horse-power steam-engine, which moves their printing machinery; and with a view to avert all challenge respecting smoke, they applied Juckes's patent smoke-consuming apparatus. This apparatus resembles nothing else of the kind. It consists of what may be called an endless chain of bars; and this chain of bars forms the bottom of the furnace, on which the live coal blazes. The chain moves very slowly forward—not more than at the rate of an inch in the minute—from the front to the back of the furnace, carrying the fire along with it. At the back or bridge of the furnace the chain of bars moves round, and comes back beneath. Thus it goes on endlessly from morning to night. The apparatus is fixed on a carriage, which is run into its place on a species of railroad; and the whole—that is, the whole bottom of the furnace—can be dragged in or out at pleasure, by which means every facility is presented for cleaning, renovation, &c. The chain of bars is moved by connecting gear from the steam-engine. The coal is laid on a hopper at the mouth of the furnace, and is carried forward by the bars, the depth of coal that enters being regulated by an iron door, which is depressed or raised like a sluice. The principle of smoke-consumption consists in the slow and regular admission of the coal. Instead of being heaved in with a shovel, so as to produce continual gusts of smoke, it is admitted, as it were, by hairbreadths. The ignition is therefore little at a time; and *what smoke is raised having to go over the whole bright fire beyond, it is necessarily consumed.* Nothing gets up the chimney that is perceptible to the eye. The apparatus, we are told, has the further advantage of economising fuel and attendance, while it sustains the steam equally with the common practice of firing. The great beauty of the whole thing, however, is, that the smoke is consumed. We have seldom seen any process of art more simple, and yet more ingenious and beautiful. It is the first instance, we believe, of Juckes's patent being applied in Scotland; and the working of the apparatus is well worth seeing. With a judicious application of such apparatus, we do not see why towns should any longer be tortured with murky clouds of smoke, obscuring the atmosphere, and damaging public health. There, before our eyes, is a convincing proof that there need be no smoke from furnaces. It is perhaps not going too far to say that henceforth, without detriment to amenity, a steam-engine may be wrought in the most elegant of our squares—anywhere under the eyesight of our most fastidious aristocracy.—*Scotsman newspaper.* [The above paragraph was published upwards of a twelvemonth ago. It is still perfectly applicable, as far as the case of

our printing-office is concerned. *No smoke is ever seen to issue from the chimney, and, on a calculation as rigid as was attainable, the saving seems to be about one-twentieth in the amount of fuel.* What difficulties and drawbacks there may be in respect of larger concerns we cannot say; but, if the working of a ten-horse-power engine be at all a criterion, we might safely assume that smoke is no longer an unavoidable nuisance in connection with manufactories.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

MADRID NEWSPAPERS.

In form, size, price, and arrangement, they betray the prevailing weakness of Madrid, *un faux air Parisien*. The average price is about twelve reals a month, about one penny sterling per diem. They are scarcely one-fifth of the size of a London paper; and the editors are obviously put to no trouble or expense in collecting authentic intelligence. It is therefore a grievous wrong to compare their cost invidiously with that of our journals. Taking all things into consideration, the 'Times' is the cheapest article going—cheaper than your quartern loaf, even since the free-trade tariff. The bottom of each of these papers is cut off from the rest, and called the 'folletin' (a manifest Gallicism), devoted to light literature, translations of *Sue* and the great Alexander of modern fiction. The political articles appeared to me to be as inferior to their French prototypes in vigour and spirit as to our 'English leaders' in knowledge and good sense. Fortunately for them, the polysyllabic and pleonastic gorgeousness of the Castilian idiom covers the poverty of meaning, just as the manifold Castilian cloak covers a threadbare coat, or a too literal sans-culottism. The grand topic of the day was the Hungarian war, on which ground both parties joined battle, and lied furiously. The Moderados were not a whit behind the Progressistas in that. Every day the 'Heraldo' detailed grandiloquently the defeats of the rebels, and the 'Clamor Publico' the triumphs of the patriots. To judge from the articles to which they give insertion, these journals must count largely on the ignorance and credulity of their readers. The 'Heraldo' was then publishing a series of verbose epistles from Italy, the writer of which illustrated the marches and operations of the Spanish forces by a profusion of passages, parallel or divergent, from the Latin classics, showing at every step his own consummate ignorance and assurance. I remember in one letter he invoked our old friend Socrates in feigned rapture, as 'Mount Socrates, beloved of Ovid and *Prosperitas!*' In the 'Clamor' I read another series of letters, written by a Spaniard from London, in which facts and inferences were equally false. The intelligent traveller gave a glowing description of Regent's Park, crowded every afternoon with the carriages of the nobility, each drawn by four horses; of the Opera, where brass buttons and applause were strictly forbidden; of the placards in the streets, announcing that 'the Rev. Wilkinson would repeat, for the fourth time, his favourite sermon on Justification by Faith,' &c. Among his statistical facts he mentioned that 3500 persons had committed suicide in London alone during the year 1848, and proceeded to account for it after his fashion. In conclusion, he proved to his own satisfaction that 'the English are far from being so advanced in political and social progress as—*Nosotros!*' I always thought 'La Patria' the calmest and most rational of all these prints. I had a good opportunity of forming a judgment, for nobody read it except myself.—*Clark's Gaspacho.*

POETRY OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES.

Among the Mongwees thunder is called 'the sky's gun'; the morning 'the day's child'; and one who has become intoxicated is said to be 'taken captive by rum.' The Zulus call the twilight 'the eyelashes of the sun'; and they say of a man who has defrauded them, 'he has eaten me up.' The 'Missionary Advocate' tells of a native of Western Africa who visited America some years ago, and when asked what he would call ice, which he had never seen before, said, 'Him be water fast asleep'; and while riding in a railroad car, when asked what name he would give to the vehicle, replied, after some thought, 'Him be one thunder mill.'—*Colonization Herald.*

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CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

BESIDES being the confidential advisers, attorneys are the 'confessors' of modern England; and the revelations—delicate, serious, not unfrequently involving life as well as fortune and character—confided to the purchased fidelity and professional honour of men whom romancers of all ages have stereotyped as the ghouls and vampires of civilised society, are, it is impossible to deny, as rarely divulged as those which the penitents of the Greek and Latin churches impart to their spiritual guides and helpers; and this possibly for the somewhat vulgar, but very sufficient reason, that 'a breach of confidence' would as certainly involve the professional ruin of an attorney as the commission of a felony. An able but eccentric juriconsult, Mr Jeremy Bentham, was desirous that attorneys should be compelled to disclose on oath whatever guilty secrets might be confided to them by their clients; the only objection to which ingenious device for the conviction of rogues being, that if such a power existed, there would be no secrets to disclose; and, as a necessary consequence, that the imperfectly-informed attorney would be unable to render his client the justice to which every person, however criminal, is clearly entitled—that of having his or her case presented before the court appointed to decide upon it in the best and most advantageous manner possible. Let it not be forgotten either that the attorney is the only real, practical defender of the humble and needy against the illegal oppressions of the rich and powerful—the shrewd, indomitable agent who gives prosaic reality to the figurative eloquence of old Chancellor Fortescue, when he says 'that the lightning may flash through, the thunder shake, the tempest beat, upon the English peasant's hut, but the king of England, with all his army, cannot lift the latch to enter in.' The chancellor of course meant that in this country overbearing violence cannot defy, or put itself in the place of the law. This is quite true; and why? Chiefly because the attorney is ready, in all cases of *provable* illegality, with his potent strip of parchment summoning the great man before 'her Sovereign Lady the Queen,' there to answer for his acts; and the *richer* the offender, the more keen and eager Mr Attorney to prosecute the suit, however needy his own client; for he is then sure of his costs, if he succeed! Again, I cheerfully admit the extreme vulgarity of the motive; but its effect in protecting the legal rights of the humble is not, I contend, lessened because the reward of exertion and success is counted out in good, honest sovereigns, or notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

Thus much by way of conciliatory prologue to the narrative of a few incidents revealed in the attorney's privileged confessional; throughout which I have of

course, in order to avoid any possible recognition of those events or incidents, changed the name of every person concerned.

Our old city firm, then, which, I am happy to say, still flourishes under the able direction of our active successors, I will call—adopting the nomenclature appropriated to us by imaginative ladies and gentlemen who favour the world with fancy pen-and-ink portraits of the lawyer tribe—that of Flint and Sharp; Sharp being myself, and Flint the silver-haired old bachelor we buried a few weeks since in Kensal Green Cemetery.

'Mr Andrews,' said a clerk as he threw open the door of the inner office one afternoon. 'Mr Jesse Andrews.'

'Good-day, Mr Andrews,' was my prompt and civil greeting: 'I have good news for you. Take a chair.'

The good-humoured, rather intelligent, and somewhat clouded countenance of the new-comer brightened up at these words. 'News from my Cousin Archibald?' he asked as he seated himself.

'Yes. He laments your late failure, and commiserates the changed position and prospects of your wife and boy, little Archibald, his godson. You he has not much compassion for, inasmuch as he attributes your misfortunes entirely to mismanagement, and the want of common prudence.'

'Candid, certainly,' grumbled out Mr Jesse Andrews; 'but an odd sort of good news!'

'His deeds are kinder than his words. He will allow, till Archibald attains his majority— Let me see: how old is that boy of yours now?'

'Ten. He was two years old when his godfather went to India.'

'Well, then, you will receive two hundred pounds per annum, payable half-yearly, in advance, for the next ten years—that is of course if your son lives—in order to enable you to bring him up, and educate him properly. After that period has elapsed, your cousin intimates that he will place the young man advantageously; and I do not doubt will do something for you, should you not by that time have conquered a fair position for yourself.'

'Is that all?' said Mr Andrews.

'All! Why, what did you expect?'

'Two or three thousand pounds to set me afloat again. I know of a safe speculation, that with, say three thousand pounds capital, would realise a handsome fortune in no time.'

Mr Jesse Andrews, I may observe, was one of that numerous class of persons who are always on the threshold of realising millions—the only and constant obstacle being the want of a sufficient 'capital.'

I consoled with him upon his disappointment; but as words, however civil, avail little in the way of 'capital,' Mr Jesse Andrews, having pocketed the first half-

yearly instalment of the annuity, made his exit in by no means a gracious or grateful frame of mind.

Two other half-yearly payments were duly paid him. When he handed me the receipt on the last occasion, he said, in a sort of off-hand, careless way, 'I suppose, if Archy were to die, these payments would cease?'

'Perhaps not,' I replied unthinkingly. 'At all events, not, I should say, till you and your wife were in some way provided for. But your son is not ill?' I added.

'No, no; not at present,' replied Andrews, colouring, and with a confusion of manner which surprised me not a little. It flashed across my mind that the boy was dead, and that Andrews, in order not to risk the withdrawal or suspension of the annuity, had concealed the fact from us.

'Let me see,' I resumed, 'we have your present address—Norton Folgate, I think?'

'Yes, certainly you have.'

'I shall very likely call in a day or two to see Mrs Andrews and your son.'

The man smiled in a reassured, half-sardonic manner. 'Do,' he answered. 'Archy is alive, and very well, thank God!'

This confidence dispelled the suspicion I had momentarily entertained, and five or six weeks passed away, during which Andrews and his affairs were almost as entirely absent from my thoughts as if no such man existed.

About the expiration of that time, Mr Jesse Andrews unexpectedly revisited the office, and as soon as I was disengaged, was ushered into my private room. He was habited in the deepest mourning, and it naturally struck me that either his wife or son was dead—an impression, however, which a closer examination of his countenance did not confirm, knowing as I did how affectionate a husband and father he was, with all his faults and follies, reputed to be. He looked flurried, nervous, certainly; but there was no grief, no sorrow in the restless, disturbed glances which he directed to the floor, the ceiling, the window, the fireplace, the chairs, the table—everywhere, in fact, except towards my face.

'What is the matter, Mr Andrews?' I gravely inquired, seeing that he did not appear disposed to open the conversation.

'A great calamity, sir—a great calamity,' he hurriedly and confusedly answered, his face still persistently averted from me—'has happened! Archy is dead!'

'Dead!' I exclaimed, considerably shocked. 'God bless me! when did this happen?'

'Three weeks ago,' was the reply. 'He died of cholera.'

'Of cholera!' This occurred, I should state, in 1830.

'Yes: he was very assiduously attended throughout his sufferings, which were protracted and severe, by the eminent Dr Parkinson, a highly-respectable and skilled practitioner, as you doubtless, sir, are aware.'

I could not comprehend the man. This dry, unconcerned, business-sort of gabble was not the language of a suddenly-bereaved parent, and one, too, who had lost a considerable annuity by his son's death. What could it mean? I was in truth fairly puzzled.

After a considerable interval of silence, which Mr Andrews, whose eyes continued to wander in every direction except that of mine, showed no inclination to break, I said—'It will be necessary for me to write immediately to your cousin, Mr Archibald Andrews. I trust, for your sake, the annuity will be continued; but of course, till I hear from him, the half-yearly payments must be suspended.'

'Certainly, certainly: I naturally expected that would be the case,' said Andrews, still in the same quick, hurried tone. 'Quite so.'

'You have nothing further to say, I suppose?' I remarked after another dead pause, during which it was very apparent that he was labouring with something to which he nervously hesitated to give utterance.

'No—yes—that is, I wished to consult you upon a matter of business—connected with—with a life-assurance office.'

'A life-assurance office?'

'Yes.' The man's pale face flushed crimson, and his speech became more and more hurried as he went on. 'Yes: fearing, Mr Sharp, that should Archy die, we might be left without resource, I resolved, after mature deliberation, to effect an insurance on his life for four thousand pounds.'

'Four thousand pounds!'

'Yes. All necessary preliminaries were gone through. The medical gentleman—since dead of the cholera, by the way—examined the boy of course, and the insurance was legally effected for four thousand pounds, payable at his death.'

I did not speak, a suspicion too horrible to be hinted at held me dumb.

'Unfortunately,' Andrews continued, 'this insurance was only effected about a fortnight before poor Archy's death, and the office refuses payment, although, as I have told you, the lad was attended to the very hour of his death by Dr Parkinson, a highly-respectable, most unexceptionable gentleman. Very much so indeed.'

'I quite agree in that,' I answered after a while. 'Dr Parkinson is a highly-respectable and eminent man. What reason,' I added, 'do the company assign for non-payment?'

'The very recent completion of the policy.'

'Nonsense! How can that fact, *standing alone*, affect your claim?'

'I do not know,' Andrews replied; and all this time I had not been able to look fairly in his face; 'but they do refuse; and I am anxious that your firm should take the matter in hand, and sue them for the amount.'

'I must first see Dr Parkinson,' I answered, 'and convince myself that there is no *legitimate* reason for repudiating the policy.'

'Certainly, certainly,' he replied.

'I will write to you to-morrow,' I said, rising to terminate the conference, 'after I have seen Dr Parkinson, and state whether we will or not take proceedings against the insurance company on your behalf.'

He thanked me, and hurried off.

Dr Parkinson confirmed Mr Jesse Andrews in every particular. He had attended the boy, a fine, light-haired lad of eleven or twelve years of age, from not long after his seizure till his death. He suffered dreadfully, and died unmistakably of Asiatic cholera, and of nothing else; of which same disease a servant and a female lodger in the same house had died just previously. 'It is of course,' Dr Parkinson remarked in conclusion, 'as unfortunate for the company as it is strangely lucky for Andrews; but there is no valid reason for refusing payment.'

Upon this representation we wrote the next day to the assurance people, threatening proceedings on behalf of Mr Jesse Andrews.

Early on the morrow one of the managing directors called on us, to state the reasons which induced the company to hesitate at recognising the plaintiff's claim. In addition to the doubts suggested by the brief time which had elapsed from the date of the policy to the death of the child, there were several other slight circumstances of corroborative suspicion. The chief of these was, that a neighbour had declared he heard the father indulging in obstreperous mirth in a room adjoining that in which the corpse lay only about two hours after his son had expired. This unseemly, scandalous hilarity of her husband the wife appeared to faintly remonstrate against. The directors had consequently resolved *non obstante* Dr Parkinson's declaration, who might, they argued, have been deceived, to have the body exhumed in order to a post-mortem examination as to the true cause of death. If the parents voluntarily agreed to this course, a judicial application to enforce it would be unnecessary, and all doubts on the matter could be quietly set at rest. I thought the

proposal, under the circumstances, reasonable, and called on Mr and Mrs Andrews to obtain their concurrence. Mrs Andrews was, I found, absent in the country, but her husband was at home; and he, on hearing the proposal, was, I thought, a good deal startled—shocked rather—a natural emotion perhaps.

'Who—who,' he said after a few moments' silent reflection—'who is to conduct this painful, revolting inquiry?'

'Dr Parkinson will be present, with Mr Humphrey the surgeon, and Dr Curtis the newly-appointed physician to the assurance office, in place of Dr Morgan, who died, as you are aware, a short time since of cholera.'

'True. Ah, well, then,' he answered almost with alacrity, 'be it as they wish. Dr Parkinson will see fair-play.'

The examination was effected, and the result was a confirmation, beyond doubt or quibble, that death, as Dr Parkinson had declared, had been solely occasioned by cholera. The assurance company still hesitated; but as this conduct could now only be looked upon as perverse obstinacy, we served them with a writ at once. They gave in; and the money was handed over to Mr Jesse Andrews, whose joy at his sudden riches did not, I was forced to admit, appear to be in the slightest degree damped by any feeling of sadness for the loss of an only child.

We wrote to inform Mr Archibald Andrews of these occurrences, and to request further instructions with regard to the annuity hitherto paid to his cousin. A considerable time would necessarily elapse before an answer could be received, and in the meantime Mr Jesse Andrews plunged headlong into the speculation he had been long hankering to engage in, and was, he informed me a few weeks afterwards, on the royal road to a magnificent fortune.

Clouds soon gathered over this brilliant prospect. The partner, whose persuasive tongue and brilliant imagination had induced Mr Andrews to join him with his four thousand pounds, proved to be an arrant cheat and swindler; and Mr Andrews's application to us for legal help and redress was just too late to prevent the accomplished dealer in moonshine and delusion from embarking at Liverpool for America, with every penny of the partnership funds in his pockets!

A favourable reply from Mr Archibald Andrews had now become a question of vital importance to his cousin, who very impatiently awaited its arrival. It came at last. Mr Andrews had died rather suddenly at Bombay a short time before my letter arrived there, after executing in triplicate a will, of which one of the copies was forwarded to me. By this instrument his property—about thirty-five thousand pounds, the greatest portion of which had been remitted from time to time for investment in the British funds—was disposed of as follows:—Five thousand pounds to his Cousin Jesse Andrews, for the purpose of educating and maintaining Archibald Andrews, the testator's godson, till he should have attained the age of twenty-one, and the whole of the remaining thirty thousand pounds to be then paid over to Archibald, with accumulated interest. In the event, however, of the death of his godson, the entire property was devised to another more distant and wealthier cousin, Mr Newton and his son Charles, on precisely similar conditions, with the exception that an annuity of seventy pounds, payable to Jesse Andrews and his wife during their lives, was charged upon it.

Two letters were despatched the same evening—one to the fortunate cousin, Mr Newton, who lived within what was then known as the twopenny post delivery, and another to Mr Jesse Andrews, who had taken up his temporary abode in a cottage near St Alban's, Hertfordshire. These missives informed both gentlemen of the arrival of the Indian mail, and the, to them, important despatches it contained.

Mr Newton was early at the office on the following morning, and perused the will with huge content. He was really quite sorry, though, for poor Cousin Jesse:

the loss of his son was a sad stroke, much worse than this of a fortune, which he might have expected to follow as a matter of course. And the annuity, Mr Newton thoughtfully observed, was, after all, no contemptible provision for two persons, without family, and of modest requirements.

A very different scene was enacted when, late in the evening, and just as I was about to leave the office, Mr Jesse Andrews rushed in, white as a sheet, haggard, and wild with passion. 'What devil's fables are these you write me?' he burst forth the instant he had gained the threshold of the room. 'How dare you,' he went on almost shrieking with fury—'how dare you attempt to palm off these accursed lies on me? Archy rich—rich—and I— But it is a lie! An infernal device got up to torture me—to drive me wild, distracted—mad.' The excited man literally foamed with rage, and so astonished was I, that it was a minute or two before I could speak or move. At last I rose, closed the door, for the clerks in the outer office were hearers and witnesses of this outbreak, and led the way to an inner and more private apartment. 'Come with me, Mr Andrews,' I said, 'and let us talk this matter calmly over.'

He mechanically followed, threw himself into a chair, and listened with frenzied impatience to the reading of the will.

'A curse is upon me,' he shouted, jumping up as I concluded: 'the curse of God—a judgment upon the crime I but the other day committed—a crime, as I thought—dolt, idiot that I was—so cunningly contrived, so cleverly executed! Fool, villain, madman that I have been; for now, when fortune is tendered for my acceptance, I dare not put forth my hand to grasp it: fortune, too, not only for me, but— Oh God, it will kill us both, Martha as well as me, though I alone am to blame for this infernal chance!'

This outburst appeared to relieve him, and he sank back into his chair somewhat calmer. I could understand nothing of all that rhapsody, knowing as I did that his son Archibald had died from natural causes. 'It is a severe blow,' I said in as soothing a tone as I could assume; 'a very great disappointment: still, you are secured from extreme poverty—from anything like absolute want'—

'It is not that—it is not that!' he broke in, though not quite so wildly as before. 'Look you, Mr Sharp, I will tell you all! There may be some mode of extrication from this terrible predicament, and I must have your advice professionally upon it.'

'Go on; I will advise you to the best of my ability.'

'Here it is, then: Archy, my son Archy, is alive!—alive! and well in health as either you or I!'

I was thunderstruck. Here was indeed a revelation.

'Alive and well,' continued Andrews. 'Listen: when the cholera began to spread so rapidly, I thought me of insuring the boy's life in case of the worst befalling, but not, as I hope for mercy, with the slightest thought of harming a hair of his head. This was done. Very soon the terrific disease approached our neighbourhood, and my wife took Archy to a country lodging, returning herself the same evening. The next day our only servant was attacked, and died. A few hours after that, our first-floor lodger, a widow of the name of Mason, who had been with us but a very short time, was attacked. She suffered dreadfully; and her son, a boy about the age of Archy, and with just his hair and complexion, took ill also. The woman was delirious with pain; and before effective medical aid could be obtained—she was seized in the middle of the night—she expired. Her son, who had been removed into another room, became rapidly worse, and we sent for Dr Parkinson: the poor fellow was also partially delirious with pain, and clung piteously round my wife's neck, calling her mother, and imploring her to relieve him. Dr Parkinson arrived, and at first sight of the boy, said, "Your son is very ill, Mrs Andrews—I fear past recovery; but we will see what can be done." I swear to you, Mr Sharp, that it was not till this moment

the device which has ruined us flashed across my brain. I cautioned my wife in a whisper not to undeceive the doctor, who prescribed the most active remedies, and was in the room when the lad died. You know the rest: and now, sir, tell me, can anything be done—any device suggested to retrieve this miserable blunder, this terrible mistake?

'This infamous crime, you should say, Mr Andrews,' I replied; 'for the commission of which you are liable to be transported for life.'

'Yes, crime; no doubt that is the true word! But must the innocent child suffer for his father's offence?'

'That is the only consideration that could induce me to wag a finger in the business. Like many other clever rogues, you are caught in the trap you lined for others. Come to me to-morrow: I will think over the matter between this and then; but at present I can say nothing. Stay,' I added, as his hand was on the door; 'the identity of your son can be proved, I suppose, by better evidence than your own?'

'Certainly, certainly.'

'That will do, then; I will see you in the morning.'

If it should cross the mind of any reader that I ought to have given this self-confessed felon into custody, I beg to remind him that for the reasons previously stated, such a course on my part was out of the question—impossible; and that had it not been impossible I should do so, Mr Jesse Andrews would not have intrusted me with his criminal secret. The only question now therefore was, how, without compromising this guilty client, the godfather's legacy could be secured for the innocent son.

A conference the next morning with Mr Flint resulted in our sending for Mr Jesse Andrews, and advising him, for fear of accidents or miscarriage in our plans, to betake himself to the kingdom of France for a short time. We had then no treaty of extradition with that country. As soon as I knew he was safely out of the realm, I waited upon the insurance people.

'The money ought not to have been received by Jesse Andrews, you say, Mr Sharp?' observed the managing gentleman, looking keenly in my face.

'Precisely. It ought not to have been received by him.'

'And why not, Mr Sharp?'

'That is quite an unnecessary question, and one that you know I should not answer if I could. That which chiefly concerns you is, that I am ready to return the four thousand pounds at once, here on the spot, and that delays are dangerous. If you refuse, why of course—and I rose from my chair—I must take back the money.'

'Stay—stay! I will just consult with one or two gentlemen, and be with you again almost immediately.'

In about five minutes he returned. 'Well, Mr Sharp,' he said, 'we had, I suppose, better take the money—obtained, as you say, by mistake.'

'Not at all; I said nothing about mistake. I told you it ought not to have been received by Andrews!'

'Well—well; I understand. I must, I suppose, give you a receipt?'

'Undoubtedly; and, if you please, precisely in this form.'

I handed him a copy on a slip of paper. He ran it over, smiled, transcribed it on a stamp, signed it, and as I handed him a cheque for the amount, placed it in my hands. We mutually bowed, and I went my way.

Notwithstanding Mr Newton's opposition, who was naturally furious at the unexpected turn the affair had taken, the identity of the boy—whom that gentleman persisted in asserting to be dead and buried—was clearly established; and Mr Archibald Andrews, on the day he became of age, received possession of his fortune. The four thousand pounds had of course been repaid out of Jesse Andrews's legacy. That person has, so to speak, since skulked through life a mark for the covert scorn of every person acquainted with the very black transaction here recorded. This was doubtless a much better

fate than he deserved; and in strict, or poetical justice, his punishment ought unquestionably to have been much greater—more apparent also, than it was, for example's sake. But I am a man not of fiction, but of fact, and consequently relate events, not as they precisely ought, but as they *do*, occasionally occur in lawyers' offices, and other unpoetical nooks and corners of this prosaic, matter-of-fact, working-day world.

SHOPS, SHOPKEEPERS, SHOPMEN, AND SHOP-MORALITY.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE shopman being the medium through whom nearly the whole of the retail commerce of the country is transacted, it should be considered as of immense importance to the public that his integrity, truthfulness, and candour be unimpeached and unimpeachable. How far this is likely to be the case, may be judged from what has been already said. These qualities, in fact, are not precisely those in vogue, or at least those in most request, among masters and employers. The grand accomplishment, before which all moral qualities sink into comparative insignificance, is the ability to sell: this is the *sine quâ non*. 'Has he talent?' is the first inquiry of an employer, in reference to the character of an applicant; signifying by 'talent' the faculty of pushing off goods upon unguarded customers. 'Such a one,' said a tradesman in answer to inquiry as to character, 'has excellent talent: he was the best salesman I ever had; but, to be candid with you, I was obliged to part with him for cheating me, which he did perpetually.' 'Never mind,' says the inquirer, 'I'll take him on: I defy him to cheat me much, and a little I don't mind, if he suits my purpose.' A shopkeeper has less fear of an engagement with a character of a loose description than any other employer would have, because, in accordance with a rule which is almost universal among them, the bond entered into between master and servant may be broken at a minute's notice by either. It not unfrequently happens that a shopman, failing to sell to a party difficult to please, is ordered to make out his account on the moment, and then discharged. A compact liable to be thus suddenly terminated is not of a nature to insure anything like a community of interest between the parties; and the master consequently finds that his own presence, or that of some deputy exercising a similar authority, is constantly requisite. Hence in large drapers' establishments originated the function of shop-walker, which is generally filled by some one in the immediate confidence of the principal. His ostensible office is to conduct the several customers to the particular spot where what they are in search of is stored up, and see them promptly attended to; but in addition to this, he exercises a careful vigilance upon the conduct of the several attendants, and reports, when necessary, upon their efficiency, negligence, or inaptitude.

The salaries of shopmen vary of course with the amount of 'talent' they possess; but there are a great number at the present day in London who are not remunerated by salary only. It is found to answer much better to allow them a per-centage upon the goods they sell, either in addition to, or in lieu of, a stated salary, than to pay them by salary alone. We were assured by a tradesman, whose whole establishment consisted but of three shopmen besides himself, that he had put a clear thousand pounds into his pocket in two years by substituting a per-centage upon all the monthly profits above a certain amount in lieu of a stated salary. There is not a doubt but that this mode of payment is the secret source of much of that bland politeness and unwearying patience which are nowhere displayed in such great perfection as in a retail shop. But politeness and attention are not the only qualities necessary to insure a sale; to these must occasionally be added an effrontery that cannot falter, and knows not how to blush. Whatever virtues can possibly be attributed to

the goods for sale, the salesman must warrant them to possess, and if he can contrive to persuade his customer that the palpable imperfections of his wares are but so many proofs of their superiority, so much the better. It is amusing to observe the infinite resources of an old adept behind the counter; together with inexhaustible patience and temper, he possesses a perennial fountain of small-talk, which he can turn on and off at pleasure. With those in a hurry he can use the briefest despatch; with those who come to lounge as well as to buy, he can be as readily dawdling and dilatory. He knows by intuition whom he can persuade and whom he cannot, and is seldom seen to waste his address upon an impracticable party. Lady Slug, who spends four hours and a-half in the choice of a dress, finds him just as bland and *devoué* at the termination of the bargain as he was at the beginning; while Mrs Makethrift always makes up to him when she wants to purchase a piece of towel-ling, because by him she is sure to be quickly served. Such a man is a treasure to his employer, who may think himself fortunate if he can retain his services for any length of time—the best hands not being always proof against the offer of a higher salary and superior advantages from an opposing establishment. Why should they?

The draper's shopman, above all others, stands in need of a superlative stock of patience. There is a certain order of the fair sex, with leisure on their hands, who, though they come to purchase, will buy nothing until they have seen everything, and who, rather than take the precise article they want, will walk out of the shop to enjoy a rummage elsewhere, if the salesman persist in recommending it before they have satisfied their curiosity. Perhaps they consider themselves entitled to overhaul the whole stock by virtue of the small outlay they intend to make; if this be their fancied privilege, they certainly enjoy it to the fullest extent, and reward the complaisance of the shopman by leaving him work for a good hour after the shop is closed.

We would not of course have it imagined that the trickiness to which we have alluded is characteristic of all shopmen. In some trades, the counter assistants are a most respectable class of young men; and such persons, as is well known, have latterly taken a lead in the establishment and support of literary and other institutions, calculated to effect great public benefit. Where there is demoralisation, there also is oppression visible. There could not be bad employed without bad employers. Excessive length of the hours of labour, led, as might be expected, to the worst results. Under the old system, before the early-closing movement had begun, shopmen generally suffered severe privations. From the bed to the counter, and from the counter to bed, was their brief hebdomadal history. The effects of such unbroken drudgery told miserably upon them in respect both to body and mind. The rate of mortality was higher among them than among classes much lower in the social scale; and cases of loss of faculties, both bodily and mental, more than doubled those which occur in the average of the population. The improvement in this particular which has been effected of late, and which, it is to be hoped, has only commenced, has given them some available leisure. If the use generally made of it is not precisely what might be wished, it is not altogether thrown away. Though the majority as yet devote their new leisure to idleness and dissipation—though the casino, the billiard-room, and the half-play benches are nightly filled by the emancipated slaves of the counter—yet associations for mental improvement and mutual instruction have also more attendants and members; and something, if but little, is being effected towards the increased morality and integrity of the whole class.

Much of the low state of trading morality, we repeat, is chargeable, in the first instance, on the public. The silly desire of getting bargains is at the foundation of almost every cheating practice. Buyers want not a fair exchange for the price paid, but something more.

Thus the transactions of the market are a series of attempts to cheat on both sides. The seller sets himself up as a willing victim, while the buyer avers that he does not want the goods which he has come to the market expressly to procure. All this is disgraceful, and shows the low tone of moral feeling in connection with matters of commerce. It would be sheer nonsense to lay this state of things at the doors of the shopkeeper and the trader. They are but what they are compelled to be, and what the public have made them. It is the over-reaching spirit among buyers which has created so many knaves among the sellers. The real delinquent is the bargain-hunter: he is a character the very reverse of that which the requirements of morality, and the precepts of religion, command men to be. So far from desiring to do unto others as he would that they should do unto him, the whole scope of his endeavours, in all his transactions, is to effect the very contrary; since to reap an advantage from the necessities of one's neighbour, and to profit by his injury, are the very constituents of a bargain. The prevalence of this spirit among all ranks and classes should be regarded as a grievous anomaly, and may well excite disgust and reprehension when viewed in connection with the high estimation we are accustomed to claim for our commercial doings. There can be no mistake, however, as to its general predominance. It is a vice which wears so much the aspect of a virtue, as to be often mistaken for one; and it is encouraged and fostered by multitudes under the idea that they are only cherishing a commendable feeling in connection with prudence, economy, and good management. The universal spread of the bargaining spirit is so thoroughly recognised by all who have anything to sell, that the search after a trader in the present day, who is content to offer his goods on fair terms only, a mere *quid pro quo*, is almost a hopeless task. Hence the 'enormous sacrifices,' the sales 'under prime cost,' the 'unprecedented prices,' and a host of specious announcements of the sort, that force themselves on our attention at every turn—all so many appeals to a passion well known to be dominant in every breast. The tradesmen who exhibit these tempting offers really pay but a poor compliment to the general honesty. They assume the aspect of willing and complacent victims to the universal propensity for over-reaching, and under this aspect they make their gains. It is hardly necessary to say that all these placarded protestations are but so many deceptions. It could not be otherwise, unless the sellers were the sole parties untainted with selfishness, and had at once the means and the will to exercise an indiscriminating generosity. Nobody believes this—yet everybody runs after a bargain.

But what is a bargain? It may be fairly defined as a fraudulent exchange, by which somebody must suffer; for as no purchaseable article can be produced but by a certain expenditure of labour, or procured without its equivalent in value, it follows that if we purchase one at an unfair value, we are either deceived in respect to its quality, and so suffer ourselves, or we commit an injustice upon some person interested in its production and sale, and thus occasion suffering to others. The question of morality is intimately connected with every commercial transaction; and where only this connection is recognised is business carried on in accordance with its precepts. It is the unwillingness to acknowledge this connection that gives rise to a multitude of daily frauds. Counterfeit wares in every possible branch of manufacture, possessing little more than the semblance of the things they represent, fill our shops and warehouses. Things real are kept in the background, for the demands of the sensible few who are unaffected with the bargain fever. In the departments of art, literature, and science, it is the same. Rubbish for bargainers is the principal staple, while the genuine picture, the sterling book, the efficient instrument, find but few admirers and purchasers. The effect of all this upon our national productions is becoming in the

highest degree serious. The seats of our manufactures have degenerated, and wares are now sent forth into the markets of the world which our forefathers would have rejected with scorn. Half-skilled artisans, and men lacking both honesty and knowledge of their craft, make fortunes by pandering to the appetite for great bargains; while the honest and well-instructed tradesman goes to the wall, if he be not corrupted by the success of those whose example has taught him that it is more profitable to cheat and swindle his customers than to serve them faithfully. Good-natured, stupid public, we are really ashamed of thee!

Another phase of the bargain-hunting spirit may be alluded to before concluding these random sketches. We refer to the growing practice of doing work by contract. As things go, it may be necessary to resort to contracts instead of ordinary accounts for work done; but it is evident that, by this system, the contractor is tempted to execute his undertaking in a far from satisfactory manner. He may keep to the letter, and break the spirit of his contract. Houses, for example, built by contract are usually of an unsubstantial kind; and he who gets a dwelling painted by contract, runs a serious risk of having it spoiled by the use of bad materials and the employment of unskilled hands.

A literary friend, the possessor of a house somewhat needing repair, sent for a tradesman to examine it, and to give an estimate of the cost of carpenter's work, papering, plumbing, and painting inside and out. An agreement was made, and a contract signed by both parties for a fair and rather liberal amount. Six weeks were allotted for the work; and the owner, leaving his housekeeper in charge of the dwelling, removed with his family to the seaside during the progress of the job. Returning at the time appointed, he found the work done indeed, but in a style so completely different from what he had expected, and so unlike anything he had ever seen before, that suspicions of foul play at once arose in his mind. Resolving to be well satisfied of the truth before he paid the amount agreed upon, he called in a surveyor, who, after a few minutes' examination, confirmed his suspicions of fraud, and undertook to investigate the facts. It turned out, after a tedious and not very pleasant inquiry, that the original contractor, who was too busy to attend to his own business, had sold the contract to another, who had sold it to a third person, who again had sold it to a fourth. Thus having passed through the hands of Huggins, Muggins, and Duggins, the work had at length to be accomplished in a tremendous hurry by Struggles, who was a miserable botcher at the best, and who undertook to do it, and did it, at less than half price!

Worthy public! we counsel thee to have a little more generosity and common-sense in thy dealings; and so wilt thou do more to improve society than by sighing over popular errors and popular weaknesses.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE BRIDE—THE HALF-CASTE GIRL—THE HOOLY FESTIVAL—
MALE EMBROIDERER—SUDDEN SQUALL—PARSEE DINNER—
DAY AT DUM-DUM.

March 4th.—A gentle rain all night has made the air deliciously cool, giving me uninterrupted sleep, which, after our many watchings, I feel very refreshing. The baby is quite revived by the change of temperature; he has cut four large teeth, and is, we hope, safe. Mr Black tells me that my Baboo is gone, and his bribe with him, which there was really some difficulty in getting him to take back. 'Who would know,' he said, 'what passed between him and madam?—it was not like Company's servants.' So, to show his gratitude, which he persisted in acknowledging, and at the same time due respect for madam's feelings, he would only ask her to accept a fine diamond ring, which was not to be delivered till after his departure. There it is, sparkling on my finger as a guard to the plain gold one which brought me here. I might, after all, as well have taken the rupees! It is

quite according to rule for the barristers' wives to receive these additional fees; they, and also the merchants' wives, get quantities of beautiful things from the clients. I believe, too, the military line are allowed to retain trifling presents; but none of the civil servants can permit their ladies thus to compromise them, neither can the judges, nor any other persons who, from the nature of their offices, could be supposed accessible through such means. It is not a pleasant custom, belonging certainly to a very backward stage in the progress of manners, and was formerly much abused: many women, some of them of rank too, having gleaned right and left as their husbands travelled, frequently appropriating more than was intended for them, such as the silver bowls and salvers sent with fruit! But this was in the good old times.

7th.—How constantly we prove that good really does spring out of everything! You know the half-caste girl who came out with me as my maid—a pretty, well-brought up young woman, who was really very useful to us? After some passages you will by this time have seen in my ship journal, you will not be surprised to learn that I arrived in this house without my attendant. The foolish girl married the third mate, a lad little older than herself, and so, as she thought, got settled; but the ship is going to China, to try a little trading there before returning to Europe, and the third mate don't intend to take Mrs Freeman with him—indeed, perhaps he could not get leave—so here has been this half-deserted wife, crying like a disappointed child, to ask us what is to become of her. It certainly is a friendless situation to leave the poor young creature in. I thought of Helen's sick baby, and of what a treasure this good-natured little body would be in her nursery just now, so, with your activity—borrowed only for the moment, I fear—I went off at once in Caroline's palkee, and settled the business. Helen caught at such relief; and Mrs Freeman, by no means grieved to show her husband she can do without him, has sent for her wardrobe, and repairs this very evening to her new home. There will be a storm among the native ayahs, but they and Helen must bear it, as I have learned to bear the swing of the punkah, now in full operation over my head. At first the draught of air made me sneeze incessantly; next I fancied it gave me cold, rheumatism, shiverings; and I could not remember to place weights upon all my papers or my work, to prevent them being blown away; so every now and then they had to be hunted out of all the corners in the room. But I manage better now, and on sitting down to any employment, call out 'Punkah taun' with the best of them.

8th.—Freeman and the baby, both the babies, getting on beautifully. She was used to children, it seems, at home. Sad distress next door to us—the master of the house alarmingly ill. Several doctors there three times to-day. We must hear of his being either much better or nearly despaired of in the morning—disease of any kind making quick work of it here. If the turn comes soon enough for the patient's strength to have been but little tried, the recovery proceeds pretty much as at home, with some allowance for the exhaustion consequent upon the climate: acute attacks are soon over one way or the other. New-comers are, therefore, always cautioned never to pass the slightest symptom of derangement. A little headache, a little sickness, a trifling pain, must never be disregarded. The wise consult their doctor on the first appearance of illness, and are generally provided by him with a few simple remedies most likely to be required in ordinary cases, by timely application to which, danger is frequently arrested. A greater degree of care is necessary in this climate with regard to exposure to sun, cold air, damp, or over-fatigue, than people are accustomed to think requisite at home. Many—young men especially—are lamentably imprudent in these respects, and suffer accordingly for disobedience to the natural laws so plainly expressed to them.

9th.—Freeman has discovered that poor baby owes

half his illness to hunger. A new ayah was wanted, and after some trouble, was procured, in the shape of a young black girl, thirteen years of age, whose purifications in the bathing-room were a curious scene, hair not being forgotten in the cleansing process. The new clothes she was equipped with on emerging from the bath seemed to reconcile her to all her trials, including the parting from her own baby of a few weeks old. Really children are no blessing to Indian parents. The difficulty of keeping them in health during the short time that it is safe to have them here, the constant watchfulness requisite over them to prevent evil either from neglect or improper treatment, and then the parting from them at such an engaging age, are all serious drawbacks to the pleasures of the nursery. And the parents never know the child again. They meet after this long separation almost as strangers, whatever care may have been taken to keep filial affection alive in the young heart: few feelings, and no recollections, can be in common. It is certainly the grief of Indian life, to a woman at any rate, whose occupation is thus per force taken from her, and only painful anxiety, the yearning affection of a bereaved mother, left with her instead. Men, always busy with high matters, think less of this. They leave home all energy for their employments; they return home for rest and quiet enjoyment; but the poor wife during the long Indian day—what remains for her? She has few household cares, she is unable at some seasons for much exertion, exercise she can never take, her occupations are all sedentary and monotonous, she has little to do beyond writing notes and visiting. Oh it is not a country to live in for a lifetime. Let us make ourselves happy while we are forced to stay, and get out of it as quickly as possible!

11th.—This is the beginning of the great Hindoo holiday which they call the Hooly. While we were at breakfast, the durwan and the surdah (the porter and the head-bearer) came in to ask leave to go out for the day. They were followed by several of the other Hindoos belonging to the household, all of them bedaubed with a red powder, like brick-dust, in a way to make one laugh. I had to recollect that to them this disfigurement was a religious ceremony, though apparently not a very grave one, for they were all on the broad grin, perhaps from the prospect of a day of idleness, which is always followed by an evening of riot. Not content with plastering their faces, necks, and arms all over with these holy patches, they dash the red powder upon their clothes, giving them at a little distance the appearance of being covered with blood. They brought on little salvers presents to offer to each of us, such as a handful of almonds, or a few small raisins, or any other common fruit. Upon each tray lay a packet of red powder, and upon one tray was a piece of money. We all accepted a taste of the fruit, the required leave was granted, and grand salaams followed. As this festival continues for three days, all the Hindoo servants in turn can spend one day in attending upon its ordinances, which do not appear to a common spectator to be of a very sacred character. All I could see of them was great crowds of natives wandering about painted up perfect objects, principally occupied in throwing red dust at one another. Towards the afternoon they began to dance, much after the fashion of our chimney-sweepers upon May-day, to the music of a tom-tom; a small kind of drum, producing much the same sounds as the dust-pan and shovel. My ayah, who is a Muselmanie, tells me that these dances degenerate into the grossest indecency, and that the songs these people continue singing all night are of the same disgusting kind; so much so, that the better sort of Hindoos are quite ashamed of them, and do not suffer the females of their families to be present at the more scandalous representations, though they consider it a necessary duty to keep up these indecorous practices as part of a religion they have been taught to reverence. No respectable woman is, indeed, to be seen abroad during this saturnalia. The higher orders are in general

always kept pretty close at home, but the lower seem to be at full liberty to go where they like, except on such occasions as this, though they are seldom met with except in the morning and evening, at the tanks or river side, filling their classically-shaped pots with water. They pile these three high, one over the other, each addition smaller in size than the one below, on their heads, and holding themselves erect as beautiful bronze statues, away they move with a slow swinging gait, one arm bent for the hand to press the side, the other raised to touch the lower water-pot, the long end of the saree falling from the wrist of the raised hand nearly to the knee. Beyond fetching the water and cooking the food, the lower class of females appear to have no business. They sometimes carry about a little brown baby, not in their arms, but on one hip, adopting then a sidling motion that has an odd effect; they are more frequently to be seen squatted on the ground among their crawling children, enjoying that chief of all native happiness—idleness.

We had to give some rupees among the servants in return for their little offerings—not many: a small sum goes a great way with these simple people, whose wants are few, and very cheaply satisfied. Yet to us Europeans a rupee is only worth two shillings, and these two shillings don't go very far in purchasing supplies of European goods. A rupee about ranks with a shilling, yet to the natives it is worth nearly an English labourer's pound. Nothing has as yet astonished me so much as the low price of labour: it is difficult to bring to mind that it suffices for their wants, of which food, the plainest and cheapest, is the principal. We closed our gates to-day, having so few servants left with us; besides, we were busy writing home letters: you will get a large packet of journal by this overland; it goes as part of the effects of a traveller among some drawings, &c. We took our drive as usual, no dancing interrupting us upon the Course; and I have just discovered that I have been devoured by mosquitoes. I shall really set up a mosquito-house, a very simple affair:—a square frame of bamboo covered with coarse muslin, high enough to hold a person sitting, and large enough to contain one inmate, a chair, and table. It is while writing that one gets so devoured; and the irritation first, and the swelling next, are so unbearable, any plan of escape from such a painful annoyance would rejoice such a victim as I am.

12th.—Hit upon a capital plan this morning to cheat the mosquitoes—sat in the bed instead of in the veranda. Had the bed rolled up to the window which opens on the veranda, and the thermometer being at 74 degrees, enjoyed a charming cool hour reading and writing within the gauze curtains. These comforts are always tucked carefully under the mattress all round when people retire to bed; during the day they are looped neatly up with a cord, and are the only drapery in the room. Curtains, or valences, would be sadly out of place in a country swarming with insects. Often while at dinner, more particularly of late, I have had the gauze or lace scarf ladies almost all throw over their shoulders so covered with insects, that my kitnugdar has taken it off several times and shaken it. For this reason short sleeves are seldom worn in this country, or tight thin long sleeves; and the ankles are protected by mosquito boots, a very full muslin gaiter in the shape of a balloon falling over the shoe. The punkah keeps all these creatures at a distance, luckily; that is not the least of its advantages.

After breakfast, we had a long interview with a *chiconwähler*, a man who embroiders muslin. Cary had got some new fashions, the shapes of which she wished to have copied, and she liked to choose the patterns to be worked on them herself. We had such a business to mark out the shapes upon the muslin, and then to fit the patterns to the shapes; for the man either was, or pretended to be, most tiresomely stupid; and then we lost near an hour beating down his prices. We could have had a dress worked in Scotland or Ireland for the

sum he asked for a collar, and without any trouble in the world beyond giving the order for it. After reducing the price to a fraction of his demand, so small by comparison, that I should have been ashamed of proposing it, I am pretty sure he got too much; for the work, with muslin and all, would have cost less at home. People have to pay for what they buy here not the actual worth of their purchase, but a proper sum for the position they occupy and the salary they enjoy; which sum is to be fixed on by the seller according to his ideas of the buyer's condition. It don't do to get angry this hot weather, otherwise the chiconwähler might have heard my opinion of his principles more sharply than might have pleased him. From one o'clock to four it is now beginning to be very oppressive; and what is this heat to that which I hear is to come! I find a gingham wrapper, particularly before it is washed, while there is a cool glaze upon it, the most easy undress for this weather; and truly very little need be worn underneath it.

14th.—Our next-door neighbour has relapsed. After going on pretty well for some days, he was taken seriously ill again yesterday evening. Doctors have been calling all day: a very bad indication of the state of his strength. He has not been exactly well for a twelvemonth, and was strongly advised to go home last year, but he had not, he said, realised a sufficiency: his time of service had expired; he was therefore entitled to the retiring pension; but he had been imprudent in his youth, was in debt when he married, and so has had more to do than merely to make his fortune since he began to look after it. He has a large family, some at home, and young ones here, and should they lose him, their prospects will be cheerless. Why don't we teach youth to think as well as to scan Latin verses? There is not much illness here, considering the size of the place; when it does come, the quickness of its progress is startling.

15th.—Spent the day with the wife of a brother barrister, to whom my aunt introduced us by letter: both husband and wife extremely agreeable. I carried my work there, and we sewed and read by turns, and then played quiet games with the children—it is too hot to romp—had tiffin, and our hour or two of rest; then called at chambers for our sahibs to take them their evening drive, neither of them having a horse just now; the captain's beautiful Arabs having proved too valuable to be reached by a poor lawyer's purse. We all dined together, and Arthur and I returned home in a hired gayer, rather a rickety concern. We have been attending the evening lectures in the Cathedral this Lent. They are excellent, and extremely popular; large congregations regularly. We always go to morning service on Sundays, though I do not set this down; there being nothing further to remark after the first visit. I found it too exhausting to go a second time to the evening or rather the afternoon service; the position is cramped, and the attention is soon fatigued. I can't go to the dinners and balls either without suffering, so I very soon gave them up after the novelty was over. Our morning drives, too, are at an end till cooler weather comes again; and having no resource in the evenings but the Course and the house-top, the materials for journalising are becoming scanty.

17th.—Our next-door neighbour died to-day at one o'clock. We have known, since Edward's last interview with one of the physicians, that the case was hopeless. We had seen little of him, but he was so loved by those we love, so generally respected, and had been so amiable in his slight intercourse with us, that we feel the certainty of his loss to be very saddening. The poor widow and all those children!

18th.—The funeral is over before sunrise this morning, so quickly here must the grave receive the remains of mortality. There is no time given for much preparation of mind or ceremony. The dead are soon buried out of our sight, and the mourners have as immediately to beatir themselves about their worldly affairs. The vacant appointment will be at once filled up, the hand-

some house deserted, servants discharged, furniture sold, and the widow with her young children will embark on board the first homeward-bound Indiaman, to rejoin those already in England—rejoin them for a time only. Had the husband lived, sons and daughters, when educated, would have returned to India to their parents, and settled round them; but now the widow's hope is to procure Eastern appointments for the sons of the dead father, and her daughters must remain beside her, to share her moderate means at home, unless they are taken from her by Indian friends as wives, or wives expectant—a cheerless future after so bright a past. One fortunate circumstance there is in her dull lot—comfort does not leave her. The civil fund provides sufficient for her own decent maintenance, and a respectable education for her children; and when, as in the present instance, a husband has turned prudent, and at length saved regularly out of his handsome allowances, there are no pecuniary difficulties to add to grief.

20th.—Mrs Freeman called to tell me, that having nursed Helen's baby fairly well, she had consented to be bribed to take charge of the sickly nursery of her friend, the fine singer, upon whose distresses the fat chobdar intruded me so unceremoniously. I have some sort of fear of this scheme answering; there seemed a sad want of method in that house, although I got such good advice there, and Mrs Freeman has little ways of her own which would take a steady temper, and kind but slightly-distant manner, to keep in due order. Yet she is an excellent creature.

22d.—Such a blast of wind at seven o'clock this morning!—a hot south wind, so strong and so sudden, that there was no time to shut the windows. The bearers flew with unusual celerity to every Venetian upon that stormy side of the house. It was quite a surprise to find that they could move so quick. But they were too late; and the hubbub among the furniture was really curious—almost alarming. Now I see the reason for the chairs and tables being made so heavy. Still, they might have castors; they would overturn none the more readily, and we need not be obliged to call a servant every time we wish one moved. The surdah was extremely excited at the result of this strife between the wind and the bearers, and spoke in reproof louder than I ever heard him do before, or could have supposed possible in one so habitually gentle. I shall never laugh again at the immense machine which stands in our room for holding towels—something like what we see in harness-rooms in the old country for putting saddles on. The light horses, or linen-airers we are used to, would have been broken to atoms at the first squall; whereas this ponderous substitute lost its towels certainly, but being placed near the wall, was saved itself—hardly even bending to the storm. This was a very awakening incident; and after we got all secure, we sat down and laughed merrily. The most annoying part of the tempest was the quantity of fine red sand brought in by the wind, which nearly suffocated us, and covered everything half an inch deep in a moment.

25th.—Another death! A young and happy wife! A slight imprudence caused a premature confinement, and this fatal end. She died before daybreak this morning on which I am writing, and will be buried this same evening, with her infant, at sundown. Where did we see that touching monument to a young mother in like circumstances? Somewhere in France, I think. A tomb opening to the sound of a trumpet, blown by an angel—the mother with the infant in her arms, half rising from it, and these words upon the lid, 'Lord, here I am, and the child that thou gavest me!' A little affected, like many French sensibilities, but at the same time touching. Surely we bring up our children very uselessly—very badly. Any poor woman's daughter would have known that the indiscretion committed by this young lady was dangerous. It seems to be the aim in our upper ranks to conceal from our daughters all the knowledge most peculiarly essential to their sex. The very purpose of their being, as guardians of the next

generation, is never even hinted to them. School-girls come out here just as fit to be married as to be prime ministers—indeed I don't doubt they would do the political part better than the domestic. They have a kind of chronological idea of historical events; but as to nursing the sick, managing a household, calculating the worth of money, or bringing up a healthy family of children, they know just about as much of all this as they do of the Chinese language. Wise people say we are becoming more natural as we are becoming more intelligent, and that amongst other reforms we may hope for a reform in female education. So much depends on it: the prosperity of the whole world!

26th.—Arthur and I dined to-day with a native—a Parsee—a client!—for we are doing great things in the law! It was just like a European dinner. Our Parsee friend was very agreeable in his broken English, and made a very hospitable host. He gave the party at his garden-house on the Circular Road. About sixteen guests. Glass, Worcestershire china, English plate, wines, dishes, which last we owed to Mr Black's cooks, who dressed the dinner in our own style. This Parsee did not eat with us; but he sat at table, drank plenty of wine, and passed the bottle gallantly. It was a very pleasant evening both to ladies and gentlemen, for there was a pianoforte up in the drawing-room, and Helen and the lady with the fine voice sang a great deal.

27th.—This is to be a great holiday. Cary and I are going to spend the day with her friend, the wife of the artillery officer at Dum-dum, where there is to be a great christening of a first-born son. The gentlemen are to join us at dinner, as business will detain them in the courts all the morning. Here comes the little carriage!

28th.—I jumped up at gun-fire yesterday, dressed after a fashion before six o'clock, found a hot cup of coffee and a crust of roll ready in Caroline's dressing-room, and we were soon off in a nice little pony-carriage from next door, which we were allowed to have a trial of, to see whether it would suit us to purchase. We went without an ayah, and with one kitmdgar between us, and our wardrobes in a basket imperial belonging to the carriage. It was a fine fresh morning, and we both much enjoyed our drive. We were too humble to kick up much dust, and were therefore agreeably surprised to find ourselves so little incommoded by it. Exactly the same impressions were made on me this time as struck me on my former drive on this road. The water-carriers, the market-goers, the women leading by the hand little boys and girls stark naked along the road, squalling like monkeys, and looking scarcely more human, or seated with them—squatted rather—near their huts, carefully picking their teeth, or having their heads with their long matted hair carefully picked by another. There were the same crazy hackerays standing under the same miserable sheds, and here and there something like a small farm-stead, with the little cattle of the country, weary, thin, and meek, lying down on the dusty earth waiting for their insufficient provender. By and by we met large droves of these good-natured animals carrying loads of straw, so packed upon their backs, that only their heads remained visible, the rest of their bodies being effectually enveloped in this thatch-like load, which was raised so high in pent-house fashion, that the appearance was really like a walking house. The bundle of straw was tied together in a well-drawn-up knot, the sheaf was then divided just below the knot, and descending on both sides till it nearly reached the ground, completely covered the body of the animal. In a little bazaar which we passed through about half way, a deal of lively traffic was going on in a small way, rendered amusing by the animated gestures accompanying all such marketing.

On arriving at our friend's bungalow, we were most kindly received. We bathed, dressed, and breakfasted, and by the help of many visitors, books, drawings, and a good tiffin, got through the long hot day. Just before the late dinner was the christening, which was performed in the church of the artillery station, so

close at hand, that we all walked there. The sponsors presented their gifts, the health of the first-born was duly given, and the evening was passing merrily away, when one of those sudden gusts of storm came on so terrifying to strangers. There was hardly time to close the windows, for we had to fly to all sides, the wind seeming quite to sweep round the house. We were totally unprepared for this, as the air had rather felt cool after sunset, and there was none of that warning stillness presaging hurricane. On the contrary, just after the christening, and before the dinner, Arthur and I had strolled on from the steps of the portico into the compound, and from the compound into a field where human feet had worn a path, as I suppose is common to all countries, though we on this occasion connected it so entirely with home, for the scene altogether, so quietly rural, reminded us of Berkshire, and of our last visit to you, and it appeared more like England, more like home, than any we had yet seen in India. Cows were standing near to a tank drinking—I called it pond, to please imagination better. Stooping down, we observed a small blue flower growing close to our feet, so like our own wild veronica, it led us, this simple flower, leagues and leagues away to where these field-flowers are no rarity; and usefully as well as poetically applied, it settled the question for us of the little carriage with the Arab ponies. We will be prudent, and deny ourselves this luxury yet a while. We sleep here to-night, in order to enjoy a cool drive back in the early morning.

29th.—Very delightfully fresh is the morning air. The storm had increased the coolness, and the rain had so improved the country, the scene was hardly to be recognised. The grass had positively grown since the shower fell; it had sprung up green and vigorous in the one night as if by magic. There was new life over every object. Edward also made me remark that since Cary and I had travelled this road before, some ten weeks ago, all the fields had been cleared. They were then under crop, and now the harvest is over. The little carriage is a charming equipage; it brought us all four home so pleasantly; but the value put upon it is high, as it is quite new, and very likely to take, so Cary even leaned this morning to the prudent side. There will be plenty to be had, she allows, of all sorts and all prices at all seasons; and then pointing to the buggy with the hood and the hole which had brought our gentlemen out to Dum-dum to dinner yesterday, and was conveying our servants back to Chowringhee to-day, she added that she remembered a pair, very great people now, content to take their evening airings once in such a machine as that! She looked so malicious, I was ashamed of acknowledging that my private thoughts had been as humble.

UNIVERSAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

COMMERCE, like most other things, rises from small beginnings, and submits to numerous vicissitudes. Its principles and character are only developed in the progress of its work; and until men become actually civilised, they do not recognise it as the great agent of civilisation. It assimilates itself throughout to the moral status of the people; and is sordid, dishonest, liberal, or lofty, according to the time. When engrafted into the earlier political fabric, it is broken up into monopolies, and loaded with restrictions, and these are only gradually and painfully removed by the struggles of knowledge.

Perhaps the true reason why commerce disengages itself so slowly from the various incubi fastened upon it by private blindness, selfishness, and covetousness, and by the same qualities under their collective title of national policy, is the want of intercommunion among the great mercantile body. Chambers of commerce have sprung up in various cities at home and abroad; but, so far as we can understand, these corporate bodies do little to promote general intercourse, while their functions cannot be said to embrace objects of

world-wide importance. What is wanted is something infinitely more cosmopolitan. According to present arrangements, each country has its own code of commercial laws, although it is manifest that the principles of what is in reality a true science must be everywhere the same. Why should this state of things remain? In the general fusion of intellects that has now taken place, is that of the merchants alone to remain separate and distinct? Is it not possible to substitute a general for so many particular codes? And would not the very attempt to do so be productive of immense advantage, by bringing together in one centre the more enlightened and energetic of those spirits which direct the distribution throughout the world of the products of nature and industry?

Our attention has been drawn to the subject by a brief printed memorial addressed to Prince Albert, and signed 'Leone Levi,' the object of which is to propose—without any reasonings on the necessity—the establishment of 'a national and international code of commerce among all civilised countries;' and we are the rather disposed to bestow some notice upon the document, from the circumstance of Mr Levi originating the very happy idea of connecting the undertaking with the great Industrial Exhibition of next year. His notion is, that a merchant, a banker, and a jurist should be invited as a deputation from each country; and that, with a view to the formation of a general code, they should take into consideration the existing laws on partnerships, factors, contracts, insurance, bills of exchange, shipping, bankruptcies, &c. throughout the world. The practicability of such a scheme he illustrates by the success of the congress held at Leipzig in 1848, when a general law of bills of exchange for all Germany was agreed upon, which came into operation in the following year. Till that time, Altenbourg, Anhalt-Kothen, Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Bremen, Brunswick, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Hanover, Hesse-Electorate, Hungary, Lubec, Nassau, Prussia, Saxony, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Weimar, Schwurzburg, and Wurtemberg, all had their distinct ordinances on bills of exchange.*

It seems to us that this idea is well worth working out, and we shall mention a few of the practical points in which a general assimilation would redound more or less to the advantage of commerce. In regard to bills of exchange just mentioned, the usance we suspect—or time allowed by local usage for payment—requires in some instances reconsideration. As an example, we may say that it has been customary in India to draw bills on England at so many days' 'sight' (that is, after presentation and acceptance); but the effect of the overland route in our own day is to hasten the presentation, and thus diminish the credit by several months. From this example, it will be seen that the usance must differ at different periods and in different places; although much is to be done in reconciling it with the altered circumstances of the time.

Another matter connected with bills of exchange is the days of grace—in some countries two, in others three, four, five, up to twelve. These days, so troublesome, on account of their number differing in most of the countries of Europe, have survived the purpose for which they were intended. At a time when accounts were loosely kept, and money difficult of collection, some grace might have been very requisite to enable the acceptor to provide the funds; but at present, the extra time allowed is a mere addition to the usance of the bill. A merchant now does not enter his acceptance as due at the end of so many months, and then take the additional time to collect the money: it appears in his books as due on the last of the days of grace, and he provides accordingly. But if this empty form is kept up, there can be no reason why it should not be so to the same extent in all countries.

* Mr Levi refers to his forthcoming work on Commercial Law for a demonstration of the identity of the principles on which all national laws of commerce are founded.

This is comparatively a trifle; but what is to be said of the fact, that in our boasted nineteenth century the nations of Europe are not agreed in their common every-day chronology—that in one country the month may be October, while in another it is November? The maintenance by Russia of the Julian, while the rest of the Christian nations adhere to the Gregorian Calendar, is a reproach to the civilisation of the age, while it is a standing annoyance and impediment in the way of commerce. Such a congress as we refer to would doubtless employ its efforts in altogether abrogating the Old Style. How humiliating it is to think that religious jealousy should influence an important part of the world in a question like this—that the Christians of the Eastern church should be more willing to receive their calendar from a pagan than from a pope!

The assimilation of weights and measures would form an undertaking worthy of the highest intellects and energies of the age. But it would be a very difficult one, as everybody must allow who is aware of the heartbreaking obstructions the attempt has encountered even in reference to our own country alone. There is no reason, however, if a simple and universally-applicable scheme of weights and measures were devised, why it should not be adopted by all commercial nations; and as in this case we might have legitimate recourse to the instrumentality of governments, the time occupied in bringing about the change would not be so great as if it were necessary to go through the process of indoctrinating the people.

The same thing may be said of the various national currencies, in which the universal adoption of the decimal principle might perhaps be all that would be requisite in the first instance.

Port and harbour dues would present a subject of immense interest for the inquiries of such a congress.

The postage question would of course be one of the most important discussed; and that of international parcelage would be redeemed from the almost entire neglect in which it lies at present. On the latter subject we may say that, under existing circumstances, a person in this country would find it far easier to get a parcel conveyed to the antipodes than to Austria.

But this is neither the place nor the time for entering into specialities: it is sufficient for the present to show that the proposed intercommunion is loudly demanded by the civilisation of the age. Neither should we think it either necessary or becoming to point out what further steps should be taken, after the first great meeting, to give permanence to the movement. Mr Levi suggests that, after the return of the delegates to their homes, prizes should be offered for works propounding the best plans for the assimilation of the laws of commerce: but in this we can by no means coincide. The practical merchants, to whose knowledge and experience we look for direction, are not likely to embark in authorship from pecuniary views; and with all our respect for literary men, we would by no means invoke their ingenuity on such an occasion. All this, however, would be best arranged by the delegates themselves, who would probably establish an office in London as a central point for suggestions and reports to be received, and where these would be prepared to be submitted in a convenient form to the next meeting.

That some such movement will take place, and at no distant date, we have not the slightest doubt. All the tendencies of the age are in favour of the supposition, and the only wonder is, that it is not already in operation. But at no place or time could the first step be taken more advantageously or more gracefully than at the approaching high festival of industry. England is confessedly at the head of the commerce of the globe, and London is, in more senses than one, the metropolis of the world. But more than that, England is so far in advance in large and enlightened commercial views, as to make her taking the lead indispensable to the success of the plan. No Tyre or Carthage, no Venice or Genoa, grasping at trade as if it were a special possession, and

at the same time crushing under foot the industry and competition by which it exists, she has proclaimed to mankind, in her own practice, the true universal nature of commerce. She has applied to a greater extent than any other nation, ancient or modern, the lessons of history; and scorning the mean policy which restricts itself to mere temporary advantages, she has taken her place in history as one of those great lights of civilisation which fling their illumination like a pharos over the stream of time. The Exhibition itself is one of those high and generous projects which can only be conceived and executed by a great nation; and it offers the surest guarantee both of the zeal and good faith with which the English people would enter into a scheme for establishing throughout the world a simple, impartial, and universal code of commercial laws.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

THE GOOD MATCH.

Miss O'Farrell. I have come to wish you joy, my dear Mrs Wright. We are all highly delighted at the news of the happy event about to take place in your family.

Mrs Wright. Thank you, dear Miss O'Farrell. I really hope our niece has chosen well. We sincerely believe she has every chance of happiness with such a guide and companion through life as young Mr —

Miss O'Farrell. Guide! Oh, indeed we can't suppose that a young lady so well brought up as Miss Fanny, stands much in need of a guide. But I'm sure she should be very contented with such a pleasant, lively gentleman as her intended. Of course there'll be plenty to make them so. You are uncommonly lucky, I must say, to get her off your hands so quick. She can't be all out twenty, and really it is not so easy to settle girls in these days. It must be a great weight off your mind. My sister Lalor would have no objections, I can tell you, to see a little daylight through her string of daughters, fine managing girls, highly educated, equally at home in kitchen and parlour, two of them extremely well-looking, will have pretty fortunes too. I am advising her to take them more about, and show them a bit, to try to get them off; and she has every inclination, but it's mighty difficult now to get the money from Mr Lalor. He's growing very close.

Mrs Wright. Why should she wish so much to 'get them off?'—they are a very happy family.

Miss O'Farrell. Yes, indeed, thank God! there can be no better children.

Mrs Wright. They are much attached to one another; the girls all very young; and husbands come soon enough, to my thinking, without our taking the trouble to look for them.

Miss O'Farrell. You've had a lucky chance that way, we must allow, with no care to spake of; just sat quietly at home, and the lover made his appearance in the right season. Little Miss Fanny too did her part in it right well: well she knew what she was doing. The father's income, as I'm credibly informed, not a penny less than three good thousand a year; all fine county Meath land; ne'er a shilling of debt, and next to nothing of poor-rates.

Mrs Wright. But Charles is not the eldest son.

Miss O'Farrell. Mrs Wright! you don't say so? Not the eldest son! And such managers as you are! What is he, then, at all?—and what has he?—and what will they live on?

Mrs Wright. Love, youth, health, quiet tastes, and industrious habits, with a profession which already insures them a fair income for beginners.

Miss O'Farrell. Well, I suppose, being only a niece, you would be less particular about Miss Fanny's choice than if she had been your daughter, and she, having but little, couldn't in course expect too much. But she's an

uncommonly nice little girl, and I declare it's a'most a pity to marry her off this way in a hurry to any one that comes to ask for her, though I don't say a word against the young man—not a word: his connections are most respectable.

Mrs Wright. Perhaps, had Mr Wright and I been the principal parties in the matter, we might have been a little more difficult to please—old heads requiring so much more than young heads think of; but we did not think it just to interfere where there were no moral grounds of objection. When our nieces grew up, we laid down but one rule on this delicate subject—never to admit to intimacy any one of whose principles we were doubtful, and to leave the rest, not to chance, but to the feelings of the individuals most concerned; and this, I assure you, would have been the same had we had daughters of our own—for our nieces have been as daughters to us. They came to us young, and have grown up among us quite as our own children.

Miss O'Farrell. And for settlements?

Mrs Wright. Oh, his little fortune, and her little fortune; and he insures his life.

Miss O'Farrell. And you are satisfied?

Mrs Wright. Perfectly.

Miss O'Farrell. Well, to be sure! And we all expecting it was to be such a great match, knowing how you'd always set your face against those foolish love-marriages, half of them mere fancies, that a little time would put out of young childish heads, and that certainly, as we know, just fill the country with decent beggars, picking here and there all they can get out of good-natured relations.

Mrs Wright. I still entirely disapprove of those reckless marriages where either extreme selfishness or extreme carelessness must blind the perpetrators to the lamentable consequences of the mistake they are committing—for a mistake they will surely find it. In our case, however, you misapprehend the whole affair. Charles has no ready-made fortune, but he possesses the means of making a fortune for himself: his character stands high; he has good abilities, good business connections, and he has made the start. The insurance he has effected on his life, added to their few thousands, provides for any casualty; and they begin with a year's income in hand, the marriage having been delayed till this has been saved by the economy of both parties; for it is no sudden thought, no passing fancy, but a true attachment of some standing, on which I believe the lifelong happiness of both to depend.

Miss O'Farrell. Some standing! So he's waited! Well, you are people out of the common way, and have met your match, it seems, which is mighty lucky. It's a wonder the young man was not off of his bargain, with such delays and sensible foreseings. It's a quare world growing!

Mrs Wright. If so, there must have been something wrong on one side or the other, and it would have been no loss, but rather an escape: a little painful while the gossip lasted, still better in the end than a marriage which would have proved unsuitable.

Miss O'Farrell. My sister Lalor always said there was no reasonable understanding of your new notions, my dear Mrs Wright, and I begin to see she was in the rights of it. To us plain people, a good match is a match where there's plenty of money, and a poor match is a match where there's little. It is equally plain that Miss Fanny, poor dear, will have to wait for her good match till this young gentleman's great abilities and great industry have made it so. For the present, they'll live very pleasant on their expectations.

Mrs Wright. Not exactly; they will have something a little more solid; but they certainly won't be rich. However, they have no expensive tastes, nor indeed would Charles have time to indulge in them.

Miss O'Farrell. Where is their house to be?

Mrs Wright. Over his chambers of business.

Miss O'Farrell. Why, the never a dinner will they be able to give!

Mrs Wright. I don't think they intend it; if you mean a company entertainment, it would be quite out of their way; but you may depend on it they will be very happy to give a dinner to you or any other old friend as kindly interested in their welfare.

Miss O'Farrell. If all parents were to be as easy to please, I must say there would be fewer couples left unpaired—a good dale—Honoria Lalor and a young neighbour of ours for one; but my sister Lalor never would give encouragement where no good was to come of it; so that affair was soon ended. Sure money never was more needed than in these days, swamped as we are with such a *say* of difficulties on every hand of us; and you, a sensible woman, to think so little of it! Maybe now you will hardly be pleased to hear that there's a great chance likely to turn up for Honoria Lalor after all, though as yet it's a saycret? A very elegant match offered, or as good as offered for her—the family making all advances. A fine estate, without one farthing of debt—good house, furniture, plate, everything suitable in all respects beyond what my niece is entitled to look for; yet with these odd notions you mightn't think so well of it, all things considered.

Mrs Wright. You must tell me something of the owner of these desirable adjuncts. I neither under-value money, nor forget what can be done with it; and you may believe me I shall be truly happy to hear that your niece is to secure so agreeable an addition to married happiness as a handsome income *with* a deserving husband. The man and his attributes must come first with me. My nieces and I, in sketching our 'model' husband, have always set out with good principles; our other requisites were good temper, good abilities, and good breeding; but we have never fully agreed as to the order of precedence among these essential qualities, so that we have not yet arrived at, where I am afraid you begin—birth and fortune.

Miss O'Farrell. Unexceptionable. You don't suppose I would have consented to negotiate between a Lalor and a nobody? We have too many upstarts in the country for one of an old Irish stock to countenance them, I assure you, and all the airs they give themselves. No, indeed; I spake for a very different kind of connection. The young gentleman in question has been perhaps a little wild, and no doubt his friends are in the expectation that matrimony will steady him, or they mightn't have so readily inclined to his fancy for Honoria. They've a good right to look higher—for where there's money, they expect connection; and where there's connection, they look for money in general. He has promised to give up betting and horse-racing. He never was much of a gambler otherwise, nor is no spender; and for drinking, he was never led into that but when he'd nothing else to do. Honoria has great power over him already, and will make it her business immediately to reform what little's amiss.

Mrs Wright. Indeed, Miss O'Farrell, I cannot affect to be pleased with the marriage of a fine girl like your niece to an idle man of low habits, whatever may be his fortune.

Miss O'Farrell. There's a dale of good in the young man, my dear Mrs Wright. He has a fine temper, and looks well after the main chance; he's just been too easily led, quite intirely too good-natured: she'll change all that—and has. She has shown herself uncommonly reasonable on the subject. Her mamma just represented to her that this was a most desirable match, and that her papa never would give consent to the young engineer; and she gave in at once, after reflecting. It would have been the greatest of pities to let such an estate go past the family. I would have given a good dale he had fixed on Lydia, a fine showy girl, better suited to him, more lively in herself, and very managing and knowing; and indeed proposed it; but he wouldn't look at e'er a one at all of all the girls except Honoria; and so she showed her sense, and took the advice of her friends, who of course have only her good at heart.

Mrs Wright. Poor Honoria!

Miss O'Farrell. Not at all; but rich, and wise, and happy Honoria! What could she want? A full purse—a full house—her housekeeping to attend to—company—and her carriage—and, after a while, her children. She will never need to trouble herself much about him: he will have his own purshuits!

Mrs Wright. Most of which he has to alter.

Miss O'Farrell. Some of them certainly. But he's a most good-natured cratur, and dotes alive on her, and has full and plenty to give her; and she's a mighty sensible girl, who'll find life easy, and make life easy, and take life easy; and you'll be one of the first to acknowledge as much this time next year.

Mrs Wright. I truly hope so, and I even believe it may be so. A girl brought up to consider matrimony as a mere means of subsistence, will have no very deep feelings interested either in its 'lights or shadows'; neither will she be very sensitive on the failings of a husband for whom she has no affection. If she be fortunate enough to carry the same indifference through life, she may pass 'easily' on to the end of it—one of a goodly company, too, for you have a large proportion of the world on your side of the argument. Those much above us in rank systematically pursue your plan of settling sons and daughters—not always, however, with results so satisfactory as we may hope will be the case with Honoria.

IMPROVEMENT IN CHRONOMETERS.

Among the various difficulties which have stood in the way of chronometrical improvement, perhaps no defect has occupied so much time as the imperfect compensation for change of temperature, which has claimed the attention of some of the first mathematicians of the day, as well as those practically engaged in chronometer-making. The defect we allude to is this—that if chronometers are adjusted for extremes of heat and cold, they will gain in the intermediate temperatures. This is caused by the balance-spring losing elasticity by an increase of temperature at an accumulating rate over the effect produced by the ordinary compensation.

Mr Loseby has introduced mercury to overcome this defect, which, by its fluidity, admits of being adjusted, so that its effect may vary exactly in the same proportion as the change of temperature alters the elasticity of the spring, or, in other words, which makes the law of the successive alterations of the momentum of inertia adapt itself to the law of alteration of the elasticity of the spring, whatever that law may be. Since the invention was submitted to the government in 1843, it has undergone several trials by order of the Board of Admiralty with a view to test its principle. The chief points which required to be proved were, first, whether the principle admitted of being adjusted to the irregular loss of elasticity in the spring; and secondly, if the effect produced by the mercury would be sufficient. The fluidity of the agent used at once answered the first point, and it was therefore to the second that the trials have been chiefly directed. The result shows that not only can the ordinary defect be obviated, but in most of the trials it has even been reversed, so that all doubt has been removed on the remaining point. The first trial commenced in January 1845, when two chronometers were placed at the observatory, Greenwich, under the direction of the astronomer-royal, and underwent a rigorous ordeal, having been exposed to the open air on the north side of the building during the coldest weeks of that severe winter, and also to temperatures varying from 85 degrees to 120 degrees Fahrenheit for the extreme heat. The astronomer-royal's 'Report,' which was laid before the Admiralty

in May, contained an account of the performance of these chronometers, and also his opinion relative to the principle. The following extracts are from this Report:—

‘I consider this invention (taking advantage very happily of the two distinguishing properties of mercury, its fluidity, and its great thermal expansion) as the most ingenious that I have ever seen, and the most perfectly adaptable to the wants of chronometers. I am not aware that it is liable to any special inconvenience.

‘I think it my duty to report as my opinion that Mr Loseby's construction has successfully effected its object; and remarking the ingenuity of the method used, and the fertility of its principle, I state as my opinion to the Board of Admiralty that Mr Loseby is entitled to their lordships' general encouragement.’

The second trial with three other chronometers commenced at the observatory in October; and as Mr Loseby was desirous to afford facility for rendering this trial more severe than any to which chronometers had ever been exposed at the observatory, he placed apparatus at the astronomer-royal's disposal for producing artificial cold, as there was not any apparatus at the observatory for this purpose, in order that these chronometers might be subjected to much lower temperatures than occur in this climate. The astronomer-royal's Report of this trial, which was sent to the observatory in February 1846, stated that the chronometers had been exposed to temperatures ranging from 8 degrees to 17 degrees for the extreme cold, and from 80 degrees to 124 degrees for the extreme heat. They had also been subjected to all the intermediate temperatures, and in every instance the principle had proved eminently successful: the Report explained to the Admiralty that the lower temperatures had been obtained in the apparatus to which we have alluded.

The third trial with four other chronometers was made at the observatory in 1846, three of which were adjusted so that the ordinary defect might be slightly reversed the same as some in the former trials: a statement to this effect was sent before the trial. The result has in every instance borne out both the statement and the principle, the three chronometers named having slightly gained in the extremes as compared with their performance in the intermediate temperatures. During 1847, three chronometers underwent a trial at the observatory, the performances of which were most satisfactory. Two of these have since been selected by the Admiralty for the arctic expedition which sailed in May, and from their perfect compensation, it is expected they will be found very useful, as Dr Rae says in his report of the expedition under his command, which returned last year, that nearly two months before the temperature reached 0 degree Fahrenheit, the chronometer employed became so irregular in rate, as to be useless for taking the longitude.

We will add a few explanatory lines on the method of trying chronometers offered to the government for purchase. These are placed in the Chronometer-Room of the Royal Observatory the first or second week in January, where they remain until the middle of July, and each chronometer is daily compared with an astronomical clock, and its rate carefully noted. During the trial the temperature of the room is considerably varied, as the windows are thrown open for six or seven of the coldest weeks, and for about an equal period the heat is raised to 80 or 90 degrees. This is effected by fires, which are attended at intervals of two hours night and day. During the rest of the time, the chronometers remain in the ordinary temperatures. This constitutes the usual trial; but such chronometers as are subjected to the extreme trial are placed in an iron tray over the stove, the mean temperature of which may be taken at 100 degrees. They are also exposed to greater cold by being placed outside a window on the north side of the building; but the severity of both the

ordinary and extreme trial with regard to the cold of course varies in different years with the severity of the season.

A LITERARY SOIRÉE AT MADAME RÉCAMIER'S.

THE memoirs of Châteaubriand are, we presume, already in the hands of many of our readers; that portion at least which has as yet appeared in an English dress, and which details the earlier portion of his eventful life. Most of us perhaps have read with interest the history of his boyish years, spent within the gloomy château of Combourg, and have pictured to ourselves the timid group—consisting of the poet, his mother, and his beloved sister Lucile—cowering around the chimney at one end of a vast and dimly-lighted apartment, while the silent master of the mansion, clad in a *robe de chambre* and nightcap, paced up and down the chamber, and inquired sternly each time that a whisper met his ear, ‘What are you talking of there?’ We have sympathised in the struggles of the youthful and ardent boy whose spirit longed for freedom, while his whole being was tyrannised over in this saddening solitude. We have followed him through his college life, his military campaigns, his adventures in America, his return to Combourg after the Revolution—the family dispersed—the château sold—a stranger dwelling upon the hearth of his ancestors! Then came the literary and political life of Châteaubriand; and while reading the memoirs of the statesman and the poet, we also perused the history of the age. And what an age! The Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, the Hundred Days, the Revolutions of July and of February, comprising the most important events, the most terrible dramas which have been beheld by modern society: events and dramas of which he might truly have said, *Quorum pars magna fuit!* In the English translation of Châteaubriand's memoirs, his career has been traced until the period of Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba in the year 1814; and while perusing this portion of the ‘*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*,’ as well as the more recent parts published in the ‘*Presse*,’ we readily conceive why Châteaubriand so steadfastly refused to permit the publication of his memoirs until after his death; for they contain a gallery of living portraits which are sketched with too true a pencil, and depicted in too vivid colours, to be agreeable to those whose fickleness and hypocrisy form the background of many a historic painting of the present century. Nor has he less skilfully portrayed the foibles than the faults of his own age; and a great portion of his memoirs having been written in London during his embassy in 1822, the graceful and yet caustic sketches he gives in his later volumes of our own domestic and fashionable society will doubtless prove very *piquant* to the English reader.

It is well known that during the closing years of Châteaubriand's life he was obliged, from the necessity of his circumstances, to pledge his memoirs to a bookseller, as the only means he possessed of procuring subsistence; and yet, as has been already hinted, he resolutely refused to make any portion of them public during his lifetime, although very liberal offers were made in the event of his doing so. But that which the poet denied to his own self-indulgence, and to the curiosity of the public, he willingly granted to friendship.

Among the literary circles of Paris, none has within the last few years been so celebrated as that which used to assemble at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, in the apartments of the celebrated Madame Récamier.* In the declining years of Châteaubriand's life, this charming woman daily

* For an account of this lady, see Journal, No. 301, New Series.

forgot her own sufferings to soothe the lonely hours of her friend; and long after he had withdrawn from the brilliant society of Paris, he was wont to pass his evenings at Madame Récamier's, where a chosen circle occasionally met to enjoy the perusal of those memoirs which were still a closed volume to the world. Many and urgent were the requests made for admittance to these soirées; but the aged poet was alike unable and unwilling to encounter a crowd, so that the party rarely consisted of more than a dozen or twenty people. Among them were to be found some of the most distinguished literary men and women of France, and a few foreigners, remarkable either for their talents or their diplomatic position in Paris.

We have before us at this moment a print representing the *coterie* gathered together, just as it was about two or three years ago, in the *salon* of Madame Récamier. At one side of the antique chimney is seated in her *fauteuil* the aged hostess, clad in her usual costume of gray silk, with a small white crape bonnet. Simple and grave as is this toilet, there is an air of refinement about it, according well with the features of the wearer, who, even in her old age, retained the same graceful, winning aspect by which she was characterised in youth.

Opposite to her, and placed immediately beneath her favourite portrait of Corinna—the gift of her friend Madame de Staël—reclines Châteaubriand, behind whose easy-chair may be observed his faithful valet de chambre Louiset, by whom he has been supported into the room, and who watches over him with the zeal of a domestic and the devotion of a friend.

Grouped around the fire are about a dozen persons, among whom are Messieurs Sainte Beuve, de Noailles, and de Loménie; M. and Madame Auguste Thierry; and Mesdames de Grammont, de Galitzin, and Guy de Girardin.

At a small table is seated M. le Normand (a nephew of Madame Récamier) with the manuscript of the '*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*' open before him; and he reads aloud (as we are informed by one of the company) 'in a grave and simple tone.' From the same writer, an *habitué* of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, we gather the following interesting particulars:—

This voice, which seemed to issue from beyond the tomb, was listened to in silence. Now and then a repressed murmur of approbation—a look of pleasure or of surprise exchanged between some of the company—an occasional glance towards the aged poet, on whose noble countenance some sign of emotion was sought for at the more stirring epochs of his history—such were the only interruptions which occurred during the perusal of the memoirs. As for Châteaubriand himself, he sat perfectly still while there passed in review before him the joys and sorrows of his early life, and the glory and reverses of his later years. His aspect was grave and gentle. Around his ample forehead were scattered some few locks of white hair. His full, deep eye seemed to restrain its natural ardour. Now and then an involuntary sigh would betray the deep emotions of his breast. One might have taken him for the genius of the age passing its whole history in review.

One evening, however, this impassibility of aspect was suddenly overcome by an ebullition of feeling very characteristic of one in whom patriotism was not merely a sentiment but an absorbing passion.

They were reading aloud that portion of his memoirs which gives an account of his residence at Ghent with Louis XVIII. in 1815. It was at that solemn moment when Napoleon was about to stake his destiny against the combined powers of Europe. Châteaubriand, at that time minister *in partibus* of the Bourbon king, had gone out towards evening to enjoy a solitary ramble in the country. He knew that a mighty struggle was at hand between the armies of France and the allied hosts, and his thoughts winged their way to the probable scene of action; and while he pondered over the chances involved in that field of battle, he listened with feverish

anxiety for some sound portending that the action had begun. Nought, however, was to be heard save the bleating of flocks, the barking of a shepherd's dog, or the creaking of a wagon.

But suddenly there comes from afar a low, dull sound, like the rolling of distant thunder. He bends his ear with painful earnestness, and upon its straining nerves come gradually a deeper and a fuller sound. Yes! it is the roar of cannon that he hears—and he knows that even now his countrymen are engaged with their foes. Thereon ensues within his breast a more fearful struggle than the shock of warriors in the battlefield. For whom shall he invoke success? For the monarchy which he serves, or for the Empire that he detests?—for his master, or for his enemy? The minister in exile wishes for the triumph of his king, but the Frenchman desires the triumph of France. The Frenchman prevails; and the minister of Louis XVIII., raising his hands and eyes towards Heaven, prays that the arms of Napoleon may be crowned with success!

At this sublime confession the reader involuntarily pauses. He drops the manuscript on the table before him—a murmur of admiration is heard throughout the apartment, and on looking towards the illustrious old man, we perceive a tear rolling silently down his cheek, which he hastily tries to conceal with one hand, while the other is forcibly pressed against his heart, as if he would fain repress its strong emotion.

It was a scene not to be quickly effaced from the memory.

'I do not know what may be the fate of my *mémoires*,' said Châteaubriand more than once; 'but my soul will rest in peace if they prove only these two things: that I have ever had a fervent love for France and for liberty.'

'His spirit then,' continues our author, 'may truly rest in peace; for it is impossible to read this life history "*from beyond the tomb*" without feeling a conviction that whatever might have been his faults as a politician, or his illusions as a poet, the flame of patriotism ever burned brightly within the breast of Châteaubriand. A smile may occasionally be excited by the naïve vanity with which he speaks of himself—a mode of language so utterly alien to English habits and feelings, that it is scarcely understood, much less tolerated among us; but one cannot forbear reverencing a man who, at the height of Napoleon's power, dared to brave his vengeance, by withdrawing from office on the murder of the Duke of Enghien; and who, at a later period of his political life, presumed to advocate the liberty of the press, in opposition to those Bourbons to whom he was so devotedly attached, and whose cause he alone amongst his peers had the chivalry to defend when they were finally driven from the throne of France.'

BLIND SCULPTOR OF THE TYROL.

I HAVE just come from a house at Innspruck in which I saw only one humble apartment; its entire furniture consisting of a miserable bed, a broken harpsichord, and a bench, upon which were laid a few pieces of wood and some tools for carving. It is the dwelling of an old man named Kleinhaus, whom nature has visited with one of her most deplorable afflictions.

At five years of age, Kleinhaus was attacked with smallpox, which affected his eyes, rendering him completely blind. Before having been deprived of sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skilfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would fain have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them,

and try to console himself for not being able to see by measuring them with his finger. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able, by degrees, to comprehend from the touch the exact proportions of the figure, anatomising (if I may use the expression) upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the nicety of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted? His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute; and rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy by one notch made too deep a piece of work to which he had already devoted long days of labour! Such obstacles would have discouraged any other, but his love of art induced him to persevere. After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw as it were by means of his fingers the figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees till he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.

In the museum at Innsbruck I have seen a bust in wood of the Emperor Ferdinand, which bears as strong a likeness to him as the bust from which it was fashioned, executed by a Venetian artist. I have also seen, at his own house, the portrait of one of his relatives, which he succeeded in executing by passing his hand repeatedly over the face of the individual. It is, they say, a perfect resemblance.

Kleinhaus is now seventy years of age; he is erect and robust; his countenance expresses much kindness and gentleness; and he contrives to work every day as in his youth. During the course of his long career he has sculptured many hundred figures. He showed me in his workshop a crucifix three feet in height, in which he has placed a mechanism of his own construction, that gradually moves the head of the image up and down, opens the eyes and lips, and closes them again by degrees. All this, however, has not served to enrich the indefatigable Kleinhaus. His countrymen have not known how to appreciate the laborious exertions of such a man, and they have not tried to improve his position. By and by, perhaps, they will raise a monument to his memory; but in the meantime he lives alone in his humble apartment, supplying his wants from the produce of his sculpture. But he is of a cheerful disposition: no vain desire agitates him: no ambition for honour or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist: his mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands.

I thought, while looking at him sculpturing a group of remarkably graceful figures, of the harmonious Beethoven, who was affected with deafness. Kleinhaus, however, has a consolation that Beethoven could not enjoy. 'I feel,' said he, 'each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with my eyes.' He has himself composed the music and the words of a hymn, in which he expresses with a touching resignation the emotions of a blind man. He sung it for me, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and I have tried to translate it, but could not well preserve the simple style of the original:—

'Behold the misery of the poor blind man! He must go through the world to seek his daily bread. No pen can portray what the blind man suffers. O all-powerful God, have pity on him! When

spring is come, and the ray of the morning sun reflects itself in delighted eyes, the blind man alone cannot rejoice in the gladdening beams. No picture, no colour, smiles before his eyes. Alas! this is to him a sad privation.

'Yet will I praise the Creator, although he has made me blind: I will worship him, although darkness surrounds me.

'A day will come when I shall rejoice. My eyes will again be opened, and then shall I be able to contemplate the splendour of the Most High. He is the Good Shepherd. He watches over his sightless sheep; and when the thread of this life is broken, he will show them the light of heaven.'

When the noble artist had ended this hymn, I pressed his hand with deep emotion, gave him the moderate sum he asked for the only two remaining little figures he had, and I carried them away as a souvenir of one of the best-spent hours of my travels.

HINT TO TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

REFERRING to the intemperate habits of the Scotch, Mr Robert Wilson, in his lately-published Lectures on Social Economics, makes the following observations:—'We have acquired the character of being the most drunken nation in Europe; and as the charge has been substantiated by unerring statistics, we must submit to the reproach until we mend our manners. In my public addresses I have frequently adverted to this bad pre-eminence which Scotland has attained among the nations, and only once did the mention of it elicit any mark of dissatisfaction; and on that occasion the dissent was expressed not in articulate language, but simply in a loud *grunt* of disapprobation, the champion for our national sobriety being so drunk that he could not speak! To what are we to ascribe the prevalence of this detestable vice amongst us? Many causes might be plausibly assigned for it, and one of them is our execrable cookery. The demon of drunkenness inhabits the stomach. From that "vasty deep" it calls for its appropriate offerings. But the demon may be appeased by other agents than alcohol. A well-cooked, warm, nutritious meal, allays the craving quite as effectually as a dram; but cold, crude, indigestible viands, not only do not afford the required *solatium* to the rebellious organ, but they aggravate the evil, and add intensity to the morbid avidity for stimulants. It is remarked that certain classes are particularly obnoxious to drunkenness—such as sailors, carriers, coachmen, and other wandering tribes whose ventral insurrections are not periodically quelled by regular and comfortable meals. Country doctors, for the same reason, not unfrequently manifest a stronger predilection for their employers' bottles than their patients do for theirs. "If the gods are not propitious," says Virgil, "we must call up the powers of hell;" and thus it is with the drunkards. In the absence of innocuous and benign appliances, the deleterious are had recourse to to exorcise the fiend that is raging within them. These views are explicable by the laws of physiology, but this is not the place for such disquisitions. One reason why the temperance movement has been arrested in this country is, that while one sensual gratification was withdrawn, another was not provided. The intellectual excitements which were offered as a substitute have not been found to answer the purpose. Our temperance coffee-houses are singularly deficient in gastronomical attractions; and the copious decoctions of coffee and chicory which are there served up, with that nauseous accompaniment, buttered toast, are more calculated to create a craving for stimulants than allay it. The lower classes in Scotland are as deficient in knowledge of cookery as the natives of the Sandwich Islands; and if our apostles of temperance would employ a few clever cooks to go through the country and teach the wives and daughters of the working-men to dress meat and vegetables, and make soups, and cheap and palatable farinaceous messes, they would do more in one year to advance their cause, than in twenty by means of long-winded moral orations, graced with all the flowers of oratory.'

The above, while well worth the attention of temperance societies, fails to explain the whole cause of Scotch intemperance, much of which we apprehend is due to a generally subdued state of feeling. Oppressed by dull social arrangements, and with almost every sort of amusement proscribed, the spirits can only get up through the efficacy of sensual stimulants. In short, clandestine dram-drinking is just nature's revenge against a system which has brought the nation into a kind of moral stupefaction.

TOWN AND COUNTRY PEOPLE.

Every traveller on the continent must have observed that the *town* and *city* populations live much more apart and separate from the country population than with us; each city or town is like a distinct island, or small nation, with its own way of living, ideas, laws, and interests, and having little or nothing in common with the country population around it. The ancient municipal governments of the towns, with their exclusive privileges, their incorporations and town taxes on all articles brought to market, and levied at the town-gates in a rough vexatious way, keep alive a spirit of hostility rather than of friendly intercourse between town and country. Some of these grievances exist where the traveller least expects to find them. In constitutional France, in constitutional Belgium, and even in the city of Frankfort, where a model constitution of civil and political liberty was being manufactured by all the philosophy of Germany in a constituent assembly, the country-girl's basket is opened at the town-gate to see if it contain any bread, cheese, beer, or other articles subject to town dues. The peasant's cart, loaded with hay or straw, is half unloaded, or is probed with a long rod of iron by the city official, to discover goods which ought to have paid town dues. The kind of domestic smuggling into and out of the continental cities which this system of town dues gives rise to, is of a very demoralising influence. These restrictions and town dues raise a spirit of antagonism, not of union, between the two populations. The towns and cities, in consequence of this estrangement, have less influence on the civilisation of the country, on the manners, ideas, and condition of the mass of the population, than with us. Our town or city population form no mass so distinct in privileges, intelligence, and interests, from the rest of the community, as the town populations are abroad. The city on the continent sits like a guard-ship riding at anchor on the plain, keeping up a kind of social existence of her own, shutting her gates at sun-set, and having privileges and exactions which separate her from the main body of the population. In Germany and France, the movements and agitations of 1848 were entirely among the *town* populations. The country population has not advanced either towards good or evil with the progress of the cities. In Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Frankfort, and other great cities, taste, literature, refinement, wealth, or the pleasures and enjoyments proper to wealth, abound; but in the country, outside of these oases of civilisation, the people are in the same condition in which they have been for ages. The town civilisation has not acted upon them, as it has on the general population of England. The people of the continent have more coffee, sugar, tobacco, and music, and more school and drill, than their forefathers; but not more civil liberty or freedom of action, not more independence of mind, nor a higher moral, religious, and intellectual character. This isolation of the towns has a very prejudicial effect both on the town and country populations. It has kept the *latter* almost stationary, while the *former* has been advancing out of all proportion.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller.*

CONVICTS' PROVISIONS.

By the conditions attached to the contracts for supplying provisions, &c. for the use of the convicts on board the hulks at Portsmouth, we perceive that the provisions are required to be of a much superior character to those which two-thirds of the population of these towns are able to procure—they are, indeed, required to be of the very best qualities it is possible for even a tradesman or a man of affluence to procure for himself. The beef must be 'good ox or heifer, sound, sweet, and fresh (bull, cow, or stag will not be received), in fore and hind quarters alternately.' We would not keep convicts on unwholesome diet, but it does appear inconsistent that they should be supplied with food far superior to that attainable by the great bulk of the industrious classes. We would shrink from urging any system of cruelty or even unkindness towards this class of persons, but it surely cannot be conducive to the suppression of crime to give to convicted criminals an amount of comfort and a quality and quantity of food utterly beyond the reach of the honest and hard-working man. A condition of the contracts is, that all articles not coming up to perfection will be refused, and thus it has often happened that a mechanic, or even a tradesman, has purchased and partaken of food which was considered too bad for convicts, and

which has been returned as such to the contractor. How harsh it must appear to the labourer in the dockyard to know that the convict felon who is lazily at work close by him every day, partakes of a quality of food which he cannot get; and that, indeed, he and his family have to be content with that which is considered too bad for a felon! With the superior comforts they enjoy, the relaxation of discipline, and the little authority their keepers are allowed to possess over them, we cannot wonder at the riots and the horrible scenes that frequently occur on board the convict hulks in this harbour.—*Hampshire Independent.* [The same thing might be said in reference to the provisions for hospitals and other charitable institutions, the best of everything being usually advertised for.]

THE BOY'S DREAM.

Through a narrow casement window
The solemn moonbeams crept
Into a chamber quaint and old,
Where childhood calmly slept.
They rested on the walnut press
And the antique mirror bright,
And threw across the oaken floor
A line of cold pale light.

They showed a boy of eight years old
Within the dark-green bed;
A child of sturdy form and mind—
Such as old England bred.
Power rested on his infant brow,
Pale in the ghostly ray;
A dormant spirit stern and high—
To dawn in manhood's day.

No cherub face of mirth asleep
Was his; no child-like smile
Lingered upon the firm-set lip;
No pleasant dreams beguile
His haunted slumbers. Lo, he starts!
Does the moon's clear cold beams
Mar his repose, or are his thoughts
Troubled by evil dreams?

Look how he proudly rises up,
And lifts his tiny hand
As though he grasped a warrior's sword
Or baton of command.
No mortal eye save his can see
A giant form of gloom,
Which, robed in ghostly majesty,
Stands in the quiet room,

And offers to his infant grasp
The shadow of a crown—
Then with a laugh of mocking scorn
Casts the rich bauble down.
No one save he can hear the voice
That murmurs, 'It is thine!
Thou crownless lord of future years—
Foe to the throne and shrine!'

'Thou shalt be first in England's realm,
And by my power shalt reign
When meteors lead the land astray,
And truth is sought in vain.
I am thy genius, Oliver,
Whether for good or ill;
Lord of fair England shalt thou be—
Her law thine iron will.'

The deep voice ceased; a cloud obscured
The moon; a shadow deep
Lingered, then passed—the form was gone,
And Cromwell woke from sleep.
It was a dream—only a dream,
And such we idle rate!
Yet oft-times in the solemn night
We hear the voice of Fate.

The soul unveils her secrets dark
That shun our waking eye,
And shows the latent seed from whence
Springs forth our destiny.
'The wish is father to the thought'
That frames those visions wild—
The ambition of the future man
Had whispered to the child!

LAURA JEWRY.

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SIMPLICITY.

'La simplicité est charmante, et il n'y a rien de si difficile.'

NOTHING more difficult than simplicity! What is there difficult about it? Have we not merely to let ourselves alone—to divest our minds and manners of the sophistications of art, and remain pure and simple as we came from the hands of nature? The 'charming simplicity' of the French referred to in the epigraph must be an affectation of fashion; for it is monstrous to suppose that simplicity should be a subject of study, pursued according to rule, and acquired with labour and difficulty. Simplicity implies the absence of labour, and the very act of striving destroys it. The saying quoted, therefore—so popular on the other side of the Channel—is a piece of mere Frenchness, and bespeaks the fantastic character of the national refinement.

But when we come to examine this common criticism, a difficulty besets us at the outset. If simplicity belongs to what is called nature, then the farther back we trace it in society, the more evident it will appear; till, on arriving at the savage state, we shall find it in original perfection. But is this consistent with the fact? Place a European, with his plain quiet dress, beside an American Indian, fluttering with feathers, adorned with scalps, painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and tell us which of these two is the child of nature. Compare, in like manner, the customs and ceremonies of the two specimens of humanity, and say which is the more simple? Facts, to confess the truth, are so far against us; experience appears to be opposed to theory: simplicity is *not* an instinct. If we proceed farther in the inquiry, we find that the contrast is not so great in this respect between American Indians, or other savages, and Europeans of an earlier age than the present. The elaborate magnificence of the feudal times, for instance, approaches more nearly than ours the 'state of nature;' and the ornaments which then glittered upon the persons of the women competed in point of number with those of our dusky sisters in the earliest days of society. The chief difference was, that the jewels of the former did not weigh down so terribly the cartilage of the ears and nose; but as for the comparative richness or poverty of the materials and workmanship, that was an adventitious circumstance with which real refinement had nothing to do: bits of coloured glass or polished bone were to the one precisely what barbaric pearl and gold were to the other.

The manners of the middle ages exhibited the same *rapprochement*. The courtiers of a negro prince of the present day creep about him on their knees; and the ceremony of feudal homage was at one time performed in France by the inferior, with a saddle on his back, presenting himself on all-fours before his

lord, and inviting him to mount. The farther back we go, the more extravagance we find in everything. Among ourselves, when two friends meet after a long separation, they shake hands warmly, and the sentiment of the occasion is exhibited only in their eyes and in a few kind words. This the New Zealanders regard as no better than a meeting of dogs. For themselves, they not only embrace and rub noses with *empressement*, but to signify the depth of their feelings, they then sit down opposite to each other, and drawing their mats over their heads, perform a hearty cry. It would thus seem, if we are to reason upon facts, that when we trace backwards from the present day the history of society, the farther we proceed we become the more entangled in sophistications and artificialities.

Il n'y a rien de si difficile!—Nothing so difficult as simplicity! Well, we must admit the proposition in so far as regards society in the aggregate. The world has striven hard for thousands of years to get rid of its extravagances, and slowly and painfully it has so far accomplished its aim. But the epigraph does not speak on the subject comparatively: it refers only to the present state of society, and asserts that among ourselves simplicity must be studied to be acquired. Surely this requires examination—although we are not so much inclined to smile at the Frenchness of the notion as we were at the outset. If the world has attained, in the process of civilisation, to a certain degree of simplicity, are we not born to it?—do we not take to it naturally?—or do men individually go through the same course as society in the aggregate, rising in one lifetime from the depths of savagism to the highest pinnacle of the refinement of the age? This idea seems odd at first sight; and yet if we throw a glance upon the constitution of the community we live in, we may chance to see every variety of character which has distinguished the social history of mankind. The terrific cruelty, the debasing superstition, the incomprehensible ignorance of savage life—all are illustrated before our eyes; while in other portions of the mass we find goodness as well as grace—knowledge, humanity, delicacy, and politeness; these two extremes being bound together so intimately by common characteristics allied in some measure to both, that the whole is seen to form one chain of human nature.

The ignorant are sought to be instructed, and the depraved to be reformed; and in attaining to knowledge and virtue, it is only reasonable to suppose that they acquire some portion of the external graces of civilisation, of which the most remarkable and the most characteristic is simplicity. But do not suppose that we allude in a special manner to the rise from the rudeness of a low status in life to the politeness of a higher: there are illustrations of the various stages of social progress in all conditions, and we have met with vulgar people

among the nobility themselves. What we wish to say—for we no longer hesitate to admit the truth of the epigraph—is, that simplicity is a distinguishing characteristic of refinement, not of rudeness, and that it is therefore to be attained only through a severe cultivation of the taste.

When vulgar people can afford it, they are always overdressed, their tables are overloaded, they are cumbersome in their hospitality; they are, in short, as extravagant in their manners as their prototypes in the earlier stages of society. They are fond of gaudy colours, or anything else that will distinguish them in the class to which they belong; and they ape the haughtiness of a half-civilised mediæval baron, who looked with complacency upon the saddle on his dependent's back, while he himself kissed the foot of his feudal lord. We have said that lords are sometimes vulgar, but, generally speaking, they are less so than other men. Nobody has much pretension who is sure of his own position. During a pleasure-trip the other day on the Clyde, we tried to enter into conversation with a lady and gentleman, apparently a married couple, who were admiring the scenery from the deck of the steamer; but it would not do. We had presented no introduction. An interchange of ideas with a stranger was out of the question; and with a cold monosyllable, and a colder look, they turned away. They were very grand; and if we did not shrink into ourselves, we at least applied elsewhere for consolation. Another lady and gentleman, likewise a married pair, were more accessible. They gave and accepted information; they exchanged social and kindly looks with their interlocutor; and they thus passed an agreeable half-hour—agreeable to him, and likewise to themselves, in consequence of their good-humour and simplicity. The former couple, we learned afterwards, belonged to the mercantile class, and were not distinguished in it by wealth or eminence of any kind: the latter were a peer of the realm and his lady, bearing a name well known in the great public questions of the day.

Simplicity is charming, and it is a thousand pities that it is so difficult. It is difficult on account of its complication, and because it is a thing that cannot be bought. A vulgar woman may obtain a dress of the most exquisite simplicity from the *modiste*, but the moment she puts it on, it loses its character. The air of simplicity, the manner, the motion, all are wanting; and it requires an experienced feminine eye to discern that she wears a gown of the highest fashion. The wearer must belong to the dress as well as the dress to the wearer.

Simplicity, as the result of the highest refinement, implies the total absence of pretence; and it is thus in a certain degree identified with truth as well as with taste. It is in absolute antagonism with imposture; and for this reason, when we see men making extravagant efforts to seem what they are not, we may conclude that they are still behind in social advancement. Simplicity, having no pretence, has no false pride, no noise, no bustle, no struggle. It 'uses all things gently.' Its quietude has a character of presence of mind. It is affable, conciliatory, condescending. In its social habits it has risen above the extravagances of savage natures—such as oaths, intemperate drinking, manual jokes, and violent argumentation. In female dress, with the aid of artistical skill, it invests the common with an elegant and *recherché* character. It is to this article, dress, that the French *mot* applies; and we would point to

the dress of high-bred women of the present day, as a remarkable illustration of the refined simplicity which characterises an advanced stage of civilisation. L. R.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

TRAVELLING—INCIDENTS—SCHOOLS.

RAILWAY time-tables in Holland generally terminate with a request to the travelling public to be at the stations a quarter of an hour before the time of departure of the trains; an arrangement unpalatable to those who value their minutes, or are deficient in patience. If you walk to the starting-place, you can of course please yourself in this particular; but if you take the omnibus, you will find the notice obeyed to the letter. The waiting is, however, more endurable for *derde klasse*, or third-class passengers, than at stations in this country, for it frequently happens that the second and third class waiting-rooms are one and the same, or sometimes the first and second. The humbler classes of the community are not made to feel so sensibly that they are without the pale as in England, where too often the accommodation provided for them ceases to be such in consequence of the oppressive limitations which attend it. The Dutch railways are well managed—the second-class carriages are painted white inside, which gives them a clean, cheerful appearance; and not being divided into compartments, a broad leathern strap is made to form the back of all the seats except those at the ends. The doors are set back, which leaves a recess on the outside, convenient for the guard in his visitations from one vehicle to another, though it diminishes the interior space. The third-class carriages are all covered with a roof, and instead of being enclosed at the sides, with only one or two small square holes for outlook, are provided with leathern curtains, which may be looped up or let down at pleasure. Such carriages as these, it need scarcely be said, are far preferable to the open roofless tubs with which English railway directors afflict their passengers, flattering themselves that such niggardliness fattens their revenue. The best third-class carriages I have ever travelled in in England are those on the line from Manchester to Preston: they are far preferable to the second-class of the Great Western or North Western, on which routes all but first-class passengers are 'done for' in a style that would do honour to Sally Brass. In Holland, too, the tickets are collected while the train is rolling: immediately after starting, the guard enters each carriage, and collects the tickets from those who alight at the first stopping-place; then for the next; and so on; a time-saving arrangement worthy of general imitation, and one which a traveller scarcely expects to find in vigour among the slow-moving Dutchmen. I could not help figuring to myself the astonishment which the *Snelheid* (Velocity), so was our locomotive named, must have excited in its first course over this flat region, where six miles an hour had long been the established pace.

On leaving the train at Delft, I went to the Academy of Engineers, to present one of my letters to Mr Simons, inspecteur-adviseur to the government. The class-examinations were going on, and would not be over for two hours: I occupied the interval in visiting the Prinsenhof, the scene of William I's assassination, and his tomb in the Nieuwe Keerk. The town itself is quiet enough to suit the most silence-loving Quaker: it reminded me of one or two of our old cathedral towns, where the sight of four persons in the street at once causes somewhat of a sensation. The canals are as deserted as the footways: the only boat which I saw in motion was the scavenger's; two men poled it slowly along, receiving as they went on either side the refuse brought from the houses by the servants. Here and there a woman, stooping from the brink, was washing coarse linen in the water, or, dipping bucketsful of the stagnant fluid, by means of a hand-engine and vigorous

After looking at the outside of three or four hotels, I chose the Lion d'Or. On entering, a waiter stepped forward to take my knapsack, and show me to a room. Hardly had he closed the door, and left me to myself, when he opened it again, and thrusting his head in, said in his imperfect French, "Mynheer, on fera musique in's Bosch ce soir." When the bell rang for dinner another

On my going next morning to the museum at the Mauritius Huis, the doorkeeper refused to admit me without a *carte d'entrée*. Knowing that the building was open to the public, and already provided for out of the taxes, I declined to pay a fee, and for the time withdrew, and went to the royal palace, which stands quite unpretendingly at one side of the High Street. A servant, who could speak only Dutch, conducted me through the rooms, which contain nothing especially remarkable, excepting a huge vase, some full-length portraits of members of the royal family, a large painting representing the assassination of William^{III.} another the death of De Ruyter: the charge of the visit, which occupied not more than half an hour, was a guilder. I afterwards presented myself to M. Holtrop, keeper of the museum, and was with a most cordial reception

had neither rank nor fame wherewith to substantiate my claim. He at once showed me the treasures of the library under his care, and the museum of coins and gems, some of which are unique; and then accompanied me to the palace of the late king, where I saw the fine collection of paintings, drawings, and sculpture which have since been sold by auction to pay his majesty's debts. The 'Colombine' of Leonardo da Vinci is said to be worth 50,000 guilders—a handsome sum if it can be obtained (it fetched 40,000 at the sale); and if the other paintings sell equally well, the monarch's creditors will have little cause to complain. How much better it would be were kings to avoid incurring debts! Among the drawings are those which belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence; perhaps they will now come back to this country, from which, as some people say, it was a disgrace ever to let them go. One of the marbles struck me as particularly beautiful: it is the work of a Dutch sculptor, Van der Ven, who executed it at Rome in 1847. It represents Eve in a sitting posture, with one arm raised, the serpent near her holding an apple in its mouth; but she has not yet yielded to the temptation, has known no pain or sorrow, and sits there the very perfection of loveliness, innocence, and joy personified. Another statue, by a Flemish artist, would not have disgraced an Athenian sculptor, so truly does it exhibit the masculine beauty of inflexible character. One might well be proud of such a collection, which sufficiently refutes the popular notion, that the Hollanders are deficient in taste and appreciation of the fine arts.

We went next to the Maurits Huis, where no opposition was now offered to my entrance. M. Holtrop assured me that my former exclusion was not regular, and called the attention of one of the principals to the abuse. The curiosities here are really such, but are overcrowded, and not so well arranged as they might be. The model of a Dutch house made for Peter the Great is more truly a work of art than is commonly supposed. It represents accurately a gentleman's dwelling of the period, and was constructed by first-rate artificers. The diminutive services of crockery and china were made especially for the occasion; as also the little piles of towels, sheets, and other household linen, which were woven, and not cut from a wide piece; the books in the library, too, and the Bible on the stand, are real printed volumes—not dummies. Few persons who see this example of a Dutch ménage of bygone days will regret that the czar died before it was finished. After this we proceeded to the Ministry of the Interior, where, by the good offices of my conductor, a letter was obtained for me from the minister to the director of the pauper colonies, which I purposed subsequently to visit.

Visitors are freely admitted to the chambers of the States-General at the Hague. The Tweede Kamer, or House of Commons, is a room with white walls, ranges of seats and tables covered with green baize, a green canopy over the Speaker's chair, and galleries all round for strangers. The tables were covered with books and papers; most of the members were reading or writing; no one sat with his hat on; and all paid attention to business. I heard three short speeches on the Navigation Laws, which it was proposed to modify in accordance with enlightened principles of commercial policy. As each gentleman spoke, most of the members rose from their seats and grouped themselves on the floor in front of him, shifting their position as the debate made the tour of the benches. Since then, the proposed changes have been passed into a law.

As a matter of course, no one goes to the Hague without visiting Schevening. A pleasant walk of three miles along an avenue formed by a continuous grove or belt of trees brings you to this fishing-village, where the lamps hang from chains in the centre of the street—where four or five shell-shops remind you of Margate—where you may sometimes see, as I did, eighty fishing-schuys on the shore at once discharging their cargoes—fishermen wading through the breakers with laden

baskets, the finny contents of which are handled and criticised by a hundred clamorous fishwomen—and where two boxes, with a slit in the lid, and *Gedenkt den Armen* on their front, lead you, as you approach the sands, to think of the poor. It is really well worth while to walk to Schevening.

One of the annoyances to which travellers are liable is that of commissionaires, or guides, who, whenever a stranger shows himself in the streets of a foreign town, dog his steps with pertinacious offers of service. This infliction awaited me on my return from Schevening: a man came up, offering to show me this and show me that; and neither threats nor intreaties availed to make him leave me to myself. Thus he followed me the whole length of the Voorhout; at last, weary of his importunity, I thought of trying a bribe, and gave him a quarter-florin to go about his business. No sooner had he received it, than he said, 'Ah, mynheer, I can't go away now till I have done something to earn this.'

'Well, then,' I replied, 'do you know where to find an Armen school?'

'Ja, mynheer, ja: I'll take you to the one where I was taught.'

I was rather pleased at this disposition on his part to revisit the scene of his youthful studies. A walk of ten minutes brought us to a school at the end of the Dennen Weg, where, in reply to my request for admittance, Mynheer van Brenk, a benevolent-looking old man in morning-gown and slippers, came forward, and inviting me in with many assurances that my visit afforded him pleasure, led the way through his house to the school. The latter is a long building, divided into three square apartments by partitions fitted with sliding glazed doors. Each room contains four sets of desks and forms, placed so as to leave a passage all round close to the walls, and at right angles across the centre; and each room was occupied by boys and girls—two sets of desks appropriated to one sex, and two to the other. The whole number of scholars was 776—being, of the most advanced or first-class, 210; second-class, 300; third-class, 266; and there are seven teachers besides the master, all of whom were originally pupils in the school. The youngest scholars enter at six years of age; at the time of my visit, some forty or fifty of these juveniles were acquiring the rudiments of arithmetic from an abacus, or Russian frame, as the Dutch term it, manipulated by a teacher; another group were writing on slates; the combining of consonants and vowels into monosyllables tasked the abilities of a third; while the most numerous party sat in front of a large black-board, absorbed in the initiative process, with which even the profoundest philosopher must commence, of calling capital letters by their right names, or rather giving them their true sounds. For the absurd practice of saying *be, se, de, &c.* is not followed by Dutch schoolmasters; they very properly enunciate the power of the letter only, hence *k, s, d, n, m, &c.* as they would be sounded by a Frenchman. Orthography is a most formidable task in English schools, chiefly from the discrepancy between sound and sense: for instance, a child is called to spell the word *cat*; he hesitates, on which the teacher says *se a te*, and the bewildered learner is told that these sounds convey the word in question. Let any one repeat to himself the powers *k a t*, and he will soon perceive that spelling may be divested of half its difficulties. To come back to the school: I observed that two consonants similar in power were placed together on the board, *d* and *n*, and the teacher exercised the wits of his youthful class by pointing from one to the other until they knew how to distinguish between *d* and *n*. Then at a word from the head-master every pair of little hands was laid flat on the desk, and the 266 tiny voices struck up several simple melodies; and if cheerful looks are a true index, not a child present found school irksome.

I next passed to the second-class room, where of course the exercises of the first were at a more ad-

vanced stage; and then to the last. Here were writing in books, geography, the higher rules of arithmetic, comprising the sum of a plain and useful education. Any one who has received letters from different parts of Holland, must have observed the great similarity in the style of handwriting by different persons; this arises from the system on which they are taught resting on three principles, comprising all the forms of written letters. Hence it is that Dutch handwriting is generally so very sloping, and so similar in character among all classes.

The geography lesson was given by the head-teacher: he stationed himself by the black-board, and asked who could put in Friesland. A dozen hands were held up, and one of the boys rising from his seat, traced the outline of this province with a piece of chalk; another marked Groningen; another Drenthe, Overysse, and so forth, until an outline map of the Netherlands was completed. Then with a few words stating the source, course, and outfall of rivers, such lads as were capable traced these particulars, as well as sites of the chief towns, and islands off the coast. I was permitted to put a few questions, the result of which was an impression that, although the children were very expert in the geography of their native land, they were but slightly so in that of foreign countries.

After this, half-past eleven having arrived, preparations were made for the singing lesson. Reading and writing-books were collected; the boy or girl at the head of the form laid the books in a pile, as they were handed up in turn from those below, and in this way they were put aside, ready for orderly distribution in the afternoon or next day. Each pair of hands, as in the youngest school, was laid on the desk, and then the head-teacher, extending one hand with open fingers, to represent the stave-lines of music, pointed with a short ruler to each line or space through all the scales of the gamut. The precision with which the children sang the notes was remarkable, changing rapidly from high to low. After this preliminary, at my request the national anthem, 'Neerlands Bloed,' was sung in four parts; then the old 'Volkslied' of the time of Willem I., a rugged and stirring measure, which reminded me of Luther's hymn 'Ein feste Burg,' &c. On listening to the hearty tones of so many voices, their entire accord, and ready pause or repetition, I was no longer at a loss to account for the mighty burst of sound that echoed through the lofty aisles of St Laurent's Church at Rotterdam. A moment's silence succeeded the singing; the teacher, joining his hands, pronounced devoutly a short prayer, and the morning school was over.

I expected a sudden rush and clatter of feet; but in place of this, one girl of each form rose and distributed bonnets, while the boys did the same with caps. Then, at the master's bidding, 'Catholics first,' a number of boys and girls left the room without disturbance, followed by the other forms in succession, all in perfect order and quiet. Precedence was given to the Catholics, as they had to go immediately to church for the noonday service. The same quiet characterises the whole of the proceedings: there is none of that deafening din so prevalent in English schools, as though noise were essential to knowledge; not a voice is heard except that of the teacher and any pupil who may be reciting.

Children are received into this school at the age of six, and remain until twelve; 100 names are now on the books for admission. Parents are not allowed to remove them on caprice; and whenever a child is absent, another is immediately sent to inquire the cause. Sickness is the only excuse admitted. Wilful absence of fifty times in six months is punished by irrevocable exclusion; but such a case, as the master reports, does not happen above once in four years. The hours of attendance are from eight to twelve in the forenoon, and from two to four in the afternoon; besides two hours, from six to eight in the evening, also gratui-

tously, for such pupils as, having completed their term, and gone out to work, wish to perfect themselves still more in their studies. The Wednesday afternoon is occupied by the upper class in singing, when the scholastic arrangement is somewhat departed from, and the children sit in groups, according to the quality of their voices.

There are seven of such Armen or Poor Schools at the Hague, in which 5000 children receive gratuitous instruction. This number comprises an eighth of the population of the town; and one cannot but be hopeful of so numerous a band, trained up to devout and orderly habits, and acquainted with the substantial elements of a sound education. Mynheer van Brenk has worthily filled his post during thirty-three years. I could not help speaking of the satisfaction he must feel in looking back on so long and so useful a career. He replied that his profession had always interested and engaged his sympathies as well as his abilities. For my part, my two hours' visit had afforded me almost unmingled gratification; the alloy was in the contrast with the state of education in England, and her millions unable to read or write. When I was about to depart, the worthy schoolmaster gave me a sheet of paper, and begged me to leave him a memorandum of my visit; and as I afterwards took leave of him, with a cordial hand-pressure on both sides, he said, 'Farewell, mynheer; I hope soon to hear that your puissante patrie will have enough of schools as good, or better than this'—a sentiment in which I most cheerfully unite.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES.

Mrs Wright. Come here, little boy; why are you running away? And what are you doing here? Don't you know nobody is allowed to come through the young plantations?

Boy. Sure an' I wasn't, miss! only jist crassin' the corner.

Mrs Wright. Do you call this the corner? It is the very middle of the young wood. Besides, it is just as wrong to cross the corner as to be where you now are. Where were you going?

Boy. Nowhere at all, miss—only jist divartin' meself.

Mrs Wright. That answer wont do for me. You know perfectly well it is not a true one. I ask you again, where were you going?

Boy. [Sulkily.] Why, thin, I suppose I was takin' the short coot to the Widow Donovan's for a penn'orth o' backy for my granny that she sint me for; an' I'll never do so no more.

Mrs Wright. This is not the way to the Widow Donovan's: she lives quite in the opposite direction. What did you throw down there behind the rock when I called to you to stop?

Boy. Throw down! sorra hap'orth. What 'ud I have to throw down?

Mrs Wright. We shall see. Come back with me to the turn of the bank. Here is what you threw down—a large bundle of green boughs cut from the spruce-firs!

Boy. [Crying.] It wasn't my fault. I should get them, she tould me, and sint me for them; an' sure we thought yerself wasn't in it—but I'll never do so no more.

Mrs Wright. Who is your grandmother? What is your name?

Boy. [Very quickly.] Paddy Toole, miss—an' got no father.

Mrs Wright. What Paddy Toole? I know of no Paddy Toole hereabouts, nor Widow Toole either.

Boy. At the crass there above.

Mrs Wright. There is no cabin near the cross-roads that I remember, if you mean them.

Boy. Not a know I know thin.

Mrs Wright. We shall find out. Pick up that bundle of boughs, and follow me. Conally, who is this boy?

Conally. The greatest young blackguard in the country. So you want a half a day agin in the turf-house, you young thief you, where I locked you up last Wednesday was only a week for helpin' yerself so quite an' easy to the master's turf?

Mrs Wright. What's his name, Conally?

Conally. Mat Cogan's his name, and as big a rogue as his father before him, and that's no triflin' character to give the chap. Sure he had to lave the country for sheep-stalin'. Them all's a bad set.

Mrs Wright. Well, Mat, since I now know who you are, we will walk on together to your grandmother's cabin, and I will speak to her about you. We must try and get something better for you to do than you seem to have been taught hitherto. Mrs Cogan, I have brought you home your little grandson, whom I caught in the young plantation on the hill with all these green boughs, just cut or broken off the trees.

Mrs Cogan. You young villain you! Is this a way ye are when ye're mitchin'? In his honour's shrubberies, you dirty vagabone? Wait till I come at you!

Mrs Wright. Pray, Mrs Cogan, moderate your anger. Look at your own fire there, and tell me what you are burning?

Mrs Cogan. Whins, my lady jewel; God iver bless ye! Whins that I strive to gather to light my little fire these hard times on the poor, to bile my little pat for the supper for them childer that's left wid me, an' don't belong to me, an' I strooglin' to rare thim dacent; God help me!

Mrs Wright. This is not whin: this is a branch of fir. You send this boy out to steal; you scold him only before me for fetching home what he went out on purpose for, and you call this rearing him decently: you are rearing him to disgrace and misery.

Mrs Cogan. An' sure it's the truth ye're spakin', my lady avourneen; for it's all sorrow that's fell on me, that's heart-broke an' massacrayed among thim. There was his father: I had but the two sons, an' this was the oldest, an' as fine an' agreeable a boy as iver a mother rared. An' all goin' on reglar, an' labourin', an' helpin', an' me quite plased, an' the father as well. Took up and consarted wid a girl—I don't know what she was indeed, but a great dancer at the patterns, an' a tay-drinker, an' a company-keeper, an' a fine wholesome-lookin' girl as you'd wish to see—an' the ind of it was, they got married, an' we shut the door upon thim in course; and so, my dear, they wint from bad to worse; an' she made off wid herself; and my poor boy, he had to lave the country, and niver tuk the child wid thim, but left him, if ye plase, wid me—the young thief o' the world, to be breakin' his honour's fine trees this way, an' I a'most broke strivin' to kape the bit in him, the vagabone!

Mrs Wright. The poor boy is hardly likely to do better than his father, the way you are bringing him up—neither at work nor at school, taught to deceive, and to steal, and to tell falsehoods to hide his ill practices. You had another son, why does not he look after this unfortunate child?

Mrs Cogan. Oh, thin, if that wasn't the take in! Ye wouldn't believe it, my lady dear, the rogues an' robbers that we fell in wid. An' we goin' to marry our Ned to a girl in all honesty, promisin' the bit o' ground, and the few shillins' we had, knowin' the brother 'ud niver come back to claim it, an' in coorse it should fall to Ned. An' the dacent man that had this fine daughter, he made the grandest of promises, an' offered her, an' hapes of money, an' cattle, an' what not, an' couldn't make enough of Ned on account of what he expected wid him, an' the little spot of ground ye see. Well, we war all agreeable, an' Ned an' the father was quite intirely plased, an' wint up the both o' thim to the girl an' her father, and was all mighty pleasant, an' the best of good things purvid, an' a mighty dacent place; an' 'Will ye come,' says he, says the girl's father, 'an' see the

cows milked this pleasant evenin', Mr Cogan?' says he. 'There's one on im,' says he, quite off-hand like, 'as gives her ten quarts at a mail, or all as one, most times.' Now it was jist this, and nothin' else, that tuk my husband up, you'll understand—jist to see for his own self all what was in it, 'cause there's no trustin' to repoorts, an' they in coorse makin' the most of thirselves, an' no harm. So he gave consint, an' they wint out across the bawn; and, my dear, there was sitch a sight of cows! more nor six or seven, all in the vales, an' the fine hay lyin' afore thim, an' the girl's milkin', an' sure enough there was the ten quarts from the black cow, an' no mistake. So ye see my poor Mat was quite in delight, an' was intirely agreeable, an' had the weddin' an' all passed over, an' we wor a'most broke makin' up the little handful of money for sitch a grand match for Ned's part of the bargain. Well, they war marrit, an' there was an ind. An' says my husband one fine mornin', 'Nelly,' says he, 'I'll up,' says he, 'an' give a look at Ned in his grand houlding, and see thim fine cows of his agin,' for they lived, Ned and his new wife, wid the girl's father, in his possessions. An' so my poor husband wint up an' found the place, and all mighty civil, an' had their tay, an' the best of good tratement; and thin says my husband, jokin' an' funnin'—he was so satisfied, ye see—'Now for the ten-quart cow!' An' there she was aitin' her hay, an' she was all there was: the devil another beast was in it, cow nor calf, nor four-feet of one soort nor another ownied the place, barrin' a pig! All the rest was borrit—begged and borrit from the neighbours round—to make a show an' a deception, an' incline us for the match! Oh masha, masha, my lady jewel, but they wor all robbers together, an' made my poor Ned as bad as thirselves, they did: may the Lord reward thim, as he will, plase goodness, an' has, for it didn't thrive wid thim, nor couldn't, an' they're all a'most scattered now, an' my poor boy along wid thim!

Mrs Wright. You had your son, you know, as you reared him: you set him a bad example, and you can't be surprised that he followed it; and as for his wife's people, they seem to have been very much like yourselves. Still, as you kept your land, and must have had some stock upon it, I don't understand how you come to be so miserably poor as I this day find you.

Mrs Cogan. Stop till I tell ye: ye didn't hear the half. 'Twas but a wishy little piece of ground we owned, an' there was little use in us strivin' for to make out the rint from it, for it wasn't in it. We nayther ate it, nor drank it, nor ware it; an' man alive couldn't do more than we did in regard of management, an' tillin', an' conacre, an' jobbin' bastes, an' one thing or another, an' all no use; for the bare livin' was all we could make out of it, let alone pay rint. So we cast our eyes round, and there was a boy owned a fine meadow that inclined for to go aff wid himself to Ameriky, where his people had wint before him the most of thim, an' had a field besides, or a couple of thim, an' we considered he might be purvaild on to sell his interest chape.

Mrs Wright. But how could you buy it, so much as you had spent, and so little as you had made, owing to the poverty of the old holding?

Mrs Cogan. Saved it, my jewel! managed, an' made, an' stroogled, an' wanted, an' contrived, an' scraped it together, an' had it hid there above in the tatch waitin' the boy's convianice. Two ten-pound notes they were, as meself had saved from better times. Well, you see, the gale cam' round, an' my husband must face the agint whether or no, an' he owin' him five half years, an' the rint three pounds, an' the back half-year. Lady Wright, my jewel, the land couldn't pay it; we was a'most broke strivin' to make it, an' had but the bare two pounds towards it, an' we, after sellin' a cow in the fair, an' as bad-luck would have it, where should we put the differ but up in the tatch too; an' dresses himself, an' shaves, an' takes the big-coat, an' his stick, an' puts up his hand, an' outs the two notes, an' away he goes. All the tinints was in it. An' says the agint whin he sees

my Mat, mighty stiff-like, lookin' in his books, an' spakin' short enough, 'Cogan,' says he, 'you owe six half-years.' 'I do not, an' please yer honour,' says my husband quiet an' civil, as was becomin'. 'I owe five half-years, an' the back half-year.' 'Makin' six, sir,' says the agint, quite stern-like; for this was the new agint, a mighty stiff kin' o' man, that didn't know the people's ways, an' to the letter—'makin' six, sir,' says he; 'an' I'll expect you to pay it.' Well, my husband got all in a tremble, the unfortunate creature, an' laid down the hat on the ground, opened his big-coat, set by the stick, an' in to the waistcoat pocket, an' out w' the two notes. 'Here's my all,' says he, 'an' hard set to make it'—which was true for ye, as God he knows—'an' the devil a penny more,' says he, 'have I to give ye, an' —' 'Stop,' says the agint, very ready; 'hand over the cash. Very well,' says he, inspectin': 'all right—all as it should be. I'll give you a receipt in full,' says the agint, quite civil, 'an' your change, Cogan,' says he; 'an' remember! no more back half-years.' It was the two ten-pound notes, my lady jewel, the unfortunate man had took down out of the tatch, an' we war ruined intirely—clane done for; and my poor husband niver held the head up after. Oh, musha, musha! wasn't he the persecutedest—[Cries.]

Mrs Wright. Mrs Cogan, you are telling me most shocking stories. I could not have believed in such unprincipled doings. One is worse than the other.

Mrs Cogan. It is, my lady, an' the worse to come yit. My own daughter, the only girl I had, an' she denied nothin' that ever I knowed she tuk a fancy to, an' many a thing, unbeknown to the father, soulded, an' she given the money for her diversions, breakin' my heart to please her, an' had a match ready, twenty acres of ground the boy had, no less, that her father an' I intended for her, an' she tuk a notion, an' departed one fine mornin', made her disappearance, an' no more word about it.

Mrs Wright. What! did she go off by herself alone?

Mrs Cogan. Bedad an' she did not, by no means, but tuk the little servin'-boy in her hand an' my old flannel petticoat, the vagabone.

Mrs Wright. Ran away with the serving-man I suppose you mean? Who was he? What was he like?

Mrs Cogan. The height of the numberella, my lady—the dickens an inch more! An' for aitin'! he'd bate the world.

Mrs Wright. Well, it's lucky she didn't take the new flannel petticoat at anyrate!

Mrs Cogan. Faix, an' she knew better. Sure, hadn't I all my little savings quilted into the back o' the ould one, under the belt, in the gathers! Never a know I know what was in it: all I'd made by my own endeavourin' ever since we war married. But she knows, an' the Liverpool people knows; for 'twas there they wint, and tuk a lodgin', an' ate it, an' drank it, an' wore it, an' off to Ameriky wid the rest of it!

A DAY IN THE PORT OF LONDON.

At a time when Holborn was a rural village, and two or three country-houses occupied the space which is now the Strand, Queen Elizabeth was so much concerned at the magnitude of London, that she issued a proclamation against further building, affirming that if the metropolis grew any larger, there would be no possibility of providing food at reasonable prices for so vast a multitude of inhabitants. We smile at this crotchet of the 'fair virgin throned by the west;' and yet it is less surprising than the apathy with which we of the present day witness the perfect facility with which the wants are supplied of a couple of millions of human beings congregated in a single capital. We have a vague notion that the articles of necessity, comfort, and luxury we see in such abundance around us are not all of home production; and we even connect, somehow or other, this supply with the 'forest of masts' rising from the Thames and its docks. But the actual business of the

port of London few of us know anything about: our minds never attempt to grasp the idea; and the ships, the quays, the docks, the wagons, the warehouses, the counting-houses, are jumbled together in our imagination in a vast, formless, indefinite, and withal vulgar whole, to which we give the name of City.

Some there be, however, whose curiosity is aroused by the misty and mighty subject; who endeavour to comprehend it, and who, comprehending it, or supposing that they do so, take the trouble of indoctrinating such of their neighbours as may choose to listen. Of these persons is Mr Thomas Howell, who conceived the idea of bringing the subject within grasp, by ascertaining, so far as might be possible, what was the actual business done in the port of London in a single day. With this view he provided himself with the official papers issued by the customhouse last year; and selecting (we presume) the most crowded day, which was the 17th of September, he made himself master of its contents. This document he used as the text of a lecture delivered before a suburban society—the Clapham Athenæum; and we have now sat down to reproduce, for the benefit of a wider audience, some of his leading facts.*

On the single day referred to, 121 ships, navigated by 1387 seamen, and with a registered tonnage of 29,699 tons, arrived in the port of London. Of these only fifteen were foreign vessels; the rest belonged to this country. They came from the east, west, north, and south; and to trace their course, we should have to go round the entire globe. Beginning at the north, they were from Archangel and St Petersburg; from the Prussian ports, and from those of Hamburg, Holland, France, the Channel Islands, Portugal, Gibraltar; from five of the Mediterranean emporia; from the west and south coast of Africa; from the Indian presidencies and the Straits of Malacca; from Canton and Shanghai in China; from Manilla in the eastern Archipelago; from Adelaide and Port Philip in Australia; from the coasts of South America, and nine of the English, Spanish, and Danish West India islands; from New York and Boston; and from Halifax, Quebec, and Newfoundland.

It may be conceived that the cargoes of these ships formed a very miscellaneous assemblage of the treasures of commerce. Among the more necessary articles were some 320,000 cwts. of sugar: not a very extraordinary quantity, since 7,000,000 cwts. were imported in the course of the year—an aggregate which paid nearly £4,000,000 sterling to the revenue. There were 16,000 chests of tea; an inconsiderable portion of the 53,000,000 lbs. imported during the year in eighty or ninety ships, and paying about £5,500,000 of duty. There were 7400 packages of coffee, out of 63,000,000 lbs. for the year, presenting to the chancellor of the exchequer £640,000. Besides the more important articles, there were many of less moment—such as rice, cocoa, tapioca; upwards of 3000 sheep and other animals, 8000 packages of butter, 50,000 cheeses, and 900,000 eggs. The year's supply of the last, drawn chiefly from France, numbered nearly 98,000,000, and paid £36,700 duty.

Among articles of another description may be mentioned 4458 bales of wool; the importations for the year being about 75,000,000 lbs., added to 100,000,000 lbs. of home growth. Elephants' teeth, hides, horns, tallow, wood and timber of all kinds, copper ore, zinc, cork, cod-liver oil, and Peruvian bark, are a few of the other articles in this department. Among the more curious importations are 1250 tons of granite from Guernsey, 1000 bundles of whisks from Trieste, bones of animals collected from the plains of South America, their hoofs from Australia, and heaps of rags from Austria, Italy, Hungary, and Germany.

Some of the articles of luxury are silk, wine, rum, gin, spices, anchovies, turtle, and pine-apples; together

* A Day's Business in the Port of London: a Lecture Delivered at a Meeting of the Clapham Athenæum, April 29, 1850. By Thomas Howell, Esq. London: Simpkin. 1850.

with statuary marble and alabaster figures and ornaments. Tobacco should have a sentence of its own, since the yearly importation was 43,000,000 lbs.; the ruined and ill-used people of England spending upon the filthy indulgence between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 of good money. Another item that may be worth mentioning is 219 packages of treasure, consisting of Spanish dollars or doubloons, Sycee silver from China, and rupees from Hindoostan.

So much for the arrivals; but the warehousing of goods previously arrived forms an important part of the business of the day. We need not go into particulars, however, on this subject, since the articles are pretty nearly the same as those already enumerated—with the addition of fifty marble mortars, and 1075 slabs of fin. But the goods unwarehoused, or, technically speaking, 'taken for consumption,' give a good idea of the omnivorous appetite of London. Whale fins and sperm-oil from the fisheries—corahs, or silk handkerchiefs, indigo, camphor, shellac, lac dye, saltpetre, hemp, and jute, from India—quicksilver from Spain—isinglass and bristles from Russia—Iceland moss, honey, and leeches, from Hamburg—bees'-wax from the coast of Africa, manna from Palermo, macaroni from Naples, sugar-candy from Holland, lemon-oil from Messina, 81,000 lbs. weight of currants from the Ionian islands, and 5760 bars of iron from Sweden—such are some of the articles that on this day were carried away in hundreds of groaning wagons, to disappear in the ever-craving maw of the metropolis.

This will not appear surprising if we recollect our own individual requirements. We ransack the world for the materials of a meal, and of the furniture of our houses. 'If I take the apparel of any gentleman present,' says the lecturer, 'I find that his coat is made of the wool of Saxony or Hungary, that he is using the flax of Russia, Ireland, or Flanders, the cotton of America, the kid-skins of Italy, the hides of the Cape, the silk of India, the horns of South America, the iron of Staffordshire, and the ivory of Ceylon—all these are in daily use; while he may wear upon his finger a ring made from the gold of Brazil, ornamented with a pearl from Ceylon, or a diamond from Borneo. Upon the conclusion of my lecture, he will protect himself from cold by a wrapper made from the wool of Cashmere; for his hat he is indebted to the beaver of Hudson's Bay; and should it unfortunately rain, he will unfold an umbrella in which the silk of Italy and China, after it has been dyed by the logwood of Jamaica, is expanded upon whalebone from the Arctic Seas, supported upon a cane from the island of Java—the cane has a ferrule made from the copper of South America, and a handle composed of horn from Calcutta, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl from Singapore or Manilla. The costume of the fairer sex would prove still more various; for in addition to many of the articles I have enumerated, there are the furs of America, or the feathers of Africa, the rich silks of India, China, or France, the shawls of Cashmere or Paris, and the ribbons of St Etienne; and all these fabrics or materials are witnesses to the importance of commerce, and forcibly remind us of the obligations we owe to our fellow-creatures in all parts of our globe.'

We have now run cursorily over a few of the articles brought into London to afford a day's business to its port; but this is giving only one side of the subject: it is considering the city only as a recipient of the treasures of commerce, whereas it is equally active as a distributor of them to the rest of the world. Only a portion of the good things we have mentioned are consumed within the kingdom, while the rest are reshipped and despatched to other countries. England is the greatest purchaser on the face of the earth; but she is so because she is the greatest carrier. 'The timber and deals,' says Mr Howell, 'received from the Baltic and America, are shipped to Adelaide and the Cape of Good Hope. Rice, indigo, silks (particularly the corahs before alluded to), drugs, tea and sugar, from India and China, are shipped to Riga, Koningsberg,

Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Calais, Boulogne, and Patras, for consumption on the continent of Europe; and, what is somewhat singular, is the exportation, principally to France, of very large quantities of raw silk. We also ship freely to Germany our sheep's wool from Australia, and the finer and more silky Mohair wool which is imported from Turkey. To Barbadoes there is a shipment of guano received from Peru. Hides from South America are forwarded to Antwerp and Copenhagen. Spanish and Portuguese wines are shipped to many places—Bombay, Calcutta, Ceylon, Petersburg, and others; while brandy and rum are still more widely circulated. There is an exportation of glass beads, the manufacture of Venice, to the Cape of Good Hope, for the use of the Hottentot or the Caffre, who is dignified by the adornment; while the Moors of Mogadore have ordered fifty cwt. of ginger from Calcutta. To Rotterdam, on this day, we sent Peruvian bark from the western coast of South America, and gum-arabic from Bombay. Skins from the shores of Hudson's Bay and the hunting-grounds of Oregon find customers in France, who also take off a portion of our surplus tobacco. Cochineal from Mexico and Guatemala is shipped largely to Smyrna, Petersburg, Leghorn, and other continental ports, for the purpose of dyeing woollen and silken fabrics the gayest of all colours—scarlet.' To these must be added the most important of the whole of our exportations—namely, our own manufactures; and to give an idea of the whereabouts of this outward traffic on the single day in question, it would be necessary to pass once more round the entire coast-line of the globe.

All these names and figures are taken from the lecture; but very many more are left behind, with many facts and anecdotes respecting foreign productions, and many reflections arising out of the subject, making up, in the whole, a very desirable pamphlet for reference and instruction. But, nevertheless, the title is a misnomer: it is not a day's business in the port of London, or much more than half a day's business, the author having entirely forgotten the share the metropolis has in the great coasting trade. This trade is carried on between the various ports of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland; and employs every year about 150,000 vessels, of 11,000,000 or 12,000,000 tons, going constantly to and fro. The revenue of the city is in great part made up from the dues paid by coasting vessels, amounting in the article of coal alone to £150,000 or £160,000. Of this article London takes nearly 3,000,000 tons in the year, imported in nearly 10,000 ships.

The tokens of this business, mighty as it is, are hardly visible beyond the spot where it is carried on. It is but a stone plunged into a lake, the circles it gives rise to growing fainter as they recede, till they are altogether lost in the smooth and slumberous expanse. The roar of wagons, which deafens us in the immediate thoroughfares from the river, sinks gradually as the vehicles separate and disperse, and is entirely lost when they disappear one knows not how or whither. The shops give no hint of the increase of wealth; the people live, as usual, surrounded by the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of the entire globe; the great pulse of the metropolis throbs steadily on, unaffected by the fever of its port.

The merchants, in the meantime, sit quietly in their counting-houses, reading and writing their letters, and directing the commerce of the world without uttering a word. The clerks, each in his own department, ply their monotonous task, inscribing from hour to hour, from day to day, the history of civilisation in unintelligible books. The masters of the wealth now arriving and departing have never seen it with their eyes; and if the owners of the ships that bear it to and from the four quarters of the globe have at any time curiosity enough to visit them, they pass through the exhibition like strangers, gazing with unintelligent eyes on wonders which it is not their business to comprehend. But the treasure with which these multitudinous pro-

ductions are bought and sold? The chink of money is never heard except in small sums required for the wages of the working-men. Little bits of paper containing promises and acknowledgments are the representatives of value, and in wholesale transactions gold and silver are never seen. In this way the merchant calmly commits some enormous sum to the hands of a boy, to proceed to its destination by channels and agencies he knows nothing about.

But this preternatural stillness is only superficial. The hopes, the fears, the joys, the agonies, that attend a single day's business in the port of London are indescribable; and the circles of this central agitation extend to thousands of hearts throughout the country with which it has no obvious connection. The excitement, however, is for the most part wholesome. It stirs up the languid thoughts; it sends them abroad on the world; it establishes a connection between the various families of the human race. It is felt likewise in the industry of the nation even in its smallest and remotest items, for there is not an occupation in the British islands that is not in some way or other, directly or indirectly, affected by the commerce of the capital. The same influence is felt abroad, and is not confined to the coast-line of the four continents, but extends far into their interior. Men who know not the name of England work her work and receive her wages; and all soils, all climates, all races, combine to furnish a day's business for the port of London.

THE OLD GRAY HOUSE.

In the north of France, near the Belgian frontier, is situated a small obscure town. It is surrounded by high fortifications, which seem ready to crush the mean houses in the centre. Enclosed, so to speak, in a network of walls, the poor little town has never sent a suburb to wander on the smooth green turf outside; but as the population increased, new streets sprang up within the boundary, crowding the already narrow space, and giving to the whole the aspect of some huge prison.

The climate of the north of France during half the year is usually damp and gloomy. I shall never forget the sensation of sadness which I felt when obliged by circumstances to leave the gay sunny south, and take up my abode for a while in the town I have described. Every day I walked out; and in order to reach the nearest gate, I had to pass through a narrow lane, so very steep, that steps were cut across it in order to render the ascent less difficult. Traversing this disagreeable alley, it happened one day that my eyes rested on a mean-looking, gray-coloured house, which stood detached from the others. Seldom, indeed, could a ray of sunshine light up its small green-paned windows, and penetrate the interior of its gloomy apartments. During the winter the frozen snow on the steps made it so dangerous to pass through the narrow alley, that its slippery pavement seemed quite deserted. I do not remember to have met a single person there in the course of my daily walk; and my eye used to rest with compassion on the silent gray house. 'I hope,' thought I, 'that its inhabitants are old—it would be fearful to be young there!' Spring came; and in the narrow lane the ice changed into moisture; then the damp gradually dried up, and a few blades of grass began to appear beneath the rampart wall. Even in this gloomy passage there were tokens of awakening life, but the gray house remained silent and sad as before. Passing by it, as usual, in the beginning of June, I remarked, placed on the window-sill of the open casement, a glass containing a bunch of violets. 'Ah,' thought I, 'there is a soul here!'

To love flowers, one must either be young, or have preserved the memories of youth. The enjoyment of their perfume implies something ideal and refined; and among the poor a struggle between the necessities of the body and the instincts of the soul. I looked at the

violets with a feeling of sadness, thinking that they probably formed the single solace of some weary life. The next day I returned. Even in that gloomy place the sweet rejoicing face of summer had appeared, and dissipated the chill silence of the air. Birds were twittering, insects humming, and one of the windows in the old gray house was wide open.

Seated near it was a woman working busily with her needle. It would be difficult to tell her age, for the pallor and sadness of her countenance might have been caused as much by sorrow as by years, and her cheek was shadowed by a profusion of rich dark hair. She was thin, and her fingers were long and white. She wore a simple brown dress, a black apron, and white collar; and I remarked the sweet though fading bunch of violets carefully placed within the folds of her kerchief. Her eyes met mine, and she gently inclined her head. I then saw more distinctly that she had just reached the limit which separates youth from mature age. She had suffered, but probably without a struggle, without a murmur—perhaps without a tear. Her countenance was calm and resigned, but it was the stillness of death. I fancied she was like a drooping flower, which, without being broken, bends noiselessly towards the earth.

Every day I saw her in the same place, and without speaking, we exchanged a salutation. On Sundays I missed her, and concluded that she walked into the country, for each Monday a fresh bunch of violets appeared in the window. I conjectured that she was poor, working at embroidery for her support; and I discovered that she was not alone in the house, for one day a somewhat impatient voice called 'Ursula!' and she rose hastily. The tone was not that of a master, neither did she obey the summons after the manner of a servant, but with an expression of heartfelt readiness; yet the voice breathed no affection; and I thought that Ursula's perchance was not loved by those with whom she lived.

Time passed on, and our silent intimacy increased. At length each day I gathered some fresh flowers, and placed them on the window-sill. Ursula blushed, and took them with a gentle, grateful smile. Clustering in her girdle, and arranged within her room, they brought summer to the old gray house. It happened one evening that as I was returning through the alley a sudden storm of rain came on. Ursula darted towards the door, caught my hand as I was passing, and drew me into the narrow passage which led to her room. Then the poor girl clasped both my hands in hers, and murmured softly, 'Thanks!' It was the first time I had heard her voice, and I entered her apartment. It was a large, low room, with a red-tiled floor, furnished with straw-chairs ranged along the walls. Being lighted by only one small window, it felt damp and gloomy. Ursula was right to seat herself close by the casement to seek a little light and air. I understood the reason of her paleness—it was not that she had lost the freshness of youth, but that she had never possessed it. She was bleached like a flower that has blossomed in the shade.

In the farthest corner of the room, seated on arm-chairs, were two persons, an old man and woman. The latter was knitting without looking at her work—she was blind. The man was unemployed: he gazed vacantly at his companion without a ray of intelligence in his face: it was evident that he had overpassed the ordinary limit of human life, and that now his body alone existed. Sometimes in extreme old age the mind, as though irritated by its long captivity, tries to escape from its prison, and in its efforts, breaks the harmonious chord that links them together. It chafes against the shattered walls; it has not taken flight, but it feels itself no longer in a place of rest.

These, then, were the inhabitants of the silent gray house—a blind old woman, an imbecile old man, and a young girl faded before her time by the sadness and gloom that surrounded her! Her life had been a blank; each year had borne away some portion of her youth, her beauty, and her hope, and left her nothing but

silence and oblivion. I often returned to visit Ursula, and one day, while I sat next her in the window, she told me the simple story of her life.

'I was born,' said she, 'in this house, and I have never quitted it; but my parents are not natives of this country—they came here as strangers, without either friends or relatives. When they married, they were already advanced in life; for I cannot remember them ever being young. My mother became blind, and this misfortune rendered her melancholy and austere; so that our house was enveloped in gloom. I was never permitted to sing, or play, or make the slightest noise: very rarely did I receive a caress. Yet my parents loved me; they never told me that they did; but I judged their hearts by my own, and I felt that I loved them. My days were not always as solitary as they are now; I had a sister'—Her eyes filled with tears, but they did not overflow; they were wont to remain hidden in the depths of her heart. After a few moments, she continued—'I had an elder sister: like our mother, she was grave and silent, but towards me she was tender and affectionate. We loved each other dearly, and shared between us the cares which our parents required. We never enjoyed the pleasure of rambling together through the fields, for one always remained at home; but whichever of us went out, brought flowers to the other, and talked to her of the sun, and the trees, and the fresh air. In the evenings we worked together by the light of a lamp; we could not converse much, for our parents used to slumber by our side; but whenever we looked up, we could see a loving smile on each other's face; and we went to repose in the same room, never lying down without saying "Good-night! I hope, dear sister, you will sleep well!" Was it not a trial to part? Yet I do not murmur: Martha is happy in heaven. I know not if it was the want of air and exercise, or the dull monotony of her life, which caused the commencement of Martha's illness, but I saw her gradually languish and fade. I alone was disquieted by it; my mother did not see her, and she never complained. With much difficulty I at length prevailed on my sister to see a physician. Alas! nothing could be done: she lingered for a time, and then died. The evening before her death, as I was seated by her bed, she clasped my hand between her trembling ones: "Adieu! my poor Ursula!" she said: "take courage, and watch well over our father and mother. They love us, Ursula; they love us, although they do not often say so. Take care of your health for their sake; you cannot die before them. Adieu! sister: don't weep for me too much, but pray to our heavenly Father. We shall meet again, Ursula!" Three days afterwards, Martha was borne away in her coffin, and I remained alone with my parents. When my mother first heard of my sister's death, she uttered a loud cry, sprang up, took a few hasty steps across the room, and then fell on the ground. I raised her up, and led her back to her arm-chair. Since then she has not wept, but she is more silent than before, save that her lips move in secret prayer. I have little more to tell. My father became completely imbecile, and at the same time we lost nearly the whole of our little property. I have succeeded in concealing this loss from my parents; making money for their support by selling my embroidery. I have no one to speak to since my sister's death; I love books, but I have no time for reading—I must work. It is only on Sunday that I breathe the fresh air; and I do not walk far, as I am alone. Some years since, when I was very young, I used to dream while I sat in this window. I peopled the solitude with a thousand visions which brightened the dark hours. Now a sort of numbness has fallen on my thoughts—I dream no more. While I was young, I used to hope for some change in my destiny; now I am twenty-nine years old, and sorrow has chastened my spirit: I no longer hope or fear. In this place I shall finish my lonely days. Do not think that I have found resignation without a conflict. There were times when my heart revolted at

living without being loved, but I thought of Martha's gentle words, "We shall meet again, sister!" and I found peace. Now I often pray—I seldom weep. And you, madam—are you happy?'

I did not answer this question of Ursula's. Speaking to her of happiness would be like talking of an ungrateful friend to one whom he has deserted.

Some months afterwards, on a fine autumn morning, as I was preparing to go to Ursula, I received a visit from a young officer who had lately joined the garrison. He was the son of an old friend of my husband's, and we both felt a lively interest in his welfare. Seeing me prepared for a walk, he offered his arm, and we proceeded towards the dwelling of Ursula. I chanced to speak of her; and as the young officer, whom I shall call Maurice d'Erval, seemed to take an interest in her story, I related it to him as we walked slowly along. When we reached the old gray house he looked at her with pity and respect, saluted her, and withdrew. Ursula, startled at the presence of a stranger, blushed slightly. At that moment she looked almost beautiful. I know not what vague ideas crossed my brain, but I looked at her, and then, without speaking, I drew the rich bands of her hair into a more becoming form, I took a narrow black velvet collar off my own neck, and passed it round hers, and I arranged a few brilliant flowers in her girdle. Ursula smiled without understanding why I did so: her smile always pained me—there is nothing more sad than the smile of the unhappy. They seem to smile for others, not for themselves. Many days passed without my seeing Maurice d'Erval, and many more before chance led us together near the old gray house.

It was on our return from a country excursion with a large gay party. On entering the town, we all dispersed in different directions: I took the arm of Maurice, and led him towards Ursula's abode. It was one of those soft, calm autumn evenings, when the still trees are coloured by the rays of the setting sun, and everything breathes repose. It is a time when the soul is softened, when we become better, when we feel ready to weep without the bitterness of sorrow. Ursula, as usual, was seated in the window. A slanting ray of sunshine falling on her head lent an unwonted lustre to her dark hair: her eyes brightened when she saw me, and she smiled her own sad smile. Her sombre dress showed to advantage her slender, gracefully-bending figure, and a bunch of violets, her favourite flower, was fastened in her bosom. There was something in the whole appearance of Ursula which suited harmoniously the calm, sad beauty of the evening, and my companion felt it. As we approached, he fixed his eyes on the poor girl, who, timid as a child of fifteen, hung down her head, and blushed deeply. Maurice stopped, exchanged a few words with us both, and then took his leave. But from that time he constantly passed through the narrow alley, and paused each time for a moment to salute Ursula. One day, accompanied by me, he entered her house.

There are hearts in this world so unaccustomed to hope, that they cannot comprehend happiness when it comes to them. Enveloped in her sadness, which, like a thick veil, hid from her sight all external things, Ursula neither saw nor understood. She remained under the eyes of Maurice as under mine—dejected and resigned. As to the young man, I could not clearly make out what was passing in his mind. It was not love for Ursula, at least so I thought, but it was that tender pity which is nearly allied to it. The romantic soul of Maurice pleased itself in the atmosphere of sadness which surrounded Ursula. Gradually they began to converse; and in sympathising with each other on the misery of life, they experienced that happiness whose existence they denied. Months passed on; the pleasant spring came back again; and one evening, while walking with a large party, Maurice d'Erval drew me aside, and after some indifferent remarks, said, 'Does not the most exalted happiness consist in making others share it with you? Is there not great sweetness in

imparting joy to one who would otherwise pass a life of tears?' I looked at him anxiously without speaking. 'Yes,' said he, 'dear friend, go ask Ursula if she will marry me!'

An exclamation of joy was my reply, and I hurried towards the gray house. I found Ursula, as usual, seated at her work. Solitude, silence, and the absence of all excitement, had lulled her spirit into a sort of drowsiness. She did not suffer; she even smiled languidly when I appeared, but this was the only sign of animation she displayed. I feared not giving a sudden shock to this poor paralysed soul, or stirring it into a violent tumult of happiness: I wanted to see if the mental vigour was extinct, or merely dormant. I placed my chair next hers, I took both her hands in mine, and fixing my eyes on hers, I said—'Ursula, Maurice d'Erval has desired me to ask you if you will be his wife!'

The girl was struck as if with a thunderbolt; her eyes beamed through the tears that filled them, and her blood, rushing through the veins, mantled richly beneath her skin. Her chest heaved, her heart beat almost audibly, and her hands grasped mine with a convulsive pressure. Ursula had only slumbered, and now the voice of love awakened her. She loved suddenly: hitherto she might perchance have loved unwittingly, but now the veil was rent, and she *knew* that she loved.

After a few moments, she passed her hand across her forehead, and said in a low voice, 'No: it is not possible!'

I simply repeated the same phrase—'Maurice d'Erval asks you if you will be his wife!—in order to accustom her to the sound of the words, which, like the notes of a harmonious chord, formed for her, poor thing, a sweet, unwonted melody.

'His wife!' repeated she with ecstasy—'his wife!' And running towards her mother, she cried, 'Mother, do you hear it? He asks me to be his wife!'

'Daughter,' replied the old blind woman, 'my beloved daughter, I knew that, sooner or later, God would recompense your virtues.'

'My God!' cried Ursula, 'what hast thou done for me this day? *His wife!—beloved daughter!*' And she fell on her knees with clasped hands, and her face covered with tears. At that moment footsteps were heard in the passage. 'It is he!' cried Ursula. 'He brings life!' I hastened away, and left Ursula glowing with tearful happiness to receive Maurice d'Erval alone.

From that day Ursula was changed. She grew young and beautiful under the magic influence of joy, yet her happiness partook in some measure of her former character: it was calm, silent, and reserved; so that Maurice, who had first loved a pale, sad woman seated in the shade, was not obliged to change the colouring of the picture, although Ursula was now happy. They passed long evenings together in the low dull room, lighted only by the moonbeams, conversing and musing together.

Ursula loved with simplicity. She said to Maurice, 'I love you—I am happy—and I thank you for it!' The old gray house was the only scene of these interviews. Ursula worked with unabated diligence, and never left her parents. But the walls of that narrow dwelling no longer confined her soul: it had risen to freedom, and taken its flight. The sweet magic of hope brightens not only the future, but the present, and through the medium of its all-powerful prism changes the colouring of all things. The old house was as mean-looking and gloomy as ever, but one feeling, enshrined in the heart of a woman, changed it to a palace. Dreams of hope, although you fleet and vanish like golden clouds in the sky, yet come, come to us ever! Those who have never known you, are a thousand times poorer than those who live to regret you!

Thus there passed a happy time for Ursula. But a day came when Maurice, entering her room in haste, said, 'Dearest, we must hasten our marriage; the regi-

ment is about to be moved to another garrison, and we must be ready to set out.'

'Are we going far, Maurice?'

'Does it frighten my Ursula to think of seeing distant countries? There are many lands more beautiful than this.'

'Oh no, Maurice, not for myself, but for my parents: they are too old to bear a long journey.' Maurice looked at his betrothed without speaking. Although he well knew that, in order to share his wandering destiny, Ursula must leave her parents, yet he had never reflected seriously on the subject. He had foreseen her grief, but confiding in her affection, he had thought that his devoted love would soothe every sorrow of which he was not himself the cause. It was now necessary to come to an explanation; and sad at the inevitable pain which he was about to inflict on his betrothed, Maurice took her hand, made her sit down in her accustomed place, and said gently—'Dearest, it would be impossible for your father and mother to accompany us in our wandering life. Until now, my Ursula, we have led a loving, dreamy life, without entering soberly into our future plans. I have no fortune but my sword; and now, at the commencement of my career, my income is so small, that we shall have to submit together to many privations. I reckon on your courage; but you alone must follow me. The presence of your parents would only serve to entail misery on them, and hopeless poverty on us.'

'Leave my father and my mother!' cried Ursula.

'Leave them, with their little property, in this house; confide them to careful hands; and follow the fortunes of your husband.'

'Leave my father and my mother!' repeated Ursula.

'But do you know that the pittance they possess would never suffice for their support—that without their knowledge, I work to increase it—and that, during many years, I have tended them alone?'

'My poor Ursula!' replied Maurice, 'we must submit to what is inevitable. Hitherto you have concealed from them the loss of their little fortune; tell it to them now, as it cannot be helped. Try to regulate their expenditure of the little which remains, for, alas! we shall have nothing to give them.'

'Go away, and leave them here! Impossible! I tell you I must work for them.'

'Ursula, my Ursula!' said Maurice, pressing both her hands in his, 'do not allow yourself, I conjure you, to be carried away by the first impulse of your generous heart. Reflect for a moment: we do not refuse to give, but we have it not. Even living alone, we shall have to endure many privations.'

'I cannot leave them,' said Ursula, looking mournfully at the two old people slumbering in their arm-chairs.

'Do you not love me, Ursula?' The poor girl only replied by a torrent of tears.

Maurice remained long with her, pouring forth protestations of love, and repeating explanations of their actual position. She listened without replying; and at length he took his leave. Left alone, Ursula leant her head on her hand, and remained without moving for many hours. Alas! the tardy gloom of happiness which brightened her life for a moment was passing away: the blessed dream was fled never to return! Silence, oblivion, darkness, regained possession of that heart whence love had chased them. During the long midnight hours who can tell what passed in the poor girl's mind? God knew: she never spoke of it.

When day dawned, she shuddered, closed the window, which had remained open during the night, and, trembling from the chill which seized both mind and body, she took paper and a pen, and wrote—'Farewell, Maurice! I remain with my father and my mother: they have need of me. To abandon them in their old age would be to cause their death: they have only me in the world. My sister, on her deathbed, confided them to me, saying, "We shall meet again, Ursula!" If I neglected my duties, I should never see

her more. I have loved you well—I shall love you always. You have been very kind, but I know now that we are too poor to marry. Farewell!—How hard to write that word! Farewell, dear friend—I knew that happiness was not for me,

URSULA.

I went to the old gray house, and so did Maurice; but all our representations were useless—she would not leave her parents. 'I must work for them!' she said. In vain I spoke to her of Maurice's love, and, with a sort of cruelty, reminded her of her waning youth, and the improbability of her meeting another husband. She listened, while her tears dropped on the delicate work at which she laboured without intermission, and then in a low voice she murmured, 'They would die: I must work for them!' She begged us not to tell her mother what had passed. Those for whom she had sacrificed herself remained ignorant of her devotion. Some slight reason was assigned for the breaking off of the marriage, and Ursula resumed her place and her employment near the window, pale, dejected, and bowed down as before.

Maurice d'Erval possessed one of those prudent, deliberating minds which never allow themselves to be carried away by feeling or by impulse. His love had a limit: he prayed and intreated for a time, but at length he grew weary, and desisted.

It happened one day, while Ursula was seated in her window, that she heard a distant sound of military music, and the measured trampling of many feet. It was the regiment departing. Tremblingly she listened to the air, which sounded as a knell in her ears; and when the last faint notes died away in the distance, she let her work fall on her lap, and covered her face with her hands. A few tears trickled between her fingers, but she speedily wiped them away, and resumed her work: she resumed it for the rest of her life. On the evening of this day of separation—this day when the sacrifice was consummated—Ursula, after having bestowed her usual care on her parents, seated herself at the foot of her mother's bed, and, bending towards her with a look whose tearful tenderness the blind old woman could not know, the poor deserted one took her hand, and murmured softly, 'Mother! you love me; do you not? Is not my presence a comfort to you? Would you not grieve to part with me, my mother?'

The old woman turned her face to the wall, and said in a fretful tone, 'Nonsense, Ursula. I'm tired; let me go to sleep!' The word of tenderness which she had sought as her only recompense was not uttered; the mother fell asleep without pressing her daughter's hand; and the poor girl, falling on her knees, poured out her sorrows in prayer to One who could both hear and heal them.

From that time Ursula became more pale, more silent, more cast down than ever. The last sharp sorrow bore away all traces of her youth and beauty. 'All is ended!' she used to say; and all, save duty, *was* ended for her on earth. No tidings came of Maurice d'Erval. Ursula had pleased his imagination, like some graceful melancholy picture, but time effaced its colouring from his memory, and he forgot. How many things are forgotten in this life! How rarely do the absent mourn each other long!

One year after these events, Ursula's mother began visibly to decline, yet without suffering from any positive malady. Her daughter watched and prayed by her bed, and received her last benediction. 'Once more she is with thee, Martha!' sighed Ursula: 'be it thine to watch over her in heaven.' She knelt down, and prayed by the side of the solitary old man. She dressed him in mourning without his being conscious of it; but on the second day he turned towards the empty arm-chair next his own, and cried, 'My wife!'

Ursula spoke to him, and tried to divert his attention; but he repeated, 'My wife!' while the tears rolled down his cheeks. In the evening, when his supper was brought, he turned away from it, and fixing his eyes on the vacant chair, said, 'My wife!'

Ursula tried every expedient that love and sorrow could suggest; but in vain. The old man continued watching the place which his wife was wont to occupy; and refusing food, he would look at Ursula, and with clasped hands, in the querulous tone of a child imploring some forbidden indulgence, repeat, 'My wife!' In a month afterwards he died. His last movement was to raise his clasped hands, look up to Heaven, and cry 'My wife!' as though he saw her waiting to receive him. When the last coffin was borne away from the old gray house, Ursula murmured softly, 'My God! couldst thou not have spared them to me a little longer?' She was left alone; and many years have passed since then.

I left the dark old town and Ursula to travel into distant lands. By degrees she ceased to write to me, and after many vain efforts to induce her to continue the correspondence, I gradually lost all trace of her. I sometimes ask myself, 'What has been her fate? Is she dead?' Alas! the poor girl was ever unfortunate: I fear she still lives!

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

October.

SEPTEMBER is notoriously a dull month in London—that is, as far as trade and social doings are concerned; but the one just past was, as everybody said, the dullest they had ever known. For once, 'everybody' was not mistaken: we might all have run away to keep holiday, for there was no business to require serious attention here. Solitary clerks left in chambers to tell clients who 'happen to call' that Mr Chagewell was not at home, had a dreary time of it, for nobody did call; and their only resource was to try to laugh at 'Punch,' and study 'Coke upon Littleton.' Philosophers, too, not less than politicians, took flight; those who were working out a subject in the country contented themselves with running up now and then for half a day to consult authorities, and straightway they went back again. On such occasions they were full of inquiries—'What's Faraday doing?' 'Is Herschel busy?' 'Anything new at the Académie?' &c. &c.; and so, as the live Dodo has not yet arrived as a present from the monarch of Madagascar, I may as well take up the line of the philosophers, and gossip a little about the doings of the Académie.

A valuable 'memoir' has been laid before that learned body by M. Froberville, 'On the Negro Races of Eastern Africa South of the Equator.' The author, after premising that the moral elevation of negro populations is one of the distinctive traits of the nineteenth century, endeavours to show that those persons who incline to doubt of the capability of blacks for such an uplifting are in error; and that science may here render a high service to public morals if it can be proved that the negro, even when most inferior, remains always within the limits devolved exclusively on man; and if, on the other hand, it can be shown that he approaches, in some of his branches, to the typical character of the Caucasian race. For the successful accomplishment of this end ethnology and anthropology are both called into action, and if the Académie's opinion be worth anything, the author makes out his case satisfactorily.

M. Froberville has taken plaster-casts of sixty heads which he has examined, and these being now deposited in the Museum at Paris, other savans have an opportunity of testing his conclusions. The committee appointed to consider his memoir agree with him. The specimens which he has observed are from the regions extending from the equator to about Delagoa Bay, as exemplified in the Africans living at Mauritius and the Isle of France, where the researches were carried on: these M. Froberville designates as *Ostro-negroes*. He establishes one group resembling the Guinea races, which lie contiguous to the *Ostro-negroes* on the west; a second, related to the Bechuana Caffres on the south; and a third, similar to the natives of Australia, or

Oceania, as the French name the antipodal regions. The fact in the latter case is positive, although the geographical separation between the two races renders it difficult of explanation. Here ethnology will have to step in and try to find the relationship by affinity of language. Perhaps M. Dulaurier's recently-published treatise 'On the Oceanic Tongues (*Langues Océaniques*)' considered Ethnographically and Philologically, may prove of service in initiating this inquiry; as also Mr Appleyard's 'Kafir Language.'

Besides these groups, M. Froberville has discovered a fourth, with the nose aquiline, lips not too thick, and face not prognathous, which he calls *metis-semitic*. From the concordance which he finds between their notions of cosmogony and the statements of Scripture, and more especially from certain traces of manners which seem to partake of the customs of the Syro-Chaldean peoples, and the multiplied evidences of the worship of Moloch yet existing among them, he concludes that these African *metis-semitic* people are derived from a cross of the Phœnicians with the primitive negroes of the country. These are the chief points as yet brought out: the more they are studied, the more, in M. Froberville's opinion, will the unity of the origin of the human race arise out of them with scientific proof. The reporting committee describe the facts as of the highest anthropological interest, and their discoverer is to be encouraged to continue his researches.

M. Gasparin replied to Magendie's comments on his communication about 'Alimentary Regimen,' that substances are not alimentary solely by virtue of the azote they contain. Hay holds as much azote as bread does, and yet it will not nourish men, though it will nourish the herbivorous quadrupeds. He explains that animals die from eating none but highly-azotised food, because their supply of hydrogen and carbon is then insufficient to maintain the pulmonary combustion. In turn, M. Gasparin is informed by a M. Charpentier, who writes from Belgium, that his conclusions respecting the miners' diet are not quite correct. And yet another—M. d'Abbadie, whose name has been heard much of late in controversy on the sources of the Nile—while he does not dispute all that M. Gasparin advances touching the nutritive properties of coffee, shows, nevertheless, that the Wahabists, who drink no coffee, are not less robust or capable of endurance than their neighbours. The Mussulmans of Abyssinia, he says, drink coffee several times a day, and yet are less able to bear fasting than the Christians, and he gives an instance:—'In disastrous retreats across countries without provisions, the Mussulmans were always less active than the Christians. The latter would consider it a renunciation of their faith to drink coffee, yet they follow the army on foot loaded with heavy weapons, and at need during three days, with no other ballast—I was going to say nutriment—than a little earth diluted with water. These soldiers are on active duty through Lent, their sole aliment during that time being a third of a litre of undressed flour daily, mingled with water, baked mostly under ashes, and eaten without leaven. This flour is less nutritive than that of wheat, and this single repast takes place towards sunset, after a day of fatigue and absolute fast.'

M. d'Abbadie states also, that although the custom of eating raw flesh prevails in Abyssinia, yet the natives themselves admit that this food is less nutritive than cooked or dried meat; and that 'meat dried in the sun repairs a man's strength more effectually than raw flesh, but less than a nutriment composed of flour.' These are remarkable facts, and perhaps the discussion of them may lead us to some useful economical principles.

Matteucci, whom I have more than once mentioned, has been appointed director of electric telegraphs in Sardinia: the proceedings of the Académie contain a dispute between him and Bois-Reymond on facts of electro-physiology, in which the latter denies the Italian philosopher's claim to merit. Arago has continued his photometry up to the *eighth* memoir; and is now com-

pleting his unfinished labours by the aid of younger savans whose sight is not so imperfect as his, and will ere long lay them before his confrères. M. d'Orbigny gives the result of ten years' study—'Zoological Researches on the Successive Course of Animalisation on the Surface of the Globe, from the most Ancient Zoological Times to the Present Epoch.' He takes the 24,000 known species of fossils, and groups all the orders from their primitive minimum to their maximum development. M. Legrand has a memoir 'On the Distinction to be Established between Scrofulous and Tuberculous Affections.' Those which are 'necessarily incurable' are the scrofulous in appearance, but tuberculous in reality. Then M. Mariage proposes a 'New Method of Keeping Books by Double Entry;' and a 'System of Numeration, having for Base the Number Eight.' He contends that the Chinese lines named *koua*, which have been so variously interpreted, are in reality the symbol of numeration by octaves. A commission has been appointed to examine into the merits of his researches. And—talking of the Chinese—M. Paravey finds that in ancient times there were relations between China and Egypt, and says that the new facts confirm what he advanced some thirty years ago on the affinity between the constellations of the two countries. There—who will say the Académie has been idle? I have not told you half. Were I to enter upon the abstruser subjects, they would be very hard for your readers, and, what is more, very hard for me.

The age of wonders is not past: for while astronomers are talking about two or three new planets, 'such little ones;' of a sprinkling of comets, of falling-stars, and detonations in the atmosphere in serene weather, the government of Portugal has woke up, or some members of it, which is the same thing, and determined to revive and increase the capabilities of the astronomical observatory at Liabon. Some observatories confine their far-spyings to double stars and other very remote mysteries; some to lunar meridians; others are comet-catchers; and the Portuguese establishment is to be especially devoted 'to the study of zenithal stars'—a branch of astronomy for which it is well situated. An efficient supply of additional instruments is to be provided; and the proposed series of magnetic and meteorological observations will augment the existing data, and fill up a blank that has too long existed at the extreme south of Europe.

There is a scheme afoot in Paris for a 'Learned Societies' Review.' La Patrie invites the sodalities of the civilised world to send in reports of their doings for publication in its feuilleton under the supervision of an able editor. The paper is thus to become 'a bond of intelligence and of sympathy between all the societies, artistic, literary, scientific, and industrial, which constitute the glory and assure the fortune of civilised peoples.' We may doubt if we like.

There are a few Yankee notions from over the water to the west which may bear a little showing up on this side. One enterprising inventor has taken out a patent for trouser-straps; a second, for improved shoe-pegs; a third, for a venetian-blind, which, by means of a movable slip held at one side by springs, admits of being used in railway cars and other places generally considered inappropriate; a fourth, for coffins, 'corresponding nearly to the human form;' a fifth, 'for plaiting shirts;' a sixth, for 'sausage-stuffers;' a seventh, a Mr Monaghan, for 'a method of recording the ayes and nays in legislative assemblies.' This operation to be effected by two wires leading from each member's desk to the desk of the clerk of the house, where they terminate in a lever, which, by its action, impresses a mark on a list of the house, written or printed, placed ready to receive it. The operation may be repeated as often as required without additional trouble, by preparing a number of lists beforehand. A clever Speaker would of course know when frequent divisions were coming on, and provide accordingly; the members would have only to touch the black or white keys as conscience or other

considerations impelled, and straightway the affirmatives or negatives are infixed; and then, instead of counting noses, or listening to 'ayes' and 'nays,' the clerk has only to number dots. Even in legislation Jonathan must have some time-saving process: but just imagine our 658 embodiments of the national will, with double that number of wires under their control! Wouldn't legislation come to a pretty pass? And then, as you know, it is only prime ministers and privy-councillors who are at present privileged to pull wires.

An eighth 'independent citizen,' in specifying his invention, says that it 'consists in so adjusting an instrument as to insure certainty in the operation of extracting teeth, and of preventing pain.' A ninth has a 'machine for cutting away bogs,' by 'arranging in a proper framework a set of horizontal steel knives, which are drawn along the surface of the ground, and cut or shove off what are termed bogs from marshy places, thus leaving a clear surface.' A tenth proposes an 'improvement in machinery for post-marking letters,' with the declaration, 'by the use of my machine, many thousand letters may be stamped in a very short period of time, in comparison to what would be consumed were the usual process of accomplishing the same resorted to.' An eleventh claims 'the mode of making curry-combs, by so constructing their body and teeth out of one solid sheet or piece of metal, by so cutting and bending the said sheet or piece of metal, that, without any material waste, and without the combining and riveting or fastening together separate and detached portions of the structure, I do make a complete body and teeth for the comb.' A twelfth (and his partner) make 'paper veneers,' and inform the public that 'the nature of our invention consists in taking the impression of all kinds of wood upon paper, which, by means of glue, or any other adhesive substance, can be placed upon all kinds of woodwork,' to be afterwards 'finished by the use of varnish.' A thirteenth is emphatic on his 'locomotive baby-tender,' a fourteenth on his 'improvement in shaving brushes,' set forth as 'the introduction of the soap by means of the screw and tube, through the handle into the brush, by which it may be fully impregnated; and also the combination in one of the box and brush, thereby saving time and trouble; for it is only necessary to wet the brush, and while the lather is making on the face the beard is softened.' Besides these, there is a sprinkling of 'gold-washers,' and though last, not least, a lady, Mary A. Woodward of Palmyra, has patented an 'improvement in fan rocking-chairs,' and 'claims as new the combining with a rocking-chair a curtain suspended upon a frame affixed to the back;' whereby transatlantic maids and matrons may fan themselves, and cool the air while taking their favourite see-saw recreation. Truly nothing is too great or too small for American genius! It reminds one of the elephant's trunk, condescending to the minute while capable of the tremendous.

Now for a word or two about books, and then to close. Herr A. A. Berthold of Gottingen has published a quarto 'On the Presence of Frogs in the Human Body,' a curious physiological subject. Another German, Dr Groddeck, has put forth a volume—'On the Democratic Malady, a New Species of Mania'—in which he endeavours to show that the late convulsions are to be regarded as an epidemic mania similar in its nature to those which have affected populations in former times, and of which we have historical record. It deprives its victims of reason, and leaves them with a fixed idea; and for the removal of this the doctor recommends 'useful reforms' and 'positive ameliorations,' with a more forcible inculcation of morality and religion. If the democratic cholera, as he says, does not abate by being taught to respect the force of right, the world will soon have to submit to right of force. Is the doctor in earnest, or is he, as Sam Weller says, 'poking fun?' Auerbach has written a tragedy entitled, 'Andrew Hofer,' in which the efforts of the Tyrolese to throw off the yoke imposed on them by Napoleon are depicted

in dramatic poetry. We follow the mountain population in their glowing hope after the Archduke John's promise of succour to their abandonment by Austria, and the fearful vengeance of the French. Hofer stands prominently out as the hero, restraining or soothing his impulsive countrymen, until his betrayal into the hands of General Lefebvre, and execution within the fortifications of Mantua. D'Aubigné, too, is again in the field with 'Trois Siècles de Luitte en Ecosse, ou Deux Rois et Deux Royaumes' ('Three Centuries of Conflict in Scotland, or Two Kings and Two Kingdoms')—wherein he records certain old and new facts concerning church history in your northern land.

SINGULAR MÉSALLIANCE.

WILLIAM STURGEON was a young man of unexceptionable character and of handsome personal exterior, but of the humblest origin, and totally destitute of the commonest rudiments of education. His parents resided in the county of Wicklow, on the property, we conjecture, of the Marquis of Rockingham, now possessed by his collateral descendants, the Earls Fitzwilliam. This is a surmise, but, admitting its truth, the fact will readily be accounted for of the youth in question having been sent to London, and engaged as servant in the family of Lord Rockingham—Charles, the second marquis, whose memory Burke has so ably panegyrised, and whose upright and patriotic conduct as a statesman was fully equalled by his virtues in private life.

Here was William appointed as personal footman to the Lady Harriet Wentworth, youngest sister of the marquis, over whose large and splendid establishment she at this period (1764) presided as mistress. The lady was just twenty-six, plain in person, but clever and amiable.

The growing interest which after a short time she began to evince for her new and handsome attendant, was of course set down to motives purely benevolent, and therefore praiseworthy. She had him taught to read and write, and was herself at pains with his education. That a warmer feeling influenced her conduct no one ever dreamed, or that a woman of superior rank and intellect, in daily association with the highly-born and highly-favoured of the land, the sister of one of the most celebrated statesmen of the day, and with every opportunity afforded her of forming a suitable connection, could possibly contemplate so extraordinary a mésalliance as that of a union with her own footman!

Such, however, proved to be the case; and for nine days this singular affair was the talk and wonder of the fashionable world of London. In the midst of her infatuation, this lady evinced a degree of calculating prudence and discretion doubtless commendable, but certainly not a little surprising, for she entailed her fortune with the utmost circumspection. An annuity of £100 was settled on the young man, and this sum was to be continued to him even in the event, which she cautiously anticipated, of a mutual separation. On her children, if there should be any, she entailed the whole of her fortune; while, in the event of the marriage being unfruitful, it was to revert to her own family. This deed the lady vested out of her own power by placing it in the keeping of the celebrated Lord Mansfield—her uncle by marriage—whom at the same time she nominated trustee. It was drawn up by her own hand, and, as his lordship—a good judge in such matters—remarked, as binding as any lawyer could make it.

Just previous to Lady Harriet becoming the wife of Sturgeon, a suspicion was excited for the first time among his fellow-servants. Some trifling act of familiarity towards the lady, pardonable from one of her own rank, but impertinent, and altogether absurd in a domestic, chanced to be detected, and being duly reported to the housekeeper of Lord Rockingham, that person considered herself as fully justified in seeking

amongst the young man's property for confirmation of their suspicions. This was soon afforded in the shape of a letter which William had commenced writing to his parents in Ireland. It dwelt on the kindness of his lady, their intended union, and the hope that this event, so great for him, might afford the means of benefiting his father and mother.

As may be conjectured, an express was at once sent off to Lord Rockingham, who at the time was visiting his estate in Yorkshire; but fortunately, or unfortunately, we hardly know which, it arrived too late. Before the marquis had reached London, the marriage had taken place. On pretence of going to view a collection of paintings which she wished to inspect before the hour for admitting strangers to the exhibition, Lady Harriet had left home unusually early, her liveried menial, as usual, in attendance. They had nearly reached the church, when the young man discovered that in his agitation he had forgotten the ring. He hurried home to procure it, and there being questioned as to his speedy return, he evaded the inquiry by remarking that his lady had neglected to bring the catalogue of the pictures.

After the ceremony, the newly-married couple went to Ireland, Lady Harriet wisely dropping her title for that of Mrs Sturgeon, by which humbler name she was ever afterwards known. William, who seems to have been a dutiful and exemplary son, often went to visit his parents, and was enabled, through his own comparative abundance, to administer in many ways to their comfort. Still, he was very reluctant to introduce them to his high-born bride, fearing to shock her with the poverty of the parental roof and the homely ignorance of those who had given him birth. She, however, was not to be deterred: so, finding the unwillingness of her husband continue, the lady, availing herself of a temporary absence on his part, drove to the humble dwelling of the parents, who, it may well be supposed, were enraptured at the visit, and thought they could not do enough for her who had made the fortune of their son.

Our story goes on to say that William Sturgeon, arriving unexpectedly, was most agreeably surprised, as well as gratified, by the scene which awaited him. It was indeed creditable to all parties, but especially so to the high-born wife, who, however improperly she may have acted in the first instance in descending from her proper sphere, evinced a right feeling, seldom met with, in not appearing ashamed of those with whom she had voluntarily chosen to connect herself.

But however kindly-disposed towards the humble and grateful relatives of her husband, it may easily be imagined that Ireland was no agreeable residence for the sister of Lord Rockingham, who was then in the zenith of power and prosperity, and whose name was well known throughout the empire. A residence abroad was therefore wisely determined upon, and thither the pair proceeded. In one of the continental towns Mrs Sturgeon and her husband lived in quiet privacy for many years. The conduct of the latter was perfectly unexceptionable; while that of his lady having eventually gained for her the forgiveness of the noble family to which she was allied, her son by Sturgeon was educated and brought forward by them.

Of the father there is little more to relate. Having survived his wife, he returned to his native land, and once more resumed the humble occupation of the farm and unambitious pursuits of lowly rural life. Within the last twenty-five years he was yet living, having been seen by a friend of the writer. He was then a hale, venerable old man, of stately presence, and with the remains of much personal beauty. Of the curious particulars of his younger days few were aware. He seldom alluded to them; and such occurrences usually cause but a brief sensation in the busy circles of fashion, when the individuals themselves retire from the gay world.

Of the son of this singularly-matched couple it may not be uninteresting to say a few words ere we conclude

our article. This youth possessed mental and personal advantages of no common order; while, as before stated, the noble relatives of his mother afforded him the benefit of a good education. He was early destined for the army; and some years after, while quartered in the south of Ireland, was thrown into the society of a young lady, at that time the object of much interest and sympathy among the immediate circle of her personal friends and admirers. This was the daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister, John Philpott Curran; a lady whom the poet Moore, in the spirit of ardent patriotism, has immortalised in his beautiful lines beginning, 'She is far from the land.' We find her also the heroine of that affecting-told tale, 'The Broken Heart,' in the 'Sketch-Book' of Washington Irving; whose poetic imagination invests her with charms, personal and mental, to which Miss Curran had no pretensions.

When first met by Major Sturgeon, she was still the victim of an all-absorbing passion for the brave but ill-fated Robert Emmett, whose misguided enthusiasm in the cause of his country had recently brought him to an ignominious death. In hopeless anguish she yet clung to the memory of him for whose sake filial ties had been broken, and she herself had become an outcast from the paternal roof, supported only by the charity of friends.

Her sad history interested and gained for her the affections of Major Sturgeon, who, much against the wishes of his relations, persisted, in a spirit of romantic ardour, in his suit, though for a considerable time without success. A sense of gratitude, however, aided by the conviction of her painfully-dependent state, induced Miss Curran after a while to relent. She married, giving to her lover at the same time the not very satisfactory assurance that her affections could never be his. As a wife, we have reason to believe her conduct was irreproachable; but she did not long survive the union; while her gallant husband, who, had he lived, would probably have risen to the summit of his profession, was doomed to perish in the service of his country, having been shortly after killed in one of our peninsular wars.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH.

Unless whisky-drinking be a virtue north of the Tweed, it is difficult to make out the assumption of superior morality for the people of Scotland. If the traveller compare the indications of civilisation in the middle and lower classes of the English and Scotch, he will find himself obliged to confess that there is a deficiency north of the Tweed, especially among the female half of the community, on whom civilisation mainly depends, in those smaller usages, habits, and ways of living, which add to the comfort and wellbeing of common civilised life. There is a sluttishness about the womankind and all the women's work in a Scotch dwelling of the lower or even of the middle-class family—a dirty contentedness of husband and wife with any discomfort or nuisance of use and wont—which stands remarkably in contrast with the order, regularity, tidiness, and cleaning, dusting, and scouring propensities of the housewives of the same classes in any English town or village. The Scotch people of the middle and lower classes may have more and better school instruction, are more religious, and more intellectual in their religion, more frugal and prudent, except in the use of spirituous liquors; but the English of the same classes live in a more civilised way, are of more refined and civilised habits, are better brought up, although worse educated. Their manners towards each other, their habits of regard for others, and their self-respect, and the regularity, nicety, and spirit of order in their households which proceed from self-respect, are more cultivated. The English females of those classes are brought up in their little brick tenements to keep a cleaner and more cheerful house, and a more regular housekeeping, on earnings as small as the means of the same class of labourers and tradesmen in Scotland. The table and tablecloth, the plate, and knife and fork, are laid out with decent regularity and cleanliness, even in the poorest dwelling of the working-man, should it only be to grace a dinner of bread and cheese. What a routing, and driving, and bawling, and scolding, all the morning, in a 'sma' Scotch family that keeps but one bare-legged ser-

vant lassie,' before things are got into any decent order! In England, in a small tradesman's or working-man's family, you wonder how the housework of the female—the sweeping, cleaning, bed-making, cooking, and such work—is done so quietly and so nicely, with only the wife's pair of hands. All is in order, as if the fairy folk had been helping all night with the scouring and rubbing.—*Laing's Social State of Europe.*

TO AFFIX POSTAGE STAMPS.

The following notice has been issued from the Post-Office:—'Wet the cover of the letter with a sponge moderately, but not too slightly. Press the stamp down carefully with a dry blotting paper, continue the pressure until the stamp appears to be firmly attached. As a highly-glazed surface is unfavourable to adhesion, the more glossy the surface of the cover, the more carefully should the label be affixed.'

TRUE GREATNESS.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion: it is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his character.—*Emerson.*

THE OLD TREE'S FALL.

AND so man's ruthless hand at last
Hath laid thee low, old tree;
Unmindful of thy glory past,
When thou wert waving free;
When in thy green and leafy pride,
Thy broad young arms were stretching wide,
And seemed to sing with glee,
As summer winds with fitful swell
Amid thy leafage rose and fell.

How many a winter's wind has moaned
Around thy branches strong,
Whose wildly-tossing arms loud groaned
Beneath its stormy song!
How many a sultry sun has seen
Thy glittering robe of vernal green,
And glanced thy leaves among!
But winter's cold and summer's glow
Thy stalwart arms no more shall know!

Here in the days that long are dead
Thy presence graced the wild,
When round a living landscape spread
In beauty undimmed;
Lord of the solitude wert thou,
And sunbeams o'er thy stately brow
In lonely lustre smiled;
And morn arose and evening fell
To hail the king of wood and dell.

And morn arose and evening fell,
And still the time went on,
When, lo, as thy old trunk could tell,
A hundred years are gone!
And cottage homes and hearths are seen,
And round thee here the village green
In mellow sunlight shone;
And children 'neath thy pleasant shade
Through many a summer noontide played.

Oh then to aged men and boys
Thy hoary arms were dear;
And well-remembered were the joys
They all had tasted here;
And those who roamed upon the sea
Still loved the ancient village tree,
And mused from year to year
On all the joy that there would reign,
When they should homeward turn again.

Old Time, in his relentless flight,
Disturbed thy calm repose,
And where the village green was bright
A busy town arose:
To love thee men no longer reeled,
But sterner days of cold neglect
Thy blackened boughs disclose;
And birds no more amid them sung,
As when thy leaves were green and young.

Then thy broad arms drooped downward fast
Beneath this darker time,
And men forgot their virtue past,
And turned to guilt and crime;
And gripping poverty arose
And filled the land with countless woes,
Unrecked of in thy prime;
And thousands passed thee day by day,
But left thee here to meet decay.

When all of good is past, Old Tree!
'Tis meet that thou shouldst die;
I see the strong limbs torn from thee
Without a passing sigh.
No more the village green is bright,
But Guilt and Gain have spread their night
Where now thy branches lie:
And scarce a pang my breast can swell
To hear the broad axe strike thy knell.

'Tis done! A hoary giant dead—
A guardian spirit passed—
Around the severed arms lie spread
In desolation vast.
Keep back the tear—it must not fall—
We would not now its strength recall
To glory overcast:
Revered, beloved, held dear of yore,
Alas, we ne'er shall see thee more!

TORQUAY, July 1849.

PICTOR.

GOTHLAND AS A FIELD OF EMIGRATION.

WITH reference to notices on this subject in the numbers of the Journal for March 9th and June 22d, and to a number of private letters addressed to us on the same subject, it is proper to state that seven individuals who were inclined to become settlers, and who went to make personal inspection of the lands offered for sale, have returned with an unfavourable opinion. Their statement is, that four-fifths of the lands are merely peat-bogs, 'of which thousands of acres exist in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, possessing physical advantages of a kind superior to those bogs in Gothland, and therefore more favourable for making pecuniary investments, and possessing, besides, social advantages immeasurably beyond what are to be found at present in any part of Sweden.'

This, though involving what is obviously matter of mere opinion, will probably be sufficient to warn any other persons from taking the trouble of visiting Gothland, until equally weighty testimony of an opposite nature can be adduced. We have in the meantime discharged our duty in making the opinion of the seven visitors known, and allowing it to have its weight against that of the individuals on whose information our former statements were founded. It is to be regretted that even the trouble of a personal examination of the island should have been incurred without any good result; but it must be remembered that the very fact of our recommending only this being done, shows that the possibility of a disappointment was to be contemplated. At the same time, we must observe that we did not call attention to this island without good authority. We mainly acted in compliance with the express desire of H. B. M. consul at Stockholm, who, having visited the island, and seen what he believed excellent soil ('*six feet deep black loam*' is his expression), thought that the enterprise of effecting agricultural improvements there was one worthy of the more energetic spirits among our countrymen. Mr Laing, who is usually far from being partial to Sweden, spoke in high terms of this island, and particularly of its climate. To a similar purport was the report of Mr George [not Henry, as formerly stated] Stephens, an English land-valuer. We acted upon these recommendations alone; for though we had some conversation with a member of the land company at Stockholm, we were neither asked, nor should we have consented, to go one step upon his authority. It is farther to be remarked that we published, in the second instance, the report of an East Lothian farmer, who, after a personal examination, adopted extremely moderate views of the lands offered for sale—describing them nearly in the same terms as the seven subsequent visitors, though still expressing a favourable opinion of the general prospect which they held out. This gentleman afterwards accepted an agency or stewardship on the company's lands, and went to settle in Gothland. The seven experimental visitors, having been in possession of his report a month before setting out, and being fully aware of his subsequent acceptance of the agency, may be said to have been in circumstances to judge for themselves whether it was still worth while to take a look of the island; and we do not see that any blame can justly rest with us, who aimed only at furnishing them with information, and had been equally ready to publish moderate views of the island as others of a more favourable character.

It is to be hoped that some gentleman, enabled by his position to take an impartial view of the lands offered to settlers in Gothland, will at least endeavour to explain how different men have happened to see the country under such various lights.

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'NOTES AND QUERIES.'

THE class of men who write, and that other great class who read systematically, and take an interest in literary matters, form in our day a large section of the community. It was for the benefit of this part of the public that a small periodical work was set on foot about a twelvemonth ago, under the title of 'Notes and Queries.' It is intended primarily as a medium through which literary men may call for information on particular subjects, and through which others may communicate their answers; also as a field on which debatable points in literary history, etymology, the origin of customs, &c. may be discussed. It is easy to see how, with such a plan efficiently carried out, the result may be pleasant and profitable to a class beyond the bounds of the strictly literary and studious. And such is actually the case. The work, having been conducted with unflagging spirit, and, we are happy to add, unflinching good taste, has already secured itself a respectable place in public estimation. We will not undertake to say that it has added much to the higher departments of human knowledge, or settled any question materially affecting the interests of mankind. But while it has treated of matters pertaining to knowledge, and which it is well to have elucidated, it has, we believe, furnished a great fund of innocent entertainment. Few will deny that to be successful within these limits is to deserve well of the republic.

We shall give an example of the prosecution of a curious and not unimportant inquiry through the medium of this work. E. V. asks for references to books where he can get information respecting the early history of the Arabic numerals and their introduction into Europe. He alludes to a recent article in the 'Archæological Journal,' which states that their earliest occurrence on any building in England is the date 1445 on the tower of Heathfield Church, Sussex, and he asks for other early examples. In due time various correspondents give abundant references to the required books. One, T. S. D., mentions that there is an inscription on the church of St Brelade in Jersey which appears like the date 1111, but its modern look excites a suspicion that it is not coeval with the building. This by and by brings out C. W. G. with the statement, that he remembered a fine old oak bedstead at a farmhouse in the north of England with what appeared the date 1111; but it turned out to be in reality 1551, the two central figures being only lines slightly waved, as was the fashion of that time. The date on St Brelade's Church might be of that character. We can confirm the liability to mistakes of this nature from many examples in Scotland. We have been repeatedly told that such and such buildings bore a date in Arabic numerals from the twelfth century, when it turned out that the

second figure was a 5 instead of a 1. Possibly, however, this does not explain the case of St Brelade's, for there is a well-known inscription on an antique carving in the ruined palace of Dunfermline, usually set down as 1100, though under great doubts as to its meaning and origin. On lately going to review this inscription, in the expectation of finding the second figure a wavy 5, we were disappointed: it is undoubtedly the number 1100, the two ciphers being in the form of diamonds; wherefore we conclude that the inscription must be explained on some other principle. We may mention that the earliest date in Edinburgh, expressed in Arabic numerals, is 1557; the earliest in St Andrews is 1521, over the harbour gate of the abbey wall; while the earliest we have ever seen in Scotland is 1504, detected by us beneath the royal arms on one of the buttresses of Melrose Abbey. Various writers subsequently gave their views in the pages of the 'Notes and Queries' as to the origin of the Arabic numerals. The leading fact on the subject is, that they came through the Arabs from the Hindoos, who are believed to have derived them from the Chinese. The word cipher—the name of the thing which constitutes the virtue of this kind of notation—is Arabic: it has been diffused all over Europe.

A correspondent, who signs himself 'Brown Rappee,' calls attention to the confusion which now attends the use of the word *Esquire*, and the utter extinction of the term *Gentleman*, as additions of honour to names. 'Originally they had their respective meanings as much as Duke, Knight, Yeoman, or Hind.' 'It would be an interesting occupation,' he adds, 'to trace the changes of meaning which these words have undergone, and the circumstances which gave rise to the successive applications of them.' Let us suggest that he who undertakes this task should extend the inquiry to other terms of courtesy or honour, as Mr, Mrs, and Miss. We may remark that Scotland has always in its old days had a different set of such terms from England. A Scottish landed gentleman at the beginning of the seventeenth century was the *Laird* or the *Gudeman* of his estate. The keeper of the Old Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh was the Gudeman of the Tolbooth. A clergyman was 'Mr,' very often with the use of his Christian name alone: thus the Reverend David Dickson was 'Mr David.' But the term was applied to no person of the rank of a farmer or tradesman. Even till the present day, it is not customary in the country to use more than the bare name with regard to such persons, while in the large towns 'Mr' and even 'Esq.' have become prevalent. On the whole, the tendency in past ages in Scotland was to depress persons not possessing official rank or landed wealth. For example, an advocate in the reign of Charles II. spoke of his clerk as his servant. Now, an 'advocate's clerk' is a gentle-

man of education, who may, if he chooses, practise as a solicitor.

A gratifying class of researches in the 'Notes and Queries' are those which hunt out the sources of expressions which, taking their origin with some particular author, have in the course of time become household words. Some gentleman expresses a desire to know where the sentence

'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest'

was first used; and very quickly another informs him that it is from Pope ('Imitations of Horace,' book ii. sat. ii.)—

'For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.'

He cannot tell, however, where 'sage Homer's rule' is to be found. Another correspondent speedily supplies what is wanting, by pointing to this distich in 'Pope's Homer's Odyssey' (book xv., lines 83 and 84)—

'True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.'

Few lines are more familiar than—

'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'

The line is in Nat Lee's play of 'Alexander the Great,' but runs somewhat differently from what is generally supposed—

'When Greeks join Greeks, then was the tug of war.'

Another common expression is, that hell is paved with good intentions; but here it appears from an accurately-informed correspondent that the original expression was, 'The road to hell is paved with good intentions,' a vast improvement on the force of the proverb.

There is a well-known distich, which nine out of ten well-informed people will still be found attributing to Hudibras—

'For he that fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day.'

In the year 1784, a wager took place at Bootle's regarding it, when twenty to one was betted on the assertion that it appears in Butler's inimitable satire. Dodsley, who was referred to on that occasion as arbitrator, said, 'Every fool knows the lines are in Hudibras.' George Selwyn, who was present, said to Dodsley, 'Pray, sir, will you be good enough, then, to inform an old fool, who is at the same time your wise worship's very humble servant, in what canto they are to be found?' The bibliophile was next day obliged to confess that the lines were not in Hudibras, and that a man may be ignorant of their origin without being absolutely a fool. The fact is, the only lines in Hudibras approaching these in sense are the following:—

'For those who fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.'

Book iii. can. iii.

But the lines actually occur in a small volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled 'Musarum Deliciae,' by Sir John Mennis and Dr James Smith, published in 1656. The idea, however, expressed in nearly the same terms, was given forth to the English public upwards of a century before in a volume of *Apothegmes*, translated from the Latin of Erasmus, and essentially a compilation of the remarkable sayings of the ancient Greek philosophers—

'That same man that renneth awale,
Male again fight, an other dale.'

Thus we are finally thrown back for the origin of the expression into the times of remote antiquity; but it does not clearly appear whether we owe it to Demosthenes, or Plutarch, or some other author.

'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' We all remember this beautiful expression in 'Sterne's Sentimental Journey.' Whence comes it? asks a correspondent. Lord Braybrooke immediately tells that he has a copy in which it seems marked as a quotation. Then comes C. B. with intelligence that it is a French proverb in Chambaud's Dictionary—'à brebis tondue

Dieu mesure le vent.' Presently M. steps forth to inform us that he finds 'à trebis près tondue Dieu luy mesure le vent' in Gruter's work of French proverbs, 1611. And soon after comes Siwel, mentioning a still earlier collection of the same nature containing the apothegm. Would it not, by the way, mark a more correct appreciation of Divine benevolence to point to the fact that wool grows in a proportion to the severity of the climate in which the animals are placed?

Before dismissing this section of the 'Notes and Queries,' it may be curious to some to be informed that the oldest trace of the phrase, *Vox populi, vox Dei* (The voice of the people is the voice of God), is in a sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the commencement of the reign of Edward III., who, it will be remembered, came to the throne after the nation had pulled down his father Edward II. This would have been an appropriate origin for a saying which has often been a sanction to error; but it is the opinion of Mr G. Cornwall Lewis ('Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion') that it is 'the echo of some of the sentences in the classical writers which attribute a divine or prophetic character to common fame or rumour.' 'He falls into Scylla, seeking to avoid Charybdis' (*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens evitare Charybdim*) is not, as is generally thought, from an ancient classic, but from a poem styled 'Alexandreis,' written in the thirteenth century by Gualtier de Lille. It relates to the fate of Darius, who, flying from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus.

Another valuable section of the work consists of investigations regarding the origin of notable words. For example, *News*. One correspondent starts the subject by telling us that the word is not derived, as many suppose, from *new*, but from a practice which obtained in newspapers of an early date, of prefixing to the title the letters expressive of the cardinal points, thus:

N
E W
S

meaning that their intelligence was derived from all parts of the globe. Wonderful to tell, this proposition was allowed to rest unchallenged for two months, when at length A. E. B. of Leeds professed his adherence to the derivation from *new*, and as one conclusive fact against the initial theory, mentioned that the spelling was originally *newes*. He cited 'Newes from Scotland, 1591,' and might have added that this was before the days of newspapers. Immediately on the back of this correspondent comes Mr Samuel Hickson, professing his belief that the word was borrowed directly from the German, being in fact *Das Neue* in the genitive case, 'the German phrase *Was giebt's Neues?*' giving the exact sense of our 'What is the news?' 'Noise he thought to be from the same origin. Here was evidently a grand bone of contention thrown down. C. H. lost no time in starting forth with the allegation that *newes* in the German phrase is not the genitive at all, but the nominative neuter, and with arguments to prove that *news* is simply a noun of plural form and plural meaning formed from the adjective, on the same principle as *goods*, *riches*, &c. Mr Hickson replies with a reassertion of his theory, alleging that *goods* and *riches* are not formed as plural nouns from adjectives, but have been transferred bodily as nouns from other languages. At the same time C. B. expresses surprise at his theory, seeing a perfect analogy in the words *shallows*, *blacks* (for mourning), and *greens*; a list to which A. E. B. adds *shorts*, *tights*, *blacks* (for negroes), *whites* (for white people), and *odds*. The latter gentleman cites an early instance of the use of the word in a letter of the cardinal of York from Rome in 1513, announcing the battle of the Spurs to Henry VIII.; he says—'After that thies Newes ware dyvulgate in the Citie here.' Mr Hickson still kept up the fight. The words cited were slang words, which could not be allowed in court. He continued to maintain that there is no such process in pure English as the forming of a

noun out of an adjective by the addition of *s*. The ingenuity displayed by this gentleman was worthy of a better cause. Strange to say, the controversy was protracted through several more numbers. It seems strange that with the corresponding French word *nouvelles* before us, there should ever have been a question about the origin of *news*. To this day old-fashioned people in Scotland will say, 'Any *novells* to-day?' or, 'Give us your *novells*,' meaning news. The instances—blacks (for mourning), greens, goods, and riches, &c.—show that it is a natural process in the language to express a plurality of certain articles by adding an *s* to the adjective. In Scotland, the *s* is also added to render a noun into an adjective. Thus Beattie cites the *Aberdeens Almanack*. The adjective Scots for Scottish is another noted example.

The word *blackguard* is traced to the scullery-boys of great houses in former times, including those who carried coals to the chamber-fires. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, the people in derision gave the name of *black guards*. The word occurs in Hudibras—

'Thou art some paltry blackguard sprite
Condemned to drudgery in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes.'

A correspondent, G. W., asked how or whence is the term *tureen* derived? and when was it introduced?

'At the top there was tripe in a swinging tureen.'
GOLDSMITH'S *Haunch of Venison*.

C. answered, that properly there is no such word; it is a corruption of the French *terrine*, an earthen vessel in which soup is served. He at the same time asked if the word swinging, since it meant large, should not have been spelt *swingeing*. Two numbers had not elapsed before Seleucus intimated that he had always looked on the word as meaning simply swinging, for he had seen old-fashioned silver tureens which hung on pivots attached to the handles. Soon after an anonymous correspondent expresses his surprise that Seleucus could think of Kitty, who was evidently the same with Beau Tibb's wife, having a silver tureen. No, it was swingeing in the sense of huge or great. Here the matter at length rested. We may mention that there is a similar derivation from the French peculiar to Scotland in *asheet*, a flat oval dish for holding meat at table. In the 'Notes and Queries' for June 15th, there is a quotation from Bishop Christopherson's Exhortation against Rebels, 'They count peace to be cause of ydelness, and that it maketh men hodiepes and cowards.' What, says a querist, is the meaning of *hodiepes*? Is it hypocrites? As we have not yet seen an answer, we may say that it means misers. It occurs in a poem of William Dunbar—

'Hud-pyhtis, hurdars, and garderaris.'

The 'Notes and Queries' have been the means of eliciting some curious information regarding old customs. Some one having asked how it came to pass that a judge, at a bloodless assize, received a present of a pair of white gloves, it turned out that presents of gloves were once common as one of the courtesies of society. Some extracts were given from the manuscript diary of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, under date 1675, showing that her ladyship was accustomed to give her friends presents of gloves, sometimes of small sums of money also, on their visiting her: thus—'10th January, there dined here with my folks my cousin Thomas Sandford's wife, of Askham, and her second son; so, after dinner, I had them into my chamber, and kissed her, and took him by the hand, and I gave her a pair of buckskin gloves, and him 5s., and then they went away.' The sole relic of this custom in Scotland is to hand round gloves on a salver at funerals, which is still occasionally practised, though it is very seldom we see any one accept a pair; whence it may be surmised that the custom will not long survive. In answer to a query, it was pretty

clearly ascertained that swords continued to be worn by gentlemen in public till towards the close of the last century. 'Sheridan's duel at Bath was a rencontre, he and his adversary, Matthews, both wearing swords. I remember my father's swords hung up in his dressing-room, and his telling me that he had worn a sword, even in the streets, so late as about 1779 or 1780. In a set of characteristic sketches of eminent persons about the year 1782, several wear swords; and one or two members of the House of Commons, evidently represented in the attitude of speaking, have swords. I have seen a picture of the Mall in St James's Park, of about that date, in which all the men have swords. I suspect that they began to go out of common use about 1770, and were nearly left off in ordinary life in 1780, but were still occasionally worn, both in public and private, till the French Revolution, when they totally went out, except in court dress.' It is pretty certain that umbrellas were not worn in England in the middle of the last century, for General Wolfe, writing from Paris in 1752, speaks of them as prevalent there, and wonders that they are not used in his own country, 'where there are such frequent showers.' Thereafter they were introduced, Mr Jonas Hanway the traveller being the first man in London to wear one. [A physician of the name of Spens was the first to wear one in Edinburgh, and a Dr Jamieson in Glasgow.] It is strange, however, that this was a revival, for Gay, in his poem of 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London, 1712,' speaks of the article—

'Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shade,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.'

The poet mentions it, however, as peculiar to the humbler ranks. An umbrella is mentioned as a utensil in the description of Tradescant's Museum, 1656; but this might be a foreign example. It fully appears that, as what their name imports—a shade from the sun—umbrellas are of ancient date in Eastern countries; but as a protection from showers in temperate climates, it is comparatively a modern article. It is not unworthy of notice, that when first introduced into England, the umbrella was a ponderous article of oiled silk, mounted on canes. We are old enough to remember a complete revolution in their construction early in this century, previous to which time the article had a ring where the nozzle now is, while the opposite extremity was pointed somewhat like a walking-stick. A lady carried her umbrella with her finger inserted in the ring, and the other end occasionally resting on the ground. A great deal of curious information is gathered on the subject of smoking. The use of tobacco dates, as we all know, from about the close of the sixteenth century; but it does not appear to have then been a novelty in the elder hemisphere. Pipes for smoking are found in ancient tombs in various countries, leading to the conclusion that some other substance must have been at one time in use for the same purpose as tobacco. We may add that Highland antiquaries speak of *mulls* for something similar to snuff as of far older date in the north than the introduction of the Virginian weed by Raleigh. It is strange, however, that there is a perfect silence in ancient literature, and the writings of mediæval travellers, as to either smoking or snuffing.

B. G. J. put a query in April regarding the antiquity of the song, 'A frog he would a-wooing go, heigh ho, says Rowley.' It was quickly answered by R. S. S., to the effect that he did not think it above thirty or thirty-five years old, when it was introduced by Liston as an altered version of a very old nursery song—

'A frog he would a-wooing ride,
With sword and buckler by his side.'

We could have told Mr R. S. S. that we can remember the song in great vogue somewhat more than thirty-five years ago, and could tell a tale thereanent. And on such a gossiping occasion, perhaps we may as well tell the tale.

At the time we speak of, we were attending a classical academy in the New Town of Edinburgh. A set of the boys there, headed by a clever idle wag amongst them, were in the habit of sitting in a corner, and singing this song, under protection of the noise usually going on. One day, something having occurred to arrest attention and hush the usual murmur, but which the songsters were too busy to observe, the master was astonished to hear the full chorus of 'With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach; and heigh! says Anthony Rowley!' proceeding from a spot almost close beside his desk. To our latest hour we shall not forget the look of the worthy man at this revelation of the private *delassements* of some of his favourite pupils. He good-humouredly fixed on them the name of the Rowley-Powley Men; and it so came about, in the course of years, that they formed themselves into the Rowley-Powley Club, and on one occasion invited, and very handsomely entertained, their kind-hearted master. To return to the question—Chetamensis showed that the burthen of this ditty is at least as old as 1809, as it occurs in an Oxford ballad, on the installation of Lord Grenville as chancellor in that year. Another correspondent said, 'As generally inclined to the belief that everything is older than anybody knows of, I am rather startled by *Rowley Powley* not being as old as myself. I remember seeing mentioned somewhere, without any reference to this chorus, that rowley powley is a name for a plump fowl, of which both "gammon and spinach" are posthumous connections. I cannot help thinking that this may be a clue to some prior occurrence of the chorus, with or without the song.' Here the matter remains in the 'Notes and Queries.' We must profess our own belief that the chorus alone is modern. A song conveying the same narration is of very old date in the Scottish nursery, as well as in Ireland, but with different choruses; and so long ago as 1581, there was entered at Stationers' Hall, as a ballad, 'A moste strange weddinge of the frogge and the mowse.'

A long series of communications makes it clear that 'by hook and by crook' is an old forest phrase, implying the instruments allowable among the peasantry in the gathering of decayed wood. 'Journeyman' is not derived, as has been supposed, from the custom amongst German artisans of travelling for improvement in their crafts, but from the French *journee*, signifying a day-man—it being long ago customary to pay all free working-people daily. In North Essex old labourers still speak of a 'journey at plough.' The transformation of Mary into Polly is traced through a natural affinity between the liquids *r* and *l*. Mary becomes Molly, as Sarah Sally, Dorothy Dolly, &c. It is not so easy to trace the affinity between the initials M and P; but the case is not singular—as Meg into Peg, Matty into Patty. A stranger transformation is thus noted:—'Two centuries ago furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restrained, by several sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those days called *vair*, was the subject of countless regulations. Renault's tale of 'Cinderella' originally marked the dignity conferred on her by the fairy by her wearing a slipper of *vair*—a privilege then confined to the highest rank of princesses. An error of the press, now become inveterate, changed *vair* into *verre*, and the slipper of *sable* was suddenly converted into a glass slipper.'

We are somewhat amused to find correspondents of the 'Notes and Queries' puzzled about the phrase *Bonnie Dundee*. Is it strictly applicable to Graham, Viscount of Dundee, who was a handsome man, and whom Sir Walter Scott celebrates in a song as 'Bonnie Dundee?' We can answer that Sir Walter was the first man to apply the term to Graham, and that it was originally applied to the town. There is a well-known air, called 'Bonny Dundee,' which Gay appropriated for his 'Beggars' Opera;' it exists in a somewhat simpler form in the Skene Manuscript, of date about 1628, but under the appellation of 'Adieu, Dundee.' The origin of the term 'the Curse of Scotland' for the Nine of

Diamonds has been attributed to the fact (assumed as such), that the Duke of Cumberland wrote upon that card his sanguinary order at the battle of Culloden; but it is here shown that the idea must be older, as in a caricature of the Pretender in 1745, the Nine of Diamonds is seen on the ground with an evident allusion to Scotland. We have heard the same story told of the massacre of Glencoe, but with equally little credibility. The mere fact of an order for a partial butchery of Scotch people being written on a card, though fully proved, would obviously furnish a most inadequate reason for calling that card the Curse of Scotland. An intelligent correspondent of the 'Notes and Queries' says, 'Another cause assigned is, that the nine lozenges with which the saltire is charged in the armorial bearings of the Earl of Stair, are so arranged as to resemble the Nine of Diamonds;' it being implied that the card got the name with reference to the active part taken by that earl in promoting the Union, which was at first so unpopular in Scotland. We again think the reference to a particular event inadmissible; but we can readily imagine that the Jacobites, a century and a-half ago, viewing the predominant influence of this great Whig family, might come to call the Nine of Diamonds the Curse of Scotland, with reference to the fatal effects of the policy which the Dalrymples represented.

We must now take leave of our pleasant contemporary, and in doing so, cannot but express, as members of the republic of letters, our grateful sense of his useful and meritorious labours, and our best wishes for his prosperity, and, what is as desirable to periodicals as to men—long life.

SMEE ON INSTINCT AND REASON.

IN No. 282 of the Journal will be found a notice of Mr Smees theory or notions on what he calls *Electro-biology*: he has lately published another work, the full title of which is given below,* in compliance, as he says, 'with the suggestions of several scientific friends, who strongly recommended me to demonstrate the bearings of electro-biology on the various matters which are comprised within the range of electro-biological research.'

The author sets out by assuming that a man cannot well pass through life without becoming aware of the fact, that he is not a quadruped, a vegetable, or a steam-machine. He finds himself possessed of powers which the other objects in question can neither appreciate nor approach. He can go round the world in ships, traverse it on railways, float above it in balloons, and do a multiplicity of other things, wise and foolish, which are never attempted by quadrupeds, plants, or steam-engines. Neither is he content to go on for ever plodding the same weary monotonous round: he must have a change. He cannot put up with the same kind of dwelling-house through interminable generations, as bees, wasps, and heavers can. There is a go-ahead principle in him which must have play and development: and yet he is so closely approached by many of what are called the inferior animals in a variety of his proceedings, that some philosophers have declared it to be difficult and impossible to determine where reason begins and instinct ends.

This is the problem which Mr Smees attempts to solve: life, as he affirms, manifests itself according to the nature of the being through which it is exhibited. As a rule, all the cabbages in one and the same field will grow in a precisely similar manner; but as the author observes, 'two dogs under different circumstances would act very differently, according to the education which they had respectively received from their master. The staghound, in chase after a stag, allows hares to cross his path without notice, whilst the harrier would follow the hare to seek its destruction.'

* *Instinct and Reason; deduced from Electro-Biology.* By Alfred Smees, F.R.S. London: Reeve and Co. 1859.

The effects of education, however, in dogs and other animals may be overcome by accidental causes—as hunger. We are therefore to consider life as altogether dependent on organization, not as distinct from it, as assumed by some metaphysicians: hence mind becomes a phase of life.

The second chapter gives us comparisons 'on the organs of sensation in man and animals.' Mr Smee considers that the sight of dogs is inferior to that of birds, and cites several examples in proof. He denies what is popularly believed—that moles have eyes; and says, 'these black tubercles have no optical contrivance, and a distinguished physiologist has shown that the little tubercle is not supplied by the optic nerve. In consequence of this creature having no eyeballs, there are no sockets in the skull to receive the eyeballs.' Connection of the eye with the brain is indispensable to sight, and the author believes from his experiments 'that it is sufficiently demonstrated that the light, falling upon the nerve, determines a voltaic current which passes through the nerves to the brain. From this fact we might make an artificial eye, if we did but take the labour to aggregate a number of tubes communicating with photovoltaic circuits. As far as a single fibre is concerned, I have not the slightest difficulty in imitating the arrangement: but these fibres must be enormously magnified to suit the capacity of my fingers to manufacture them. Having one nervous element, it is but a repetition to make an eye; and apart from the mere trouble of manipulation, which belongs to this as well as to every other process, there is no reason why a view of St Paul's in London should not be carried to Edinburgh through tubes like the nerves which carry the impression to the brain.' Could this operation be realised, what an important adjunct it would be to the electric telegraph! We should like to see Mr Smee set about it.

The third chapter treats of 'Pleasure and Pain.' All sensations are here divided into two classes—painful and pleasurable; the latter have a decided predominance, as all those which are not positively painful may be set down as belonging to the other class. The uses of pain are pointed out, its action as a safeguard in giving warning of derangement of the vital functions: some diseases are much more fatal than they would be, from the fact, that no pain attends their origin and earlier stages of progress. 'The consideration of pleasure and pain,' as Mr Smee writes, 'enforces upon our minds conclusions of the most important character. It shows that God has ordained that his creatures should alone suffer pain for their own benefit and protection, and that every other act of their lives should tend to a pleasurable existence. If man follows out the same principle, he will perform the duties so specially enforced by Christianity—he will be kind and merciful to all organic creatures; he will do unto all men as he would they should do unto him; and he will, in all respects, do everything that will alleviate pain, and tend to the happiness and welfare of his fellow-creatures.'

The fourth chapter is 'On Memory.' It demonstrates the necessity for this faculty, in order to form judgment. Illustrations are given of its presence in different classes of animals: an elephant, which had run wild for ten years, was one day suddenly and unexpectedly reclaimed by the voice of his keeper, who uttered his old word of command in a tone which the animal had not forgotten. It is also exhibited by toads, tortoises, and insects. 'When a wasp's nest is destroyed, there are generally some stragglers, which perhaps are feasting in a grocer's window. These do not return till the next morning, and they seem much astonished at the demolition of their abode. On several occasions I have,' says the author, 'destroyed a nest very late at night. I have very carefully dug out the nest, and burnt it—using, during the whole process, so much of the sulphur, salt-petre, and charcoal, as utterly to destroy the whole brood. After filling up the hole, I watched the next morning to see how many stragglers were from home,

and generally some half-dozen would visit the spot. These stragglers would exhibit the greatest perplexity, and would alight exactly where the hole existed before my operations were conducted. They would then crawl about rapidly for a few minutes, take a short fly round, and reconnoitre, then settle upon precisely the same place. Some of these unfortunates would continue to search in vain for the hole for several days, after which I have generally lost sight of them altogether.'

Mr Smee puts forward an opinion that memory can be imitated; 'for if I pass a voltaic current through a solution, and so alter it that it ever afterwards shows that phenomenon, I have obtained the same effect which is produced in the brain by memory.' Memory, however, depends on organization; it is proportionate to the intensity of impression, resolves itself into action, and is not a mere process of registration. 'It involves a new tendency to act, while registration is a passive result; and we thus find that registration may exist without memory, although memory cannot act without registration.'

The fifth chapter is 'On Reason,' discussing the subject from the sort of blind reasoning movements on the part of vegetables to the most striking instances of the faculty which occur in animals. Mr Smee had lent a book to a friend who kept a parrot, and one day, on entering the room where the bird was kept, he observed 'that she had torn the cover of the book to pieces. I was first inclined,' he pursues, 'to be very angry; but on ringing the bell, the servants stated that they believed Poll had been shut up, and that she had opened the spring, as lately she had found out the way to let herself out whenever she pleased. We agreed that this process must be stopped, and therefore it was determined to place a padlock upon the cage, which opened by pressing upon the spring. The next day she again was found outside the cage, with the padlock at the bottom, although she had been duly fastened up. She was again put back in her cage, and the door padlocked; but she walked deliberately down, took hold of the padlock, opened it, and walked in triumph out of the cage, with the padlock in her beak. When I saw the proceeding, I was so delighted with the feat, that I thought it more than compensated for the injury done to my book.'

Another instance is given in which birds are the subjects. Mr Smee once helped a friend to deal doom on a plague of sparrows. 'Upon consultation, we determined to poison them by prussic acid, and for that purpose we placed food in the accustomed place, taking care to drive away other birds. The sparrows came in their accustomed formidable numbers; but the curious fact which I have now to notice is, that when a fresh sparrow came and found a dead bird, it looked alarmed at the fate of its companion. Its attentive observation was very remarkable; and after looking earnestly for a minute or two, it flew away without touching the deadly food; and for this reason we were compelled to remove the birds as fast as killed, the number of which, as far as I can remember, amounted to near a hundred.'

Then we have an example of determination between two lines of action by an inanimate object. Cotton's weighing machine 'is destined to separate light sovereigns from those which are heavy—the light ones being thrown into one till, the heavy ones into that opposite. So perfect is this contrivance, that the mechanism will weigh accurately sovereigns to the hundredth of a grain; and of course more rapidly and more correctly than could be possibly effected by the ordinary process. When Professor de la Rive saw the machine at work, he said that it was the perfection of mechanics; and truly it is a most wonderful sight to witness the series of these machines at work in the Bank of England. When the sovereign is light, the scale-beam rises, and the coin is thrown by a contrivance into one till, made to receive it: if the sovereign is heavy, the beam descends, and the coin is thrown into an opposite box. By this mechanism a selection is made between the heavy and the

lighter coin. The machine decides between these two states, and in that way its action is analogous to judgment in the animal kingdom.

'Man, however, when he solves problems by his brain, has not to decide simply between two things: his determination is formed upon all the knowledge he possesses. If we compare the judgment exhibited by the weighing-machines with the judgment exercised by a medical man in the exercise of his profession, what a remarkable contrast do the two states present! The medical man's opinion is based upon a vast variety of circumstances, all of which have their bearing upon the solution of the case, whilst the action of the machine is regulated simply by the circumstance of the rise or fall of the beam.' With respect to the examples put forward as proofs of intelligence in the brute creation, Mr Smee says that to that extent man has no superiority over them: this consists in something else, and is to be sought for in other manifestations.

These are signalled in chapter six, 'On the Operations of man superior to those of animals,' in which a multifarious catalogue of facts in art, science, and philosophy is set forth, comprising arithmetic, geometry, geography, magnetism, &c. which quadrupeds certainly never meddle with, to prove the author's proposition; and chapter seven gives an equally voluminous collection of instinctive processes on the part of animals. From this we pass to chapter eight, 'On Intuitions.' Man, observes Mr Smee, knows from his very organization that he is immortal; that there is a God; that virtue and vice exist; besides which certain intuitions come by means of the reasoning process. Next, chapter nine, 'On Words and Language,' discusses a highly important cause of man's supremacy; his means of communicating and preserving knowledge, wisdom, and experience; and from the instances and arguments of chapter ten, 'On the Works of Man, as compared with the Works of Nature,' the author observes that man's capacity to deduce these laws results 'entirely from the Creator having bestowed on him a higher organization. Moreover, we find that, when we compare the works of man with the works of nature, man acts apparently upon the same laws as those by which the Creator has constructed the universe. Nevertheless, although man is apparently equal to the Creator in this respect, yet we are compelled to admit that God made the laws, made man and all other created beings obedient to these laws, and formed the brain of the human being in such a manner that he could understand and act upon the laws.'

Chapter eleven approaches the 'Theory of Instinct and Reason:' all the phenomena exhibited by animals may be reproduced by artificial means: a process represented by what Mr Smee calls the 'Combination Battery,' would be the simple volition of animals. 'By an influence produced in the process of growth, it is certain that the idea of a nest may be implanted in the bird, of a comb in the wasp or bee, of a web in the spider, and upon this supposition we have a complete explanation of instinctive operations. With respect, however, to man, we observe that he must have a structure by which he expresses a variety of ideas by one idea, or, in other words, deduces a general law.'

In the four remaining chapters, 'On Reason and Faith,' 'Perverted Reason,' 'Various Families of Men,' and 'Natural Classification of Animals,' Mr Smee goes over the ground before assumed by him in the work to which we referred at the outset of this article. Sixty-eight principles are laid down as attaching to the human mind, and proved by the theory of electrobiology. Having already noticed these, we shall not now discuss them further, but proceed to quote the author's concluding paragraph. 'It would be,' he observes, 'an interesting matter of science to be enabled to refer each variety to some peculiar form or conformation of head; but in this matter we have not, at the present time, sufficient facts accurately noticed to assist us materially; moreover, a man may have, by

conformation, structures adapted for particular purposes, which he may never have had an opportunity of exercising. On this account the mere examination of the conformation can never altogether show us the real faculties which a man possesses; although it is equally true, that without structure or conformation a man cannot possibly exercise these faculties. . . . We have found that the mental faculties arise from the organization of the nervous system, and that by this mechanism we derive ideas from the external world, induce from these ideas general laws, or deduce from general laws their application to each particular instance. The exercise of the mental faculties is called Reason, which exists more or less throughout the entire animal creation. By virtue of possessing the faculties of reason, the actions of animated beings are regulated by all the former ideas which they have at any time received. But, superadded to reason, we have found ideas existing which have not been derived by the ordinary process of reasoning, but which have been implanted in the animal, and which are hence called *Instinctive*. In consequence of the possession of instinctive ideas, animated beings, without experience, and without having been taught, are enabled to perform works as perfect as those of nature. We have found both reason and instinct to be manifested in various degrees by every animal, including man himself, although man stands prominently forward as the masterpiece of creation. To preserve this position, our continual attention should be concentrated; for when man yields to mere sensual gratification, he is lowered to the grade of the brute beast. When he yields his judgment to mental stimuli, he partakes rather of the lunatic than of the intellectual being; but when, by proper exercise, man brings each faculty of the brain into operation, and preserves a due balance of the whole, then indeed he is entitled to the appellation of the "Lord and Master of Creation."

Such is a summary of Mr Smee's book, which appears to have been prepared with much industry and research, although not without blemishes. These are the incidental passages in which the author obtrudes himself, and matters quite irrelevant to the question, on the reader's attention.

THE VOLCANO-GIRL.

It is an axiom among travellers, that the Bay of Naples is the most beautiful place in the whole world. Every one who beholds it repeats the same statement with unvarying uniformity; and if any quaint person were to make a contrary assertion, he would not be argued with, but laughed down. I dislike paradoxes, and therefore shall subscribe to the general opinion, although I never saw a scene so dismal as when I first entered the bay. Dismal, but grand! We had left Civita Vecchia the day before, steaming through a restless, nasty sea, in the midst of as filthy a fog as ever defiled the surface of the Mediterranean during the merry month of May. Sometimes we could see nothing but the dirty-looking short waves; but now and then a dim streak of Roman territory, or two or three ghost-like islands, rewarded the efforts of our winking eyes. The night was boisterous, if not tempestuous; but when morning came the wind had abated, though without driving away the mist, and the sea rolled still in a turbulent and uncivil way.

The *Maria Christina* was undoubtedly the worst steamer it has ever been my lot to voyage in. There seemed to be not a well-hung piece in her whole composition; so that, in addition to the usual sea-sounds, there was a perpetual slamming of doors and creaking of timbers. The villainous little craft appeared to be in constant hesitation whether it would go to pieces or not; and I believe has since taken that freak into its head. The captain, as seamanlike a fellow as ever crossed my eyes, kept up our confidence, however, even in the most ugly moments; although it could not be

denied that our expedition was something like a visit to the northern seas in a Margate boat.

We crawled on at the rate of some three or four knots an hour, until, after passing San Stefano, we began to distinguish dimly the base of Ischia; for the summit was plunged in a mass of black clouds. Then a doubtful outline of rocks struggled through the vapour to the left; and at length we got into the pass, guessed at the form of the promontory, obtained a vague glimpse of Procida, and fairly entered the famous bay. All the elements of its beauty showed faintly through a moving vapour that thickened aloft into driving clouds. Capri looked like a cone of dark mist lingering to the south: the island we had passed dimmed away in our rear. Bays and creeks innumerable ran in, to the left, between a strange mixture of rocks and vegetation. This was all we could see at first; but the lower half of Vesuvius soon showed itself; and presently the curtain of mist was drawn hastily aside, just to give us a glimpse, as it were, of the giant peak, faintly pencilled against the leaden sky, into which its wreath of smoke faded away, and of the reaper of Castel à Mare, and the craggy promontory of Sorrento. Then all was covered again; and a thin driving shower filled the air. Not a single gleam of sunshine gilded the scene; but I once distinguished the orb, 'shorn of its beams,' poised over the depths of the bay.

First impressions are everything. Whenever I try to recall the all-famous site, it always begins by presenting itself under this aspect—not without its grandeur, it is true—but far inferior to the bright and sunny scenes I witnessed when, proceeding farther under more favourable auspices, I made acquaintance with the coasts of Calabria, and the immortal Straits of Messina. With a little patience, however, I can figure to myself the Bay of Naples in all the loveliness which it afterwards displayed; and when the operation is complete, the contrast becomes interesting.

I shall say nothing about the castles of St Elmo and Del Ovo; nor of the useless fuss about granting *pratique*; nor of an attempt made to entrap us into smuggling by a worthy who had some silks to land; nor of the annoyances of the customhouse. It is not my intention to take the bread out of the mouths of the tourists. These are their legitimate topics. I have to relate a little incident which does not happen to every one who visits Naples; and I cannot therefore be accused of trespassing upon anybody's ground. What I say about scenery and manners must merely be considered as a setting to the diamond. I am willing to concede superiority in this respect to any one who may claim it.

We lodged in the Hôtel de la Belle Venise, situated half-way up a steep street—name not mentioned in my journal—leading from the lower end of the Strada Toledo. We were bent on travelling cheaply, and did not think four *carlines* a day too dear for a room. This hint is not intended as information to any who may follow in our footsteps; but it illustrates our character and position, and explains why in the course of our wanderings we were always meeting with strange adventures. A man may travel from Dan to Beersheba in first-class carriages of railways, coupés of diligences, saloons of steamers; he may put up at the best hotels, and hire the cleverest guides, and he will see nothing, learn nothing, feel nothing, but what has been seen, learned, and felt by his predecessors. But we defy even the shyest Englishman to undertake the tour of Europe on economical principles, unless he be positively determined to keep his eyes and heart as close shut as his pocket, without bringing back something to remember to the end of his days—something to make his eyes grow dim when he meditates on it, his lips tremble when he speaks of it, his hand falter when he writes of it. For in this system of travelling he is forced, while in a mood of mind highly susceptible of impressions, into contact with all sorts of characters and incidents; and if he has a spark of nature in him, it must be struck out.

We dined the first evening at the Trattoria dell' Errole, and took an ice at the Caffè di Europa. But our heads were in a disagreeable whirl, and we enjoyed nothing. We missed the creaking and the groaning of the Maria Christina; for which the rumbling of a few carriages, and the buzz of voices on the promenade, seemed—such is the force of habit—an insignificant compensation. Lines of well-lit shops, crowds of well-dressed people, balconies filled with ladies, colonnades of churches, and façades of palaces, danced dimly before our eyes, instead of the accustomed cordages, the naked masts, the smutty sail, the breast-high bulwarks, and that horrid squat funnel, with its cascade of black smoke tinged, as it rolled forth, with a dull red glow. When I retired to rest, I caught myself holding on to the bed as I prepared to get into it; and I dreamed of nothing all night but of trampling of feet overhead, whistling of wind through rigging, shifting of the anchor-chain, and all sorts of abominable noises. These physical reminiscences, however, disappeared next day, and I was prepared to enjoy Naples.

I did enjoy it; and I hope all my readers may live to enjoy it too. I know this is wishing a tremendously long life to some of them; but such a wish will offend nobody. During one of my strolls—this time I was alone—I came to the foot of that vast flight of steps shaded by trees which leads up towards the castle of St Elmo. It was just past mid-day; and I suppose everybody was beginning the siesta; for not a single living soul could I see in any direction. I sat down on one of the steps, under the shadow of a huge elm, and looked upwards towards the sky along the broken avenue of trees that led aloft. There was something singularly beautiful to me in the scene. The trees here and there met, and huddled their heads together, and threw down a thick black shadow: beyond was a bright patch of sunshine; and then some thinly-sprinkled branches bent across, and fluttered their green and gold leaves between me and the patch of blue sky that glanced at the top, seeming to be the only destination of this lofty staircase.

I was gazing upwards, as if in expectation, but in reality admiring this curious effect, when a small dark form intercepted my view of the sky. I had almost imagined myself at the foot of Jacob's ladder; but the spell was at once broken, and I was about to rise and go away, when the singular motions of the person who had disturbed me drew my attention. It was evidently a girl, with naked feet, but neat garments: her head was laden with flowers; and she skipped down with all the lightness of the gazelle for some space; then came to a halt, possibly on seeing a stranger; then continued her progress—now showing brightly in the sun, now dimly in the shade, until she came, and after a side-long glance at me, sat down on the opposite end of the same step, where there was no protection from the heat. I now noticed that she carried a basket in her hand, from which she produced a variety of objects, evidently manufactured from lava. These she arranged by her side, and examined with care, every now and then casting an impatient look towards me. There was a wildness in her eye and a quaintness in her whole demeanour that pleased me, especially as her features were almost without a fault. So I remained where I was, studying her movements; and the idea suddenly struck me that I was occupying her usual place, and that shyness prevented her from coming nearer. So I rose and went a little higher up, when she at once crossed over, I thought, with a grateful smile. A little while afterwards she called to me, and asked if I would buy some of her curiosities.

There was evidently no sordid motive in this; for when I came near, she made no allusion to a bargain, but said I had chosen a place where there was not sufficient shade. I asked a few questions about the lava, but got only vague answers. What conversation passed was a random kind of talk about the difference of Italy and foreign countries. It was evident that in

the girl's eyes 'Napoli'—which she pronounced with magnificent emphasis—was the only place in the world worth admiring. She had seen no other. The people, however, were bad—very bad. I thought, upon this observation, that something like a story was coming; but the throat and face of the girl only darkened with a rush of blood, and she grew utterly silent. Suddenly she arranged her lava hastily in her basket, started up, leaving a piece which I had been holding in my hand, and had not paid for, and ran away down the street. I naturally ran after her to pay for what I had bought; but she turned round with flushed cheek and flashing eyes; and whilst I was indulging in the hope of being able to explain my intentions, I felt a blow on my breast from a stone launched with no weak hand; and before I had time to recover from my surprise, the girl had disappeared.

A curious termination to an interview which I had begun to persuade myself had something of a romantic character! I rubbed my thorax, tried to laugh at the little slut's vivacity, but could not get rid of the uneasy annoyance peculiar to misunderstood people. Perhaps I had been taken for a robber—perhaps something I had said in my broken Italian had been thought insulting. I grew quite morose; thought of nothing else all the afternoon; was set down as an ill-tempered fellow at dinner; and on retiring to bed, could not help perpetually stating this question—'Why should that pretty girl, towards whom my heart had expanded, have left me in so abrupt a manner; and on my endeavouring to restore her property, have made a target of me?' All night, as I slept, I felt as if a hot coal were lying on my breast; and the place, indeed, was black and blue in the morning.

An excursion had been proposed to Vesuvius; and we started at three in the afternoon—myself, four Americans, with Mr Jenkins and his wife—all crowded into what, I believe, is called a *corricolo*. The sea, along the brink of which we went, was still stormy, and the waves washed with a slushing noise up into the very street. The drive was beautiful to Portici, the white houses and vine-wreathed porticoes of which I noticed with pleasure. At Portici, after some wrangling in the house of the guide, we were transferred to horses and donkeys; and off we went, first up a hot lane between stone-walls, then along a fine paved road. The party was merry, and not unpicturesque, but out of character with the scene. Not one of us was subdued by the tranquil beauty of the little landscapes, the bright green nooks that opened here and there. Our temperaments were still too northern. We were not yet soothed down by the sunny sky and balmy air of Italy; and got stared at in consequence with contemptuous curiosity by the languid peasants in the fields.

At length a zig-zag road commenced, and up we went, turning round ever and anon to view the expanding bay, softened down into apparent calm by distance. Green gullies and ravines of lava began now to be intermingled; but tranquil observation was soon interrupted by tremendous gusts of wind that came roaring down the sides of the mountain, and enveloped us in whirlwinds of dust, sometimes mingled with pebbles, at every turn of the road. It was hard work to get on; and we were glad enough to reach the Hermitage and Observatory, where we tossed off a glass of *Lachryma Christi* to restore us.

The rest of the road was along a narrow ridge leading to the foot of the great black cone. On either side were gullies of green, and beyond great red fields of lava. It was not remarkably safe riding, and by no means commodious. Sometimes one's nose touched the horse's or ass's neck; sometimes the back of one's head was whisked by the tail. It was a sort of rocking-horse motion. But we arrived safe at the dismounting-place; and, I must confess, looked rather dismayed at the desperately steep cone up which we were bound to scramble. But in travelling, 'on, on,' is the word; so on we went, stumbling up through the triturated

and block lava, as if Fame, or something else equally valuable, had been at the summit. Mrs Jenkins was in an open palanquin, borne by eight men, who grunted, staggered, crawled up or slid back, shouted, laughed, and belaboured one another with their climbing-poles, whilst the undaunted lady sat as coolly as in her drawing-room at home, making observations on the scenery, which we could scarcely hear, and were too breathless to answer.

In about an hour we neared the summit, and got under a vast canopy of sulphurous smoke, which, blown by the furious wind, rolled grim and black over the serrated edge, stretched its impenetrable mass betwixt us and the sky, and then swooped down towards the bay, and dispersed in a vast mist. Most parts of the plain, too, were covered with a low ground-fog. It was a grand sight as we paused and looked back before the last effort. The whole sweep of the bay was visible from Sorrento to Baia, together with the islands, scattered like giant sentinels at the mouth; but all looked strange and fantastic through the sulphurous vapour. The sun was setting in a bath of blood and gold; just behind a straight line of ebony clouds with a sharp rim, like a wall of black marble. The white houses on the slopes of Castel à Mare were already looking ghastly in the twilight.

Our temples throbbed with fatigue; but the guide cried 'Forward,' and we soon came to the most disagreeable part of the business. The smoke was forced by the wind in a kind of cascade some fifty yards down the declivity, and as soon as we got into it an awful sense of suffocation came on. The guide swore, and some of us talked of retreating. But the majority were for persevering; and, panting and coughing, we dashed upwards, reached the summit, got into the midst of a fearful torrent of black smoke, like that which is vomited by a steamer's funnel, and staggered giddily about seeking which way to go. At this moment a slight form glanced towards us, said a few words to the guide, and presently we were running to the left along black and dizzy precipices, until suddenly we emerged from the volcanic vapour, and were in full view at the same time of the plain and the sea, and of all the wonders of Vesuvius.

The girl whose acquaintance I had made in so strange a manner had come to the assistance of the guide, and told him what direction to take in order soonest to escape from the smoke. I spoke to her; but although she recognised me I think, she did not, or would not, remember our former interview. The idea suggested itself that she was touched in her intellect, so I made no farther allusion to the subject. It was evident the guide knew her, and had confidence in her. He asked her advice about the path which it would be advisable to follow; and obeyed her directions implicitly. 'Who is that?' I whispered. 'It is Ghita, the Volcano-girl,' he replied in English, before repeating the Italian name, which might be translated, the 'Daughter of the Volcano.' I had no time for further inquiries. We were once more in motion, and had enough to do to keep our footing on the rough lava in the teeth of as furious a blast as ever I remember encountering. It would have been dangerous to stand even near a precipice.

It was a marvellous scene that vast black valley with its lake of fire at bottom—its cone of fire on one hand. The discharges were constant, and had something appalling in their sound. We were almost too much excited for observation. Now we looked at the cone of green and gold that sank and rose, faded and brightened, smoked or flamed; then at the seething lake; then at the strong mountains of lava; then at the burning fissures that yawned around. There were yet some remnants of day—a gloomy twilight at least revealed the jagged rim of the valley. Down we went—down, down to the very edge of the boiling caldron of melted lava, that rolled its huge waves towards the black shore, waves whose foam and spray were fire and flame! An eruption evi-

dently was preparing; and soon indeed took place. We missed the sight; but what we now saw was grand enough. A troop of heavy black clouds was hurrying athwart the sky, showing the stars ever and anon between 'like a swarm of golden bees.' The wind roared and bellowed among the lava-gullies, while the cone discharged its blocks of burning lava, or its showers of red sparks, with a boom like that of a park of artillery.

A thousand travellers may witness and describe the scene, but it can never be hackneyed or vulgar. The volcano-girl, evidently familiar with every changing aspect, crept to my side, as I stood apart wrapt in silent admiration and wonder, and I caught her examining the expression of my face as it was revealed by the dismal glare of the burning lake. 'E bellissima!' she whispered in a husky voice, pressing close to my side, and trembling like a leaf, not with present fear, but manifestly in memory of some dreadful event. We were friends from that moment, and she constituted herself my especial guide, running before me to choose the surest paths, giving me her delicate little hand, and showing, in fact, all possible willingness to make up our little quarrel, if she retained any remembrance of it.

We returned towards the cone, and approached within dangerous proximity to it. The volcano-girl often pulled my arm to induce me to keep back; but when she saw I was determined to look down into the horrid flaming gulf of fire that yawned near the cone, she followed me, murmuring a low pensive song. On reaching the edge, which was uncertain and trembling, I halted and gazed; and while the guide and my companions shouted to me to come back, enjoyed a moment of fearful joy. I was standing on the brink of a vast chasm of fire, in which no flame was, but only a dreadful glow, that thickened by distance into substance. The wind shrieked around, the volcano roared above, the tremendous cloud of black smoke swayed and wavered as it rolled, beaten down by the wind to the outer edge of the crater, like a vast snake, or, when the blast for a moment ceased, towered aloft like an evil genius, and dispersed amid the clouds.

'Come back! come back!' cried Ghita, as the smoky pile of cinders trembled beneath us, and we both, panic-stricken, rushed to a surer footing, while the point we had occupied slid into the gulf of fire! I never shall forget that moment. The very memory of it makes my hair stand on end, and a cold perspiration burst out over my whole body. The girl clasped my hand convulsively as we ran, and when we stood again on the hot solid lava, uttered a low 'Dio grazia!' All this was unlike folly, and, together with our companionship in danger, heightened the interest I felt in my wild-looking, beautiful guide.

We all returned towards the edge of the crater, and collected in a lava-cave to light torches for our journey back. Here we met two or three men armed with guns, who professed to be guards, and might have been brigands. One of them spoke rather roughly to the volcano-girl, who took refuge by my side, and would not quit it. We started again by the light of great flaring torches, and soon began the descent down a dusty decline. It was a strange, rapid piece of work. The whole party ran, rushed, tumbled, slid, rolled down in one confused crowd, the torches glaring, flakes of burning pitch scattering here and there, the palanquin bobbing up and down, the mountain sloping up to the clouds behind, and down into darkness before. We descended this time into the old crater—a great plain of dust and pumice-stone. All was gloomy around; but the lights of Naples and Portici could be distinguished in the distance.

Our horses and donkeys were waiting for us where we had left them; and we rode rapidly back *viâ* the Hermitage, but over the plain of lava, instead of by the zig-zag road, towards Portici. Ghita ran all the way by my side, but rarely spoke, except to tell me when we approached a steep declivity. I should have felt jealous had she attended to any one else; but was quite angry

at hearing her jestingly spoken of as 'my conquest.' A single vulgar remark sometimes throws cold water on the most delicate sentiment.

At Portici she left us. The guides were paid, and everybody forgot the volcano-girl who had been of such signal service to us. I looked for her, and saw her standing in the courtyard with the back of her little hand to her mouth in a pensive attitude. 'Ghita,' said I, approaching, 'I must give you something'—she started slightly—'that you may buy a remembrance with it of our visit to the volcano.' In such a form, the present—I did not write the amount down among my disbursements—was accepted frankly and freely. The poor girl was evidently in a state of great emotion: a few kind words from me had struck upon a chord ever ready to vibrate; the truth is, she sobbed, and could not answer. But when the tongue falters, and the lip trembles in the south, there is an eloquent substitute for language. She took my hand, and kissed it fervently, and a shower of warm tear-drops fell upon it. 'Ghita,' I murmured, trying to be firm, but bending over her with the tenderest affection—I cannot help it; I have an instinctive love for the sorrowful—'Ghita, you are unhappy? Can I do anything for you?' 'No,' was her answer, as she again pressed my hand, and, gliding away, disappeared like a shadow in the street.

We were at Naples an hour after midnight; but I found it impossible to sleep. I could think of nothing save the story of the volcano-girl; for the substance of her story was evident—the material details alone were wanting. I afterwards learned the whole truth. A volume might be filled with them: a line will be sufficient. She had been betrothed to a young man, a guide, who had perished during a visit to the volcano: she had gone mad in consequence—of a gentle, harmless madness in general; but as a few brutal people insulted her, she was sometimes suspicious of strangers. She gained her living by selling ornaments of polished lava, or by guiding travellers. This was all; but it was enough. I have kept a place in my memory for Ghita, whose acquaintance I cultivated on other occasions. I saw her once among the ruins of Pompeii, where she greeted me with a friendly nod, but without referring at all to our previous meetings—I mean in words; for at parting she gave me a handful of wild-flowers, and then ran away without waiting for a recompense.

A SKETCH.

THE town, or rather, as the Frankforters themselves never fail to call it, the Free Town of Frankfort, was unusually gay. Animated and crowded with lounging travellers the streets always are; but now there seemed an unusual number, and generally not walking singly, but in small groups, as if some bond of union held them together, and as though one and the same aim had brought them to the same spot. And then, too, one saw a great number of—they were like Englishmen, and yet there was a difference. These were Americans; and among them, as well as those whose country in Cæsar's time was not considered quite worthless, since it produced an oyster, were not a few whose trim dress and staid sobriety of demeanour marked at once the respectable sect to which they belonged. And look at yonder dark figure with countenance so calm and imperturbable! Whence cometh he? In his hand he holds a long instrument, which some may deem a weapon; and round his left arm is a band, seemingly a badge of authority. How black and long the hair that falls without a wave down upon his shoulders! He is from the far, far West. Perhaps his home has been where the Rocky Mountains fling their huge shadow as the sun disappears behind them, while their peaks flame like meteors in the sky. What leads him hither?—why leaves he his hunting-grounds to come to this European

city?—from the plain that quakes beneath the quick tramp of the buffalo to where the gentle footfall of the pleasure-seeker is mingled with the measured tread of well-disciplined European soldiery?

What a glorious day! How bright the sky—and the atmosphere how clear and transparent! Even the fine taper points of the lightning conductors, with which every house is furnished, are distinctly visible from afar. How that golden cross shines above the house-tops, looking more like a sign from heaven than a thing of bronze placed there by a mechanic's hands! The edifice over which it rises was once a church, but is so no longer. Let us enter there. It is already well filled with people; in the body of the building are men only, among whom we seem to recognise some we met yesterday in little groups about the streets; while around the edifice beneath the gallery, supported by the massive columns, ladies have taken their places. Before us is a raised tribune, over which are hanging three flags, each with three stripes, black, red, and gold. Still higher is a female figure, with golden hair, like a true daughter of the north; a sword, too, is in her hand, but it rests in repose. And on each side, within a wreath of laurel, is a German rhyme, to the effect that, even as this green garland is interwoven, so may all the people of Germany be entwined in bonds of amity. For you must know that here, beneath this very roof, not long ago did sit the deputies from city, and town, and university—from borough and village, from every part of Germany. Here, elate with hope, and promising themselves great things, with fond expectations of the realising of long-cherished wishes, good, and wise, and well-intentioned men met together to talk of plans for their country's weal. But though calm hearts were here, there were men, too, whose thoughts were of violence; and but few, if any, possessed that plain, practical ability which, when something is to be done, is of more avail than great stores of learning. And so nothing was done. But the space within these walls, where till then words of prayer, and exhortation, and praise had been heard, became an arena for fierce contention; and maddening words that led to blood resounded there amid the hoarse roar of popular applause. You have read of the wild scenes of revolutionary France, and how orators were cheered on by their party, till, with swimming brain and in a frenzy of excitement, they uttered fearful threats and terrible denunciations; and how the calm and resolute were hooted, and their words drowned in the mad screams and execrations of a rabble audience. And so it was here—beneath this very dome over which the bright cross we saw just now was gleaming. How different is the present assembly! For what are they waiting?

The bell has been rung, and silence instantly obtained. We are now told the meaning of this assembling of men from many lands. They come here to propose peace to the nations—to propose that war shall henceforth be no more. It is a Peace Congress at which we are present; and on this errand these men have been brought together from the remote parts of the earth. We will not argue on the practicability of thus establishing universal peace: so strange are the revolutions which time brings about, that even this too may happen. But there was something that interested us more at this meeting than the dim and uncertain result—far off at all events, even if ever attainable—and it was this: to observe the difference in the mode of *thought and manner of utterance of the speakers, as-*

sembled from different countries, with one object and in one cause. Meetings are too common now-a-days to offer much of novelty; but we seldom see one like this, where many men in their own peculiar language give utterance to their peculiar thoughts. And it is for this reason—and this reason only—that we have brought you hither.

The first speaker is a Scotsman—so at least we should judge by his accent. Why, that one man's face is worth all the speeches we may hear to-day, so indicative is it of kindly feeling, light-heartedness, and hearty good-fellowship. How sunny the smile on his face as he utters his conviction that men were not made to fight, seeing that their fingers are not adapted for tearing, nor their teeth for fastening on each other! There is good-humour in his argument, and good-feeling too; and if his reasoning be not incontrovertible in the cause of universal peace, we still like war the less if it be only because it is repugnant to him with whom, on any point whatever, we should be sorry to be at variance. His language is plain and unstudied, and his meaning clear as the bright eye that animates his rosy countenance. No German could ever speak so; neither is there method enough in the arrangement to please the German mind. How could he touch on such a topic without abstract principles and philosophic rules? But let us listen to the German, and then compare the two.

With thoughtful mien, with slow and rather heavy step, he approaches the tribune. There is none of the ease that was so prepossessing in the first speaker, for the German would as soon think of putting aside his gravity as of putting off his coat in public. Besides, he has to speak before an assembly; and the professor is perhaps thinking of the Forum, and of the dignity of the toga, and of the pride of ancient Rome. He looks very grave, for he doubtless has well weighed the difficulties to be encountered; and instead of jumping to the conclusion, has wrestled with the obstacles one by one, and forced his way through by dint of argument. The toil is over, but it is still present to his mind. This man is not one to make proselytes or gain adherents; for both would be deterred by a sense of the difficulties to be encountered, and by the fear that they might not prove so manful in the attack as he. You feel at once—though, mind you, he has hardly spoken yet—that it is a serious affair you are about, and that if you follow in his steps you will have enough to do. He is not one to make light of a difficult matter, and trusting somewhat to fortune, call gaily for you to come on. He tells you beforehand it is difficult; but then he will also tell you how difficulties may be subdued, and indeed *must* be so if his calculations be correct.

But now he is speaking, or rather he is reading his speech. Do you understand his meaning? Not always, I think; for it is the deduction of abstruse reasoning, and one would need to read the same twice over to comprehend it well. Besides, the sentences are long and intricate; there is an entanglement which you cannot well unravel; and many a relative pronoun, too, which puzzles you, as you are not quite certain to which member of the sentence it relates. It is too involved to be clear. But perchance the speaker's thoughts are not quite definite either: hence that vagueness which leaves you at the end where you were when he began. He does not point out the road you are to travel for the accomplishment of your purpose, but he gives you theories which are to be your guide. You do not advance; you are not carried forwards either with or

against your will; but keeping the one point in view, instead of approaching *towards* it, you move *round* it always at the same distance. Alas! alas! it was this very fault which before, in these same walls, led to nothing. Here, in the Peace Congress of the Nations, I understood how Germany, like the virgins who slept, entered not to the feast when at last the bridegroom came for whose arrival they had so long been watching.

If you are tired of listening to the speaker, then look at that man sitting on the right of the president, and leaning back in his chair quite at his ease; his right elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand. His thin dark hair is combed over his forehead on the right, his eyebrows are drawn somewhat together, and he seems not to be merely looking at, but scrutinising, those before him. His mouth is *firmly* closed, by which I mean that the lips do not merely gently touch each other, but that they do so with a pressure. Such a mouth is always indicative of steady resolve. As he sits there, moving only his eyes, but not turning his head, there is, methinks, a rather dark expression about the brow. Perhaps I may be wrong; yet strangely enough, that countenance recalls one I have elsewhere seen, over which, and with good reason, an expression of gloom was spread. Now look yourself, and tell me is there not in that head a strange resemblance to one well known to you? Does it not remind you of Napoleon? For my part I thought at once of that picture where he is sitting after a defeat with knitted brow and eyes gazing fixedly before him. It is said that he whom you are looking at, and who at this distance looks so like the Emperor, is related to him; and I daresay he is not disinclined to assist the resemblance as much as is in his power.

The president reads the name of Emile Girardin as being next on the list of those who have announced their intention to speak; and he whom we have been observing rises and mounts the tribune. He moves with a quick step; he makes haste to obey the summons. He seems quite at home in his present place, and as if he were accustomed to be often where he is. There is nothing like hesitation in his manner, although he does pause for a moment or two, and looks around before he begins to speak. Why he does so I do not know; perhaps it is only his usual manner; perhaps, however, it may be done for effect. He holds in his hand a small piece of paper, on which some notes are written; but once having begun to speak, he is in no want of ideas: thoughts, and words to express them, come crowding on; and the short-hand writers yonder will have enough to do to follow him. His utterance is rapid; and now and then having said something terse and to the point, he comes to a dead stop. He has pronounced words that strike you, and he knows they do so; he knew they would before he uttered them, and he is giving you time to let you feel their effect, and, if you like, to applaud. His countenance does not grow animated by speaking; his brow is knit the same as before; and there is still something dark about the eyes and the upper part of the face as he looks straight before him. Action, that difficult part of the orator's art, he has yet to learn. He moves his right hand up and down at regular intervals, and then again it takes hold of the tribune in company with the left. There is something very commonplace in this monotony of action, corresponding as it does in noway whatever with the matter of his discourse. But how well-turned are his phrases, how elegant his diction! It is true he often says something that would not mean much if translated into English; although, as *he* puts it in the elegant language of France, it *does* arrest your attention. His sentences are mostly short; and it is in these short ones that there is most point. He utters them abruptly, and at the same time with much decision; and as if those words were to settle the question at once. 'La science détruit la politique,' he will tell you; or, 'Il y a une nouvelle politique dans le monde—c'est la science.'

This is not said as a theory, but uttered as a law. It is pronounced like a commandment, and as such you are to receive it. To the applause which greets him he seems accustomed, and waits quietly each time till the noise has subsided before he again begins to speak. He intends that each word shall be heard, and till all is quiet, that cannot be. A phrase of usual length, followed by one of but five or six words, spoken quickly, but with the firmest intonation, and the discourse is at an end. He quits the tribune as quickly as he entered it, and taking his seat, is again an imperturbable spectator as before.

What a thunder of applause now resounds through the building as yonder speaker is about to ascend the tribune! That is Cobden. There is nothing in his person that could lead you to believe he would battle still when resolution appeared to be vain; nothing that might incline you to notice him in a crowd of men. But let him speak, and you at once acknowledge the man to be 'a power'—a power that dictates, and must be treated with like a neighbouring state. He is below the middle height, and of spare habit; one of those men, in short, who Sallust tells us are to be feared in a state. Every syllable he utters is as distinct as the organs of speech can make it. He speaks rather slowly at first, and at times somewhat hesitatingly; but this is not because he does not know what to say, but because he is thinking how he shall express his meaning with the very utmost amount of power. He does not seek fine words, but strong ones. And strength there is in what he says, and in his manner of saying it. His sentences are short, like the Roman sword; but they are forged for close warfare and a hard struggle. He leans forward as he speaks; and with his right arm, as he dashes it downwards, seems to beat his arguments into his hearers' minds. Right or wrong, his whole heart is in the cause. Of that there can be no doubt. He speaks from conviction; and with an earnestness and intensity such as one rarely hears. There is nothing elegant in his language; it is clothed with no ornament, but, like the naked limbs of the gladiator, it trusts entirely to its unaided strength. All he proposes is intelligible; all his reasoning is plain and clear. He knows nothing of theory, but deals solely with facts. He hurls into the arena before you—at your very feet, as it were—some fact, some massive fact; and he tells you to get rid of it—to move it thence if you can. That is his mode of arguing. There is such energy in his manner, such life and energy in his words, that you now understand the power of the Corn-Law League.

Such speaking is new here. It takes every one by surprise; but after a while you hear from time to time exclamations in various languages, all expressive of wonderment at the boldness of his thoughts, and the manner in which they are imparted to you. But he cares only for convincing his audience, and cares not for its applause. He is full of his plan, and does not like delay; hence he is impatient of the 'bravos' and the shouts; and he can hardly wait till the storm of approbation has subsided. But as he retires to his place, it does not die away so soon, and all give expression to their feelings in one long round of applause.

As in the plays of the French dramatists there is more attention to the rules of art than in our own, so is it in the speeches we have heard to-day. In style and in arrangement the French were certainly the best: they were the most finished of all. Victor Hugo was to have been there, and it would have been interesting to hear the author of 'à la Colonne' speak on the benefits of universal peace. But, as he stated in his letter, 'his physicians had condemned him to repose'—an expression, by the by, which it would never have entered the head of an Englishman or a German to make use of. Cobden's words fell from his lips with all the force of a sledge-hammer. There was truly nothing in his oratory, but all he said had weight and substance, or rather had weight *because* it was composed of real tangible stuff.

That Peace Congress afforded much matter for thought, independently of the especial object for which it was held: one could here study to advantage the distinctive features of the different nationalities.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES—PENNY BANKS.

THE various mechanics' institutes in Yorkshire, as may be generally known, are united for purposes of mutual advantage; and for common information, issue an annual report of their condition and prospects. The report of these bodies for 1850, makes us acquainted with a few facts which may not be uninteresting to our readers. The union comprehends 109 institutes, with an aggregate of 18,516 members, and possessing in their libraries 82,917 volumes. Some institutes have joined the union since last year; but some others have ceased to exist; and on the whole it appears that the increase of members has been very slight: this is further confirmed by the fact, that the total income of 58 institutions has even in a small degree diminished. A difficulty in obtaining good and popular lecturers partly accounts for this indifferent success; and, by way of remedy, a salaried lecturer is engaged to visit the various institutes, and maintain an interest in their proceedings. It is acknowledged, however, that activity in the local secretaries is of such paramount importance, that without such aid no institution can flourish. In other words, no concern can succeed unless it is watched over and guided by one anxious and unselfish mind. The general deadness in the operations of mechanics' institutes may be ascribed not less to a decay of novelty, than to the want of this kind of energy. A secretary requires to stimulate the flagging members by actual aggression. After the first burst of popularity, members fall away—something else attracts their attention. Before reaching this climax, the secretary needs to rouse them by a personal call. Circulars and advertisements will not answer. A direct and verbal appeal is desirable. It is said to be a good plan to send about a deputation to talk to the inhabitants, and collect subscriptions, and enlist new members. 'In by far the majority of instances,' says the report, 'where the subscriptions are regularly applied for by the secretary or other officer, these institutions are most prosperous. In places of large population, we believe the entire time of one individual might be profitably employed in this labour. It is as essential that some one should call for subscriptions as that a tradesman should call for his accounts, or a collector for the rates, and for analogous reasons. In numberless instances individuals do not belong to these institutions from no disinclination or insensibility to their advantages, but simply because the matter is not brought prominently before them. The calling of a collector has not only the advantage of insuring much greater regularity in the payment of subscriptions, but, if a person of ordinary intelligence, he will be able to give information respecting the institution, and frequently to remove doubts and prejudices inimical to its success. In the Leeds institution, the most flourishing in Yorkshire, and almost in the kingdom, upwards of 1000 of the subscriptions (out of 1800) were received at the houses of the subscribers.'

Some of the Yorkshire institutes are said to show a tendency to rely on the support of the wealthy, and to complain if that support is withheld. The report before us very properly condemns this parasitical plan, which is observable chiefly in small towns. In these places there often seems to be an inability to take any step towards social amelioration without consulting the small aristocracy of the neighbourhood, and procuring subscriptions—that is, alms—from them. We cordially join in reprobating this abjectness of spirit. Let every institution, either for improvement or recreation, be supported by those who are to be specially benefited by it; and if the institution be not so supported, it may be assumed to be undesirable. At all events,

even if useful in its aims, it is important, for its own sake, to place the subsistence of the institution on a more secure footing than that of casual charity. When we consider the enormous sums that are spent annually on things absolutely vicious, it seems strange that the working and humbler classes generally should not be able to maintain on a firmer footing libraries, reading-rooms, and other institutions in most ample abundance. Never emerging beyond the ideas of present gratification, millions of individuals thoughtlessly dissipate pence, sixpences, shillings, and even pounds, on the paltriest objects. Any one who could strike out a plan for arresting this recklessness of expenditure, would be the greatest man of his time. Savings' banks have done much to encourage economical habits; but, as usually conducted, these institutions do not reach low enough, and are repulsive from the formalities that surround their operation. It appears to us that in most of the populous streets in every large town, and also in every village, there ought to be a place of secure deposit for every coin that the poorest individual can spare from ordinary and exigent demands. These places should be open daily at all reasonable hours, and the money should be received on terms the most simple and convenient. Mr Scott's Penny Bank approaches in character to what we mean; and so does the Preliminary Savings' Bank of Mr W. Sikes of Huddersfield. Of the scheme of this last-mentioned institution the following account is given in Mr Sikes's own words in the report to which we have drawn attention:—

'I venture to suggest a method hitherto untried—namely, that the humbler members of each mechanics' institution should be encouraged to "transact a little business" with a Preliminary Savings' Bank within the institution, for which purpose some of the leading members might form a small "Savings'-Bank Committee," attending an evening weekly to receive their trifling deposits—their threepences, their sixpences, and perhaps their shillings—giving each party a small book, and so soon as his sum reached, say L.2, 2s., paying it over to the Government Savings' Bank of the town, in the person's name, and giving to him or her the new pass-book. This to be repeated until another guinea be accumulated, to be again transferred, and so on—no interest being allowed until paid over to the Government Savings' Bank. The little book-keeping requisite would be very simple, and from always being paid over when it reached L.1, 1s. or L.2, 2s., the liability incurred would be very limited. A list of the balances (with the ledger folio corresponding with the pass-book, and signed by the treasurer) to be suspended in the room each half-year, thus enabling each depositor to see that his money was safe.'

In referring to this scheme of establishing auxiliary savings' banks, the report before us goes on to say, that 'exceptional cases may exist where the addition of such a bank might interfere with the efficient discharge of the other duties of an institution. Where this is likely to be the case, it is the clear duty of the committee to attend to the original objects of the institution, rather than to any new object; but we are of opinion that, wherever such a plan could be properly carried out, it must largely tend to increase the moral influence and social importance of these institutions. In many places no savings' bank exists nearer than the next market-town: the savings' bank is open at an hour not convenient to the working-classes; besides which, although these useful establishments will take sums as low as one shilling, there is an air of pretension about them which rather repels the lowest class of contributors. In all these respects the mechanics' institute would possess a decided advantage. Institutions are likely to derive an accession of members where such a savings' department should be efficiently carried out, because those who went merely to deposit their twopence or threepence, would become aware of the other advantages offered to them. Moreover, it has been a matter of frequent and deep regret to the sincere friends of the

working-classes, that the associations for mutual benefit, such as Odd-fellowship, friendly societies, sick and funeral clubs, &c. are held in the public-house. The custom has proved a heavy deduction from the advantages, and in many cases quite counterbalanced them. But in the addition of the savings' bank to the mechanics' institute, we recognise a great practical step towards remedying the evil. It will tend to free the benefit societies of the working-classes from much that is useless, foolish, and even positively injurious, because it will bring to these objects something at least of that moral conduct and intelligence which generally prevails in the management of the mechanics' institute. We are therefore glad to learn that the plan of Mr Sikes has already been adopted in conjunction with the institutions at Wortley, Meltham, and Keighley, at which latter place it is found to succeed admirably. At Hunmanby a Provident Society has been formed, to include the benefits of friendly societies and life-assurance. It is also in contemplation to establish preliminary savings' banks at the Dogley-Lane, Kirkstall, and other institutions.

We have only one word to say: it is to offer our best wishes for the success of these well-devised plans for economising means which are at present squandered in a manner worse than useless.

A TWELVEMOONTH IN CALCUTTA.

FESTIVAL OF THE MOHARUM—CHOLERA—ANGLO-INDIAN GOOD-FEELING—EXTRAORDINARY HAILSTONES—VISIT TO A NATIVE GENTLEMAN—AN AMATEUR PLAY.

April 2d.—This evening was spent at the house of a wealthy Arab merchant, a hadjee, or pilgrim, who has been to Mecca. We were invited to see the commencement of the celebration of the Moharum, a great Mohammedan festival. We were rather a large party, several of our intimate acquaintances going with us, at the house of one of whom we had dined, the better to prepare ourselves for the coming fatigue. The aga received us with great courtesy at the foot of his staircase, although he had rather a frightened air. There was certainly nothing prepossessing in his appearance. He is doing penance at this moment for his sins—the sins of the whole year—and is accordingly dressed in the deepest mourning; that is, totally without ornament. He has both to fast and to pray, and is spending, as part of his humiliation, a great deal of money in getting up this commemoration of the death of the son-in-law of the prophet. He scarcely spoke, looked sad, and went about in his dark tunic and white turban and trousers, sprinkling everybody plentifully with rose-water out of a silver bottle with a long neck.

All the rooms on the principal floor were thrown open. We were shown at once into the largest, the centre one, very handsome, with a raised veranda at one end, covered in, to which we ascended by steps, and from which we overlooked this immense apartment, crowded with worshippers, all seated upon the floor, and all men. The priests alone stood. They were in a knot all together, at the upper end of the long hall opposite to our gallery. The occupation of the crowd on the floor was incessant, and consisted of beating the breast, with a good thump too, accompanied by the eternal cry of, 'Hussien Hussan! Hussien Hussan!' There were about a hundred priests, all dressed in dark robes for mourning, with the breast and arms bare; fine-looking men, mostly of Arab or Persian descent, no deeper complexioned than the Spaniard. The expression of their small piercing eye was fierce and cunning, and their foreheads were narrow; but the mouth, with the well-trimmed beard and mustaches, redeemed in some degree the unpleasant character of the countenance. In the centre of the group stood the two priests more particularly officiating, who gave out a sort of recitative, taken up by the rest in chorus, every now and then the awful name of 'Hussien' recurring, when all bodies were bent, and heads were bowed, and breasts were thumped most earnestly; the congregation on the floor answering to the sacred cry, while renewing the vigour

of the blows they continued to inflict on themselves unsparingly.

This general assemblage seemed to be composed of persons of all degrees, who did not, however, sit in separate classes. The principle of the soul's equality was fully carried out, even in this prejudiced country; for the richly-dressed devotee squatted beside his poorer brother, and all were alike attentive to the ceremonies at the rousing moments, though the degree of enthusiasm exhibited in their performance was sufficiently varied, and some of them were more busily engaged in watching the movements of our European party during the pauses of excitement than was quite decorous on such an occasion. We were, during the height of their outrageous enthusiasm, quietly engaged in drinking coffee, served to us in china cups with gold spoons. We were fanned by attendants behind us, who swayed to and fro large hand-punkabs fastened to long sticks. A respectable-looking head-servant, a Hindoo, who seemed deputed to do the honours, spoke English well enough to explain most of the proceedings: he also let me into the history of the festival, which you shall have all in good time; but at present I must hurry you off, as the Hindoo hurried us, to another part of the aga's splendid house, where from another veranda, or perhaps another part of the same long gallery, we looked down upon a much larger room—a court, in fact, covered in for the time, and much more grandly illuminated than the first.

It was soon filled, and I think by the same crowd we had been watching, for at the instant we rose to move, the priests dashed in among the seated worshippers, as if by preconcerted signal, and, ceasing their blows and cries, proceeded to disperse the congregation much like other marshallers of other mobs. I could hardly believe I was not dreaming when I looked down upon this second chamber, forty feet in height, and otherwise of proportionate dimensions, swarming with another white-robed crowd, all gazing in admiration at the lights, the mirrors, the decorations, and a fountain which, playing in the midst, threw the water up to the very top of the lofty roof. Short time was given them to wonder. On a sudden the discordant scream of the band of priests was heard, and like a torrent the whole troop came on shouting their 'Hussien Hussan!' Having forced an entrance, and secured to themselves ample space, they recommenced their gesticulations. What we had seen before was nothing compared to the maniac fury that now possessed them. They shrieked, sprang about, threw their arms aloft, and struck upon their breasts with a force which resounded awfully, for they managed to keep time, and all the many hundred pair of hands fell on the bared chests together. It was really a frightful scene, and was to last, we heard, all night. But we soon tired, it was so monotonous; so, to make an end, we proceeded to a small chamber fitted up to represent a shrine, into which we could only look through a screen, where we saw several of the worshippers kneeling in silent adoration. The solemn aga, who had been all this time screaming and thumping himself among the priests, varying his occupation by occasionally sprinkling them with rose-water, now appeared to attend us to the door, his bottle still in hand. We again received a portion of its fragrant contents, and the rose-water of the East is very fragrant; then, with courteous speeches and many salaams, he took leave, presenting each of us with a small bottle of attar at parting. We did not reach home till midnight, completely tired, but too much excited by this extraordinary scene to feel at all sleepy.

3d.—On talking over the strange ceremonies of last night, with the help of the information given by the Hindoo, I find that the Moharum commemorates the murder of Hussien, and that the performances last nine days. On the three devoted to bewailing the dead, the magnificence of the display is extraordinary. Illuminations seem to be what the Orientals most admire

in the way of decoration. They can never over-light; and they heighten the effect of the numerous lamps they delight in by having some of them coloured, and by placing mirrors behind them or near them. Shawls, pieces of silk, and kinkob, were also hung about on the walls and doorways at the *aga's show*, but not with any sort of design, neither were the lamps arranged regularly, nor even handsome in themselves—mere cups of cocoa-nut oil; a pure enough light, but always to me disagreeable. The Hindoos are very fond of pictures to dress up their houses with; the merest daubs satisfy them, provided the frames be gaudy; but these are inadmissible in the dwelling of a Mussulman. Our penitent was to keep open house all the nine days for priests and people. Many of the priests he will have to pay, to induce them to make noise enough: it is even said that the apparent worshippers are some of them hired to swell the crowd to admiring eyes—Hindoos and others accepting the part, all in the way of trade. The whole affair is very odious, and, in not a few instances, ends fatally. The people sit up night after night in a state so nearly bordering upon madness, that some actually become deranged, and others die in consequence of broken rest and the rioting and excesses into which these orgies degenerate. The season, too, is against them, the festival taking place at the time the cholera generally rages, when a frame thus worn out is predisposed to disease. The women in some degree join in these ceremonies, but in the privacy of their own apartments, and I hear that they occasionally look on as we did at the devotional exercises of the men. The whole concludes by the shrine or tarboot, which is richer or plainer, according to the means of the individuals who construct it, being carried in suitable procession to the river, into which it is thrown, there to perish with all its finery, when the immense assemblage disperses—and so ends the Moharum.

5th.—Got rather a fright to-day. Three gentlemen attacked with cholera at Spence's Hotel, one of them very seriously. Some people laugh at the dread all newcomers express of cholera—death in its most terrific shape. Old residents become so used to sudden removals, hasty burials on the day of decease, and sales on the morrow of all the property of the departed, that either their sensibilities become blunted, or their philosophical indifference to the changes of life increased to stoicism. It is asserted, indeed, that deaths are not in greater proportion to disease here than elsewhere, but that lingering illnesses are almost unknown. The complaints most common are of quick operation; and when once the strength is prostrated, it is a difficulty bordering on the impossible to get it up again without a change of climate.

6th.—Another of those large dinners to forty people, given in honour of a member of the law Commission who is going home. In a few days an entertainment, or rather a series of entertainments, will take place, as a proper reception to his successor, just arrived, for all opportunities seem to be seized on for collecting people to these great feasts. The new commissioner is a friend of Arthur's family; he therefore took me to see his wife without waiting for the ceremony of her calling first, as is usual here; and I am very glad indeed we went, for we found them very uncomfortable at Spence's Hotel, frightened to death about the cholera, utterly ignorant of all Indian habits, and without one acquaintance in this strange country. In short, they were quite astray. The commissioner told us he had found this fine appointment waiting for him upon his table one fine day, much to his astonishment; and he had only a week or two given him to prepare for his voyage.

7th.—Cary went with me immediately after breakfast to call on the forlorn strangers. She was most kindly welcomed; and in five minutes all were as old friends together. At home it would have taken us years to get so well acquainted, for we are seldom thus thrown

upon each other for help in that far-away land. There is nothing more remarkable than the ease of *huk* intercourse. If any one person can be of use in aiding the act of kindness is tendered at once, without any fear of its being considered officious. It is as they accepted, and causes no undue idea of gratitude; it seems to be merely the interchange of the good-will which it would be most happy for the world were universal. No one unaccustomed to the glow of such truly Christian manners can fully comprehend the happy effect produced by them. It is as if all were truly of one family, and felt themselves entitled to receive, because equally ready to bestow, attention, in the plain simplicity of a kind heart.

8th.—Thunder and lightning this afternoon, accompanied by a shower of hail—the hailstones of such size as I would not have credited had I not seen them. They fell thick and fast, so as quite to darken the air, and were as big as bantam's eggs. I could not but be running out upon the veranda to catch the thick of such a storm. It was very grand. The thunder is much smarter than I ever heard it elsewhere: louder—shorter—shorter claps; the lightning so vivid, and the flashes so continuous, that nature appeared thoroughly disturbed—quite a battle of the elements, without a pause in the awful strife. An ordinary thunderstorm in our own climate produces a solemn feeling; but here, when the weather so seldom changes from the glaring sunshine of a sky without a cloud, the first few minutes of a thunderstorm in the tropics create a sensation of dread, not unmixed with rapture. The poor natives, who believe there is some virtue in the hailstones, run out to catch them, and many accidents happen from their thus putting themselves into the way of danger. At dinner we were all full of this sudden storm. Short as was the time it had lasted, it had done much damage. The lightning had struck some trees, and even injured some persons; but there had been no fatal accident, all the houses having conductors. The wind had done more mischief: huts are down, *drinks* uprooted, branches of fine trees swept off, and all the ground strewn with fruit, none of it ripe yet. I only took the circumference of a hailstone with my ribbon-measure: it reached to the half-yard—enough to break a head! The diameter of another was four inches and a-half. Of course they melted very rapidly; but they were most likely somewhat reduced in size before they fell to earth, and certainly before they were measured. It was observed that all these large stones fell at first, within the first few minutes, and they decreased in size, till towards the end they were no bigger than walnuts.

9th.—A delightful cool day after the refreshing storm of yesterday; so, as a cloudy sky permitted an earlier evening drive, we varied the scene by going about four miles along the road to Barrackpore. The first three miles the road is the same that leads to Dwarkanath Tagore's country-house; then, instead of taking the turn, we went on straight, through the long wide avenue, bordered by stately trees, which continues for a dozen miles, to the gates of the governor's country-house. It is like almost every other public work, the creation of the Marquis Wellesley. It is a striking feature in this hot country, this fine avenue of trees; but I fancied I should have wearied of a much longer drive in it. It was something like the interminable greensward in the fairy tale, over which the discontented lady was doomed to wander for a thousand years, and which always gave me a headache to think of in my childhood.

11th.—Dwarkanath Tagore is going to Europe. Having lost caste already by eating with infidels, he fills up the measure of his sins by visiting their country. Before departing, he wished to entertain all his English friends at his country-house. Such of us as were able were to pass the whole day with him, and to be joined afterwards at dinner by those more fully occupied. Cary and I were received at the door by a cousin much loved and trusted by the head of the house, and really an excellent person, but not looking his best, as

instead of the turban, so becoming to Eastern features, this gentleman wore only his own hair, not very well dressed either. I never remarked this style adopted before except by the lowest coolies, who cannot afford themselves a head-covering. It is a very good house: a large entrance-hall, dining-room, and billiard-room on the ground-floor, besides private apartments not open to us, and a wide staircase leading up to the suite of public rooms, where we found already a small company assembled. Beautiful Indian screens divided the several chambers; the verandas were filled with flowers; and amongst the furniture, besides the usual tables, chairs, sofas, and consoles, there was a grand pianoforte by Broadwood, a seraphine, and a barrel-organ, a large one, made at Paris, also a real ottoman, covered with kinkob, green, and gold. A good many pictures were hung upon the walls, some of them said to be valuable, brought from Italy in former days; but they were too dirty for me to be able to discover their merits. There were three handsome drawing-rooms and a sort of state bedroom, fitted up in our own style, the only difference being the immense size of the bed, and the want of curtains and carpets. The third drawing-room had books in it, all the standard English works, and large portfolios full of good prints. Really it is a curious house to belong to a native.

At nine o'clock we were summoned to breakfast, when Dwarkanauth appeared himself to do the honours with his usual urbanity. He apologised for his plain dress, saying he was in mourning for his mother. He wore a tunic of dark purple with loose open sleeves, so that his bare arms were visible when he moved them. He had on him neither shawls nor jewels, white trousers, and his green velvet cap and tassel; but on his very neat feet he had silk stockings and English shoes well polished—a most extraordinary innovation on the habits of his countrymen, who never put on a stocking, and whose slippers have no heels. The breakfast was exactly like one we should have given ourselves. The only novelty to me was the hookah, which the proper servants brought in afterwards; but our host was so busy talking, and so happy recounting his adventures up the country, whither he had been sent by his doctor for his health, that he sent it away. The morning passed very pleasantly. The recent storms had so cooled the air, and the clouds hung so thickly over us, that we were enabled to leave all the Venetians open, and so enjoyed the unusual pleasure of looking out upon green trees—no small delight to those who have been imprisoned for weeks in darkened rooms. We had billiards too, and chess, work, prints, books, and some excellent music-quartettes by amateurs, and singing. One of the ladies had brought her baby, which, indeed, it would not have been convenient for her to part from, and which amused us while it kept awake, as much as the hookahs and cigars did the few gentlemen we had mustered so early in the day. When the infant wearied, it was put to sleep in the large bed in the state bedroom, where, with its little pillow for its head, and its frilled *godry* to lie on, and its two little bolsters at its sides, it looked like some one from Lilliput sleeping in Brobdignag. At two o'clock we met for tiffin, and after tiffin all retired to rest in anyway that suited us. At five o'clock we set out to walk about the grounds. They are prettily laid out, and are extensive; many fine trees in them, and a piece of water, where we found a boat. The earth that had been taken out to form a tank had been raised into a mound, which, low as it was, made an agreeable variety in this level land. We rowed to some lovely water-lilies—lotus, I must call them here—and they are larger much than any of the species we know. A single root throws its flowering branches over almost any given space, spreading itself so closely over the surface of the water as nearly to conceal it altogether. The flowers are double, and very beautiful in the day, but they close up at night. After wandering for some time in a sort of grove, we returned towards the house, and seated ourselves round

a fountain, the play of which freshened the air delightfully: it was covered in, and ornamented with fine curious shells from China, and plots of flowers lay all around it, making me think of the gardens described in the Arabian tales. After a reasonable delay here, we retired to dress for dinner, when we were joined by the gentlemen from Calcutta, native and European; and after a very handsome and happy entertainment, we all drove merrily home by moonlight.

12th.—Dwarkanauth Tagore must be a very remarkable man to have so educated himself, so thrown off the prejudices of caste, and to have so fearlessly avowed his enlightenment, acted on his improved views, without more entirely shocking his countrymen. The fact appears to be, that, lacking the courage to show it, the better classes of natives feel with him that they have hitherto lived in ignorance and in error. Those of his own friends whom we met at his house are well-bred, courteous, talented, agreeable in conversation, and in no respect, so far as strangers can judge, inferior to other provincial gentlemen of fairer complexion. When they have read our works, which must follow their fuller acquaintance with our language, their natural intelligence will lead them gradually on to a much higher state of existence than they have at present any notion of. Some of them are shy of European ladies; not that they do not appreciate the good effects of our mixed society, but they are unused to the appearance of women in company, and for that reason are uncertain how to comport themselves. Our host of yesterday had none of these misgivings. He has lived a good deal with the European partners of his house. Naturally shrewd, with good-feeling, good sense, and some humour, he has easily assimilated himself to manners congenial to his superior nature; and with too much tact to offend, and too much dignity to affect more than he really feels, he takes his proper place among us. We spent a really enjoyable day with him, and one that opened my eyes to the capabilities of the Hindoo character.

20th.—Another charity affair. A house to be made for the play; a comedy got up by the officers of some king's regiment at their own expense, the proceeds to go to the famine fund. We have been writing chits till I am sick of the sight of paper. Cary's ayah wants to go to see the gentlemen act, considering them probably of her acquaintance, from having seen most of them here in her master's house. The head-servant has the same wish; there is quite a little agitation upon the subject, and ever so much fun about the Celtic costume, for the play is to be 'Rob Roy.' There are kilts enough in the regiment; but then the mosquitoes!

23d.—The Portuguese ayah went to the play. She was extremely fine, for we helped to dress her. She wore a silk petticoat, abundantly flounced; a white muslin spenser, trimmed with lace, and open in the front, to show a coral necklace; coral earrings, and comb in her hair; and neither shoes nor stockings. She put her feet into a pair of old slippers, however, just as she went off. She really looked well, she was so happy. She went with some companions of her own, disdaining any partnership with the khansomaun. The theatre is very pretty, and the play was well got up, and well acted; and Mr Owen's counting-house allusions were fully appreciated by the Parsee section of the audience, who all seemed to be thoroughly amused with his difficulties—so Arthur told me; for I was too wise to venture myself into such a heated atmosphere, though indeed he said the ventilation was so well managed, that he found it a great deal cooler than any of the large dinner parties, even when punkahs were going. Ayah was much excited; we could hardly get her to bed, and her description of all she had seen was truly diverting. Though I lost the play, she gave me a bit of a farce, which quite made up for it.

24th.—Helen's poor little baby so ill again that they have sent it down the river with Mrs Freeman, who has tired of her charge at the other house. She has faults

which would require to be overcome by respect for a superior order of mistress; and here, where a mere school-girl is so early placed in authority, the young wife and mother, not yet skilled in controlling herself, is little capable of managing others, particularly a quick, active, clever servant, fonder of ruling than of obeying. The fawning obsequiousness of the ayah suits these girlish heads of households better than a little blunt advice offered by an inferior, however honestly given. So Mrs Freeman dismissed her unsuitable mistress just in time to take charge of little Edward down to the Sandheads. A partner of Mr Black's, too, is very ill; we call him the Long Partner always, he is so very tall, and now, poor man, so very thin. He has gone with his wife in the same steamer as the child, which is a comfortable arrangement for all parties. He has remained, everybody says, a season too long in India. He has been ailing for a year or two, only just regaining sufficient strength in the cold season to carry him uneasily through the hot. That never seems to answer: off at once, when seriously attacked, appears to be the only assurance of safety.

RISE OF A JUVENILE DELINQUENT.

Born in a cold garret or dark cellar, alike remarkable for the careful exclusion of light and air, his early days receive scantily of a mother's fostering care. In a few short weeks he is carried out into the streets, with some slender filthy covering of rags, exposed to the cold and damp blast of our shifting temperature, that his shrill cry of agony may the better wring the pittance from the passer-by—a cry, it has been more than once established, made the more agonizing by the application of human agency. At night, when the absence of warmth and comfort, so essential to its normal state, compels its cry of complaint, quietness is sometimes secured by administering the same foul draught which is preying on the vitals of both body and mind of the wretched parent. Thus are combined, in one unhappy union, the most powerful ingredients which can poison the cup of human enjoyment, and engendering the seeds of moral and physical debility in this child of misfortune. So soon as the little urchin can lip the cry of 'pair wean,' or its tiny limbs carry its stunted body, it is thrown out of its dirty den into the streets, to beset the doors of the more blessed, or interrupt the passengers on the busy thoroughfares with importunate appeals for charity in a tone of whining from which he never afterwards can divest himself. If he returns to his cellarage without the expected amount of prey, a sound beating, interspersed with curses, may be his welcome. He never hears of a God except as a name of imprecation. He seldom has heard of Heaven, but often of its opposite, as the place to which every outbreak of parental ire summarily consigns him. A Bible he never saw in the house; and though it were put into his hands, he could not spell its simplest text. The Sabbath he knows only as a day when the shops are shut, and all business arrested except that of the whisky-shop. The church-bells are rung, and he observes a portion of people better dressed than on other days; but in his sphere it is a day noted only as one of greater idleness and sensuality than other days. For continual absence from church and school his parents have ever the ready excuse of want of suitable clothing. Perchance some kind Samaritan seeks to remove the real or fancied obstacle, and speedily the gift adorns the stall of the old clothes-man, and the little boy revels in his hereditary rags. Some zealous Sabbath-school teacher, fearless of the filth and fever, plunges into the sink of iniquity, and seizing the little immortal as a waif on the social stream, bears him to his school. A few Sabbath nights he sits listless and restless, but the lessons of an hour are counteracted by the precept and practice of a week. Attendance becomes irksome and occasional, and all sorts of lying apologies are told for absence and tasks unlearned. The misappropriation of some book—very probably the volume of life—the gift of the generous teacher, bars return; and he answers no longer to his name, though he may beset the door to disturb others in the enjoyment of that which he has been taught to despise. He falls back to his former haunts and habits, and 'no man careth for his soul.' What can be expected from such a childhood—from such a culture in the spring-day of life? Do men

gather figs off thistles? As we sow we reap. The truth as well as poetry in the saying, 'The boy is the man.'—*Juvenile Delinquency, by a County Magistrate.*

LINES FOR MUSIC.

'Twas in the glad season
When roses are sweet,
I led to the forest
Thy slow, timid feet.
Than those roses blushed deeper
Thy forehead of snow;
Low murmured the waters,
Thy voice was more low;
Yet heard I each accent,
Each faint whispered tone
That bade me then hail thee
My chosen—my own.
The blackbird was trilling
His blithe carol nigh,
When 'neath the lime blossoms
Thus met thou and I.
Time passed—we were parted;
But o'er the sea foam,
In grief or in gladness
My heart journeyed home.
In sleep I beheld thee,
And waking, my thought
Still dwelt on the dreamings
That dear vision brought.
And ever I pondered
With doubt's weary pain—
Oh, loved and long severed,
When meet we again?
The bird, shall it warble
Its blithe carol nigh,
And 'neath the lime blossoms
Yet meet thou and I?
'Tis o'er—the long absence—
And leaveth no sign,
Thine eyes are upon me,
Thine hand is in mine,
Again laugheth summer
Her roses among,
Again flows the river
In music along.
Again those soft accents
Fall sweet on mine ear,
As they tell me the tale
My heart yearneth to hear.
The blackbird is trilling
His blithe carol nigh,
As 'neath the lime blossoms
Thus meet thou and I!

ELLEN C—

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GLEANNING.

'CROWNED with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,' that season has now passed away which, from the earliest times, has been recorded as one of jubilee and joy. The fruition of the year, the gathering and garnering up of the perfected produce of the earth, of the requisite sustenance for the coming winter—the harvest home—has been as a focus round which have revolved, in annual custom, the most joyous social charities of life. The agricultural year has several recurring seasons of rural mirth—as the May-day dance, the sheep-shearing merriment, the hay-harvest festival; but the one *par excellence* is that which celebrates the period of harvest, when the earth yields to the busy reaper the stores which she has been fostering in her bosom—the fruits, the corn, the vegetables—the perfected fruition of the fatness of the earth and the dews of heaven.

'Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
For the flowrie earth,
The golden pomp is come.'

Nature, indeed, has put on regal attire, whether in the orchards with their blushing burthens, or in the English vineyards; the hop-fields with their graceful wreaths and pendent clusters, or in the hill slopes and in the fertile valleys, covered with their 'golden pomp' of waving corn—

— 'being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground.'

It is no wonder that the reaping and housing of so important and valuable a production as corn should in all times have been considered meet cause for especial rejoicing. In our own country and climate this would be heightened by the circumstance that the summer was at a close. True, there was still much work. The soil had yet, ere Christmas, to be ploughed, and the grain dropped for a future harvest; but this was merely dry necessary labour; there could be no more fruition until a winter had been passed through—a cold, bleak, dark season, offering no facilities for friendly reunions in open air and sunshine. It has been truly called 'the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmer's employments, and unites repose and profit.' Therefore the 'bringing summer home' in every respect invited to social merriment.

Harvesting is by no means play-work; it is very hard, very exhausting toil. I have myself seen strong, robust men fainting with heat and exhaustion. Food and ale of a more generous quality than that commonly used are distributed, almost *ad libitum*, to the labourers; and an abundant substantial supper, at which the master

presides, crowns the completion of the work.* Herrick's description of the harvest feast usual in his time would form a pretty accurate *carte* now—

'Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glittering with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe
Foundation of your feast—fat beefe;
With upper stories, mutton, veale,
And bacon, which makes full the meale,
With severall dishes standing by—
As, here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumentie.
And for to make the merrie cheere,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care—stout beere.'

Some of our readers may be puzzled to know what 'frumentie' is, though it was once a very common article of food, and probably still is so in the west of England, for during the autumn it is as commonly sold in Bristol market as butter or vegetables. I once tasted it in a northern county, and found it to consist of the fresh, new, tender wheat boiled in milk, spiced and sweetened.

Formerly there were some ceremonies attendant on the bringing home of the hock-cart—that is, the cart containing the *last* sheaves of corn, which now are chiefly if not altogether discontinued. The horses used to be garlanded, the sheaves were wreathed with wild flowers, and the labourers, bearing a few ears of corn in their hands, or conspicuously attached to their dress, accompanied the cart in formal procession. It was in some places usual to have an effigy of the goddess Ceres in front of the cart, which would seem to intimate that this custom was derived from the pagan commemoration in honour of that goddess, when

'All the hinds bend low at Ceres' shrine;
Mix honey sweet, for her, with milk and mellow wine.
Thrice lead the victim the new fruits around,
And Ceres call, and choral hymns resound.'

But I leave these preliminary remarks to refer more particularly to a benevolent custom practised from remote antiquity, sanctioned, if not expressly ordained, in the Bible, and followed in many parts of England even to this day—I mean, the suffering the poor and destitute to gather a little harvest of their own.

In that beautiful law which disdains not to notice 'a bird's nest' which shall 'chance to be on the ground,' and which forbids to 'muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn,' it is thus written:—

'When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor and to the stranger.'

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that such customs are not everywhere observed with the same liberality of indulgence.—Ed.

'When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that the Lord thy God may bless thee.' The history of Ruth gives us a beautiful illustration of the custom a century and a-half later.

Though still in full vogue in some parts of England, the practice of gleaning was probably more generally diffused formerly than it is now. In many places, and more especially in those neighbourhoods where the spread of manufactures has trenched on the limits of agriculture, it may have gone gradually and unknowingly, as it were, into desuetude; in others, where the poor, from habit, consider the privilege as a right, masters compound the matter by a donation, or a privilege of some other kind. This they have found it to their own advantage to do, as their property is often accidentally, sometimes maliciously, injured, besides the impossibility of satisfying the gleaners generally as to the quantity left for them; while the invidious comparisons made if a field happen to be better cleared than usual, often bear hardly and unjustly on the unconscious proprietor. Yet, if the field be not left tolerably clean, the owner is mulcted of his just property. Some farmers, therefore, glean their own fields, giving a suitable consideration instead, whereby the gleaners are decidedly gainers in time and wearing apparel (which I have often seen torn and tattered almost to the knees after three or four days' work among the stubble), and as frequently are gainers in manners and morals too.* For a gleaning-field is not that Arcadian scene of innocence and purity which the poets paint. It is very probable that gleaning was more common in England in the time of Thomson than it is now, but it is also probable that the poet knew little about it from actual observation. The following is his picture:—

'Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spice after spice, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole.'

Of the beauty of the above passage as a poetical picture there can be no question, and it might be more true to reality when first published, one hundred and twenty years ago, than it is now. It seems almost a pity to dismember such an elegant structure.

The gleaners do not usually follow the reapers. They are generally excluded until the sheaves are entirely carried away. A particular hour is appointed—well known in the neighbourhood by that magical process by which news spread—and a single sheaf is in the meantime left, to signify that the field is still under taboo. When the hour comes, this last sheaf is carried off; and the whole of the gleaners, secured fair-play by the arrangement, rush simultaneously in. By a tacit agreement among the masters, the hour is never earlier than eight o'clock in the morning. Before this plan was fallen upon, hearty women and strong children

would be in a field by three or four o'clock, and see it before the aged and sickly could leave their beds. This disposes of the poet's supposition that the gleaners assemble with the reapers—

'Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky:'

That it was not, even in the earliest times, and in the divine laws on the subject were perhaps more gently felt from having been but recently promulgated—that it was not then the custom for the gleaners to attend the reapers—that is, to follow in their train—we learn from the Book of Ruth.

'She went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers.'

'And Boaz commanded his young men, saying, let her glean even among the sheaves, and refrain to not: And let fall also some of the handfuls of barley for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not. So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley.'

Thus it appears it was then considered a mark of favour or preference to permit a person to glean amongst the sheaves. It is so to this day. I have seen many of women clustered together, vehemently instigating and talking very fast, because a gentleman with whom I was acquainted had given a favourite old servant and a pet pensioner permission to enter his field before the sheaves were removed. Very shortly after eight the next morning I counted upwards of a hundred gleaners in the same field. If they each gleaned sufficient to repay them for their time and trouble, it is easy to calculate the golden harvest their privilege of entry gave to the two favoured ones on the preceding day. I was told, however, that this delay of entry was not made a rule until enforced by absolute necessity; for so eager were the gleaners, and so excited did they become in the contest, that not only were the reapers impeded in their work, but portions of the tied-up sheaves were perpetually pilfered.

Unpoetical, but true!

But it is *un-true*, however poetical, that these happy sons of summer—the reapers—stand

—each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.'

And as for the female gleaners, they are obliged to forego this interesting support, for no youth, not man of any age, capable of field-labour, is permitted to glean. The fields are entirely abandoned to women, girls, very young boys, or decrepit men.

A gleaning-field in fine weather is certainly a picturesque sight. According to size, and other circumstances, there will be from twenty to one hundred and twenty gleaners: women, old, young, and middle-aged; old men (not many); children of all shapes, sorts, and sizes, in costumes of every variety of make and colour; babies, placed sometimes in baskets or whisks, sometimes in bundles (apparently) at the sunny side of the field, or too often consigned to the charge of juvenile nurses scarcely bigger than themselves, who loiter about the lanes, or in the field, as it may or may not be near home.

It is all a very pretty sight, though perhaps only externally so. Jealousies, contests, and disputations in the field are of perpetual recurrence, and too frequently end in blows. On entering a field, each person generally takes a ridge, or perhaps two, join and agree to share the gathering at the end. It is a point of honour not to trespass on another's ridge; yet if there be honour among thieves, it is not always among gleaners. People do trespass sometimes on each other's ridges, and high words are the consequence. Moreover, people do purloin the little heaps which from time to time are laid down as inconvenient to carry while gleaning. The

* Among 'high farmers' in Scotland the frequent use of the scythe instead of the reaping-hook has necessitated the introduction of a horse-rake, which is, in fact, a gleaning machine. This of course supersedes hand-gleaning.

* Recently by comparison: say a hundred and forty years previously.

losers naturally seek to reclaim their property—remonstrate, argue, fight for it.

Then all this time the cottages are deprived of their matrons; and the little children who are too young to glean, are, as the phrase goes, 'at a loose end.' Then the village school is closed: not a child will show its face there 'at the gleaning;' nor would the school-mistress either, though she herself does not glean. My first experience of the practical utility of this custom was the reappearance of my village scholars when the five or six weeks of gleaning had elapsed, with tattered skirts and scratched and disfigured arms—lessons, I need hardly add, all forgotten.

Gleaning is severe discipline for the hand and arm; old experienced practitioners are usually provided with a strong glove.

It is very strange that the women there, while complaining of this custom—of the wear and tear of clothes, of the waste of time, of the necessary discomfort of their cottages, and of the excessive fatigue—do yet pursue it with the utmost eagerness. It is a kind of mania. They find fault before the time, at the time, and after the time, and yet all the humbler cottagers (with exceptions of course) go to the 'gleaning.*' I think gleaning is generally looked to—bringing as it does a sum of money so quickly accumulated—as a resource for rent, which is usually paid about this time, and which the poor people have probably not had resolution, even if they had means, to save up by degrees.

The reaping, mowing, and housing of the white corn—that is, barley, oats, wheat—occupy from a month to six weeks, and the gleaning of course averages the same. A good, fair, average gleaner can glean about three bushels of wheat, and a child of thirteen years of age nearly two bushels. This year they have been paid about 4s. a bushel for gleaned wheat, the harvest weather having been most favourable, and the corn consequently dry. Therefore, when four or five of a household combine their gleanings, the produce must be considerable.

If a gleaner picks up a bushel of barley, for which this year 2s. 9d. is paid, it is reckoned pretty good work. So that we may calculate the extent of the favour done to Ruth in allowing her to glean among the sheaves, and scattering ears for her, for she gleaned an ephah of barley in one day—a quantity reckoned, I believe, about equivalent to our bushel.

Oats and beans are not gleaned: the latter the farmer leaves for his pigs to pick up; but the bean-stalks are carefully gathered by the poor for fuel.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

LEYDEN—GLIMPSE OF IN-DOOR LIFE—PAUPER POPULATION—SINGING SCHOOL.

At six in the evening of my third day at the Hague, I again betook myself to the road, and started for Leyden. The highway traverses the park, and once more I enjoyed the welcome shade under the cool leafy avenues of the Bosch. Beyond were still the same signs of thrift and industrious cultivation, but with a more rural appearance than on the other side of the town. The route was the pleasanter from its frequent windings: a straight line has few charms for a pedestrian. There was the same brick paving, the same green ditch on either side, with here and there a fringe of trees, and to the right and left comfortable, homely-looking farm-houses, with great display of white paint about them; and groups of cattle, such as Cuyp has made us familiar with, ruminating in the fields. Wherever you look, the

view is shut in by formal lines of trees, from among which, at distant intervals, a little white church spire peeps up, and breaks the horizontal uniformity. As you pass the boundary ditches between fields or farms, you observe the square post standing at the corner, with a notice facing the road, informing the passer-by that all behind it is the *eigenjagt*, or private chase of so-and-so; a hint to men with guns that they are not to shoot therein. These posts are seen at the limit of every property, and the prohibitory regulations are rigidly enforced. By and by you traverse the estates of Prince Frederick, brother of the present king: they comprise extensive plantations, stretching away all round an open park-like space, within which stands the château, a comfortable-looking country residence. The labouring people whom I met saluted with a *goeden avond* as I passed—a friendly custom still kept up in some of our English counties. It was nightfall as I drew near to Leyden, and the groups seated at the doors of the outlying cottages bordering the thoroughfare gave me the same neighbourly greeting. Is there not something in twilight which disposes the heart to benevolence? Perhaps to go on a begging-quest would be the best way of trying the problem. I passed through the town gate just before it was closed for the night, and kept along the Breede Straat until the sight of another Lion d'Or indicated my quarters. A Frankfort bookseller was taking supper at the table where I was presently seated at my tea, and among other topics on which we talked for an hour before going to bed his own business came in. The study of English appears to be much on the increase in Germany: my interlocutor considered himself fortunate in having sold an edition of 2000 Shakspeare and 1500 Byron in three years. Would Goethe and Schiller sell to the same extent in the same time in England?

While I was at breakfast the next morning, the hotel-keeper said, 'Monsieur, you see those strawberries there? The gentleman who will shortly come in and eat them is Prince Canino.' Ere long he made his appearance; and one could not but be struck by his likeness to his uncle the Emperor; and especially when his back was towards you, with the resemblance between his figure and that shown in the portraits, à la Southey, of the imperial exile gazing from the crags of St Helena. M. Bonaparte, it appeared, had been staying at Leyden for the past seven months, pursuing his studies of natural history.

The host wished me to take one of his commissionaires as a guide. I declined the ambrosia-visaged encumbrance, and after a short exploration, soon made myself acquainted with the topography of the town. I afterwards explained to the landlord that it would be more to his interest to hang up a plan of the town and neighbourhood in his hall, than to be stingy of information for the sake of making a few florins by his servants; but he was hardly prepared for this stroke of policy. In fact one cannot fail to perceive that business generally is conducted on less liberal principles abroad than in England. Dutchmen, too, are not over-communicative; not too much imbued with what the French call *prévenance*. For instance, inquire of a schoolmaster how many scholars he has: he replies, perhaps, five hundred. Then if you want to know how many of either sex, you must ask two additional questions; and so on for other particulars, which with most people come spontaneously without asking. You will get all the information you want, but you must make up your mind to labour for it.

It is scarcely worth while to say much about the sights of a town of which the guide-books already give you the history cut and dried. I saw them all in Leyden, not omitting the Museum of Natural History, one of the most complete in Europe, and in which the prince finds material for his ornithological researches, some fruits of which have recently appeared in his 'Conspectus Generum Avium'—a work which promises to be useful to zoologists by its discrimination of synonyms. Then there is the Museum van Oudheden,

* A town's-person not familiar with these rural habits would be surprised on passing through a village to see every sunny doorstep, every airy window-sill, and every safe coigne of vantage, breathed on by sun and wind, bedecked with small bunches of grain, the yesterday's gleanings, exposed to dry. The poor women sell their gatherings to the farmers (who do not refuse to buy them), or, more willingly to some village magnate, who may not be a farmer, but who may nevertheless have a horse in his stable.

chiefly of Egyptian antiquities; the objects illustrative of the private life of the pyramid-builders are numerous and interesting. There was one mummy completely unwrapped, the beard apparently as perfect as when first embalmed. I had a card for M. Leemans the director, and on sending it in, he at once offered service and hospitality, and invited me to take lunch with his family. A Dutch lunch is chiefly composed of coffee and biscuits; and here I saw the drawing-room arrangement for keeping things warm. A handsome mahogany case, about the size and shape of a waste-paper basket, lined with brass, and set on a pedestal, stands on the floor on the right of the lady who presides at table. When all is ready, the servant brings in a pan of lighted turf, which is placed in the bottom of the brass-lined case, with a brass kettle on the top of it; the latter is thus kept singing as long as hot water may be required. A tiny pair of brass tongs bestrides the edge of the case, to be used in placing the turf. These diminutive tongs—which are to be seen in numerous shop-windows—seem to be more for use in dolls' houses than to be manipulated by adult hands. The whole apparatus is one of the elements of Dutch comfort; and on looking round the well-appointed drawing-room, it was not difficult to perceive that the Hollanders are little if at all behind ourselves in that essential of domestic enjoyment. This, however, must be understood with reference to the classes in easy circumstances.

On taking my departure, I was invited to return at four o'clock to dinner: I passed the interval in further explorations. What a number of Japanese blinds you see in going about the streets; and here they do not screen the whole width of the lower sash, but about twenty inches or two feet of the centre panes only; so that on either side you can look into the rooms, or the inmates can look out. The space is perhaps left for convenience of peeping into the *spiegelies*, or outside looking-glasses, which have such an odd effect at the windows of Dutch houses. The blinds, whether of wire or muslin, are sewn to a frame made of round rods of wood or metal, halved together at about an inch from each end; and in most cases they are not fixed to the sash, but merely lean against it on the inside.

I was chiefly desirous on this occasion to visit the quarters inhabited by what some people call the 'lower orders.' There was one long street of small tenements by the side of a canal, about which there could be no mistake. The water, notwithstanding the law to the contrary, was covered with refuse vegetables and miscellaneous outcastings: women were leaning over the edge scrubbing pots, pans, trousers, and sabots. At some of the doors a little battalion of the last-mentioned articles was ranged, looking as clean and white as labour could make them; for the morrow would be the Sabbath. The brick floor of every house looked very red and very damp from a similar process of scrubbing, and it is hard to comprehend how the people preserve their health in such circumstances. There appeared to be but one room on a floor, and the windows of the upper apartments had no glass; wooden shutters only, which, when they were closed, left a few inches at the upper part of the frame entirely uncovered; no lack of ventilation, whatever else may be complained of. In front of several of the houses a goat was tethered—perhaps a dozen in all—nibbling at cabbage stalks and the grass which grew up between the paving-stones. The possessors of these animals were thus at no loss for a supply of milk. Some of the rooms were very scantily furnished; others displayed a fair share of comfort, and some attempts at ornament; and here and there a few books were to be seen; there were flowers, too, in the windows, and larks hanging out in cages. The struggle to live was apparent enough; but with all this there were indications of a right sense of home comfort, which, whether instinctive or compelled, affords ground for hopefulness. Nearly every one was out of doors, as I supposed, to avoid soiling the floors while they

were so moist; and the children were playing about barefoot, as unburthened with care as children generally are in any part of the world. Afterwards in the market, which is held under the Stad Huis, I saw some poor women buying scraps of meat, and going home with but a scanty supply even of these. Veal sold for 14 stivers the kilo, to use the local term—about 7d. per pound; beef, 6d.; the octroi or duty being 2d. per pound. Milk is six cents (three-halfpence) for litre during summer, and in winter seven cents.

I went back to dinner at four, as arranged: during the meal I spoke of what had just before come under my notice. 'Ah,' was the reply, 'there are 16,000 poor in Leyden.' It seemed to me incredible that in a town of 39,000 inhabitants so large a proportion should be paupers; but such is the fact, and one of the consequences is a heavy octroi to provide funds for the sustentation of this burthen of poverty: it devours one-half of the town revenues. There are about 8000 of the population in pretty easy circumstances, and these fall heavily on them in addition to the octroi. Householders whose annual rent is under fifty florins pay no direct taxes; and when one considers that the town has no manufactures, it is a marvel that the canker which eats so hungrily into its vitals should so long have been endured.

'But,' I inquired, 'have you no work for these people?'

'None whatever.'

'Then why don't you send them to your colonies in Java, where they would be of some use, and where they might revive those sparks of manhood which are here quenched?'

'Our laws will not permit that: and thus we have to maintain them year after year, providing food, clothes and lodging for the whole number.'

'Would they work if the opportunity offered?'

'Most of them have no heart to work; their self-reliance is all gone, and they are not much liked as labourers. There are some praiseworthy exceptions, but the majority are hopeless paupers, physically and morally.'

This accounts for the number of beggars who are importunate in the streets of Leyden; and although it is a punishable offence to give alms to mendicants, and although, in the strict letter of the law, all the beggars in Holland should be sent to the pauper colonies, yet in other countries, the police interfere with none but the most troublesome, and allow the quieter ones some sort of immunity.

After dinner, my entertainer, having to attend a committee meeting, invited me to accompany him: it was for the purpose of enrolling the names of poor children for a singing class. A *sang-school* had been formed some time before, the pupils of which had made such progress that beginners could no longer be united with them, and as other children had expressed a great desire to learn, it was resolved to form a new class. We found two comfortable-looking burgesses and a schoolmaster already seated at the table, on which a handful of the long straight-stemmed pipes was lying by the side of a well-furnished tobacco-box and pan of lighted turf. No one, however, smoked, but we all partook of the tea, which the chairman poured out and handed round with much courtesy of manner. After a few minutes spent in preliminaries, business commenced in earnest. Outside of the room about 150 women and children were waiting: the former were admitted singly, with their little ones. First their names were asked, and what school the youngsters attended; the schoolmaster verifying the reply in the latter case by referring to a list before him. Then if any doubt arose as to capacity, the children were made to read a few sentences, and the possibility of payment was ascertained. It seems that even the paupers get a little money somewhere, and several promised to pay the charge of two and a half cents, or one halfpenny, per lesson; others could only afford the half of this small sum; and the greater part nothing: the children were, however, admitted whether

payment were forthcoming or not. Two or three of the women, when asked if they were on the town charity, answered 'Neen, Mynheer,' with a tone and look of honest pride: they earned their own living. Now and then some children would come and speak for themselves; a brother and sister about ten years of age agreed to pay the fees, as also a bright-eyed lad of eleven, who, in reply to the first inquiry, 'What is your name?' said sharply, 'Peter Notenboom.'

'What trade?'

'Cabinet-maker.'

'How much do you earn a week?'

'Seven stivers; and'—this was said with emphasis—'sometimes a trifle over.'

'Will you pay for yourself?'

'That will I.' And so Peter Nut-tree was admitted.

How the eyes of these last three sparkled at sight of the dubbeltje which I gave to each of them! It would pay for four lessons.

A printed copy of rules was placed in the hands of the respective applicants, wherein the hours of attendance, once a week, and other duties—cleanliness being among the foremost—were prescribed; and all were apparently elate at the prospect of learning to sing. In this way it went on until 102 pupils were admitted; and twenty, whose reading was imperfect, were sent back for improvement. In one of the earlier classes a boy was noticed with a great talent for music; some pains were taken to bring him forward, and now the zang-akademie of Leyden subscribe funds to keep him at the music-academy of Leipsic, where he promises to become a first-rate artist.

With scarcely an exception, all the women who appeared before the committee were clean in person and apparel; some few were dowdyish; but most of them, though their gowns were coarse, were not ill-dressed; and all had on the trim white caps general throughout the country. It must be remembered, however, that unless Dutch paupers keep themselves clean, their supplies are stopped; and this persuasive is perhaps the most potent that could be exercised. Yet even involuntary cleanliness is better than voluntary dirtiness. There were several instances of that unthrift and recklessness which seem ever to attend on penury wherever it may be found. Two or three of the women had to tell that their husbands had run away, abandoning them and their families to their bitter lot: one, a widow with five children, had married a widower with seven; another, with a sorrowful shake of the head, said, 'Mijn man is dood'—('My husband's dead'). A few were comely in appearance, with intelligent, and, in one or two instances, intellectual features, that made one wish a more worthy lot for their possessors. But the greater number had the stolid look of indifference and animalism which so painfully distinguishes the forlorn-hope of the battle of life. There was, however, no crouching or cringing in their demeanour; they could look their questioners in the face, and answer without cant or whining. One fact was remarkable: the names of most were not pure Dutch appellations, but French, or a cross between the two. These poor women were the descendants or connections of the refugees whom Louis XIV.'s memorable edict of revocation had banished from France. At that time, and for long after, Leyden had extensive and prosperous cloth-manufactories, which have since entirely decayed, and with their decay perished the means of existence for the numerous exiles. And thus the poverty which overtook them still afflicts their posterity; and it goes on reproducing itself—for there are no restrictions as to marriage—and ever the mass of pauperism remains undiminished. But one gleam of hope presents itself in the dreary prospect: it is the schooling of the children. It can hardly be that such a system of instruction as prevails in the *armen schools* should fail of beneficial effects. Many of the young will grow up with a principle of self-reliance, with views in some degree enlightened, with a knowledge of human capabi-

lities, and thus by a very slow process the swamp of pauperism may become firm, if not fruitful ground.

After leaving the committee, Madame Leemans accompanied me to the shop of a *klompen* maker. I wanted to see how wooden shoes, or klompen, as the Dutch call them, are made. Do we not find in this word an explanation of the term *clump* soles, so frequently advertised by English shoemakers? We found the shop in a back street, and the master working busily up to his knees in chips. On being informed of the object of my visit, he took a block of poplar—the wood used for the purpose—and chopped it roughly into the form desired; then fixing it in a vice with augers and gouges of various size and shape, he very quickly and smoothly dug out the place for the foot, after which the outside was trimmed and cleaned off with a draw-knife. The whole operation is very simple, the only difficulty being in using the augers, which sometimes pierce through the side. A tolerable workman will make nine pairs in a day; the largest size sell for 8d. the pair, the smaller at 3d. Generally they are much more heavy and clumsy-looking than those worn by the working-classes in Normandy; but a light and neatly-finished sort is made for ladies to wear in wet weather, or when pursuing their domestic avocations on damp floors. These are commonly stained black, and polished, while the poor not unfrequently give theirs a coat of whitewash. There are many people in England to whom wooden shoes would be very serviceable, and who would wear them if they could be bought cheap. The importation of a cargo might prove a profitable speculation.

The next day was Sunday, and Leyden was as tranquil as the most rigid Quietist could have desired. Some of the population choose this day for a trip to the Hague, where music and other recreations may be found in the public gardens. The distance by railway is soon accomplished. Those of bibulous habit, who are not disposed to travel, betake themselves to a *zomerlust*, or tavern, in the outskirts of the town; or they may take a jaunt to Katwyk, and see the flooded mouth of the Rhine: these are about all the diversions for those who cannot be content to pass a quiet Sunday at home. I went to St Peter's Church—a big, ugly edifice, as most Dutch churches are. As usual, the collection was made just at the commencement of the sermon: the deacons went round with their bags, like landing-nets, at the end of a long flexible pole; and as soon as one set had made the tour of the congregation, another succeeded. The first was for the church, the second for the poor. As each one completed his gathering, he emptied it into the strong boxes, shaped something like the half of an hour-glass, and made of metal, which two sextons in turn held in readiness at one end of the centre aisle. Near where I sat a partition seven or eight feet high was raised to screen some of the pews; and the collector, by resting the pliant end of his rod on the top, made the bag drop over on the inside, and walked slowly along from one end to the other, apparently having full confidence in his unseen contributors. The same mode of taking collections prevails in the state of New York; and when I was there, no one, high or low, ever thought of dropping more than one cent into the bag; but in St Peter's at Leyden I heard the clink of silver. Money, for the poor or for religious purposes, is always forthcoming in Holland. The service came to an early close, and I went to another church where the preaching is in French and Walloon on alternate Sundays.

At dinner I met a M. Lafrenays, a naturalist, who had come from Falaise on the banks of the Seine to confer with the prince on some points of their common pursuits. He was a fine specimen of an elderly French gentleman; *suave* and somewhat paternal in manner. Meeting him was one of the agreeable incidents of travel, and I gladly accepted his proposal for a walk. He could scarcely set bounds to his astonishment at the aspect of the town: 'Mais! comme c'est propre!' 'How

clean it is!' 'What a town!' 'What huge fan-lights!' 'And see what a number of *maisons bariolées*!' (chequered houses). Leyden, indeed, is the cleanest town I saw in Holland. In this respect it far exceeds that disappointing and over-praised village Broek. There is a public garden just outside the gate, at the top of the Breede Straat, well laid out, and with a pleasant slope down to the *cingel*, along which shady walks extend for half the circuit of the town. As we strolled leisurely, my companion could not repress his exclamations at the novel appearance of everything we saw, especially the *maisonnettes*, as he called them—the little garden-houses, whose front wall rises out of the green ditch below. The windows of these were open, discovering the snug parties inside regaling themselves with tobacco, coffee, and wine. The evening drew on, but there was no noise, no turbulence, no shouting of disorderly strollers; the only disturbance was the tremendous din created by the ten drummers, who precisely at nine every night start from the Stad Huis, and beat the recall through the main streets: the noise they make is intolerable. At ten the big bell gives the signal for closing the town-gates, after which, and until three in the morning, when they are again opened, a toll of two or three cents must be paid for admittance.

I stayed three days in Leyden, during which I rode out through Warmund and Sassenheim to see the Leeghwater steam-machine; one of the three employed in the great work of pumping out the waters of the Haarlem lake, of which an account will be given in a subsequent article. I much wished to see M. Beijerinck, a member of the Waterstaat, and engineer-in-chief of the drainage; and although he was absent from home until late on the last evening of my stay, he very courteously favoured me with half an hour's interview after ten o'clock. It is pleasant to have to record such instances of kindness in strangers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE REVENGE.

LEVASSEUR and his confederates* sailed for the penal settlements in the ill-fated convict-ship, the *Amphytrion*, the total wreck of which on the coast of France, and consequent drowning of the crew and prisoners, excited so painful a sensation in England. A feeling of regret for the untimely fate of Le Breton, whom I regarded rather as a weak dupe than a purposed rascal, passed over my mind as I read the announcement in the newspapers; but newer events had almost jostled the incidents connected with his name from my remembrance, when a terrible adventure vividly recalled them, and taught me how fierce and untameable are the instincts of hate and revenge in a certain class of minds.

A robbery of plate had been committed in Portman Square with an ingenuity and boldness which left no doubt that it had been effected by clever and practised hands. The detective officers first employed having failed to discover the offenders, the threads of the imperfect and broken clue were placed in my hands, to see if my somewhat renowned dexterity, or luck, as many of my brother officers preferred calling it, would enable me to piece them out to a satisfactory conclusion. By the description obtained of a man who had been seen lurking about the house a few days previous to the burglary, it had been concluded by my predecessors in the investigation that one Martin, a fellow with half a dozen aliases, and a well-known traveller on the road to the hulks, was concerned in the affair; and by their advice a reward of fifty pounds had been offered for his apprehension and conviction. I prosecuted the inquiry with my usual energy and watchfulness, without alighting upon any new fact or intimation of importance. I could not discover that a single article of the missing property had been either pawned or offered for sale,

and little doubt remained that the crucible had finally diminished the chances of detection. The only hope was, that an increased reward might induce one of the gang to betray his confederates; and as the property was of large value, this was done, and one hundred guineas was promised for the required information. I had been to the printer's to order the placards announcing the increased recompense; and after indulging in a long gossip with the foreman of the establishment, whom I knew well, was passing at about a quarter-past ten o'clock through Ryder's Court, Newport Market, when a tall man met and passed me swiftly, holding a handkerchief to his face. There was nothing remarkable in that, as the weather was bitterly cold and sharp, and I walked unheedingly on. I was just in the act of passing out of the court towards Leicester Square, when swift steps sounded suddenly behind me. I instinctively turned; and as I did so, received a violent blow on the left shoulder—intended, I doubted not, for the snap of my neck—from the tall individual who had passed me a minute previously. As he still held the handkerchief to his face, I did not catch even a momentary glimpse of his features, and he ran off with surprising speed. The blow, sudden, jarring, and inflicted with a sharp instrument—by a strong knife or a dagger—caused a sensation of faintness; and before I recovered from it all chance of successful pursuit was at an end. The wound, which was not at all serious, I had dressed at a chemist's shop in the Haymarket; and as proclaiming the attack would do nothing towards detecting the perpetrator of it, I said little about it to any one, and managed to conceal it entirely from my wife, to whom it would have suggested a thousand painful apprehensions whenever I happened to be unexpectedly detained from home. The brief glimpse I had of the barked assassin afforded no reasonable indication of his identity. It is sure he ran at an amazing and unusual pace, but this was a qualification possessed by so many of the light-legged as well as light-fingered gentry of my professional acquaintance, that it could not justify even a random suspicion; and I determined to forget the unpleasant incident as soon as possible.

The third evening after this occurrence I was again passing along Leicester Square at a somewhat late hour, but this time with all my eyes about me. Soon, which the wind blew sharply in one's face, was falling fast, and the cold was intense. Except myself, and a tallish, snow-wreathed figure—a woman apparently—not a living being was to be seen. This figure, which was standing still at the further side of the square, appeared to be awaiting me, and as I drew near it, threw back the hood of a cloak, and to my great surprise disclosed the features of a Madame Jaubert. This lady, some years before, had carried on, not very far from the spot where she now stood, a respectable millinery business. She was a widow with one child, a daughter of about seven years of age. Marie-Louise, as she was named, was one unfortunate day sent to Coventry Street on an errand with some money in her hand, and never returned. The inquiries set on foot proved utterly without effect: not the slightest intelligence of the fate of the child was obtained—and the grief and distraction of the bereaved mother resulted in temporary insanity. She was confined in a lunatic asylum for seven or eight months, and when pronounced convalescent, found herself homeless, and almost penniless, in the world. This sad story I had heard from one of the keepers of the asylum during her sojourn there. It was a subject she herself never, I was aware, touched upon; and she had no reason to suspect that I was in the slightest degree informed of this melancholy passage in her life. She, why, I know not, changed her name from that of Duquesne to the one she now bore—Jaubert; and for the last two or three years had supported a precarious existence by plausible begging-letters addressed to persons of credulous benevolence; for which offence she had frequently visited the police courts at the instance of the secretary of the Mendicity

* See Journal, No. 352.

Society, and it was there I had consequently made her acquaintance.

'Madame Jaubert!' I exclaimed with unfeigned surprise, 'why, what on earth can you be waiting here for on such a night as this?'

'To see you!' was her curt reply.

'To see me! Depend upon it, then, you are knocking at the wrong door for not the first time in your life. The very little faith I ever had in professional widows, with twelve small children, all down in the measles, has long since vanished, and'—

'Nay,' she interrupted—she spoke English, by the way, like a native—I'm not such a fool as to be trying the whimpering dodge upon you. It is a matter of business. You want to find Jem Martin?'

'Ay, truly; but what can you know of him? Surely you are not yet fallen so low as to be the associate or accomplice of burglars?'

'Neither yet, nor likely to be so,' replied the woman; 'still I could tell you where to place your hand on James Martin, if I were but sure of the reward.'

'There can be no doubt about that,' I answered.

'Then follow me, and before ten minutes are past you will have secured your man.'

I did so—cautiously, suspiciously; for my adventure three evenings before had rendered me unusually circumspect and watchful. She led the way to the most crowded quarter of St Giles's, and when she had reached the entrance of a dark blind alley, called Hine's Court, turned into it, and beckoned me to follow.

'Nay, nay, Madame Jaubert,' I exclaimed, 'that won't do. You mean fairly, I daresay; but I don't enter that respectable alley alone at this time of night.'

She stopped, silent and embarrassed. Presently she said with a sneer, 'You are afraid, I suppose?'

'Yes I am.'

'What is to be done then?' she added after a few moments' consideration. 'He is alone, I assure you.'

'That is possible; still I do not enter that *cul-de-sac* to-night unaccompanied save by you.'

'You suspect me of some evil design, Mr Waters?' said the woman with an accent of reproach. 'I thought you might, and yet nothing can be further from the truth. My sole object is to obtain the reward, and escape from this life of misery and degradation to my own country, and if possible begin the world respectably again. Why should you doubt me?'

'How came you acquainted with this robber's haunts?'

'The explanation is easy, but this is not the time for it. Stay; can't you get assistance?'

'Easily—in less than ten minutes; and if you are here when I return, and your information proves correct, I will ask pardon for my suspicions.'

'Be it so,' she said joyfully; 'and be quick, for this weather is terrible.'

Ten minutes had not passed when I returned with half-a-dozen officers, and found Madame Jaubert still at her post. We followed her up the court, caught Martin sure enough asleep upon a wretched pallet of straw in one of the alley hovels, and walked him off, terribly scared and surprised, to the nearest station-house, where he passed the remainder of the night.

The next day Martin proved an *alibi* of the distinctest, most undeniable kind. He had been an inmate of Clerkenwell prison for the last three months, with the exception of just six days previous to our capture of him; and he was of course at once discharged. The reward was payable only upon conviction of the offender, and the disappointment of poor Madame Jaubert was extreme. She wept bitterly at the thought of being compelled to continue her present disreputable mode of life, when a thousand francs—a sum she believed Martin's capture would have assured her—besides sufficient for her travelling expenses and decent outfit, would, she said, purchase a partnership in a small but respectable millinery shop in Paris. 'Well,' I remarked to her, 'there is no reason for despair. You have not only proved your sincerity and good faith, but that you pos-

sess a knowledge—how acquired you best know—of the haunts and hidingplaces of burglars. The reward, as you may have seen by the new placards, has been doubled; and I have a strong opinion, from something that has reached me this morning, that if you could light upon one Armstrong, *alias* Rowden, it would be as certainly yours as if already in your pocket.'

'Armstrong—Rowden!' repeated the woman with anxious simplicity; 'I never heard, either of these names. What sort of a person is he?'

I described him minutely; but Madame Jaubert appeared to entertain little or no hope of discovering his whereabouts; and ultimately went away in a very disconsolate mood, after, however, arranging to meet me the next evening.

I met her as agreed. She could obtain, she said, no intelligence of any reliable worth; and she pressed me for further particulars. Was Armstrong a drinking, a gaming, or a playgoing man? I told her all I knew of his habits, and a gleam of hope glanced across her face as one or two indications were mentioned. I was to see her again on the morrow. It came; she was as far off as ever; and I advised her to waste no further time in the pursuit, but to at once endeavour to regain a position of respectability by the exercise of industry in the trade or business in which she was reputedly well-skilled. Madame Jaubert laughed scornfully; and a gleam, it seemed to me, of her never entirely subdued insanity shot out from her deep-set, flashing eyes. It was finally settled that I should meet her once more at the same place at about eight o'clock the next evening.

I arrived somewhat late at the appointed rendezvous, and found Madame Jaubert in a state of manifest excitement and impatience. She had, she was pretty sure, discovered Armstrong, and knew that he was at that moment in a house in Greek Street, Soho.

'Greek Street, Soho! Is he alone?'

'Yes; with the exception of a woman who is minding the premises, and of whom he is an acquaintance under another name. You will be able to secure him without the least risk or difficulty, but not an instant must be lost.'

Madame Jaubert perceived my half-hesitation. 'Surely,' she exclaimed, 'you are not afraid of one man! It's useless affecting to suspect me after what has occurred.'

'True,' I replied. 'Lead on.'

The house at which we stopped in Greek Street appeared to be an empty one, from the printed bills in the windows announcing it to be let or sold. Madame Jaubert knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was presently opened by a woman. 'Is Mr Brown still within?' Madame Jaubert asked in a low voice.

'Yes: what do you want with him?'

'I have brought a gentleman who will most likely be a purchaser of some of the goods he has to dispose of.'

'Walk in, then, if you please,' was the answer. We did so; and found ourselves, as the door closed, in pitch darkness. 'This way,' said the woman; 'you shall have a light in half a minute.'

'Let me guide you,' said Madame Jaubert, as I groped onwards by the wall, and at the same time seizing my right hand. Instantly as she did so, I heard a rustle just behind me—two quick and violent blows descended on the back of my head, there was a flash before my eyes, a suppressed shout of exultation rang in my ears, and I fell insensible to the ground.

It was some time, on partially recovering my senses, before I could realise either what had occurred or the situation in which I found myself. Gradually, however, the incidents attending the artfully-prepared treachery of Madame Jaubert grew into distinctness, and I pretty well comprehended my present position. I was lying at the bottom of a cart, blindfold, gagged, handcuffed, and covered over by what, from their smell, seemed to be empty corn sacks. The vehicle was moving at a pretty rapid rate, and judging from the roar and tumult

without, through one of the busiest thoroughfares of London. It was Saturday evening; and I thought, from the character of the noises, and the tone of a clock just chiming ten, that we were in Tottenham Court Road. I endeavoured to rise, but found, as I might have expected, that it was impossible to do so; my captors having secured me to the floor of the cart by strong cords. There was nothing for it, therefore, but patience and resignation; words easily pronounced, but difficult, under such circumstances, to realise in practice. My thoughts, doubtless in consequence of the blows I had received, soon became hurried and incoherent. A tumultuous throng of images swept confusedly past, of which the most constant and frequent were the faces of my wife and youngest child, whom I had kissed in his sleep just previous to leaving home. Madame Jaubert and James Martin were also there; and ever and anon the menacing countenance of Levasseur stooped over me with a hideous expression, and I felt as if clutched in the fiery grasp of a demon. I have no doubt that the voice which sounded in my ear at the moment I was felled to the ground must have suggested the idea of the Swiss—faintly and imperfectly as I caught it. This tumult of brain only gradually subsided as the discordant uproar of the streets—which no doubt added to the excitement I was suffering under by suggesting the exasperating nearness of abundant help which could not be appealed to—died gradually away into a silence only broken by the rumble of the cart-wheels, and the subdued talk of the driver and his companions, of whom there appeared to be two or three. At length the cart stopped, I heard a door unlocked and thrown open, and a few moments afterwards I was dragged from under the corn-sacks, carried up three flights of stairs, and dropped brutally upon the floor till a light could be procured. Directly one was brought, I was raised to my feet, placed upright against a wooden partition, and staples having been driven into the panelling, securely fastened in that position, with cords passed through them, and round my armpits. This effected, an authoritative voice—the now distinct recognition of which thrilled me with dismay—ordered that I should be unblinded. It was done; and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the suddenly-dazzling light and glare, I saw Levasseur and the clerk Dubarle standing directly in front of me, their faces kindled into flame by fiendish triumph and delight. The report that they had been drowned was then a mistake, and they had incurred the peril of returning to this country for the purpose of avenging themselves upon me; and how could it be doubted that an opportunity, achieved at such fearful risk, would be effectually, remorselessly used? A pang of mortal terror shot through me, and then I strove to awaken in my heart a stern endurance, and resolute contempt of death, with, I may now confess, very indifferent success. The woman Jaubert was, I also saw, present; and a man, whom I afterwards ascertained to be Martin, was standing near the doorway, with his back towards me. These two, at a brief intimation from Levasseur, went down stairs; and then the fierce exultation of the two escaped convicts—of Levasseur especially—broke forth with wolfish rage and ferocity. 'Ha—ha—ha!' shouted the Swiss, at the same time striking me over the face with his open hand; 'you find, then, that others can plot as well as you can—dog, traitor, scoundrel that you are! "Au revoir—adieu!" was it, eh? Well, here we are, and I wish you joy of the meeting. Ha—ha! How dismal the rascal looks, Dubarle!'—(Again the coward struck me)—'He is hardly grateful to me, it seems, for having kept my word. I always do, my fine fellow,' he added with a savage chuckle; 'and never neglect to pay my debts of honour. Yours especially,' he continued, drawing a pistol from his pocket, 'shall be prompt payment, and with interest too, scélérat!' He held the muzzle of the pistol to within a yard of my forehead, and placed his finger on the trigger. I instinctively closed my eyes, and tasted in that fearful moment

the full bitterness of death; but my hour was not yet come. Instead of the flash and report which I expected would herald me into eternity, a taunting laugh from Levasseur at the terror he excited rang through the room.

'Come—come,' said Dubarle, over whose face a gleam of commiseration, almost of repentance, had once or twice passed; 'you will alarm that fellow down side with your noise. We must, you know, wait till he is gone, and he appears to be in no hurry. In the meantime let us have a game of piquet for the first shot at the traitor's carcase.'

'Excellent—capital!' shouted Levasseur with string-plee. 'A game of piquet: the stake your life, Wren! A glorious game! and mind you see fair-play. In the meantime here's your health, and better luck next time if you should chance to live to see it.' He swallowed a draught of wine which Dubarle, after helping himself, had poured out for him; and then approaching me with the silver cup he had drained in his hand, said, 'Look at the crest! Do you recognise it—fool, idiot that you are! I did so readily enough: it was a portion of the plunder carried off from Portman Square.'

'Come,' again interposed Dubarle, 'let us have our game.'

The play began, and— But I will dwell no longer upon this terrible passage in my police experience. Frequently even now the incidents of that night revisit me in dreams, and I awake with a start and cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture I endured, I was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of my blood, and the pressure of the absorbing gag, which still remained in my mouth. It was wonderful I did not lose my senses. At last the game was over: the Swiss won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment somewhat hastily. 'This man below,' she said, 'is getting insolent. He has taken it into his spiteful head that you mean to kill your prisoner, and he won't, he says, be involved in a murder, which would be sure to be found out. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and speak to him yourself.'

I afterwards found, it may be as well to mention here, that Madame Jaubert and Martin had been induced to assist in entrapping me, in order that I might be out of the way when a friend of Levasseur's, who had been committed to Newgate on a serious charge, came to be tried, I being the chief witness against him; and they were both assured that I had nothing more serious to apprehend than a few days' detention. In addition to a considerable money-present, Levasseur had, moreover, promised Madame Jaubert to pay her expenses to Paris, and assist in placing her in business there.

Levasseur muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then said, 'Come with me, Dubarle; if we cannot convince the fellow, we can at least silence him! Marie Duquesne, you will remain here.'

As soon as they were gone, the woman eyed me with a compassionate expression; and approaching close to me, said in a low voice, 'Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday you will be set to be released.'

I shook my head, and as distinctly as I could made a gesture with my fettered arms towards the table on which the wine was standing. She understood me. 'If said she, "you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag."

I eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was removed, and she held a cup of wine to my fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of paradise, and hope, energy, life, were renewed within me as I drank.

'You are deceived,' I said in a guarded voice, the instant my burning thirst was satisfied. 'They intend to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice.'

'Nonsense,' she replied. 'They have been frightening you, that's all.'

'I again repeat you are deceived. Release me from these fetters and cords, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours.'

'Hark!' she exclaimed. 'They are coming! Bring down a couple of bottles of wine,' said Levasseur from the bottom of the stairs. Madame Jaubert obeyed the order, and in a few minutes returned.

I renewed my supplications to be released, and was of course extremely liberal of promises.

'It is vain talking,' said the woman. 'I do not believe they will harm you; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You cannot escape. That fool below is already three-parts intoxicated; they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing if they but suspected treachery.'

It was vain to urge her. She grew sullen and menacing; and was insisting that the gag should be replaced in my mouth, when a thought struck me.

Levasseur called you Marie Duquesne just now; but surely your name is Jaubert—is it not?

'Do not trouble yourself about my name,' she replied: 'that is my affair, not yours.'

'Because if you are the Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in Cranbourne Alley, and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could tell you something.'

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. 'I am that Marie Duquesne!' she said in a voice tremulous with emotion.

'Then I have to inform you that the child so long supposed to be lost I discovered nearly three weeks ago.'

The woman fairly leapt towards me, clasped me fiercely by the arms, and peering in my face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out, 'You lie—you lie, you dog! You are striving to deceive me! She is in heaven: the angels told me so long since.'

I do not know, by the way, whether the falsehood I was endeavouring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not; but I am fain to believe that there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as I did.

'If your child was lost when going on an errand to Coventry Street, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars?'

'True—true,' she muttered: 'how else should he know? Where is she?' added the woman in tones of agonized intreaty, as she sank down and clasped my knees. 'Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life or mercy, where I may find my child?'

'Release me, give me a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies with me.'

She sprang quickly to her feet, unclasped the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound me with eager haste. 'Another draught of wine,' she said still in the same hurried, almost insane manner. 'You have work to do! Now, whilst I secure the door, do you rub and chafe your stiffened joints.' The door was soon fastened, and then she assisted in restoring the circulation to my partially-benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew me towards a window, which she softly opened. 'It is useless,' she whispered, 'to attempt a struggle with the men below. You must descend by this,' and she placed her hand upon a lead water-pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

'And you, I said; how are you to escape?'

'I will tell you. Do you hasten on towards Hampstead, from which we are distant in a northerly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure help, and return as quickly as possible. The door-fastenings will resist some time,

even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me?'

'Be assured I will not.' The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and I set off at the top of my speed towards Hampstead.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of a horse's feet, coming at a slow trot towards me, caught my ear. I paused, to make sure I was not deceived, and as I did so, a wild scream from the direction I had left, followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scoundrels had no doubt discovered my escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their power. The trot of the horse which I had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop.

'Hallo!' exclaimed the horseman as he came swiftly up. 'Do you know where these screams come from?' It was the horse-patrol who thus providentially came up! I briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts. 'Then for God's sake jump up behind me!' exclaimed the patrol. 'We shall be there in a couple of minutes.'

I did so; the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double—started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and in a very brief space of time we were at the door of the house from which I had so lately escaped. Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as we rushed into the room below. There was no one there, and we swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which we could hear Levasseur and Dubarle thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled us to approach them pretty nearly before we were heard or perceived. Martin saw us first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. Dubarle and Martin made a desperate rush to pass us, by which I was momentarily thrown on one side against the wall; and very fortunately, as the bullet levelled at me from a pistol Levasseur held in his hand would probably have finished me. Martin escaped, which I was not very sorry for; but the patrol pinned Dubarle safely, and I gripped Levasseur with a strength and ferocity against which he was powerless as an infant. Our victory was complete; and two hours afterwards, the recaptured convicts were safely lodged in a station-house.

I caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undeceived the next morning as possible with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Bedlam, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convalescent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by myself and others, not only to send her to Paris, but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way. As lately as last May, when I saw her there, she was in health both of mind and body, and doing comfortably.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting my entrapment. It might perhaps have excited a monomania amongst liberated convicts—coloured and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits. I was also anxious to conceal the peril I had encountered from my wife; and it was not till I had left the police force that she was informed of it. Levasseur and Dubarle were convicted of returning from transportation before the term for which they had been sentenced had expired, and were this time sent across the seas for life. The reporters of the morning papers, or rather the reporter for the 'Times,' 'Herald,' 'Chronicle,' 'Post,' and 'Advertiser,' gave precisely the same account, even to the misspelling of Levasseur's name, dismissing the brief trial in the following paragraph, under the head of 'Old Bailey Sessions:—' Alphonse Dubarle (24), and Sebastian Le-

vasson (49), were identified as unlawfully-returned convicts, and sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners, it was understood, were connected with the late plate-robbery in Portman Square; but as a conviction could not have increased their punishment, the indictment was not pressed.

Levasseur, I had almost forgotten to state, admitted that it was he who wounded me in Ryder's Court, Leicester Square.

PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE strange contradictions and incongruities presented in the aspect of society in this country are the theme of endless speculation. Some observers, appalled by the mass of vice and misery that meets their view, abandon all hope except through extraordinary and visionary remedies; while others, taking into account the obvious elevation of the middle-classes during the present century, argue that the lower strata will rise by degrees in the usual course of things. We confess we take the more hopeful side. The terrific crimes that every now and then startle the whole nation do not appear to us as evidence of any decline in the general moral feeling of the people; and the filth and wretchedness fermenting in the depths of society do not blind us to the fact, that a great proportion of the working-classes—just like those in the stratum above them—are fast advancing in intelligence and respectability.

Some months ago, in an article on the 'Condition of England Question,' one of the more mistrustful inquirers was characterised as an alarmist; and since then, much light has been thrown upon the subject, proving that the views taken in that paper were strictly correct, both as regards the causes of destitution and the means of surmounting it. We are especially pleased with an article in the 'Leeds Mercury' of September 14, coming practically to the point, and showing clearly that it is perfectly within the power of the working-classes to become their own regenerators.

'In the manufacturing and commercial districts,' says the writer, 'trade is so prosperous that the working-men are almost universally employed. Both the home trade and the foreign trade are flourishing. The last returns published by the Poor-Law Board show that there is an extremely small number of able-bodied men out of work. And, as always happens when employment is plentiful, wages are good. It might even be said that they are unusually good. Taking into consideration the earnings of women and children, as well as of men, the income of the families is probably as great as at any former period.' This is a cheering account of a very important element of the question; but supposing the amount of wages to be the same, we have something considerable to add to it on the score of the fall that has taken place in the price of necessities and comforts. 'The abundant harvests of 1848 and 1849, and the fair harvest of 1850, combined with the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the removal or reduction of the duties on other important articles of consumption, give to the working-classes, during the present year, a greater command of the comforts of life than they have at any former time possessed.' In proof of this, the following comparative table of prices is given, which, although applying specially to Leeds, will be recognised as pretty nearly correct throughout the whole kingdom:—

PRICES OF ARTICLES CONSUMED BY THE WORKING-CLASSES
IN 1840 AND IN 1850.

	In 1840.	In 1850.
	s. d.	s. d.
Best Flour, per stone, - - -	3 0	1 10
Seconds do. ... - - -	2 10	1 8
Oatmeal, ... - - -	2 9 to 2s. 4d.	1 8
Meat (leg of mutton), per lb. -	0 7	0 6
Lard, ... - - -	0 8	0 5½

	s. d.	s. d.
Cheese, per lb. - - -	0 8	0 7
Bacon, ... - - -	0 7½	0 6½
Hams, ... - - -	0 10	0 9
Butter (Irish), ... - - -	1 0	0 9
Do. (roll of 14 lb.), ... - -	2 0	1 5
Sugar, per lb. - - -	7d. to 9½d.	4d. to 5½d.
Treacle, ... - - -	4d. to 5d.	2½d. to 3½d.
Coffee, ... - - -	1s. 6d. to 2s. 4d.	1s. to 1s. 8d.
Tea, ... - - -	4s. to 6s.	3s. 4d. to 5s.
Soap, ... - - -	5d. to 6d.	4d. to 5d.
Candles, ... - - -	6d. to 6½d.	4½d.
Rice, ... - - -	2½d. to 5d.	1½d. to 3½d.

A glance at this table will show that the working-classes are able to save money if they think fit; while on all hands there are facilities open to them for the secure and profitable investment even of their smallest savings. Savings' banks—preliminary savings' banks—penny banks—provident institutions—freehold land and building societies—and benefit and sick societies of all kinds, offer themselves for their selection. The earlier clubs were for the most part unsafe; but now a man must be ignorant indeed who cannot choose from the list a receptacle for his money as secure as the Bank of England. Educational establishments of all kinds are numerous and cheap; mechanics' institutions offer, at the most trifling cost, a combination of instruction and amusement, united with comfort, and even elegance; and cheap publications carry into the poorest cottage the richest stores of literature and science. For a single penny a man may exchange with his friend or family at the opposite end of the kingdom the dearest charities of life; and the railway enables him to visit places which before were as inaccessible to his poverty as the antipodes.

'Thus,' says our journalist, 'there is a remarkable combination of circumstances in the present day, all tending to improve the condition of the labouring-classes. They are enjoying good wages, with cheapness of all the necessities of life; they have unprecedented facilities for laying by their savings; they have opportunities of education and mental improvement of which their fathers knew nothing; they have encouragements to temperance and virtue; literature is placed within their reach; the luxuries of correspondence and travelling open to them new fields of improvement; and great numbers of them, by working shorter hours, have leisure for cultivating the pleasures of study or of home.'

What has followed from these golden opportunities? Our journalist says—An increase of drunkenness throughout the length and breadth of the land! He tells only a part of the truth. The societies we have catalogued could not exist without customers, and these societies are increasing in number and in business year after year. Our own Journal has not fallen off in circulation for many years, while numerous other cheap journals with similar objects now exist, and have entered, we trust, upon a similar career of prosperity. All things prove that the increase of drunkenness is only one feature of this remarkable time; and we conceive that we are warranted by analogy, drawn from the history of the middle-classes during the present century, to assume that this vice will be gradually, however slowly, overcome by the better energies so obviously at work in the character of the people. It is no doubt startling to think that, if Mr Porter the statistician's calculation be correct, we actually spend £50,000,000 a year in this country on intoxicating drink; but against this sum we must place the amount turned over annually in the various institutions we have mentioned, together with that expended by the working-classes on domestic comforts, wholesome literature, and rational recreation. The two funds are antagonistic in their nature. The one must of necessity devour the other: increasing refinement and intelligence must destroy drunkenness, or the whole people must be contaminated, and fall back into savagism.

'It would appear,' says our journalist, 'that at all times, but more especially and signally at present, the working-classes have the power to secure their own

comfort and independence. It is the more obviously their duty to avail themselves of this opportunity, inasmuch as it is certain these prosperous times cannot last for ever. Fluctuation seems to be a necessity of our trade, as it is of our harvests. When prosperity is not checked by circumstances, it spoils itself. There is a flowing and ebbing tide in commerce; but it is possible to construct a dock, which, being filled at high-water, may float a navy secure from all fluctuations and storms. The rain of heaven sometimes falls superabundantly, and is then withheld during long seasons of drought; but the prudence of man, by storing up the overflow in reservoirs, preserves the precious element against the time of need. Such docks and reservoirs are our savings' banks and provident societies.

There is one feature of the present day, however, omitted in this judicious article which ought to be brought prominently forward. It is the opportunities now offered to the working-classes—and, we have every reason to believe, extensively embraced by them—of insuring the payment of a sum of money to their families in case of their decease through any of the accidents they are more especially exposed to. In No. 354 of this Journal we described the system of insurance against railway accidents, by which a third-class passenger may insure his life for £200 at the expense of one penny. But we had not then heard of the Accidental-Death Insurance Company of London, whose scheme is much wider. 'The liability of every person,' says the prospectus '(be his pursuit or position in life what they may) to accidental or violent death is so manifest, that it can scarcely be necessary to dwell upon so obvious a truth, or to attempt to recite the numerous casualties which daily experience teaches us are so constantly producing such a result. No one ever looks into a newspaper without having his attention called to, and his sympathy excited by, some accident which has cost the life or lives of some of his fellow-men. There is scarcely an individual who cannot refer within the sphere of his own family or acquaintance for particular instances, few who cannot look back to their own providential escape from imminent danger at some period of their lives. If these remarks be applicable, as they most undoubtedly are to all, they apply with still greater force to particular classes and individuals, in proportion as they may be more or less engaged in pursuits or occupations of a dangerous character. The miner, the collier, manufacturers employed in the working of machinery, or the production of articles entailing more or less risk, the builder, the mason, all mechanics, and labourers to a certain extent, railway guards and stokers, those engaged in the military or naval service of the country—all, in their several vocations, are daily and hourly exposed to danger of one description or another, which the wisest are unable to foresee or the most cautious to avoid.'

Against all such dangers the company assure, and at what would seem very trifling premiums—namely, 2s. 6d. a year for £100 for ordinary risks, 5s. a year for £100 for hazardous risks, and from 7s. to 21s. a year for £100 for extra-hazardous risks. The hazardous occupations are such as builders, carpenters, sawyers, masons, house-painters, coopers, millers, printers, labourers, porters, carriers, policemen, and all persons such as ostlers, coachmen, postillions, guards, &c. employed about horses; likewise persons employed in the construction of large engineering works, as docks, tunnels, &c. The extra hazardous comprise boatmen and sailors, miners, colliers, &c. It is remarked that in the case of miners and colliers insurable at a premium of 10s. per cent, the owner of the mine or colliery, by a payment of £12, 10s. a year, may secure a payment of £25 to the family of each of 100 men in the event of a fatal accident occurring during the period. Such is the present scheme of this novel insurance; but it is the intention of the company, we are informed, to extend their business to granting compensation in cases of personal injury not terminating in death.

We think we have now shown that the working-classes have the means of comfort, independence, moral advancement, and security completely in their power; and we repeat that the very existence of such institutions as we have described shows that they are fully appreciated by vast numbers of the people. As for the increase in the consumption of alcoholic liquors, that, when taken in conjunction with worthier movements, although a melancholy, is not a hopeless fact. It shows that the depraved are able, through the prosperity of trade, to gratify their miserable appetites, while a large proportion of the same classes of society are rising into respectability and refinement. Our course under the circumstances is clear; and the wild enthusiasts who would put suddenly down the transmitted habits of ages by a *coup d'état*, exhibit at least as much ignorance as philanthropy. Shut up the public-houses!—that is their panacea. But to shut up the public-houses would be vain as a solitary step, for we must deal equal measure to the rich and poor. The same act of parliament would require to close the warehouses of the wholesale merchants, and abolish the breweries and distilleries throughout the kingdom. But all this would be useless if the poison were permitted to enter the country from abroad; and so our legislators would have to go a step further—to shut up the counting-houses of the importers, and break off commercial relations with France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Holland. Finally, we should be under the disagreeable necessity of annihilating our sugar plantations beyond seas; rum being made of the refuse of the sugar manufacture, and its profit being the only thing that enables our planters to compete in the latter article with the product of slave countries.

But if all this were done, what would be the result? We are aware that at this moment smuggling and illicit distillation go on to an enormous extent, in spite of the utmost efforts of the legislature; and in the new state of things we have imagined, it is easy to suppose that these would become the most flourishing trades in the kingdom. But suppose that they were put down; that the increased demand was not met—as it is in every other case—by increased supply; that the illicit distilleries (many of them at work in the very heart of London) were all rooted out; and that a permanent cordon of revenue police was successfully drawn round the entire island—what then? Why, then, the brute instinct repelled in one quarter would force its way in another; a drug consumed at this moment in enormous quantities, merely because its intoxication is cheaper than that of alcohol, would be fallen upon as a general and habitual indulgence; and the English, like the Chinese, would become a nation of opium-drunkards.

We may be told that the idea of the *coup d'état* does no harm, because its impossibility is enough to consign it to derision. But this is a mistake. Error always does harm; and in this case it deprives the great cause of popular illumination of the services of the kindest hearts and most enthusiastic natures in the country. Blinded by this error, men do not see that what is wanted is a moral reform, and that when the relations of trade interfere, they must be slowly and gradually changed, and industry tempted, not forced, into new channels. Blinded by this error, the history of the middle-classes during the present century is lost upon them: they do not see that these have in a great measure abandoned the vice in question, simply because they have become better informed and more enlightened, and have freer access to intellectual pleasures; they do not see that the class next to them, acted upon by the same influences, is disengaging itself rapidly from the mass of ignorance and depravity beneath; and they do not see that the only legitimate mode of regenerating the whole people is to carry the torch of enlightenment into the lowest depths of society.

If force is to be used at all, let it be used in compulsory education. Ignorance has been shown clearly, by statistical investigations, to be the root of crime; and

the parents, who decline putting their children in the way of instruction should be called to a severe account for wilfully endangering the peace of the commonwealth.

THE EASTERN WIFE.

I WOULD rather revive one old acquaintance than form two new ones. It is so pleasant to talk of past times, to 'fight one's battles o'er again'—mere moral and intellectual ones in my case—and to call up sentimental reminiscences, and enjoy while affecting to satirise them. With these ideas it was that, not very long ago, I threw a letter into the post-office, addressed to 'Abraham Pelew, Esq. (late of Beyrout), Liverpool.' I had but very slight grounds for believing that this was anything like the proper direction, and when day after day passed by without bringing any answer, all hope of a renewal of the acquaintance vanished. But at length—it was at least a fortnight afterwards—a letter arrived, dated from a place near London. Abraham Pelew was the signature; but what a strange, rambling style! Was this my grave, almost stolid companion, who condescended to thaw but during one day when he fell in love with little Cica on the road to Citta Vecchia? The epistle was of shreds and patches; and meant nothing particular except that the writer would be glad to see me. Among other queer things, it contained a long story about some one who went to see an old college-friend in a lane near Kilburn, and on approaching the cottage heard the doleful voices chanting, 'Glory to thee, O Lord, this night!' 'Imagine,' said the letter, 'imagine yourself coming to see A. Pelew, or any one else you have a respect for, and finding him watching over a mad uncle with a pipe in one hand, a glass of ale in the other, and singing the evening hymn!' I could not make out whether this was a quotation from some popular writer, an eccentric flight of fancy, or a statement of his own case; but as his house was within an omnibus ride, I resolved to start off at once and ascertain what was the matter.

My friend lived near Cricklewood, in a cottage surrounded by a high-walled garden. I found the place after some trouble, and was surprised by its neglected appearance. Abraham Pelew of old was one of the primmest and most formal of men. No one equalled him for the care with which his cravat was tied, the perfect polish of his boots, the spotless elegance of his attire; not because he had much of the dandy about him, but because he had an innate love of order, a sense of propriety and symmetry unsurpassed. I had often heard him inveigh against what is called the picturesque in architecture, because he thought it inseparable from cobwebs and dirt; and as to ivy, he used to declare he would rather live under a *upas*-tree than between walls overgrown with that damp and unwholesome plant! What a change had come over him! His cottage at Cricklewood was perfectly buried beneath a mass of creepers of all kinds, not nicely trailed and trimmed, but shooting forth in every direction in savage luxuriance, half hiding the windows, and even passing from the eaves in rugged festoons to the branches of some old elms that hung like a canopy over the low roof. Numerous cobwebs, a yard at least broad, showed themselves here and there. The place looked more like a deserted nest than a house.

After gazing over the palings for a little while, I ventured to pull the bell, and heard a kind of plaintive tinkle among the ivy. Presently the door opened, and I beheld a figure upon the threshold with a fez upon its head, wrapped in a large shawl-patterned morning-gown, wearing red slippers, and bearing a cherry-stick pipe in hand. It was my unshaven, uncombed, unadorned, perhaps unwashed friend—Abraham Pelew! He recognised me at once, came forward with a *salaam aleyk* (peace be with thee!), and held out his fist with true British cordiality.

We were soon installed in a rather sombre little room, curiously fitted up in a half-Eastern, half-English style. There was a good coal-fire in the grate, but on the hob stood a regular Caireen coffee-boiler. A low divan, two arm-chairs, some book-shelves, a broken shishah, or water-pipe, several cherry-sticks, zerfs, fingoms, and also pewter-pots, were the objects that immediately struck me. Abraham took great pains to intimate that I was welcome to his 'snuggery,' as he called it, tried to 'come the Oriental,' talked of 'his harem,' clapped his hands for coffee (a summons not very promptly obeyed by a dirty serving-wench); but at length, observing that instead of being awe-struck, I regarded him with a half sorrowful, half inquisitive air, remembered that I was more of an Eastern than he, and resumed something of his old Frank character.

'You seem rather surprised,' he at length said, 'to find me living in this *easy* way. But the fact is, that mighty changes have come over me since we parted—you to pursue your studies in Alexandria, I to settle down in my office at Beyrout. I am the hero of the most romantic story possible. All that you have written is a mere *masoara* (joke) to what I have undergone; and if I had half your knowledge of the art of *pois-vaux* (a Pelewism for literature), I would have written a book—and such a book!'

I bowed to acknowledge the implied compliment, and begged him to tell me his adventures. He pulled out a large silver watch from his fob, and replied, 'Well, there is time. Fatima never makes tea till seven, and I will be brief; at least I will try. You must check me if I seem to be overcome by the rush of my feelings. But really, when I think of what I have undergone! It is a romance, sir; a romance.'

He went on murmuring that it was a romance for some time, so that I began to fear that my curiosity, strongly excited by the name of Fatima, would not be satisfied. At length, however, after several false starts, he went off at a tolerably good pace, shying every now and then, it is true, and making some tremendous leaps, but with a serious intention of reaching the winning-post.

It appears that when he was settled in his post at Beyrout—a clerkship with a hundred a year—he found the place at first awfully dull. The only variety was an occasional trip to the Lebanon; but as my friend had a great objection to heat, and as he never met a second Cica on any road, he did not often indulge during the past few months of his stay. When the weather became cooler, however, he used, he assured me, to take long solitary rides on a horse purchased for five pounds sterling, and named by him *Istakar*, or rather 'his charger *Istakar*.' Seeing me smile, he explained that these were the expressions he usually sported when relating his travels to honest neighbours who expected fine words. One evening he had wandered rather farther than he had been accustomed to do, and was overtaken by darkness before he had even thought of returning. I have strong suspicions that he had alighted, tied his charger's bridle to his leg, and gone to sleep. This, however, is immaterial. The main facts are, that when he endeavoured to steer for the city, he found himself in a wood totally unknown to him, and that he wandered about for more than an hour without being able to get a clear notion of what he was about. There was no moon, and the stars he had never looked upon but as so many celestial gaslights, so that they afforded him no assistance in finding his way. It is perhaps a pity to omit Mr. Pelew's poetical description of a forest by night, but I have seen the thing so often in print in nearly the same words, that I am afraid of being attacked for piracy. After a certain lapse of time, the 'gallant steed,' exactly as in a novel, was intrusted by its wearied master with the task of discovering a path; and 'feeling the reins thrown upon its neck,' hesitated of course but a short time, and then began to advance steadily in one direction. The tale was becoming quite exciting, and I grew very angry at a long

* See 'The Rosemary Branch,' No. 332.

disquisition on the wonderful instinct of animals here thrown in. When it was over, a light was artistically allowed to appear in the distance, a watchdog was made to utter its 'honest bark'; then the horseman was cleverly extricated from the forest; the moon was exhibited as just rising; and at length a stately mansion appeared in the midst of a large garden. Oh Abraham Pelew! why did you say you could not write a book?

The garden had a wall; but in the wall was a gate. The gate was shut; but on being well-knocked, it opened. 'Who is there?' inquired a black porter. The usual information of a 'benighted traveller' being given, the man, instead of simply pointing out the way, requested Abraham to enter the garden with his horse. There was certainly something romantic in this, especially as the porter took the bridle of the 'trusty charger,' and bade its owner push boldly on and claim hospitality beneath the roof of the mansion, which stood with its lighted portal at the extremity of a broad walk. 'I confess,' said my friend, 'that at this juncture the idea did strike me that I might have got into dangerous quarters. In these days people don't usually obtain admission with such facility into respectable houses at that hour of the night. However, having gone so far, it was difficult to retreat, and putting as good a face as I could upon the matter—my curiosity likewise being strongly excited—I pushed on, and finding the door open, entered with all outward appearance of boldness. A fellow who was sleeping on a mat jumped up on hearing my footstep, and asked rather surlily at first what I wanted; but observing that I was a European, altered his tone, and said *tufuddal*—that is to say, enter. And now let me confess to you, who know what beginnings are, that at that time my Arabian was anything but perfect; and I think I may say that the porter of the garden had not understood one word of what I had said, partly perhaps because he did not listen, partly because he was influenced by a preconceived idea. This became evident when the servant whom I had roused, without waiting for the pathetic speech I had prepared, ushered me unceremoniously into a large hall, and left me by myself, to ponder on this strange reception. I was trying to arrange my thoughts when a side-door opened, and a little negro boy appeared beckoning me to follow him. All this seemed very odd; but I obeyed without a word, and was soon ushered into a room, the sight of which explained the whole mystery. I had been mistaken for the doctor, somewhat tardily summoned from the city to attend on an old Turk who was dying of mere age. The position was a delicate one; but I may say I was equal to it. One glance sufficed to tell me that human aid was vain. Indeed the pulse ceased to beat almost at the moment I touched the poor old gentleman's arm. In a few minutes I was stunned with the shrieking of women. It was all over, and I had earned my fee, especially as the medical man who had been sent for had not thought it worth his while to disturb himself.

Of course it could not be expected that I should return that night, and I was provided with a room. Next morning all the ladies of the harem pretended to be ill, and I had to feel an infinite number of pulses before leaving. I made no allusion of course to money matters, and my liberality was so well appreciated, that I was compelled to promise a second visit in my medical capacity.

'So you really,' said I, 'passed yourself off as a *hakim* upon these poor people?' 'I am afraid there is some mystery in all this.'

'There is,' replied Abraham emphatically; 'but I see you are impatient, and don't admire my style of story-telling. Know, then, that the deceased had left a widow, young and handsome, and that, after a reasonable time, I fell in love with her, and resolved, if possible, that she should be mine.'

'What are you talking of?' cried I. 'All this seems very apocryphal. No man who knows anything of the East will admit for a moment that you were allowed to pay court to a young Mohammedan widow.'

'You are determined to spoil my romance,' quoth Pelew; 'but I will admit, if you are so very matter-of-fact, that Fatima (I know perfectly where lies your objection) is a playful name I have bestowed upon the widow of Tadjar Huri (no Turk, as you must know), and that she has always been as good a Christian as either you or I. For the sake, however, of investing my adventures with a romantic air—you will understand the feeling?—I have been obliged to ornament them with a conversion. I believe you authors admit this artifice under the name of a poetical license?'

While my friend was talking, I endeavoured to arrange some reminiscences that presented themselves on the mention of the name of Huri.

'What!' I exclaimed at length, 'are you the mad Englishman I heard of as having married the widow of an insolvent shopkeeper?' 'I could not help giving this home-thrust; but little did I anticipate the effect it would produce. Abraham Pelew turned as pale as death, fell back on the divan, put his hand over his eyes, and remained a long time silent. The position was an awkward one. I knew not how to excuse myself. At length he spoke in a solemn voice, and said, 'I conjure you, as a friend, as you value my peace of mind, never to breathe to a living soul what you know of my unfortunate history.' It was impossible not to smile inwardly at this new expression substituted for that of 'romantic incidents,' but I endeavoured to put on a sympathetic face, and extracted by means of questions, to which I got very concise answers, what was still unknown to me of my poor friend's adventures.

The fact was, that he had been dazzled by the beauty of Sitt Huri, who on her part no doubt felt highly flattered by the addresses of a suitor having an income of ten thousand piastres a year, besides board and lodging. Her friends made some objections at first; but as Abraham was a Catholic, these were soon smoothed down. The marriage of course could not take place until a year after the death of the former husband, but all arrangements were made long beforehand. A number of knowing ones in Beyrout strongly recommended my friend to think twice; but he was perfectly bewildered by the charms of Madame Huri, and felt himself insulted by the various warnings he received. The house to which he belonged made some serious remonstrances; but finding them of no avail, they consented to alter the terms on which they had engaged him, and doubled his salary, leaving him to provide a house for himself. So far all went well, and Abraham was in the third heaven. It is true the presents 'strictly necessary' which he was compelled to order for his intended, who was perfectly destitute, made him stare a little;

'But never, never loving man was wise.'

He bravely forestalled the year's income for the purchase of shawls, jewellery, nicknacks of all kinds; and even now confesses to having shared the childish pleasure with which his 'Fatima,' as he called her, expatiated on the envious feelings these wonderful doings would excite in her compeers. The poor thing had not much will of her own. She was beset by fifty relations, who had all their advice to give, and who, in the improvident and dishonest Levantine style, considered it necessary for a man to dissipate half his capital on receiving into his house a wife, who is generally about as useful an article of furniture as a painted screen. I have known a man not possessed of more than fifty pounds' worth of worldly possessions squander twenty-five on a marriage festival. The usual corollary of all this is an insolvency—not considered at all a disgraceful thing. Perhaps it may be said that a good companion and housewife is worth the outlay; but Levantine women, at least during the first years of their marriage, make it a rule to have nothing to do with domestic concerns; indeed they are never asked to interfere—their mother, mother-in-law, or aunt, being generally

brought to the house to overlook it. When matters cannot be so arranged, the husband either takes his wife to his own father's dwelling, or goes to live with her parents. It is extremely rare for a young couple to start in life by themselves, with the assistance only of slaves.

Pelew fitted up a handsome house; and when the wished-for moment arrived, went to live in it with his charming wife and her aunt, who was not at all charming. The marriage festivities were really splendid, and all the Levantine ladies of Beyrout and the neighbourhood envied the happiness of Sitt Pelew. But, alas! the joys of matrimony were not unmingled with its cares. After a few weeks, sober thoughts presented themselves, and the disagreeable fact became more and more evident, that, setting aside the debts, income and expenditure were sadly out of proportion. The natural course was to retrench; but the very first hint of such a thing convulsed the whole Levantine community to its very centre. Family councils were called, both at my friend's house and elsewhere, and it was pretty generally agreed that he was a parsimonious villain, or at anyrate a scamp who had married under false pretences. What became of all his money? What, indeed! I remember on our way out how the poor fellow had unbosomed himself to me, and had spoken of his father and mother barely existing at an advanced age on a scanty pittance, and how, with rough emotion, he had sworn that, so long as Abraham Pelew possessed the wherewith, he would assist in surrounding with some comforts the declining years of those to whom he owed existence. He had kept his vow so far, and was about, in spite of his difficulties, to remit a small sum to England, when one morning the dreadful aunt fell foul of him with true Arab eloquence, and threatened to take her niece home from his beggarly house if he did not buy a pearl necklace for which she longed. There was no resisting this. The remittance was kept back, of course to be doubled next steamer; the necklace was bought; the aunt carried it round the town for inspection, and boasted, and bragged, and played the great lady; little Fatima, who was scarcely allowed to touch the gewgaw, was nevertheless awed into being pleased; and Abraham Pelew felt that he was a ruined man.

It is unnecessary to detail the rapid steps by which the catastrophe was brought about. He lost his situation, and was compelled to encounter a host of implacable creditors. The affair was long and disgusting; and at the end he found himself, shorn of all the glories of reputation, sitting on the floor of a wellnigh empty house, face to face with Fatima and her infuriated aunt. 'Imagine my feelings,' he said, suddenly bursting forth, 'when the old hag, who had ruined me, instead of expressing the slightest sympathy or compunction, began to rail at me in that awful vocabulary which you so well know. I had not the courage to reply, but bore all—insults, taunts, threats—with angelic meekness indeed. It was but the just punishment of my folly; and though I could have said, "It was your counsel, wretched woman, that I followed," I held my peace. This only increased her fury: she rose, approached me, and shook her fists in my face, calling me "thief, liar," and fifty other choice epithets. I did not even lift my eyes from the ground. But when she said that Fatima should curse me before leaving my presence for ever, I did look up and cast a glance of melancholy forgiveness at the poor, helpless, little thing that had led me into all this misery. Ah, my friend, there was consolation for me! Her eyes were full of tears; her lips trembled convulsively. She could not speak to repudiate the ungrateful task imposed upon her; but rising up, drew near me with the stealthy and timid pace of a cat, and throwing herself into my arms, hid her face in my bosom, and sobbed aloud. We mingled our tears for some time, and on recovering our self-possession, found ourselves alone. The old aunt had disappeared, and I never saw any more of her. My Fatima cheered me up a little; showed me the pearl necklace, which she had

secretly kept back from the general abandonment I made of my property; persuaded me that I might keep it without dishonour, after what I had given up, and exhibited for the first time a good deal of character in consulting what it was best to do.

The result was, that we resolved to go to England. Fatima had so won upon me by her display of feeling, that I again disregarded the advice of the few friends I had remaining, and instead of leaving her in a comfortable European home, kindly offered, until I had worked my way up in the world again, obstinately resolved to take her with me. Of course I was obliged to come home in a sailing-vessel, and was three months on the voyage. My poor wife could not speak a word of English, and spent a wretched time of it, especially as, in return for a considerable abatement of fare, I was compelled to be constantly taking a hand at whist with the master. Her only companion was an impudent English girl (daughter of the first mate), whose whole delight seemed to consist in teasing the "Horiental." We arrived at length, and got ashore at London on a dreadful dim, drizzling day. I had stupidly allowed Fatima to retain her Syrian dress, and never shall forget her wretched appearance as she dragged along amidst a crowd of boys to a cab. We reached home, sir, just in time to give a last farewell to my poor old father—my mother had died a month before. They went away together almost, he said, in order to make way for the young people; and he smiled divinely at Fatima, who clung wet and shivering to my side, looking on at a scene which reminded her, she somewhat inopportunistically remarked, of her first husband's deathbed. It was in this room that the melancholy parting took place. The good old man knew nothing of my misfortunes; but seeing, when he began to wander a little, the bright colours of Fatima's dress, murmured in a voice of delicious beatitude that he always thought that Abraham would marry a princess; made some allusion to Lady Hester Stanhope; and whispered very low to dear Father Mahoney something about Nabuchodonosor and the lost tribes of Israel. After a little time, however, he came quite to himself; and looking at me very steadfastly, said, "Abraham, whatever comes of it, be an honest man; work your way; and treat your wife as I have treated mine."

I was quite enthralled by the solemn, earnest manner with which poor Pelew related this incident, so different from the tone he adopted in dealing out his romantic narration. It would have been cruel to have made any remark; but it was quite evident to me that my friend, in spite of the impressive parting words of his father, was for a time at least utterly demoralised; and it seemed equally evident that he allowed his Eastern wife to hang like a millstone round his neck. Instead of endeavouring to fashion the material he had so inconsiderately taken charge of, he confessed that he allowed his whole mode of existence to be influenced by her Syrian prejudices and habits. His father, he said, had left a small property on which they were living. I ventured to inquire how it was that what was insufficient for the old couple proved enough for them; and a scarlet blush told me that the capital was going.

I do not like to reveal the mysteries of the harem; but as I was introduced to Sitt Pelew, who made tea in a very English way (though she called it '*shai*'), it may be said without impropriety that she was a real Eastern beauty, and a very amiable person. To all appearance, however, she was mightily unfitted to be the wife of my vacillating friend. Weak herself, she encouraged weakness in him; and if the truth must be told, however unwilling I may be to mar the effect of previous sentimental revelations, the dreadful period of recrimination had at length arrived. After tea, this unfortunate couple, with true Eastern want of tact, began to discuss their affairs, and to engage in a kind of matrimonial duello. I felt desperately uneasy, and wanted several times to go; but Abraham implored me to stay; and under cover of his wife's almost total ignorance of

English, beseeched my sympathy in very prosaic terms. Facts were at length too eloquent against him; and he was obliged to admit that he had foolishly married a very pretty, good-hearted creature, who was passionately fond of him; but whose ignorance, prejudices, and want of prudence, rendered her companionship perfectly disastrous. He humiliated himself so far as to enter into a revelation of her petty expenses, which too plainly proved that she was fast ruining him a second time in the tenderest possible way. All this became painful to me at length, and I was not sorry when I was permitted to go. The lovely Fatima kissed my hand respectfully as I left the room, and called out to Zara (meaning Sarah) to 'giv' a lights.' Abraham walked with me a little way down the lane, and uneasily requested my opinion of her beauty. I felt that this was his only topic of consolation, and spoke very warmly on the subject. He seemed delighted at first, but soon grew quite gloomy, and said to me at parting, in a very equivocal tone, 'Ah, my friend, I think she is too beautiful to live!'

P.S.—I have just got a letter from Pelew, which gives me sincere pleasure. He has found a good situation, and has determined to put Fatima to a nice boarding-school I know of, where she will learn everything necessary to make her, after all, a capital wife.

A UNIVERSAL CURRENCY.

[The following observations, by a correspondent apparently of the class of tourists, may serve as a pendant to the article in No. 335 on a Universal Chamber of Commerce.]

EVERY one who travels on the continent of Europe is not a little perplexed and annoyed by the frequent changes from one monetary system to another. Thus in going from Verviers to Cologne you pass from the franc and centime to the thaler and groschen, and if you proceed from Cologne to Baden, they will give place in their turn to the florin and kreutzer. When you arrive at Basle, the Swiss franc makes its appearance with its subordinate batzen; and when you have crossed the Simplon, not one, but several additional numismatic families present themselves to your notice, and court your acquaintance. The tourist must not only learn all these systems in succession, and be able to recognise the coins, and recollect their value at sight, but he has to be on his watch to part with all the small coins of any one kind which he may have in his possession before he enters the territory where another kind comes into use. And it is not only trouble but loss which is the result of the diversity; for in the exchanges which take place so often in the course of an excursion, the traveller, often quite unconsciously, pays a liberal per-centage on each transaction.

Now why should these inconveniences be unnecessarily perpetuated? Why should there not be one monetary system, common to the whole of Christendom, European and American? Why should not the traveller meet in all civilised countries the same coins he has been in the habit of seeing and handling at home? There are many national differences which are really characteristic. Nature, not only physical, but social, is prodigal of varieties, and nobody who has a taste for anything beyond the monotonous symmetry of a Dutch garden would wish them abolished. The leading European languages, for instance, though their difference is certainly a partial inconvenience, yet have each its function which none of the others could so well fulfil, and their diversity is as natural as that of national types of feature. But not so with the case we are considering. The difference here is arbitrary and accidental, and without exaggerating the good sense and freedom from prejudice of the European populations, we venture to think that it would be possible to get rid of it by common consent.

The advanced portions of our race—the 'élite of humanity,' as Comte calls them—have already reaped considerable benefits from having inherited or estab-

lished a unity in other things of an analogous kind. They use the same system of numeration, and, with some partial exceptions, the same alphabet. They have derived their common week from Judaism, and their month from the Roman Empire; and the *odium theologicum* did not prevent the Protestant nations from adopting the Gregorian rectification of the calendar. The narrow patriotism that shrinks from sharing any advantage with foreigners is so much on the decline, and commerce is so rapidly uniting all the world in the bonds of friendly intercourse, that a further step in the same direction seems now quite practicable, and a proposal for a universal currency would be likely to meet with a more favourable reception now than at any former period.

If the civilised world had one common monetary system, it would be as well of course that that system should be the best that could be devised. We have ourselves in these islands an admittedly faulty one, and an effort, it is believed, is to be made to amend it. It is at present partly duodecimal and partly vicesimal; and it is to be made, what reason and experience show that it ought to be, wholly decimal. But would it not be wiser and more liberal, instead of confining ourselves to this humble, though very rational domestic reform, to ask all Christendom to join us in adopting the most convenient system which the most sagacious heads could contrive for us?

But how could the thing be effected? As all such things must for the future be effected—by the formation of a public opinion with respect to it. Let the idea be considered, discussed, and finally accepted by the general intellect, and it will be a comparatively easy matter to bring it into practical operation. Our political economists might usefully illustrate the advantages of a universal currency, and expose the absurdity of the present system, or rather absence of system. And why should not our official diplomatists lend their assistance? People ask what service the diplomatic bodies do which makes them worth the extravagant sums they cost. And such storms do they now and then stir up, when they put themselves in motion, that it sometimes seems doubtful whether their ordinary dignified repose is not the attitude which it is most desirable they should maintain. But what if they were to give a portion of their leisure to this humble and unambitious, but most pacific and useful project of establishing a universal currency? To further it is a task which would lie fairly within their province, and they are most favourably situated for appreciating and explaining its advantages. It would harmonise with the deepest and best tendencies of our time, and would fall in with the general movement towards enlarged international sociabilities. It would earn the cordial gratitude of the whole race of tourists, whose name will soon be Legion; and would probably win for those who would promote its adoption the same sort of popular admiration and approval which has so deservedly attended another enlightened and progressive idea to which our time has given birth—that, namely, of an Industrial Exhibition of all Nations.

LOST MUSICAL TASTE OF ENGLAND.

There is sufficient evidence, upon the face of what has survived of the minute history of past times, to show that a degree of proficiency in musical science existed two or three centuries ago amongst the people of this country, of which nothing in the manners and customs of the present day could afford us any idea. Of what use, for instance, now, would be a violin or guitar, suspended on the wall of a barber's shop, for the purpose of assuaging the impatience of expecting customers? . . . Again we find, from the meagre domestic revelations of that period, that the music books were, in all families of any consideration, wont to be introduced as a matter of course, after supper for instance, which then was an early meal; and that any individual would lie under the imputation of deficient breeding who was not able to take a part in a madrigal or roundelay at sight. The traces of this state of

general musical proficiency seem to survive still in the parties of glee singers yet to be found in the northern counties of England. We have ourselves had many curious thoughts on hearing the sound of sacred music, in well-sustained parts, issuing, on Sunday evenings, from the various houses of public entertainment in the manufacturing towns of the north. Most persons will consider the place of meeting for these humble reunions as ill selected—the time and subject of their harmony considered; but all will join in regretting that such recreations, in fitting places and appropriate seasons, are not universal throughout the country.—*Cock's Musical Miscellany.*

A HINT TO MUSICIANS.

See the effect of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys, executing fugues, and fiddling with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of all this wonderful science the audience are gaping, lolling, talking, staring about, and half devoured with *ennui*. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of some natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a halfpenny. The audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; a universal smile breaks out in every face; the carriage is not ordered; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. In the same manner the astonishing execution of some great singers has in it very little of the beautiful: it is mere difficulty overcome, like rope-dancing and tumbling; and such difficulties overcome, as I have before said, do not excite the feelings of the beautiful, but the wonderful.—*Sydney Smith's Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy.*

CALIFORNIAN CHANCES.

'What luck have you had at the mines?' 'Darned little; we made jist enough to pay our way along the road.' 'What chance do you think we'll have?' 'Well, I guess you'll have *chances* enough, but darned few sartainties. Unless you keep your eyes skinned, and sleep without winking, they'll steal the very nose off your face.' 'How are they off for provender for the horses?' 'There ain't a blade of grass in the whole darned country. If it warn't that this here tarnal critter of mine managed to live upon acorns and rottonstone, I guess as how he'd a been a gonner some weeks ago. But don't let this scar ye, strangers, for there's mountains of goold if ye can only get at it. Good-night, my trumps, I wish you luck!'—*Ryan's Personal Adventures.*

THE FIRST NECESSARY OF LIFE.

Potatoes contain 75 per cent. (by weight), and turnips no less than 90 per cent., of water; which explains, by the way, the small inclination of turnip-fed cattle and sheep for drink. A beefsteak, strongly pressed between blotting-paper, yields nearly four-fifths of its weight of water. Of the human frame (bones included) only about one-fourth is solid matter (chiefly carbon and nitrogen); the rest is water. If a man weighing 10 stone were squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, $7\frac{1}{2}$ stone of water would run out, and only $2\frac{1}{2}$ stone of dry residue would remain. A man is therefore, chemically speaking, 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through $5\frac{1}{2}$ pailfuls of water. Berzelius, indeed, in recording the fact, justly remarks that 'the living organism is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water;' and Dalton, by a series of experiments tried in his own person, found that of the food with which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water. Thus amply does science confirm the popular saying, that water is the 'first necessary of life.'—*Quarterly Review.*

ENORMOUS FOSSIL EGGS.

We have received Mauritius papers to the 13th ultimo. The 'Mauritian' mentions, on the authority of a Bourbon journal, that a singular discovery has been made in Madagascar. Fossil eggs of an enormous size have been found in the bed of a torrent. The shells are an eighth of an inch thick, and the circumference of the egg itself is 2 feet 8 inches lengthways, and 2 feet 2 inches round the middle. One which has been opened contains $5\frac{1}{2}$ litres, or about two gallons! What was to come out of these eggs? Bird or crocodile? The natives seem to be well acquainted with them, and say that ancient tradition is uniform as to the former existence of a bird large enough to carry off an ox. This is only a little smaller than the roc of Oriental

fable, which waited patiently till he saw the elephant and rhinoceros fighting, and then carried off both at one stoop! Some fossil bones were found in the same place as the eggs; but the Bourbon editor says that he will leave it to the pupils of the great Cuvier to decide to what animal they belong. If they should prove to be the bones of a bird of size corresponding to the eggs, the discovery will indeed be an extraordinary one.—*Calcutta Englishman.*

LONG AGO.

THERE was a tree, an aged tree,
That once I loved to climb,
And, throned upon its branches three,
To rock them all the time;
To laugh and shout, devoid of fears,
And swing me to and fro—
But ah! 'twas in my childish years,
That passed so long ago!

I've led a merry troop of boys,
Through tangled woods and lanes—
Too bolterous in our reckless noise
To heed the bramble-pains.
We never cared for garments torn,
An hour the rent would sew;
And we'd no time to stay and mourn
In childhood long ago!

I've climbed the rocks, and leapt about
From jutting stone to stone,
And heeded not the warning about,
Nor marked its earnest tone:
For pride could conquer danger then,
And joy o'ermaster woe—
And thus I dared the deeds of men,
In boyhood long ago!

There's not a brook I have not leapt,
Anear my native town—
Nor field nor hill where man has stept,
I have not wandered down:
And these as freshly haunt me still,
And still their forms I know—
The brook, the field, the high-peaked hill,
That charmed me long ago!

I often think the early days
Were fairy days to me;
That childhood feels enchanted rays
Which manhood cannot see:
For cares and years together come,
In one entangled flow,
And angel-voices all are dumb
That soothed us long ago.

So long ago, the distant past
Is like a pleasant dream,
But on the future still is cast
Its warm and sunny gleam:
A gleam of sunshine ever bright
To cheer the path below,
And wake anew the truthful light
That led us long ago!

CHARLES WILTON.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE JOY OF GRIEF.

'I hold it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

—In Memoriam.

We have all heard of the 'pleasures of melancholy' and the 'joy of grief,' and most of us know from experience that there is something soothing and even captivating in the indulgence of thoughts that link the living with the dead. Numberless poets have taken advantage of this common sentiment, and yet it never grows old. Tennyson gives it forth as freshly and confidently as if the elder bards had never sung; and his audience listen as admiringly as if they had now heard it for the first time. The reason is, that it is original in us all. It can no more become antiquated than a popular ballad or a national air. With great poets it is both a taste and an instinct, and the perpetual endurance of mental agony is merely an affectation of the young, or an extravagance of minds of small calibre.

Homer gives himself up to grief as a true indulgence: he would not abate you a sigh or a tear in the enjoyment of the memory of the loved and lost; and in the 'Odyssey' he even seems to complain of the influence of habit in introducing satiety into that, just as it does into all other mundane pleasures. Shakspeare consoles himself in sorrow with the knowledge that in future years it will turn into joy; and that

—'All these woes will serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.'

Gray, in like manner, makes the one passion borrow from the other, till nothing is left of grief but its poetical hue: for

'Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace.'

Burns's 'Address to Mary in Heaven' was composed, as it is read, with a solemn and impassioned delight; and a host of other poets, as well as the author of 'In Memoriam,' look upon the memory of the dead as something more sweet and joyous than anything life can bestow. Thus Byron—

'Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee!'

Even when the lost mistress still lives, the feeling is the same, for in the words of Burns—

'Although thou man ne'er be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside.'

The former poet, with less true feeling, places his consolation in the idea that the heart he had lost was once his own—

'Yes, my adored, but most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes; 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine—
Whate'er thou art or e'er shall be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.'

To descend to Moore, whose lyrical passion is only an affectation, and as incapable of real grief as of refined joy—

'Ah! that I could at once forget
All—all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl! and yet
To die were sweeter than to let
The loved remembrance go!

No: if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh let it die remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consumed in sweets away!'

Some writers reverse the association of pleasure and sorrow, and invest with a character of sadness a natural and obvious enjoyment. Of their number is White, the natural historian of Selborne, a cheerful and amiable observer, who yet receives from the aspect of nature impressions allied to sadness—

'These, nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy;
As fancy warms, a pleasant kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein.'

This peculiarity may be traced, no doubt, to the temperament of the individual; for some true poets give an aspect of joyousness even to the dying year, which impresses so many others with emotions of unmingled melancholy. The following beautiful piece by a German writer is perhaps *sui generis*:—

'Like a spirit glorified,
The angel of the year departs; lays down
His robes once green in spring,
Or bright with summer's blue;

And having done his mission on the earth—
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,
Orchards with rosy fruit,
And scattering flowers around—

He lingers for a moment in the west,
With the declining sun—sheds over all
A pleasant farewell smile—
And so returns to God.'

In a kindred, though less cheerful spirit, Shakspeare, in one of his divine sonnets, arrays old age with the

phenomena of nature, and thus links it more strongly to the human affections—

'That time of year thou mayest in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self that seals up all the rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of its youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.'

The connection between the agreeable and the melancholy may be farther illustrated by the impressions conveyed by two of the best and simplest of Wordsworth's pieces. In the little poem, 'Stepping Westward,' the poet is saluted in these words, in the interrogatory form, while walking one evening by the banks of Loch Katrine. It is a female voice that speaks, a soft and gentle one, and the picture before him seems to melt away in the golden west. The passing salutation is kind, simple, and cheerful—nothing more. What is it, then, that makes us start and thrill?—what fills our eyes with a sudden softness as they follow on one side the vague yet luminous path indicated, and on the other the retreating and soon vanishing figure of the Highland maid?

The other little poem relates still to a 'solitary Highland lass,' who, as she reaps, is singing to herself a melancholy strain—

'Oh listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands.
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the furthest Orcades.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sung
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened—motionless and still;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.'

In these two poems the simple, cheerful salutation and the wild sad song have both the same effect: they plunge us in a pleasing melancholy; we carry them away with us in our hearts; and in those pauses of the world when we have time to listen, we hear their echoes welling up in our hearts, and perhaps filling our eyes.

The 'silver lining of the cloud,' however, the close connection between joy and sorrow, the tendency in the thoughtful mind to tinge with melancholy even the most agreeable objects, and to derive enjoyment from the remembrance of vanished happiness—all these only serve as the sentimental explanation of the proposition with which we set out, that

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'

And this sentimental view of the subject is probably the only one which suggested itself to the poet. He

knew by experience the Ossianic 'joy of grief,' and was aware that

'In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind,'

it is only the more delightful features of the subject which present themselves, shaded and softened by time, and perhaps hallowed and spiritualised by death. He therefore declared, and with the air of a discoverer, what had already been enunciated in all ages and in all languages—that it is better to have lost for ever a cherished enjoyment than never to have enjoyed at all. But it seems to us that there is another and a larger view of the question, in which severe truth comes to the aid of sentiment.

Human life, as poetry tells us, is 'a mingled yarn,' and therefore it must take its character from the predominant colour. Yet we pity the man who has spent his fortune generously, and has been reduced to poverty in his old age; considering his lot as far harder than that of him who had never any fortune to lose. Why so? The latter has been in the gripe of poverty for three-score-years-and-ten—only exchanging it then for the gripe of death; while the former, after some sixty years of enjoyment, is suffered to escape with ten of misery. Surely in this instance our pity is on the wrong side. We may allege, in defence, that the fall would be the more distressing on account of the height; that the contrast between fulness and deprivation would add torture to the change: but this has already been shown to be an error. The fall would at first be severely felt, the individual would be stunned in proportion to the height from which he was precipitated; when, by and by, the consolatory principle we have alluded to would come into play: like Dogberry, he would begin to pride himself on his losses; and as time reconciled him to his new position, or at least made him more and more insensible to its hardships, the memory of his vanished greatness, like the mellowed illumination of the heavens after the sun has set, would throw an evening softness over his fortunes.

But although the general balance of life is in favour of this individual—although the golden threads predominate in his 'mingled yarn'—let us not suppose that the other is without his compensations. Existence is not wholly made up of action and suffering, but likewise of the emotions by which these are originated or attended. We say of an acquaintance, 'He is a very domestic man; he lives in his family, and his whole mind and actions are open to them like a book.' Yet this man, in point of fact, is almost a stranger even in his home circle. His brain is busy with speculations, and his heart with dreams, which neither wife nor child knows anything about; and in pacing through his room, filled with familiar faces and affectionate voices, he is more frequently than otherwise far away in the past or in the future, and holding communion with the distant or the dead. In like manner, in a course of poverty and hardship, we see only external circumstances, ignorant of that inner life which gives the tone and colour to the history. But the very act of struggling is in itself a species of enjoyment; and every hope that crosses the mind, every high resolve, every generous sentiment, every lofty aspiration—nay, every brave despair—is a gleam of happiness that flings its illumination upon the darkest destiny. All these are as essentially a portion of human life as the palpable events that serve as landmarks of the history; and all these would have to be computed before we could fairly judge of the prevailing character of the career.

An enjoyment may terminate, but it cannot be said, philosophically, to be lost; for it is already securely garnered in the past, and has impressed itself, in lines that can never be obliterated, on a certain portion of life. The grief we feel at its termination is another and

wholly distinct incident, which cannot be fairly estimated otherwise than by a comparison with the former in point of depth, entireness, and duration. Thus the proposition in question—that it is better to have enjoyed and been bereft of the happiness than never to have enjoyed at all—is as true in philosophy as it is beautiful in sentiment.

A nobler and grander turn is given to the subject by some poets, who extend the sphere under observation from this little world to a limitless futurity, where those who have sown in tears will reap in joy. These poets are the passers-by whom we meet in our wild and tangled path, and who salute us with the words, *What, stepping westward?* as they point with a strange, deep, loving, yearning smile to the luminous part of the heavens. Of these friendly saluters Southey comes nearest to the suggestion we would have extracted—had we dared adventure upon such a theme—from the supplemental speculation we have added to the poetical one; and with his lines we shall conclude:—

—“Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things, then,
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonised, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all.”

L. R.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

BIGAMY OR NO BIGAMY?

THE firm of Flint and Sharp enjoyed, whether deservedly or not, when I was connected with it, as it still does, a high reputation for keen practice and shrewd business-management. This kind of professional fame is usually far more profitable than the drum-and-trumpet variety of the same article; or at least we found it so; and often, from blush of morn to far later than dewy eve—which natural phenomena, by the way, were only emblematically observed by me during thirty busy years in the extinguishment of the street lamps at dawn, and their reillumination at dusk—did I and my partner incessantly pursue our golden avocations; deferring what are usually esteemed the pleasures of life—its banquets, music, flowers, and lettered ease—till the toil, and heat, and hurry of the day were past, and a calm, luminous evening, unclouded by care or anxiety, had arrived. This conduct may or may not have been wise; but at all events it daily increased the connection and transactions of the firm, and ultimately anchored us both very comfortably in the three per cents; and this too, I am bold to say, not without our having effected some good in our generation. This boast of mine the following passage in the life of a distinguished client—known, I am quite sure, by reputation to most of the readers of this Journal, whom our character for practical sagacity and professional shrewdness brought us—will, I think, be admitted to in some degree substantiate.

Our connection was a mercantile rather than an aristocratic one, and my surprise was therefore considerable, when, on looking through the office-blinds to ascertain what vehicle it was that had driven so rapidly up to the door, I observed a handsomely-appointed carriage with a coronet emblazoned on the panels, out of which a tall footman was handing a lady attired in deep but elegant mourning, and closely veiled. I instantly withdrew to my private room, and desired that the lady should be immediately admitted. Greatly was my surprise increased when the graceful and still youthful visitor withdrew her veil, and disclosed the features of the Countess of Seyton, upon whose mild, luminous beauty, as rendered by the engraving from

Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, I had so frequently gazed with admiration. That rare and touching beauty was clouded now; and an intense expression of anxiety, fear—almost terror—gleamed from out the troubled depths of her fine dark eyes.

‘The Countess of Seyton!’ I half-involuntarily exclaimed, as with my very best bow I handed her ladyship a chair.

‘Yes; and you are a partner of this celebrated firm, are you not?’

I bowed again still more profoundly to this compliment, and modestly admitted that I was the Sharp of the firm her ladyship was pleased to entitle ‘celebrated.’

‘Then, Mr Sharp, I have to consult you professionally upon a matter of the utmost—the most vital importance to me and mine.’ Her ladyship then, with some confusion of manner, as if she did not know whether what she was doing was in accordance with strict etiquette or not, placed a Bank of England note, by way of retainer, before me. I put it back, explaining what the usage really was, and the countess replaced it in her purse.

‘We shall be proud to render your ladyship any assistance in our power,’ I said; ‘but I understood the Messrs Jackson enjoyed the confidence of the house of Seyton?’

‘Precisely. They are, so to speak, the hereditary solicitors of the family more than of any individual member of it; and therefore, though highly respectable persons, unfit to advise me in this particular matter. Besides,’ she added with increasing tremor and hesitation, ‘to deal with, and if possible foil, the individual by whom I am persecuted, requires an agent of keener sagacity than either of those gentlemen can boast of; sharper, more resolute men; more—you understand what I mean?’

‘Perfectly, madam; and allow me to suggest that it is probable our interview may be a somewhat prolonged one: your ladyship's carriage, which may attract attention, should be at once dismissed. The office of the family solicitors is, you are aware, not far off; and as we could not explain to them the reason which induces your ladyship to honour us with your confidence, it will be as well to avoid any chance of inquiry.’

Lady Seyton acquiesced in my suggestion: the carriage was ordered home, and Mr Flint entering just at the time, we both listened with earnestness and anxiety to her communication. It is needless to repeat verbatim the somewhat prolix, exclamative narration of the countess: the essential facts were as follows:—

The Countess of Seyton, previous to her first marriage, was Miss Clara Hayley, second daughter of the Reverend John Hayley, the rector of a parish in Devonshire. She married, when only nineteen years of age, a Captain Gosford. Her husband was ten years older than herself, and, as she discovered after marriage, was cursed with a morose and churlish temper and disposition. Previous to her acquaintance with Gosford, she had been intimate with, almost betrothed to, Mr Arthur Kingston, a young gentleman connected with the peerage, and at that time heir-apparent to the great expectancies and actual poverty of his father, Sir Arthur Kingston. The haughty baronet, the instant he was made aware of the nature of his son's intimacy with the rector's daughter, packed the young man off to the continent on his travels. The Reverend John Hayley and his beautiful Clara were as proud as the baronet, and extremely indignant that it should be thought either of them wished to entrap or delude Arthur Kingston into an unequal or ineligible marriage. This feeling of pride and resentment aided the success of Mr Gosford's suit, and Clara Hayley, like many other rash, high-noted young ladies, doomed herself to misery, in order to show the world, and Mr Arthur Kingston and his proud father especially, that she had a spirit. The union was

a most unhappy one. One child only, which died in its infancy, was born to them; and after being united somewhat more than two years, a separation, vehemently insisted on by the wife's father, took place, and the unhappily-wedded daughter returned to her parent's roof. Mr Gosford—he had some time before sold out of the army—travelled about the country in search of amusement, and latterly of health (for his unhappy cankerous temper at last affected and broke down his never very robust physical constitution), accompanied for the twelvemonth preceding his death by a young man belonging to the medical profession, of the name of Chilton. Mr and Mrs Gosford had been separated a few days less than three years, when the husband died, at the village of Swords in Ireland, and not far distant from Dublin. The intelligence was first conveyed to the widow by a paragraph in the 'Freeman's Journal,' a Dublin newspaper; and by the following post a letter arrived from Mr Chilton, enclosing a ring which the deceased had requested should be sent to his wife, and a note, dictated just previous to his death-hour, in which he expressed regret for the past, and admitted that he alone had been to blame for the unhappy separation. A copy of his will, made nearly a twelvemonth previously, was also forwarded, by which he bequeathed his property, amounting to about three hundred pounds per annum, to a distant relative then residing in New Holland. By a memorandum of a subsequent date, Mr Chilton was to have all the money and other personals he might die in actual possession of, after defraying the necessary funeral expenses. This will, Mr Chilton stated, the deceased gentleman had expressed a wish in his last moments to alter, but death had been too sudden for him to be able to give effect to that good, but too long delayed intention.

It cannot be supposed that the long-before practically widowed wife grieved much at the final breaking of the chain which bound her to so ungenial a mate; but as Lady Seyton was entirely silent upon the subject, our supposition can only rest upon the fact, that Arthur Kingston—who had some time previously, in consequence of the death of the Earl of Seyton and his only son, an always weakly child, preceded a few months by that of his own father, the baronet, succeeded to the earldom and estates—hastened home, on seeing the announcement of Gosford's death in the Dublin paper, from the continent, where he had continued to reside since his compelled departure six years before; and soon afterwards found his way into Devonshire, and so successfully pressed the renewed offer of his hand, that the wedding took place slightly within six months after the decease of Mr Gosford. Life passed brilliantly and happily with the earl and countess—to whom three children (a boy and two girls) were born—till about five months previous to the present time, when the earl, from being caught, when out riding, in a drenching shower of rain, was attacked by fever, and after an acute illness of only two or three days' duration, expired. The present earl was at the time just turned of five years of age.

This blow, we comprehended from the sudden tears which filled the beautiful eyes of the countess as she spoke of the earl's decease, was a severe one. Still, the grief of widowhood must have been greatly assuaged by love for her children, and not inconsiderably, after a while, we may be sure, by the brilliant position in which she was left—as, in addition to being splendidly jointured, she was appointed by her husband's will sole guardian of the young lord her son.

A terrible reverse awaited her. She was sitting with her father the rector, and her still unmarried sister, Jane Hayley, in the drawing-room of Seyton House, when a note was brought to her, signed Edward Chilton, the writer of which demanded an immediate and private interview, on, he alleged, the most important business. Lady Seyton remembered the name, and immediately

acceded to the man's request. He announced in a brusque, insistent tone and manner, that Mr Gosford had not died at the time his death was announced to her, having then only fallen into a state of syncope, from which he had unexpectedly recovered, and had lived six months longer. 'The truth is,' added Chilton, 'that, chancing the other day to be looking over a "peerage," I noticed for the first time the date of your marriage with the late Earl of Seyton, and I have now to inform you that it took place precisely eight days previous to Mr Gosford's death; that it was consequently no marriage at all; and that your son is no more Earl of Seyton than I am.'

This dreadful announcement, as one might expect, completely overcame the countess. She fainted, but not till she had heard and comprehended Chilton's hurried injunctions to secrecy and silence. He rang the bell for assistance, and then left the house. The mental agony of Lady Seyton on recovering consciousness was terrible, and she with great difficulty succeeded in concealing its cause from her anxious and wondering relatives. Another interview with Chilton appeared to confirm the truth of his story beyond doubt or question. He produced a formally-drawn-up document, signed by one Pierce Cunningham, gravedigger of Swords, which set forth that Charles Gosford was buried on the 26th of June 1832, and that the inscription on his tombstone set forth that he had died June 23d of that year. Also a written averment of Patrick Mullins of Dublin, that he had lettered the stone at the head of the grave of Charles Gosford in Swords burying-ground in 1832, and that its date was, as stated by Pierce Cunningham, June 23, 1832.

'Have you copies of those documents?' asked Mr Flint.

'Yes: I have brought them with me,' the countess replied, and handed them to Mr Flint. 'In my terror and extremity,' continued her ladyship, 'and unguided by counsel—for till now I have not dared to speak upon the subject to any person—I have given this Chilton, at various times, large sums of money: but he is insatiable; and only yesterday—I cannot repeat his audacious proposal: you will find it in this note.'

'Marriage!' exclaimed Mr Flint with a burst. He had read the note over my shoulder. 'The scoundrel!'

My worthy partner was rather excited. The truth was, he had a Clara of his own at home—a dead sister's child, very pretty, just about marriageable, and a good deal resembling, as he told me afterwards, our new and interesting client.

'I would die a thousand deaths rather,' resumed Lady Seyton in a low, tremulous voice, as she let fall her veil. 'Can there,' she added in a still fainter voice, 'be anything done—anything?'

'That depends entirely,' interrupted Mr Flint, 'upon whether this fine story is or is not a fabrication, got up for the purpose of extorting money. It seems to me, I must say, amazingly like one.'

'Do you really think so?' exclaimed the lady with joyful vehemence. The notion that Chilton was perhaps imposing on her credulity and fears seemed not to have struck her before.

'What do you think, Sharp?' said my partner.

I hesitated to give an opinion, as I did not share in the hope entertained by Flint. Detection was so certain, that I doubted if so cunning a person as Chilton appeared to be would have ventured on a fraud so severely punishable. 'Suppose,' I said, avoiding an answer, 'as this note appoints an interview at three o'clock to-day at Seyton House, we meet him there instead of your ladyship? A little talk with the fellow might be serviceable.'

Lady Seyton eagerly agreed to this proposal; and it was arranged that we should be at Seyton House half an hour before the appointed time, in readiness for the gentleman. Lady Seyton left in a hackney-coach,

somewhat relieved, I thought, by having confided the oppressive secret to us, and with a nascent hope slightly flushing her pale, dejected countenance.

The firm of Flint and Sharp had then a long conference together, during which the lady's statement and Mr Chilton's documents were, the reader may be sure, very minutely conned over, analysed, and commented upon. Finally, it was resolved that if the approaching interview, the manner of which we agreed upon, did not prove satisfactory, Mr Flint should immediately proceed to Ireland, and personally ascertain the truth or falsehood of the facts alleged by Chilton.

'Mr Chilton is announced,' said Lady Seyton, hurriedly entering the library in Grosvenor Square, where Mr Flint and myself were seated. 'I need not be present, I think you said?' she added in great tremor.

'Certainly not, madam,' I replied. 'We shall do better alone.'

She retired instantly. Flint rose and stationed himself close by the door. Presently a sounding, confident step was heard along the passage, the library door swung back on its noiseless hinges, and in stalked a man of apparently about thirty-five years of age, tall, genteel, and soldier-looking. He started back on seeing me, recognising, I perceived, my vocation at a glance.

'How is this?' he exclaimed. 'I expected'—

'The Countess of Seyton. True; but her ladyship has deputed me to confer with you on the business mentioned in your note.'

'I shall have nothing to say to you,' he replied abruptly, and turned to leave the room. Mr Flint had shut, and was standing with his back to the door.

'You can't go,' he said in his coolest manner. 'The police are within call.'

'The police! What the devil do you mean?' cried Chilton angrily; but, spite of his assurance, visibly trembling beneath Flint's searching, half-sneering look.

'Nothing very remarkable,' replied that gentleman, 'or unusual in our profession. Come, sit down; we are lawyers; you are a man of business, we know. I daresay we shall soon understand each other.'

Mr Chilton sat down, and moodily awaited what was next to come.

'You are aware,' said Mr Flint, 'that you have rendered yourself liable to transportation?'

'What!' exclaimed Chilton, flashing crimson, and starting to his feet. 'What!'

'To transportation,' continued my imperturbable partner, 'for seven, ten, fourteen years, or for life, at the discretion of the judge; but considering the frequency of the crime of late, I should say there is a strong probability that you will be a *lifer*!'

'What devil's gibberish is this?' exclaimed Chilton, frightened, but still fierce. 'I can prove everything I have said.' Mr Gosford, I tell you'—

'Well, well,' interrupted Mr Flint; 'put it in that light how you please; turn it which way you will; it's like the key in Blue Beard, which I daresay you have read of; rub it out on one side, and up it comes on the other. Say, by way of argument, that you have not obtained money by unfounded threats—a crime which the law holds tantamount to highway robbery. You have in that case obtained money for compromising a felony—that of polygamy. An awful position, my good sir; choose which you will.'

Utterly chopfallen was the lately triumphant man; but he speedily rallied.

'I care not,' he at length said. 'Punish me you may; but the pride of this sham countess and the sham earl will be brought low. And I tell you once for all,' he added, rising at the same time, and speaking in ringing, wrathful tones, 'that I defy you, and will either be handsomely remunerated for silence, or I will at once inform the Honourable James Kingston that he is the true Earl of Seyton.'

'And I tell you,' retorted Flint, 'that if you attempt to leave this room, I will give you into custody at once, and transport you, whatever may be the consequence to others. Come, come, let us have no more nonsense or bluster. We have strong reasons for believing that the story by which you have been extorting money is a fabrication. If it be so, rely upon it we shall detect and punish you. Your only safe course is to make a clean breast of it whilst there is yet time. Out with it, man, at once, and you shall go Scot-free; nay, have a few score pounds more—say a hundred. Be wise in time, I counsel you.'

Chilton hesitated; his white lips quivered. There was something to reveal.

'I cannot,' he muttered, after a considerable pause. 'There is nothing to disclose.'

'You will not? Then your fate be on your own head. I have done with you.'

It was now my turn. 'Come, come,' I said, 'it is useless urging this man further. How much do you expect? The insolent proposal contained in your note is, you well know, out of the question. How much money do you expect for keeping this wretched affair secret? State your terms at once.'

'A thousand per annum,' was the reply, 'and the first year down.'

'Modest, upon my word! But I suppose we must comply,' I wrote out an agreement. 'Will you sign this?'

He ran it over. 'Yes; Lady Seyton, as she calls herself, will take care it never sees the light.'

I withdrew, and in two or three minutes returned with a cheque. 'Her ladyship has no present cash at the banker's,' I said, 'and is obliged to post-date this cheque twelve days.'

The rascal grumbled a good deal; but as there was no help for it, he took the security, signed the agreement, and walked off.

'A sweet nut that for the devil to crack,' observed Mr Flint, looking savagely after him. 'I am in hopes we shall trounce him yet, bravely as he carries it. The cheque of course is not payable to order or bearer?'

'Certainly not; and before twelve days are past, you will have returned from Ireland. The agreement may be, I thought, of use with Cunningham or Mullins. If they have been conspiring together, they will scarcely admire the light in which you can place the arrangement, as affording proof that he means to keep the lion's share of the reward to himself.'

'Exactly. At all events we shall get at the truth, whatever it be.'

The same evening Mr Flint started for Dublin *via* Holyhead.

I received in due course a letter from him dated the day after his arrival there. It was anything but a satisfactory one. The date on the grave-stone had been truly represented, and Mullins who erected it was a highly respectable man. Flint had also seen the gravedigger, but could make nothing out of him. There was no regular register of deaths kept in Swords except that belonging to Cunningham; and the minister who buried Gosford, and who lived at that time in Dublin, had been dead some time. This was disheartening and melancholy enough; and, as if to give our unfortunate client the *coup-de-grace*, Mr Jackson junior marched into the office just after I had read it, to say that, having been referred by Lady Seyton to us for explanations with respect to a statement made by a Mr Edward Chilton to the Honourable James Kingston, for whom they, the Messrs Jackson, were now acting, by which it appeared that the said Honourable James Kingston was, in fact, the true Earl of Seyton, he, Mr Jackson junior, would be happy to hear what I had to say upon the subject! It needed but this. Chilton had, as I feared he would, after finding we had been

consulted, sold his secret, doubtless advantageously, to the heir-at-law. There was still, however, a chance that something favourable might turn up, and as I had no notion of throwing that chance away, I carelessly replied that we had reason to believe Chilton's story was a malicious fabrication, and that we should of course throw on them the onus of judicial proof that Gosford was still alive when the late earl's marriage was solemnised. Finally, however, to please Mr Jackson, who professed to be very anxious, for the lady's sake, to avoid unnecessary éclat, and to arrange the affair as quietly as possible, I agreed to meet him at Lady Seyton's in four days from that time, and hear the evidence upon which he relied. This could not at all events render our position worse; and it was meanwhile agreed that the matter should be kept as far as possible profoundly secret.

Three days passed without any further tidings from Mr Flint, and I vehemently feared that his journey had proved a fruitless one, when, on the evening previous to the day appointed for the conference at Seyton House, a hackney coach drove rapidly up to the office door, and out popped Mr Flint, followed by two strangers, whom he very watchfully escorted into the house. 'Mr Patrick Mullins and Mr Pierce Cunningham,' said Flint as he shook hands with me in a way which, in conjunction with the merry sparkle of his eyes, and the boisterous tone of his voice, assured me all was right. 'Mr Pierce Cunningham will sleep here to-night,' he added; 'so Collins had better engage a bed out.'

Cunningham, an ill-looking lout of a fellow, muttered that he chose 'to sleep at a tavern.'

'Not if I know it, my fine fellow,' rejoined Mr Flint. 'You mean well, I daresay; but I cannot lose sight of you for all that. You either sleep here or at a station-house.'

The man stared with surprise and alarm; but knowing refusal or resistance to be hopeless, sullenly assented to the arrangement, and withdrew to the room appointed for him, vigilantly guarded. For Mr Mullins we engaged a bed at a neighbouring tavern.

Mr Flint's mission had been skilfully and successfully accomplished. He was convinced, by the sullen confusion of manner manifested by Cunningham, that some villainous agency had been at work, and he again waited on Mullins the stone-cutter. 'Who gave you the order for the grave-stone?' he asked. Mr Mullins referred to his book, and answered that he received it by letter. 'Had he got that letter?' 'Very likely,' he replied, 'as he seldom destroyed business papers of any kind.' 'A search was instituted, and finally this letter,' said Mr Flint, 'worth an earl's coronet, torn and dirty as it is, turned up.' This invaluable document, which bore the London post-date of June 23, 1832, ran as follows:—

'ANGLESEA HOTEL, HAYMARKET, LONDON, June 23, 1832.

'SIR—Please to erect a plain tombstone at the head of Charles Gosford, Esquire's grave, who died a few months since at Swords, aged thirty-two years. This is all that need be inscribed upon it. You are referred to Mr Guinness of Sackville Street, Dublin, for payment. Your obedient servant,

EDWARD CHILTON.'

'You see,' continued Flint, 'the fellow had inadvertently left out the date of Gosford's death, merely stating it occurred a few months previously; and Mullins concluded that, in entering the order in his day-book, he must have somehow or other confounded the date of the letter with that of Gosford's decease. Armed with this precious discovery, I again sought Cunningham, and by dint of promises and threats, at last got the truth out of the rascal. It was this: Chilton, who returned to this country from the Cape, where he had resided for three years previously, about two months

ago, having some business to settle in Dublin, went over there, and one day visited Swords, read the inscription on Charles Gosford's grave-stone, and immediately sought out the gravedigger, and asked him if he had any record of that gentleman's burial. Cunningham said he had, and produced his book, by which it appeared that it took place December 24, 1831. "That cannot be," remarked Chilton, and he referred to the head-stone. Cunningham said he had noticed the mistake a few days after it was erected; but thinking it of no consequence, and never having, that he knew of, seen Mr Mullins since, he had said, and indeed thought, nothing about it. To conclude the story—Chilton ultimately, by payment of ten pounds down, and liberal promises for the future, prevailed upon the gravedigger to lend himself to the infamous device the sight of the grave-stone had suggested to his fertile, unscrupulous brain.'

This was indeed a glorious success, and the firm of Flint and Sharp drank the Countess of Seyton's health that evening with great enthusiasm, and gleefully 'thought of the morrow.'

We found the drawing-room of Seyton House occupied by the Honourable James Kingston, his solicitors the Messrs Jackson, Lady Seyton, and her father and sister, to whom she had at length disclosed the source of her disquietude. The children were leaving the apartment as we entered it, and the grief-dimmed eyes of the countess rested sadly upon her bright-eyed boy as he slowly withdrew with his sisters. That look changed to one of wild surprise as it encountered Mr Flint's shining, good-humoured countenance. I was more composed and reserved than my partner, though feeling as vividly as he did the satisfaction of being able not only to dispel Lady Seyton's anguish, but to extinguish the exultation, and trample on the hopes, of the Honourable James Kingston, a stiff, grave, middle-aged piece of hypocritical propriety, who was surveying from out the corners of his affectedly-unobservant eyes the furniture and decorations of the splendid apartment, and hugging himself with the thought that all that was his! Business was immediately proceeded with. Chilton was called in. He repeated his former story *verbatim*, and with much fluency and confidence. He then placed in the hands of Jackson senior the vouchers signed by Cunningham and Mullins. The transient light faded from Lady Seyton's countenance as she turned despairingly, almost accusingly, towards us.

'What answer have you to make to this gentleman's statement, thus corroborated?' demanded Jackson senior.

'Quite a remarkable one,' replied Mr Flint, as he rang the bell. 'Desire the gentlemen in the library to step up,' he added to the footman who answered the summons. In about three minutes in marched Cunningham and Mullins, followed by two police officers. An irrepressible exclamation of terror escaped Chilton, which was immediately echoed by Mr Flint's direction to the police, as he pointed towards the trembling caitiff: 'That is your man: secure him.'

A storm of exclamations, questions, remonstrances, instantly broke forth, and it was several minutes before attention could be obtained for the statements of our two Irish witnesses and the reading of the happily-found letter. The effect of the evidence adduced was decisive, electrical. Lady Seyton, as its full significance flashed upon her, screamed with convulsive joy, and I thought must have fainted from excess of emotion. The Reverend John Hayley returned audible thanks to God in a voice quivering with rapture, and Miss Hayley ran out of the apartment, and presently returned with the children, who were immediately half smothered with their mother's ecstatic kisses. All was for a few minutes bewilderment, joy, rapture! Flint persisted to his dying day that Lady Seyton threw her arms

round his neck, and kissed his bald old forehead. This, however, I cannot personally vouch for, as my attention was engaged at the moment by the adverse claimant, the Honourable James Kingston, who exhibited one of the most irresistibly comic, wo-begone, lackadaisical aspects it is possible to conceive. He made a hurried and most undignified exit, and was immediately followed by the discomfited 'family' solicitors. Chilton was conveyed to a station-house, and the next day was fully committed for trial. He was convicted at the next sessions, and sentenced to seven years' transportation; and the 'celebrated' firm of Flint and Sharp derived considerable lustre, and more profit, from this successful stroke of professional dexterity.

EARLY ENGLISH NATURALISTS.

THE TRADESCANTS—DR ASHMOLE.

To take a retrospective glance at those men who were the pioneers of our advanced state of knowledge as regards the animal kingdom, may be an interesting, and perhaps not altogether an uninteresting amusement for us of the present day. The naturalists and collectors of the olden time—to a few of whom we wish to introduce the reader—were men wise in their generation, although it is customary now to decry them for their credulity. But as they have left behind them full proofs of their zeal, abilities, and industry, and as there can be no doubt that they were formed mentally and physically like ourselves, we may safely conclude that it was not their organs of wonder that were greater than ours, but that their means of obtaining information were less. Taking into consideration the limited geographical extent of commerce, the fables recorded and believed under the *prestige* of the names of the great masters Aristotle and Pliny, the ignorance of comparative anatomy, and the strong bias to mix up natural history with alchymy, astrology, and the materia medica which prevailed in those days, we may suppress the rising sneer at the dragons, griffins, basilisks, and other dire chimeras that we are sure to meet with in the writings of the earlier naturalists. And at the same time we should remember that at least in one instance—the dodo—they, by accurately describing an animal now extinct, and handing down to us its corroboratory head and leg, have given rise to many interesting speculations of our present naturalists respecting not only other comparatively recently extinct animals of which we find the remains, but also with regard to those which, though now denizens of our globe, are yet doomed to disappear before the expanding powers of mankind as certainly as the trees of the primeval forests fall before the axe of the immigrant settler.

The first collection of specimens of natural history worthy to be designated a museum ever made in England was accumulated by John Tradescant, and 'augmented and preserved together' by his son, who was also named John. Their museum, termed in their day Tradescants' Ark, contained not only objects of natural history, but also a general collection of curiosities, with vegetable substances useful in medicine and the arts. The last items show the highly practical turn of the Tradescants' minds, and how much they were in advance of their age. A museum of a similar description has only very lately been founded in the Royal Gardens at Kew, under the auspices of the scientific and practical Sir W. J. Hooker. Little is known of the Tradescants—just enough, perhaps, to excite curiosity in some, but still sufficient to endear their memories to the respect and veneration of the enthusiastic naturalist, the more so if he has a slight tinge of the antiquary in his composition. John Tradescant, the father, was by birth a Fleming or Hollander, and by profession a gardener. Neither the exact period of his first coming to this country nor that of his death is known; but by a

line* on the family tombstone, we are led to believe that he was in the service of Queen Elizabeth as gardener during the latter part of her reign; and from his not being mentioned by Ashmole, who was introduced to the Tradescant family in 1650, we may conclude that he died at a good old age previous to that date. His likeness, engraved by Hollar, represents him as a man advanced in years. He was also for some time in the service of Lord Treasurer Salisbury and of Lord Wootton, and subsequently travelled, collecting plants and curiosities, over the greater part of Europe. In 1620 he sailed in an expedition sent against the Algerines, which gave him an opportunity of collecting in Barbary and on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean. Previous to 1629 he settled at South Lambeth, where he founded his museum and botanic garden. John Tradescant, the son, stimulated by a similar zeal for natural science, sailed to Virginia, from whence he returned with many new plants and other curiosities. During their travels the Tradescants collected an immense number of plants, nearly all of which they introduced to the British Flora; and consequently it has been truly said that 'these able men, by their industry, made it manifest (in the very infancy of botanical science) that there is scarcely any plant extant in the known world that will not, with proper care, thrive in this kingdom.' Undoubtedly the energy and perseverance of the Tradescants is worthy of all commendation. The eastern parts of Europe, where the father collected the most of his new plants, were very difficult of access at that time; and Virginia, where the son collected, was then a howling wilderness, peopled by the cruel and savage tribes of the Red Indian. Many plants were justly distinguished by their names; but the improved classification of Linnæus rendered these titles obsolete. The great Swedish naturalist, however, gave to a genus of plants—the spiderworts, introduced from Virginia by John the son—the title of *Tradescantia*, as a well-merited token of respect for the memory of these enterprising men.

In 1656, some years after the death of his father, John, the son and 'survivor,' published a catalogue of the contents of his museum and botanic garden, entitled, 'Museum Tradescantianum, or a Collection of Rarities Preserved at South Lambeth, near London, by John Tradescant.' This work is embellished with two prints, respectively representing the father and son—eagerly sought after by collectors, the book being very rare. It opens, according to a prevailing custom of that day, with two anagrams, one in Latin, the other in English, 'On John Tradescant, Deceased,' followed by two more of a similar description, addressed 'To John Tradescant the Younger, surviving.' As a specimen of these anagrams may not be uninteresting to the reader, we subjoin the English one, on John the father:—

* ON JOHN TRADESCANT, DECEASED.

ANAGRAM.

John Tradescante
Had innocent artes.
Can honest art die?
Artes cannot die.

Nor courts nor shopcrafts were thine arts, but those
Which Adam studied ere he did transgress:
The wonders of the creatures, and to dress;
The world's great garden: Sure the sun ne'er rose
Nor couched, but blushed to see thy roof enclose
More dainties than his orb. CAN death oppress
Such HONEST ART as this, or make it less?
No: Fame shall still record it, and expose
Industrious care to all eternity.
The body may, and must: ARTES CANNOT DIE.*

In his preface Tradescant states, that 'about three years agoe (by the perswasion of some friends) I was

* 'Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen.'

John Tradescant, the son, was gardener to Charles I., whose queen, Henrietta, being French, is designated by the lily, as the emblem of that nation; the rose, in like manner, would be applicable to Queen Elizabeth.

resolved to take a catalogue of those rarities and curiosities which my father had sedulously collected, and myself with continued diligence have augmented and hitherto preserved together. They then pressed me with that argument: that the enumeration of these rarities (being more for variety than any one place known in Europe could afford) would be an honour to our nation, and a benefit to such ingenious persons as would become further inquirers into the various modes of nature's admirable works and the curious imitations thereof.

Accordingly, Tradescant, assisted by two friends, began to catalogue his rarities, but met with considerable difficulties, for he says that: 'Presently thereupon my only son dyed, one of my friends fell very sick, and the other into a troublous lawsuit; and at last, when the catalogue was ready, he had to wait ten months for the plates, Mr Hollar being engaged all that time beforehand; this, as well as the great number of prints from Hollar's burin, shows that he had been well employed.'

The most startling things in this catalogue are an egg from Turkey, 'given as a dragon's egg, the beak or head of a griffin, two feathers of the phoenix taylor, and a claw of the rock.' We find likewise a specimen of the now extinct dodo, portions of which are preserved in the museums of London, Oxford, and Paris. The quadrupeds are classified after the manner of Pliny—with toes, without any division of the foot, and with the foot cleft in two parts; and further divided into oviporous and viviporous. There are 'divers sortes of strange fishes,' shell creatures, insects, minerals, and outlandish fruits; the 'plyable mazer wood,' which, 'being warmed in water, will work to any form'—doubtless gutta percha! Dr Montgomery, who received the gold medal for first bringing this substance before the Society of Arts in 1843, describes it almost in the very words of Tradescant. Coins, medals, and plants complete the catalogue.

The book concludes with a list of the 'Benefactors' to the museum. Here we find the names of King Charles, Queen Mary, Archbishop Laud, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Henry Wootton, William Curteen, Esq., and a number of others. By the term 'benefactors,' we must not assume that 'Tradescant's Ark' was a mere vulgar show-place, where money was taken at the door, similar to some places now that certainly ought not to be so; but that the benefactors were persons who had contributed curiosities of various kinds to the museum. The first line in the anngram—'Nor courts nor shopcrafts were thine arts'—favours our forming this conclusion. At the same time we have good reason to believe that the Tradescants were engaged in business as nurserymen; for Parkinson, in a work produced in 1629, speaking of fruit-trees, observes that 'the choyssest for goodnesse, and rarest for knowledge, are to be had of my very good friend John Tradescante, who hath wonderfully laboured to obtaine all the rarest fruits he can heare of in any place in Christendome, Turkey, yea, or the whole world.'

Another person, whose connection with Tradescant and his museum renders it necessary, must now be introduced to the reader. Elias Ashmole, born at Lichfield in 1617, of parents in the middle class of life, studied the law, and became a solicitor in the Court of Chancery. He was thrice married. Having acquired a considerable fortune by his second wife, Lady Mainwaring, widow of a Sir John Mainwaring, who had been recorder of Reading, he relinquished his profession, and devoted himself to study. He wrote several works on chemistry and alchemy, and a History of the Order of the Garter. He was appointed to the office of Windsor Herald in 1658, called to the bar in 1660, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Oxford in 1669. His diary, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, has been well described as his life written by himself, the most minute particulars being carefully recorded. It is difficult for us of the

present day to imagine such a character as Ashmole in his diary shows himself to have been. To the most consummate zeal and energy for the acquisition of useful knowledge, he united all the credulous fancies of the alchemist and astrologer. An assiduous collector of antiquities, regardless of expense, he yet appears all through life to have had a keen eye for what is vulgarly denominated the main chance, and, moreover, to have been of a very litigious disposition. Though he commenced to study the sciences of botany and anatomy, the arts of seal-engraving, casting in sand, and goldsmiths' work, and the Hebrew language at advanced periods of life—the latter in his thirty-fifth year—yet at the same time we find him the dupe of the most barefaced impostors, listening to 'responses' from a familiar spirit in a 'soft voice,' and being 'told in syllables the true matter of the Philosophers' Stone.' Long after he had received his diploma as a physician, he writes thus:—'I took early this morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove away the ague: Deo Gratias.'

It would have been strange if two such men as Tradescant and Ashmole had not become acquainted with each other; and accordingly we find in the diary of the latter the following entries:—

'June 15, 1650.—Myself, my wife, and Dr Wharton went to visit Mr John Tradescant * at South Lambeth. May 28, 1651.—I and my wife tabled together this summer at Mr Tradescant's. Sept. 11, 1652.—Young John Tradescant died.'

This 'young John' was the 'only son' mentioned by John Tradescant, the compiler of the 'Museum Tradescantianum,' in the preface to that work; and consequently grandson of the John Tradescant who is described in the same work as 'deceased.' It is requisite that this should be here stated, for, owing to there having been three Tradescants—father, son, and grandson, each named John—considerable error and confusion has crept into the works of several distinguished writers respecting which were the two Tradescants celebrated as botanists and collectors: many stating erroneously that it was the younger two—a few correctly that it was the elder.†

Returning to Ashmole's diary, we find some curious entries:—'Decr. 12, 1659.—Mr Tradescant and his wife told me they had been considering upon whom to bestow their closet of curiosities when they died, and at last had resolved to give it unto me. Decr. 14.—This afternoon they gave their scrivener instructions to draw a deed of gift of the said closet to me. Decr. 16. *Hor. 30 minuta post merid.*—Mr Tradescant and his wife sealed and delivered to me the deed of gift of all his rarities. April 22, 1662.—Mr John Tradescant died. May 30.—This Easter term I preferred a bill in Chancery against Mrs Tradescant for the rarities her husband had settled on me. May 18, 1664.—My cause came to a hearing in Chancery against Mrs Tradescant.'

It is rather startling thus to discover that Ashmole, in his diary, was the beneficiary of the Tradescant collection.

* The different modes of spelling a person's name adopted by himself and his contemporaries, is a curious feature of that day. Parkinson writes Tradescante; we also find in the register of burials in Lambeth Church that the name of an individual is entered as servant of John Tradescing; and Sir Flattman's Poems (London, 1682) there are the following lines:—

'Thus John Tradescing starves our weary eyes
By boxing up his new found rarities.'

† Sir J. Hawkins, in his edition of 'Walton's Complete Angler,' in a note to the place where 'Piscator' speaks of John Tradescant, and the 'strange creatures collected' by him, erroneously makes it appear that this 'young John,' the grandson, was the person there referred to. Mr Ellis, in his edition (London, 1813), and Sir Harris Nicholas, in a subsequent edition, copy Sir J. Hawkins's erroneous statement. Mr Johnson, in his 'History of English Gardening' (London, 1829), follows the same authority. We may add, that the first edition of the 'Complete Angler' was published in 1653, a year after 'young John's' death. The burial register of Lambeth Church gives the date of his interment September 15, 1652. Further corroboration is unnecessary, though the four first verses on the family tombstone are decisive.

in little more than a month after the death of his friend, preferred a bill in Chancery against that friend's widow. This, however, as before alluded to, was with Ashmole rather a favourite mode of doing business, for, amongst others, he had proceedings in Chancery with even his own wife and uncle. According to his own entry in the diary, by the deed of gift—for which it does not appear that he gave any consideration—he was not to come into possession of the rarities until after they, Tradescant and his wife, died. Probably on this account the cause fell to the ground, for Ashmole does not again allude to it. He and Mrs Tradescant, it seems, also became upon good terms; for we find that when the great fire of 1666 was devastating London, Ashmole removed several boatloads of books, and other effects, from his chambers in the Temple to Mrs Tradescant's house as a place of safety; and in 1669 he mentions paying her a visit, in company with Mr Rose the king's gardener. In 1674 Ashmole came to reside in Lambeth, taking up his residence in a house which adjoined that of Mrs Tradescant; and three nights afterwards he tells us that—'*Oct. 5, 1674.*—This night Mrs Tradescant was in danger of being robbed, but most strangely prevented. *Nov. 26.*—Mrs Tradescant being willing to deliver up the rarities to me, I carried several of them to my house. *Dec. 1.*—I began to move the rest of the rarities to my house at South Lambeth.'

Whether it was the dread of robbers, the anxiety and expense of law proceedings, or any other motive, which caused Mrs Tradescant to give up the rarities, can now be only a matter of conjecture. She and Ashmole continued to live in adjoining houses, but were on very uneighbourly terms. A curious manuscript, preserved in the Bodleian Collection, contains a 'submission,' made by Mrs Tradescant in 1676, before a justice of peace and witnesses, to the effect that she had 'rashly and unadvisedly spoken false and scandalous words and reports against Ashmole.' One of these reports was—'That Ashmole had made a door out of his garden into my orchard, by which he might come into my house as soone as the breath was out of my body, and take away my goods: that the said Mr Ashmole had forced me to deliver up to him my closet of rarities, and that if I had not done it, he would have cut my throat; that he had robbed me of my closet of rarities, and cheated me out of my estate; whereas, in truth, I pressed him to receive the said rarities; and when he intreated me to keep them, I would not hearken, but forced him to take them away, threatening if he did not, I would throw them into the streete; and he having at last consented to receive them, I voluntarily helped to remove some of them mysele: that I caused a great heap of earth and rubbish to be laid against his garden-wall; and notwithstanding he admonished me to take it away, I told him it should be there in spite of his teeth.'

We must not judge, but certainly our sympathy is more with the defenceless, childless widow, than with the rich and powerful Ashmole, who had by this time become a man that even 'the king delighted to honour.' It seems to us probable that there was truth in both of Mrs Tradescant's statements—that she was willing to give up the rarities, to escape from the annoyances which had been used to compel her to do so. This unpleasant recital draws to a tragical close. Ashmole, in his diary, coolly informs us that—

In his diary, "My Horrors as they came—"
*April 4, 1678. Hor. 30 minutes ante merid.—*My wife told me that Mrs Tradescant was found drowned in her pond. She was drowned the day before about noon, as appeared by some circumstances. *April 6.—*She was buried in a vault in Lambeth Churchyard, where her husband and her son John had been formerly laid. *April 22.—*I removed the pictures from Mrs Tradescant's house to mine.

These were most probably the family pictures which Mrs Tradescant retained to the last. Ashmole subsequently sent them, with the other rarities, to Oxford. There were seven in all—representing John Tradescant the elder with fruits, flowers, &c.: the same after

death; the same, a small three-fourth size; his wife, son, and daughter; John the younger in his garden, spade in hand; the same with his wife; the same with his friend Tythespa, with a table and shells before them. The word Tythespa is evidently an anagram: who it means we are unable to decipher. We have not seen these paintings, and therefore cannot speak positively; yet we have reason to suspect that the one described as 'after death' is that from whence the print of John Tradescant, 'deceased' was taken by Hollar for the Museum Tradescantianum. Grainger, in his curious biography states that he saw a picture at a gentleman's house in Wiltshire not unlike that of the 'deceased' Tradescant, and the inscription was strictly applicable to him; namely—

* Mortuus hand alio quam quo pater ore quiescit.
Quam facile fereris nunc apocum nocte doces.

These pictures have been—perhaps still are—absurdly described at Oxford as *Sir John Tradescant's*! I scarcely need say that none of the Tradescants was ever knighted.

Immediately after the death of her husband, Mrs Tradescant had erected a handsome monument over his remains and those of her son and father-in-law, and underneath it she was also interred. This curious tomb is of the altar-form. On the east end of it was carved, in bas-relief, the Tradescant arms—three fleur-de-lis, empaled with a lion passant: on the west, a hydra tearing a human skull: on the south side, ruins of Grecian architecture: and on the north, a crocodile, shells, and Egyptian pyramids. In 1773 a new ledger stone—the old one having been broken—was placed upon the tomb by public subscription; and on this new ledger were cut the following verses, which had been intended for, but by some unknown cause never placed on, the original stone:—

'Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lie John Trades-cant, grandseir, father, son.
The last died in his spring: the other two
Lived till they had the world and nature through,
As by their voice collection may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air:
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous antiquarians that had been
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here: and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change their garden for a paradise.'

Strange to say, these *restorers* omitted the following words, which were on the original stone:—'This monument was erected at the charge of Hester Tradescant, the relict of John Tradescant, late deceased, who was buried on the 25th of April 1662.' Substituting in their stead—

* Erected 1652.
Repaired by Subscription, 1773.

This tomb is still in good preservation. Though, from the stones on which the bas-reliefs were sculptured being of a soft, calcareous nature, the figures are nearly obliterated; yet the hydra and skull at one end, and the Tradescant arms at the other, can be distinctly traced.

Not quite a year after the death of Mrs Tradescant, Ashmole having obtained a lease, took possession of the house formerly occupied by her and her husband's family, and there he resided until his death. In 1683 he presented the Tradescant collection and his own to the University of Oxford, a building having been erected there for the purpose of containing them. This edifice

* Mr Loudon, in his 'Encyclopaedia of Gardening' (London, 1827, p. 1100), erroneously states that this tomb was erected by Mrs Ashmole.

† It is a swan-shaped, web-footed bird, with breasts like a woman, a tail like a serpent's, and several necks and heads, the beaks resembling a vulture's. Mr Ducarel, a learned antiquary of the last century, suggests that it represents envy. Might it not be intended for Mr Ashmole and his bill in Chancery?

and collection is termed the Ashmolean Museum, 'the name of Tradescant being unjustly sunk in that of Ashmole.' The latter part of his diary is but a dismal list of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' We cannot part with him better than quaint old Anthony à Wood does in his memoir of him in the 'Athenæ Oxonienses.' He says, 'And now, having almost brought him to his last stage, I must take leave to tell the reader that he was the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England before his time. Uxor Solis took up its habitation in his breast, and in his bosom the great God did abundantly store up the treasures of all sorts of wisdom and knowledge. Being accounted famous in the faculty of chemistry, he worthily deserved the title of *Mercuriophilus Anglicus*.'

The site of Tradescant's garden was visited in 1749 by the celebrated Sir W. Watson and another member of the Royal Society;* and though it had for several years lain waste, and the house empty and 'ruined,' there still remained manifest traces of the founder. Many exotic plants were still alive, notwithstanding they had endured the two great frosts of 1729 and 1740. An *Arbutus*, *Aristotolia*, and *Rhamnus*, were particularly conspicuous from the great size they had attained. The property was subsequently purchased from Ashmole's descendants. Tradescant's house, and the house adjoining, where Ashmole lived previous to Mrs Tradescant's death, are still standing: though much altered, and well plastered and combed, the roofs and chimneys betray the antiquity of these buildings: they are both inhabited. Tradescant's house is now the residence of a wealthy London brewer: it is degraded by a paltry appellation, derived most probably from the peculiar form of its chimneys, while the name of Tradescant, which would have shed a lustre on the building, is in that district almost totally unknown.

Farewell, brave and worthy Tradescants, sire and son! In our boyhood we chanced to read of you; since then, your innocent occupations have been our pleasing pursuits. With all the knowledge that later times hath given to us, we are yet much more ignorant than ye now are. The grand arcanum is now laid open to you. A greater secret than that which friend Ashmole sought—that Philosophers' Stone concerning which no doubt ye oftentimes quaintly twitted him. Albeit unworthy, to me it has been a labour of love to collect and set down whatsoever I could find concerning your doings while on this earth. May we yet meet, not as in a glass of musty records, darkly, but in the glorious sunshine of eternal life!

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE HOT SEASON—IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH—THE BUNGALOW—LIFE IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—STRIKE OF THE COOLIES.

April 29th.—The heat is now very oppressive—thermometer at 90 degrees in our rooms all day. Having been ill, I probably feel more exhausted by the airless warmth around me, from which there is no escaping, than I should have done had I not parted with some of the strength that might have better enabled me to resist it. Mr Black's sick partner has decided on taking a country-house near Barrackpore for the remainder of the hot weather, which he wishes to be able to go to at once, on returning from the Sandheads; and having heard of one he thinks very likely to suit him, Helen, who was deputed to look at it, wished me to accompany her, as a change I should benefit by. It was an exertion to listen to her proposal, a greater exertion to decide upon it; and this being done for me, the greatest exertion of all was to get up and dress for the early drive, all which indisposition was said to prove great relaxation of the system, and the necessity therefore of a counteracting influence. We were oppressed with breathlessness while passing through the town, the gar-

den-houses, and the paddy-fields, but once in the long avenue, we revived. Some of these trees are large and fine, appearing to be at home in the soil, but as we went on, the greater part seemed to be growing up unkindly. All sorts were planted, and left to take their chance, and some have not suited their situation; yet on failing, have not been replaced. Owing to a mistake in the directions given to the coachman, who had gone on half-way the night before with a pair of extra horses, we took a wrong turn, and after travelling a mile over a very rugged road, we found ourselves at a fine public ghaut at the river-side, used as a bathing-place. Numbers of women were returning from their morning ablutions: close by was a small temple, with a crowd of half-naked men about it—priests, we supposed, from their assured looks and a little silver collar they wore. Near this was a beggar squatted on the ground, holding out his hand, demanding rather than entreating charity. It was all so amusing, that we did not regret our lost time, and as we drove back to the turn, we had rice-fields to admire, the young green shoots just sprouting, and a style of ploughing to observe described in the 'Georgics.' The plough had upright handles, which the man who held them seemed to pull down, that the share might throw up the earth before it, spade fashion, time not being valuable, nor fresh soil sought after. We passed also a pretty green pasture-field, in which some of the small cattle of the country were grazing: they were about the size of the largest of our fallow-deer. We had some further trouble before finding out 'the Grove.' Had the owner given his villa an Indian name, the familiar sound would have reached all ears. Of 'the Grove' they made sad bungling; and the plague we had in making our object out indisposed us, I think, to it. Helen very soon decided that it would not suit the firm. We gave it a fair trial, for we spent the day there—a hot day—having brought our tiffin with us, and our books and work. I took a long sleep for once, and gladly heard, on awakening, that the carriage was ready to take us back to Chowringhee. The drive home in the cool of the evening was pleasant after the choking heat of the day.

30th.—At six o'clock this morning expired one of the burra sahibs of Calcutta, an excellent man, with whom Edward and Caroline had dined a few days ago. How rapid here is the progress of disease! How little power does this relaxing climate leave the human frame to struggle against it! In this instance the disease itself—cholera—had been subdued: the attack was slight, and had been taken in time; but there was not sufficient stamina to stand the shock to a naturally delicate constitution. It was always said the patient was consumptive; more likely to live here than at home, provided no accident supervened, but not capable of lingering should such a calamity occur. Certainly the suddenness with which people disappear from their place in this society—a society so constituted, that every individual composing it is well known—makes one shrink from the familiarity with death that is thus forced upon us. We may have sat next at dinner, or talked on the Course with a person to-day whom we hear of as ill to-morrow, dead next day, buried in a few hours. If he recover, we have lost him all the same: he must go home, or to the Straits, or to the Cape, to recover: no one ever recovers here. That constant falling sick and getting well again, so common in England, never happens here, though, as I have mentioned, the amount of deaths in comparison to the population is not greater in the East than in London. I really believe there is less illness, because people take fright, and send for the doctor at once, and he is thus generally able to prevent more mischief, unless a cure be impossible. The thermometer was at 86 degrees this evening, which I attribute to a damp fog sending up a steam that affected me as I was once affected in your conservatory on

* Philosophical Transactions, 1749.

entering it one hot July night, just after the plants had been watered. The house is more bearable just now than the outward air: it is always kept closely shut up till the sun is down; but our drive was so oppressive, I cannot think it wise to persevere at this season in what are really mis-called airings. It is the hot weather: to last till the rains, for a month or more yet. The melancholy event of this day set us all talking of the consequent changes; and from one thing to another we got upon the bar and its prospects. The highest income that can at present be made at the Calcutta bar is £7000 per annum. I understand one lawyer makes this; but it requires his combination of advantages to insure it—talents, industry, good health, and long-standing. Who can look forward to such a position? We humbly look for half this good fortune by and by, and must exercise our patience in the meanwhile.

May 7th.—Very hot: too much dispirited by the languor thus produced to occupy myself in any way. Writing I find unpleasant; no visiting is going forward; we lounge away our mornings with a book, which we can't always exert ourselves to read; and we try to recruit our frames by a drive on a cooler evening than common. Once or twice I have taken my airing on a sofa near the window, and found it answer. Eating is essential at this time: we can all eat, and drink too, iced beer, or wine and water—nice light French claret, very much perfumed, I call it, though they laugh at me. The offices of the gentlemen in town are very oppressive they tell us. I have been revived to-day by a storm. Rain is just now our greatest luxury; and we had plenty, with some thunder and lightning, early this morning. I actually walked afterwards in the compound; but, truth to say, I am hardly up to moving much; even raising the head or the hands is too fatiguing. I never have recovered that fever!

11th.—Think what we have done—a large party of us: taken a country-house fifteen miles off! And here we are established regularly and comfortably at 'the Hive' at Tittighur. Arthur, having a few days of leisure, is with us, so that there is no drawback to the pleasure of the change. All from our house set out this morning at half after five: we went a new way through the Cossitollah, where most of the tradespeople live. It was crowded at that early hour with busy-looking passengers, exhibiting among them a variety of colour such as it is surely unusual to see at once together. Some Arabs were almost fair, tall, and well dressed, and proud in their bearing. There were Chinese, with their very peculiar eyes, and two long locks of plaited hair falling from their heads behind, and trailing on, or certainly touching, the ground, and curious sleeves to their shapeless robes, and pointed turned-up slippers; besides the ordinary mixture of Mussulmans and Hindoos of all shades and castes—some well clothed, some all but naked. Numbers were still sleeping in the thatched porches outside their huts, often without a mat beneath them; while others slumbered peacefully under a mosquito-frame.

Fresh horses were ready for us at Cox's Bungalow, ten miles on; and after five more, we reached our pretty residence about half after seven. I like the place very much indeed. The house is on an admirable plan for this climate—all on one floor, but that floor is raised a good way above the ground, having a sort of half-sunk storey below, which does for offices. The rooms are in a suite, and of good size—two of them are indeed very large. A veranda of some width runs all round, the corners of which are partitioned off as bath-rooms. The thermometer is as high here as at Chowringhee, but the air feels much cooler; perhaps from its freer circulation, and the nearness to the river. We use *tatties* too (coarse blinds made of a kind of grass matted into a frame of bamboo placed outside the window), through which the hot wind blows, cooled in its passage by evaporation—these *tatties* being kept

constantly wet: two men are for ever flinging water over them—the simplest way the operation could be done. So here is my theory of the conservatory waterings directly contradicted! Some delicate persons object to the tatty, as hurtful to the chest, fancying the damp air causes rheumatism, or coughs, or ague; it gave us nothing but good spirits. We laughed more this one day than any of us have done for a month; and in the evening, some of us riding, and some of us driving, we went down a shady lane into the park at Barrackpoor, and found it where we entered like a dear old bit of English scenery, just fit for gipsies to encamp in. The thatched huts of the natives are quite as picturesque as any tents, and the wild, dark-skinned urchins rolling about on the ground near them filled up the grouping quite correctly. The children here are interesting, lively little creatures, far too animated to degenerate into such tame characters as the men and women they grow up into, without some cause at work beyond climate. One or two of these monkeys called out to us in English 'Good-evening!' and laughed at their own fun as heartily as we did. The river Hoogly is at this part extremely beautiful, making a fine bold sweep of some extent. The opposite bank is pretty, the factory at Serampore, belonging to the Danes, figuring among trees at a little distance; but it is all too flat. The park at Barrackpoor has been in some degree rescued from this monotonous level, and an undulating surface, such as nature often exhibits, has here been effected by art. The trees are of many varieties, fine of their kind, and well-disposed: riding under their shade on the green turf by the banks of the river in the pleasant cool of the evening, I asked myself over and over again whether this were India? And I must let you into a secret about this riding. I was riding on a little pony sent to me for trial by a friend—the singing lady—as the fittest exercise for one who cannot get on without some, and has failed in attempts to walk at this season.

The governor-general's house is by no means worthy of such a park and pleasure-ground: it is not at all a fine building outside, though said to be commodious enough within. There are some persons living in it: I did not hear who they were. The burra sahib himself is on a progress up the country. After dinner, not the least tired, we strolled out again.

12th.—I have not had such a refreshing sleep for weeks. The air must be cooler here. My room is quite protected from the sun too. I was able to enjoy an hour in the veranda before dressing, and we can occupy ourselves comfortably all the morning behind the *tatties*. This evening I tried my tattoo or pony again, taking another pleasant ride, with a canter on the turf in the park. After dinner we mounted to the roof of the house; a very inviting place on a fine moonlight night, with the cool evening air blowing round it, the noble river at our feet, and overhead such a sky!—so pure, so clear, so brilliant! Wonderfully beautiful are the stars of the eastern sky. The constellations are fuller, the stars of first magnitude more numerous, and their brightness far more vivid than we have been accustomed to witness in the denser atmosphere of the north. But it was off the Cape that the full beauty of the heavens shone on the 'night at sea.' We northerners have no true idea of the splendour of the constellations of the southern hemisphere. I hope you will get the 'map of the sky' I made for you on the voyage. I sent it you with the chart of our daily progress, as I think I must have mentioned in one of my letters to George. I marked down every star as it rose upon our horizon, and after the noontide anxiety was over, the observation taken, I used to long for night, to read the skies again—a good way, I assure you, to beguile the tedium of the sea.

13th.—There is something very soothing in this country life. Arthur and I went out—he to walk, and I to

ride—this morning very early, and we talked of home—its fields, and lanes, and woodlands; and agreed that, in order to live to return to them, we must get ourselves horses, and ride. We sauntered, by the banks of the river, much amused by the variety of country boats working their way up to Calcutta against the stream, at about the same rate as we were moving—going to market we supposed. And we passed loads of the natives fast asleep under the trees, lying on a mat with a sheet over them. Many were bathing—standing up to their waists in the river, dashing the water with a little brass pot over their heads and shoulders. It is a pity that those of them who wear clothes should not give them an occasional purification, for after all the careful washing of their bodies, on goes the old dirty drapery, redolent of cocoa-nut oil in all its impurity. Here and there was a Mussulman kneeling on his mat, and saying his prayers with his face to the rising sun, every now and then touching the earth with his forehead. What an appetite we had for breakfast! I am sure I should have died had we stayed near Calcutta. In the evening we rode again—a goodly company—slowly out, but quick enough home, for a storm had nearly overtaken us—one that would in two minutes have wetted us to the skin. Our very horses seemed to scent the coming mischief, and started off in a quick canter, which brought us safely in before the dark cloud burst. The rain poured down as if a fountain were playing on the air. We had barely time to make all close, the bearers running to every door and window, before the full sweep of the tempest came rattling round. The thunder was very grand: as usual, one loud clap sharper than all the rest. The atmosphere was quite chilly afterwards. We were glad to keep all the doors of the dining-hall closed, though it is an inner room, the very centre of the house, round which all the others are built; and if lighted, it would have to be lighted from the roof. Darkness is so agreeable here, that it is considered quite sufficient to let in merely as much light as the doors from the outer apartments admit through them. We strolled in the veranda after tea, admiring the lightning, which continued for some time to shoot along the sky in zig-zags, long after both thunder and rain had ceased.

14th.—Walked my pony, with the syce at hand of course, to the ghaut, where lay the little boat which is to take poor Arthur with the tide back to the glare, and the dust, and the heat, and the toil of Calcutta. I declare, if I had known what an Indian barrister's life was to be, I would have voted for a few acres of ground in Ireland or Australia, kept the keys, made the butter—ay, even ironed the clothes—rather than undergo what we have come to. The hot season is depressing beyond any notion you in your temperate climate can form of it. The effects on both mind and body are really most dejecting. But I am out of sorts this morning.

15th.—I was the better of a ride last night with Helen, Mr Black, and the sick partner, across the country, over an open down, reminding me of what? and on, through a little village where they manufacture bamboos, into a wild and pretty lane leading to another plain near the river, in which stands a factory for printing cotton, belonging to Mr Cockerell. It looked like a villa residence—not the least like its Manchester relations. We turned our horses here, and went back to join the carriage on a sheltered spot in the park at Barraekpoor, near the Hoogly, where a good military band was playing. A large party was gathered to listen to it, and when, before we left, lamps were placed beside each desk, the effect was quite a surprise to me. Music near the water always sounds well, and lights glimmering through trees upon a moving crowd always show well; so we stayed late, looking and listening, and the long trumpets filled my ears all the way back to the Hive. Edward arrived to dinner. He told me that as yet

Arthur had mercifully escaped the cholera! and that he would be out on Saturday to stay till Monday morning.

17th.—I have got through many books in my pleasant solitary hours here. We brought a good supply with us, for all the new publications come out regularly. There are good libraries in Calcutta, and almost every one has, besides, a private stock, freely lent in all directions.

In the afternoon an incident occurred. The two Coolies who were to serve the tatties, and the one bheestie, who was to serve the Coolies, all struck for higher pay. They saw we had no spare servants, as we had left those we could do without behind in our respective houses, to take care of the furniture and to manage our bazaar, most of our supplies having to be sent out to Tittyghur from Calcutta. There were, besides, the gentlemen to be waited on, the sahibs only getting out to the Hive occasionally. We have therefore no consomaun here, but we mean now to write for one, to keep these inferior gentry in order. For the present, to terrify evil-doers, Cary, who is the burra madam, will dismiss the agitators. The pay is indeed but small; however, the work is light, and does not occupy the whole day, and it is the usual hire, with which hitherto they have been contented.

'TACTICS FOR THE TIMES.'

SUCH is the name given to a work by Mr Jelinger C. Symons, in reference to the condition and treatment of what are called the 'Dangerous Classes.' We cannot say that the author has been particularly happy in the elucidation of his subject, nor do we see that the title he has adopted is borne out by any distinctly-recognised or practical system of criminal management. The bulk of the volume is, in fact, only a *résumé* of certain Blue-Book statistics, and as such is not without value to the student of social progress. The condition and increase of the criminal classes—in plain terms, the reasons for there being any criminals at all—are circumstances very much beyond the sphere of statistics. The subject is more of a philosophical than statistical nature. A course of deep and unprejudiced reflection on the aspects of society is what alone can throw some glimmerings of light on the great and perplexing question which the statistics of crime present for consideration.

The root of the matter may of course be said to lie in the imperfections of human nature. True as a fundamental proposition; but it is our duty to investigate secondary as well as primary causes, and, if possible, to adopt all practicable means of amelioration. The serious fact revealed by statistics is this:—Crime is increasing in Great Britain in a ratio greater than is warranted by the increase of population. During the last six years crime has increased 12 per cent., while the population has increased only about 7 per cent. That is the species of crime in which the increase has been greatest. The most deplorable fact of all is, that the proportion of female criminals is steadily on the increase; as if female demoralisation were one of the marked features of the age. In 1847, in the whole of England and Wales, the female criminals bore the following proportion to the male criminals in each of the six classes of offence respectively:—Of offences against the person, the proportion of females to males was 14.2 per cent.; of offences against property with violence, the proportion was 8.7 per cent.; of offences against property without violence, the proportion was 28.9 per cent.; of malicious offences against property, it was 11.4 per cent.; of other offences, the proportion was 16.4 per cent. Thus in these aggregate classes of crime women participate the most largely in common thefts. This would be naturally expected. It would hardly be credited that of all the specific crimes comprised in these general classes, with two exceptions, that in which women have the most largely participated

in proportion to men is murder. Out of seventy-two persons committed for this offence no less than thirty-nine were females. They constitute nearly one-quarter of those committed for attempts to murder. In the class of thefts they form nearly a third of the whole number of receivers of stolen goods—a body who are justly regarded by the law as worse offenders than mere thieves. So true is it that the extremes of vice as well as virtue co-exist in the female character. In the great revolution of France, and again, in that of 1848, the most inhuman atrocities were perpetrated by women. In England there can be little doubt that the criminal mind is quite as strong in women as in men. The lesser number of female offences arises, it is to be feared, chiefly from their lesser power rather than their better disposition. This view derives confirmation from the fact, that wherever women are much employed in masculine pursuits, which tend to increase their power and opportunities of committing offences, the proportion of female to male offenders increases.

The great preponderance of offences of all sorts takes place among criminals between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, such being the season when the passions are strongest, and vice rife. Mr Symons has collected a vast variety of facts as to the relation borne by locality and occupation to crime; and by way of illustration he presents a number of coloured diagrams, which seem to us more curious than useful. He shows by figures that in the mining district there is the least, and in the metropolitan the most crime. The mining, silk, and agricultural districts are indicated as being below the average; and the cotton, iron, and metropolitan are above the average of crime. We are inclined to think that there lurks some source of fallacy in these and some other details offered by the philanthropic writer before us; and indeed for this belief there is more than suspicion. The agency for detecting and punishing crime is not the same everywhere: in one district the police are numerous and vigilant; in another their force is feeble and desultory. We hear much of the comparative exemption from crime in the rural districts of the country. But in such places there is little temptation to theft, and, besides, not the tenth part of the offences committed in these places is ever brought under magisterial notice; and that for two reasons—first, because the investigation would give trouble; and second, because the party complaining would be a marked man. A clergyman in a rural district tells us that his garden is robbed regularly every year of all its fruit; yet he makes no complaint, for he would only incur popular odium. In a city with a sharp police, if such a crime took place, it would be followed by prompt detection and punishment. A farmer tells us that he often loses poultry by theft; but, he adds, 'What good would it do me to report such losses? I should live in constant war with neighbours by doing so.' And so there is the marvel of rural innocence, pretty well accounted for. If it be allowed, however, that the rural districts are on the whole less criminally disposed than the metropolis, and other places of dense population, it may be shrewdly guessed, that the difference is ascribable to the absence of opportunity. A youth, however much prone to err, cannot well steal a field, or a tree, or a horse, or a coal-pit, or a steam-engine; but place him amidst crowded streets, with on every side dazzling shop-windows, and thousands of pockets well plenished with purses and handkerchiefs, to disturb his virtue—and we shall see how soon he falls into transgression. Another element tending to the utter confusion of statistics, is the different aspect in which crimes are viewed. For stealing a turnip, a boy will be sent by one magistrate to prison for a day or two, and by another he will be sent before the assizes, and probably transported. If treated summarily, the case never makes its appearance in criminal returns; if treated

more gravely, it goes to swell a body of statistics. Mr Symons admits the impropriety of this uncertain and capricious mode of dealing with crime.

Nothing can exceed the caprice with which sentences are passed, or the wild inconsistency with which they are dealt by different judges. Many of the proceedings in courts are such as would scarcely be credited were they reported verbatim. I shall confine the very few remarks I shall make under this branch of my subject to the verdicts given and the sentences pronounced. A few simple facts will suffice. Two boys were tried the same day at one of our sessions' courts last year: the first, aged about sixteen, for obtaining goods under false pretences. He pleaded guilty. Now there can be no doubt that however the law may distinguish between the two offences, that of fraud is one bespeaking far more moral turpitude than that of simple theft: to the dishonesty of the thief must be added the knavery of the liar. It is *per se* a moral offence of much deeper turpitude. The lad in this case happened to have had the advantage of respectable birth and a passable education. One of the magistrates interested himself in his behalf, and whispered to the chairman, who passed sentence nearly as follows:—"I am deeply pained, very deeply pained [emotion] to see a youth, the son of respectable parents, who has had the inestimable blessing of a pious and watchful nurture from his cradle upwards [faltering voice], falling, alas! into the vortex of vice. It is, indeed, a duty—a most distressing duty, I may say—to me to be thus compelled [sobbing] to add another wound to the afflicted hearts of your poor unhappy parents, by consigning you to a humiliating punishment, which I earnestly hope and pray may have the effect of rescuing you from a further aberration from the paths of virtue and respectability. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be imprisoned without hard labour in the common jail [fresh sobs] of this city for the space of three weeks!" The other case was that of a poor half-starved and half-clothed lad, younger than the other, who could neither read nor write. He was convicted of picking pockets in a fair. Chairman: "I perceive very clearly indeed that you are a very bad, hardened fellow; I say I perceive that very clearly, for it has not escaped me [looking very wise] that you were found with no less than three pocket-handkerchiefs upon you! This convinces me that the present is not your first offence. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported to such place beyond the seas as her Majesty, &c. may appoint, for the term of ten years." Now, every reason given in the first case for a short sentence was a strong ground for a heavy one: the greater the enlightenment, the more unpardonable the guilt. Every fact in the latter case was in favour of lenience: the three handkerchiefs were probably all stolen at the same or nearly the same time, and constituted morally but one offence, with the same pitiable plea of hunger as a palliation. The first was a case for severity, the second for compassion—the treatment they received precisely the reverse. I have seen a woman transported by one judge for ten years for the same offence that I have seen a man let off with two months' imprisonment by another judge. It is a common occurrence, when two courts are sitting, for prisoner's counsel, in a bad case, to manoeuvre to get the trial in one court instead of the other, because it will make all the difference whether his client is transported or not. These things have a bad effect on the public mind, as well as on the prisoners themselves. Justice is less a matter of principle than a lottery, and so it must be while the law allows so much discretion to a body of men many of whom have so little of it to exercise. A prisoner, for instance, who is convicted of having stolen an apple, after a previous conviction of having stolen a pear, is liable to be imprisoned for a day, or transported for life, at the option of the chairman of a quarter sessions!

The corrupting influence of prisons, and the vast demoralisation caused by intemperance, likewise the mischievous working of the poor-laws, are duly dwelt upon by our author; and he concludes with some useful remarks on the want of a better system of general education, and other means of public enlightenment. On government he very properly throws the duty of providing for what is desirable in these respects. Yet he clogs his observations on this point with some remarks that might as well have been spared. Referring to the growing eagerness with which government has been besought to promote education on an extended basis, he adds, 'The working portion of the people themselves are partially alive to their own interest in the matter as well as those above them, and have made, and will make, great sacrifices to obtain education. The rich have been appealed to times out of number, with all the fervour and effect which Christian piety and popular necessities can lend to the urgency of the claim upon their benevolence: there has been no sufficient response.' We feel astonished at the groundlessness of these statements. In the matter of improved elementary education, it is notorious that the working-classes, though the very party to be chiefly benefited, have scarcely made the slightest movement. Occupying their minds with speculative questions bearing but remotely on their welfare, they have left the battle of improved national education to be fought by a section of the middle classes—those whom Mr Symonds cruelly reproaches with having made 'no sufficient response.' So far from the rich having been appealed to in vain, they have taxed themselves in the most incredible sums to promote beneficiary objects of every kind; so much so, that charities supported by voluntary contribution form one of the most remarkable features of British society.

The philosophy of crime remains to be expounded, and we should be glad to see it treated at the length that so important a subject deserves. Here we may only refer to a single particular that would require investigation—Is the increase of crime traceable in any way to the progress of society, as it is at present constituted? In other words, is it a necessary consequence of our existing and prospective condition? The unprejudiced elucidation of this elementary point is of the highest importance. Hitherto certain principles in human society have been taken for granted. For example, individual independence—perfect freedom—is usually considered to be the most valued possession. But as we see myriads who cannot take care of themselves—who habitually neglect to make any provision for the future—who recklessly turn their children adrift on the public—who, from mental imperfection, or some other cause, cannot keep pace, and therefore cannot compete, with their more highly-gifted, or at least more persevering neighbours—and who, being so incompetent, or at all events so unfortunate, fall to be supported through the agency of publicly-levied rates, or by means furtively acquired—the serious question may be propounded, whether individual freedom is really and in every point of view the blessing that it is supposed to be? We would not for an instant entertain the idea of limiting personal liberty, but the consideration that somewhere about £10,000,000 per annum are taken from the public pocket to support paupers and repress or punish criminals in Great Britain, necessarily induces one to think that society, in throwing on every one the duty of self-responsibility, has not hitherto adopted the means, if it has the power, to make each member of the community able to understand and act upon his duty. Therein lies the proximate cause of crime—a cause wholly unappreciable by statistics. Year after year measures are adopted to patch up, not thoroughly mend the system. At one time it is an improved poor-law; at another a better form of police or of prison discipline. At this moment the legislature

is invoked to establish and support Industrial Schools; in other words, the public are called on to act in *loco parentis* towards the thousands of unhappy children who are ruthlessly sent into the streets to steal or starve. It seems clear that, according to present arrangements, vast masses either will not or cannot support themselves on principles of honest independence. If this proceeds from want of will, society takes no proper means of compulsion; if from want of ability, it fails to give an efficient instruction. What we would insist on is this: Society, in imposing on every man the duty of self-government and self-dependence, is bound to see that all are, and ever will be, fit for this onerous condition; failing in this particular, it must be prepared to take the consequences—an excruciating pressure of police, prison, and poor-rates, and a not less severe expenditure of feelings. We are, however, going beyond the reasonable bounds of a critique, and must leave the exposition of the subject to those who are inclined to argue it out on a broad and comprehensive scale. Only one word may be added—How humiliating the reflection that civilisation the most refined should not have advanced a step towards the extinction of either pauperism or crime: after all that has been done and attempted, there are the dangerous classes more numerous and as clamant as ever! History is said to be a series of reactions. How curious would it be if society, tortured with slothful or predatory improvidents, were, step by step, to work itself round to something like the mastership and serfdom of the middle ages. And in one respect it has almost arrived at such an issue, for what is the inspector of the poor but a feudal baron acting for the public? and what are paupers and convicted criminals but a species of slaves—men who ungrudgingly sell their birthright for a paltry mess of pottage? Since a notion of this kind cannot possibly be entertained, how much on the score even of safety are we bound to promote such enlarged measures of education as would make tolerably sure that every one, so far as his faculties permitted, should grow up an instructed and independent-minded being.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

A REGATTA ON THE DEE.

Among the amusements of the people, few are more harmless, or less likely to be abused, than *regattas*. About a boat-race there is as much excitement as about a horse-race, while there is neither the same cruelty nor reckless defiance of danger as are inseparable from a steeple-chase. The competitors are usually men who gain in manly strength and vigour by pulling an oar: few, if any, make the sport a profession like 'horse jockeys;' and whether amateurs, fishermen, or boatmen, the struggle for a prize, and the preparatory practice, are decidedly beneficial. The accessories of a regatta are healthy and attractive. If the weather be good, nothing can be more agreeable than to wander through a pleasant meadow on the shores of a sparkling river whose breast is covered with boats bearing living happy freights, the oars casting up water to gleam in the sunshine, while many-coloured flags wave gaily in the breeze. Bands of music enliven the air both on water and on land; and when tired with walking, a tent, pitched under the shadow of a tree, affords an agreeable retreat. It is true that some people *will* come who ought to stay at home; that others *will* eat and drink more than is good for them; that bets *will* be made, as they are made every day about anything; and that the presence of the police is usually necessary. But where is there a gathering of the people of any country of which the same things may not be said? One or two pockets may be picked; some people may be led home drunk; some may lose money by unfortunate speculations; and others may appear in the police

court next morning; but if regattas are to be objected to because of these things, we must also object to railway stations, lord-mayors' dinners, speculating in railway shares or in corn, and to the keeping of many of those time-honoured festivals that, like Christmas, 'come but once a year.' Some grave old folks who have been 'wild' in their youth (your old saint has usually been a young sinner), shake their wise heads, and speak of the 'bad company' to be met with at such places, just as if bad company could be met *only* there, and as if every inhabitant of this earth did not lie down to sleep every night in the midst of an untold and unknown mass of sin and sorrow. But how much good company is met? Here is the laughing boy let loose from school but for a holiday; the pale-faced clerk emancipated from his desk for a day; the tradesman who has left his counter; the student who has left his books; the servant-girl with Master John and Miss Fanny; the nurse with the baby; and whole tribes of wondering and merry strangers brought by special trains, not, certainly, from the ends of the earth, but from the ends (*termini* is the polite name) of all the railways of the district. Good company indeed! Why, it is the best of company: sometimes there are peers and peeresses; often members of parliament; and if these are absent, why, then, there are aldermen and town-councillors, who will (as happened in Liverpool not long ago) rather let a council meeting be without a quorum than forego such sports. So true is the remark made once every year by a worthy newspaper editor in the north of England, 'There is, after all, a dash of the savage even in the most civilised men.'

The river Dee at Chester has long been a favourite scene for the display of skill in 'pulling an oar.' It is indeed a pretty and an attractive river. At Chester it is only about a hundred yards broad, and though vessels of considerable burthen come up close to the fine old city walls, yet the river is not navigable for them above a bridge at the termination of one of the principal streets. The prospect from this bridge is delightful. On the west towers the castle, where sentries have kept watch almost without intermission since the days of Hugh Lupus, nephew of William the Conqueror; beyond the castle, in a meadow by the river-side, is the race-course, and near it is a bridge that carries the iron rails across the Dee that connect London with Holyhead; to the east the river winds through a well-cultivated country, though each link of the Dee is not 'worth a king's ransom,' like the links of Forth; the sloping sides of the north bank are covered with pretty villas, well-cultivated gardens, and avenues of venerable trees, while above all appear the old spires of churches, the walls of the city, and quaint old-fashioned-looking houses. At any time the view up the river is pleasing, but on the occasion of a regatta it is extremely lively and interesting. The water is then covered with scores of boats of all descriptions. Here are half-a-dozen small, square, ungainly-looking boats, called 'coracles,' similar to those used by the ancient Britons, and still employed as ferry-barges on this same river. They are made of a kind of wicker-work, over which hides or tarpaulin are drawn; they can seat only one person, and are moved by the action of an oar used perpendicularly in front. They are so light as to be easily carried; and as I saw some of them drawn up on the river bank, they were so like their representations in old drawings, that I should scarcely have been surprised to see an ancient Briton, painted blue, appear and carry one off on his back. Curious, indeed, was it to think that though we are now using Leviathan steamboats to cross the Atlantic ferry, yet in crossing this Cambrian Dee we use the same kind of boats as the natives did two thousand years ago.

'I always said,' exclaimed my worthy friend the editor, 'that a dash of the savage remained even in the most civilised men; and look among that crowd of boats, and you will not only see a coracle of the ancient Briton, but a long canoe of the modern South Sea Islander;

and see, it contains one man, a Cestrian, as the Chester people call themselves, who with his paddle—another dash of the savage—is propelling the light canoe at a speed that will cause it to beat any boat on the river.'

The remark was quite correct; the canoe in question was a genuine production of *uncivilised* man, and had been hollowed out of a single log of wood in some far island of the sea. It skimmed the water like a feather, overtaking and passing many of the heavy and clumsy, but useful fishing-boats, with which the river was crowded. Then there were pleasure-barges, gaudily painted, with high bow and stern, and a roof in the centre, reminding one of the gondolas of Venice, the originator and namer of regattas. They were full of merry people: one in particular was freighted with the band belonging to the Blue-Coat School; and as I looked, the boys were playing 'Rule Britannia,' while the oars kept time to the tune. But one of the barges had undergone a strange mutation; it had been fitted up with a funnel, from which clouds of steam were issuing, and near the helm could be seen an Archimedean screw. Whether the screw was propelled by machinery or by clock-work, I could not make out, but certainly this miniature *Great Britain* 'walked the waters like a thing of life,' making—like all little imitations of the great—much more commotion with her screw than many a larger vessel. On a piece of rising ground a tent was pitched, a band of music stationed, and the committee of management assembled. From this a line stretched across the river, having suspended a bright collection of flags, some of which swept down to the surface of the water. A little lower down, a boat, also decorated with flags, was moored, containing the starter and the umpire; and round this a number of skiffs, entered as competitors, were collected; many of their crews attired in boating costume. Crowds of well-dressed, orderly people lined both banks of the river, and refreshment tents were pitched here and there in pleasant places. The weather was delightful; the sun was not so strong as to make the water dazzling to the eye, and a breeze, just sufficient to stir the flags, was felt.

'I wonder if the river looked anything like this a thousand years ago,' said my friend the editor.

'Of course it did not. What makes you ask?' I said.

'Only because old Camden the historian tells us that all that time ago there was a magnificent regatta on this same river, at this very place, and that the Saxon king of Mercia, of which Chester formed a part, appeared in a beautiful barge, rowed by the kings of Scotland, Cumberland, and Man, and several Welsh princes, to the great joy, says the historian, of all the spectators. Many things have doubtless changed since then, but the substratum of that regatta and of this is the same. The river follows the same course, these Welsh hills look down on us as they looked down on the Saxon king, and the assembled spectators, though their dress and modes of living and thinking might to a great extent differ from ours, yet they were "men of like passions with ourselves." You know that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and it requires very little stretch of imagination to detect in the scene before us, both in its elements, and to some extent in its outward show, pictures of life in the first, the ninth, and the nineteenth centuries, and in England, Venice, and the South Sea Islands.'

'Well, it is a great advantage,' said I, 'to have such a vivid imagination; for my part I believe what I see, and I see that preparations are making for a race.'

According to the 'kerect card' sold by flying stationers on the ground, there were to be eight races, for prizes amounting altogether to about fifty guineas; one was for youths under eighteen years of age, two for mechanics, two for gentlemen amateurs, one for fishermen, one for 'fishermen's pair-oared boats, to be rowed by women,' and one for coracles. The course was to a certain point up the river, and back, a distance of about

two miles; but for the coracles and others the distance was much shorter. The important race was for the Dee stakes—a trial of strength between the mechanics of Chester and Manchester, the latter having lately been victorious on the Tyne; and the amusing race was that with the coracles. Two long, slim, four-oared boats took up their position opposite the starter; a bell was rung to clear the course, and at a signal, off started the boats of the rival cities, each propelled by four oars. The interest excited was great: all eyes followed the quickly-moving boats, watched them at the critical turn, where bad steering would be fatal; and as they came round a bend of the river, there was a shout of delight when it was seen that the Chester boat was in advance; and the applause grew greater as it came nearer, shot past the committee's ground, and a gun fired from the umpire's boat, and the hoisting of the oars of the Chester crew, proclaimed that the race was won—that the mechanics of the Dee had beaten those of the Irwell; not, said the defeated party, because they were stronger or more skilful, but because they had the better boat. The coracle race was most amusing. Nine started: each man held his oar by the middle, the blade immersed in the water, and the handle resting on the right shoulder—motion being produced by circular sweeps, so that the advance was in anything but a straight line. There seemed to be more skill and cool judgment required in this race than in any of the others; for though all the men seemed pretty equally matched for strength, yet it was soon evident they were not so as regarded skill. Some fell sadly behind, and the others advanced very unequally. It was a most ludicrous sight to witness nine men, seated in things little larger than a washing-tub, working assiduously with one oar, propelling their coracles in a zig-zag direction, at the rate of about three miles an hour. 'The yellow oar has it!' 'No; the blue oar will be the winner!' 'Well done, yellow oar!' were some of the exclamations of the crowd, until, after a tough contest, 'the yellow oar' gained the prize.

The other races were less interesting, and about five o'clock the people began to move homewards. Many on the south bank preferred crossing the river in boats to making the circuit necessary to reach the bridge, and the boatmen reaped an abundant harvest of pence. The universal cry rising from the water-side was, 'Now, then, who's for over?' And I and my friend the editor crossed 'over,' thinking that we and all assembled had spent a really pleasant and innocent day at the 'regatta on the Dee.'

BERLIN SAND-BOYS.

A lad of eighteen, and one about three years younger, are in possession of a machine made of four boards, nailed together, which has just as good a right to be reckoned among carts as some certain German contrivances have to be called constitutions. Before this vehicle there plods along slowly, with sunken head and projecting bones, a venerable horse, which has been bought in the market for the sum of two-and-twopence. The appearance of the owners harmonises well with that of these their animate and inanimate possessions. The sand-boy is lightly attired—that is to say, without coat or boots; but he has a coloured waistcoat—a very coloured one, for it was several coloured waistcoats before it became one; its history, therefore, is the reverse of that of our German fatherland. The waistcoat is almost wholly unbuttoned, and leaves fully displayed a shirt, which perhaps has no very obvious claims to public notice; and the sand-boy also wears what we must call trousers, possibly to prevent the aforesaid shirt from fluttering in the wind, for I have not been able to perceive any other purpose that they answer. If, however, any fair lady should see anything objectionable in them, I must remind her that it is by no means improbable that the sand-boy might, on similar grounds, remonstrate against her costume at the evening party last night. In the early morning, then, the two young commercial gentlemen (the firm of Fritz and Co.) are seated in their equipage, and are taking their accustomed way through the Halle Gate to the Kreutzberg; but as soon as they have the town behind

them, they take out two very short pipes, fill them with tobacco, and begin to smoke. The odour emitted by the weed might be thought peculiar, but it cannot be otherwise than agreeable, for it is the produce of their native soil. It burns brightly, however, and sends out into the summer air blue clouds, upon which the smokers are soon lost into the sphere of the ideal.—*Popular Life in Berlin.*

OUGH.

WE, sailing to review fair England's clough,¹
With rapid motion dash the waters through,²
And in our buoyant bark the seas we plough;³
Now down we go, and sink within the trough,⁴
And now we ride on lofty crests, as though⁵
To emulate the lightsome, graceful chough;⁶
Each mast was pliant as a living bough,⁷
Withstanding firm the blast, when strong, and rough⁸
Yet bending to the breeze's gentlest soug.⁹
The hardy sailors could devour a hough,¹⁰
Of horse, nor quarrel though the meat were tough;¹¹
Whate'er the fare, they'd neither choke nor cough,¹²
Nor in their drink were they e'er known to hough,¹³
Salt beef was freely served with liberal chough,¹⁴
Hard biscuits also, and great lumps of dough;¹⁵
The water, though, was like a fetid soug,¹⁶
Which, truly, would be scorned of any chough,¹⁷
Who would prefer, by far, a miry slough,¹⁸
Joyful we were to reach our port or borough;¹⁹
To cast aside our threadbare, sea-worn slough;²⁰
To spend at home a mirthful three years' furlough;²¹
To visit once again with joy most thorough,²²
Each verdant dale, and hill, each brook, and lough;²³
And through our merry isle to dance, and lough,²⁴
Recount old tales, and drink good usquebaugh.²⁵

EXPLANATIONS OF SOUNDS.

ou	sounds as in sound or house.
oo	 coo or woo.
auf	 daub or paul.
o	 go or na.
uff	 buff or cuff.
ock	 cock or dock.
uff	 after or gaff.

OF MEANINGS.

- 1 Clough (clon), a cliff.
- 2 Soug (suff), a slight puff of wind.
- 3 Hough (hauf), the joint of the hind-leg.
- 4 Clough (clauf), an extra allowance over the full weight.
- 5 Dough (do), puddings are called by sailors 'lumps of dough,' which is also facetiously pronounced 'daff.'
- 6 Soug (son), a subterranean drain.
- 7 Shough (shock), a kind of shaggy-haired dog.
- 8 Slough (slon), a miry place or pool.
- 9 Slough (sluff), a cast-off skin or coat.
- 10 Lough (lock), a large inland piece of water—a lake.

To some of these words, pronounced as ending in / and &, the Scots give the guttural sound of *ch*.

SAUSAGE POISON.

German sausages are formed of blood, brains, liver, bacon, milk, flour, and bread, thrust with salt and spiced into a bladder or intestine, then boiled, and finally smoked. When this last drying process is not efficiently performed the sausages ferment; they grow soft, and slightly pale in the middle; and in this state they occasion in the bodies of those who eat them a series of remarkable changes, followed by death. The blood and the muscles of a man poisoned man gradually waste; as also do all the other organs and tissues susceptible of putrefaction. The patient suffers a horrible sensation of *drying up*; his saliva becomes viscous; his frame shrinks to the condition of a mummy; he then dies; and his corpse, which is stiff, as if from contains only fat, tendons, bones, and a few other substances incapable of putrefying in the ordinary conditions of the body.—*Quarterly Review.*

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THE GANG-ROBBERS OF INDIA.

Numerous volumes have appeared on the manners of the English in India, and of the natives with whom they come more immediately in contact; but we know little or nothing of the state of society among the great body of the people. No attempt has been made to describe the moral condition of a country which gives more than 100,000,000 subjects to the crown of England; and no two travellers agree in their hasty guesses at a national character which they are without materials for estimating. The glimpses we obtain, notwithstanding, from time to time, of *portions* of the people, present human nature in a phasis extraordinary enough, one would think, to excite the curiosity both of the learned and the vulgar—extraordinary enough to arm the enterprise of explorers, and afford endless matter for the speculations of philosophers. In this Journal we were the first to raise the veil from the terrific mysteries of thuggee, and exhibit far stranger things in real life than were ever dreamed of in romance; although it was not till the 'Edinburgh Review' followed with the same information that the curiosity of the country was fairly aroused. We have now to present a picture as grand and terrible, though not so revolting, of the Indian crime of *Decoitee*, the details of which are taken from a source not as yet, we believe, open to the other members of the press.

The same individual whose wise, determined, yet humane measures achieved the suppression of thuggee—Lieutenant-Colonel Sleeman, now the Resident at the court of Lucknow—has just brought out a Report, forming a goodly quarto volume, on the Gang-Robbers of India, and from this work we shall gather the information we desire to lay before our readers. Why the Report has not been published, or why, at least, a copy has not been sent to the most widely-circulated journals, we cannot guess. The measures adopted for the suppression of decoitee, however, reflect the highest credit, both upon the government of India and upon their agent Colonel Sleeman; and we have no fear that in making use of our private copy of the book on this occasion, the eminent donor will suppose he has any cause of complaint against us.*

But it was no part of Colonel Sleeman's task to prepare the mind of his readers for his extraordinary disclosures; and without some knowledge of the historical causes that led to such a state of society—the

existence in our own day, and in a comparatively-civilised country, of many thousand families of robbers by hereditary profession, inhabiting their own villages, and well known both to rulers and people—would more resemble some nightmare dream than a sober reality. In these pages, however, we can only glance at the interesting subject. We can merely request the reader to carry his eye along the line of a history which—so far as our ken extends—began in brigandage, and which shows that the modern decoits are the successors, however unworthy, of the ancient feudal nobles, and have succeeded by inheritance carried down to this day, both to the fear and respect of the nation. It need not be affirmed that the principalities into which India was divided in early times were always at war; but it cannot be said with truth that they were ever at peace. The grand engine of government was a standing army; and the troops, when not employed in public hostilities, were allowed to provide for their subsistence as they best might, without committing depredations *within their own territory*. Thus the whole country, even when there was no international war, was a scene of universal brigandage, and robber and soldier became convertible terms. There was no more idea of dishonour connected with plundering another province in time of peace than with fighting against it in time of war; and the ancient laws of the Hindoos (which are part and parcel of their religion) acknowledged the rights of robbers, and adjusted their shares of the spoil. By these laws the prince was entitled to one-tenth of the booty, even when the bandits had sallied forth on their own adventure; but, on the other hand, he was obliged to restore to the owners the value of any article stolen in his *own* dominions, when the thief could not be found.*

Such was the condition of the country under Hindoo rule; but when the political system was broken up by the Afghans and Mohammedans, and some of the robber princes had retired across the Aravulli, to found little Rajpoot kingdoms in the oases of the western desert, a change came over the profession of robbery. It would seem that the brigand troops sent forth from their new territory forgot their way back to the desert; for the language of the bordering province of Guzerat, according to Colonel Sleeman, is common to this day to most of the gang-robbers of India. These must, therefore, have pushed out colonies from Guzerat in various directions, and their trade, having lost its stamp of legality, they must have sunk gradually from soldiers into banditti. But in such a country tradition is stronger than law; and the robbers always taking care to follow their ancient plan of committing their depredations at a distance, their neighbours continued to

* Report on Budhuk, *alias* Bagree Decoits, and other Gang-Robbers by Hereditary Profession, and on the Measures adopted by the Government of India for their Suppression. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Sleeman, Bengal Army. Calcutta: J. C. Sherriff, Bengal Military Orphan Press. 1849.

* See Halhed's 'Code of Gentoo Laws.'

respect them as before in proportion to their valour or success. They were found useful, besides, in the native states, in the feuds between the great landholders, and between them and the agents of the government. Whenever a blow of special daring was to be struck—wherever a political murder of more than ordinary difficulty was to be perpetrated, recourse was had to the arms of the decoits; and for this reason they were so powerfully protected by the Zemindars, that in the Oude territory, as Colonel Sleeman tells us, the power of both the sovereign and the British combined was for a long time unavailing in the attempt to break up their associations. Our author's apology for this kind of connivance—which at various times extended from the head of the native state downwards—is bold and striking:—

‘The first nations in Europe,’ says he, ‘countenanced and supported the Algerine pirates from the same feelings and views. One nation thought that its own ships and merchants would not only be more secure while it countenanced the depredations of these pirates upon the ships and merchants of every other, but would trade with greater advantage in proportion as the losses and sufferings of others were greater; and that it was bound to consult the good of its own merchants, even at the cost of those of all other nations. The idea of the common good of the great family of civilised nations had not then begun to exercise any influence over the conduct of government in Europe, in their relations with these common enemies of mankind; and we must not therefore be either surprised or indignant to find that the native princes of India, and their provincial governors and feudatories, in their conduct towards these bands of professional and hereditary robbers and murderers, regarded the general good of society less than the particular advantage of their own estates and people.’

We shall give one example of the services the decoits were called upon to perform:—Jean Baptiste, the European adventurer in the service of Sindhea, was at the head of a force of 40,000 or 50,000 men, but was held in check by a Boondela adventurer with an army of 100,000, who being out, after the example of Sindhea himself, on a kingdom-taking expedition, threatened to lay waste the Gwalior territory. Under these circumstances, Jean Baptiste determined to take off his opponent by assassination, and wrote to the chief of a robber gang to send him 300 picked men fit for the exploit. The bandit having undertaken the deed, sent some of his men as spies to the camp of the intended victim disguised as religious mendicants, pedlars, &c.; but there appeared to be but little hope of success, the chief being always on the alert, his troops watchful and well-distributed, and 2000 horse going constantly the rounds at night. The spies, however, continued their daily prowling for three months, till at length they learned that although the chief was unapproachable in his own tent, he was in the habit of visiting another less secure. The Boondela had in fact become enamoured of a dancing-girl, who belonged to one of the numerous companies of comedians that follow an Indian camp, and was in the habit of occasionally visiting her in her tent at night.

Information of this circumstance was speedily conveyed to the main body of the bandits, who were in the camp of Jean Baptiste, and their chief, Hunsu, set forth at the head of fifty of his followers, in the ordinary dress of Hindoo soldiers, to bring the adventure

to a conclusion. They hid themselves in a thicket in the neighbourhood of the enemy's camp, till one night their spies brought them intimation of the chief having betaken himself to his mistress's tent, when Hunsu, with twenty of his force, crept as stealthily as cats to the spot. The master-robber entered with four myrmidons behind him. It was the deep middle of the night; and by the light of a lamp in the still tent they saw the Boondela lying fast asleep on a couch, and the girl sitting by his side fanning him. When she saw the assassin, with his gleaming dagger and glittering eyes, advancing out of the shadows of the door, she sprang up on the instant, and tearing the jewels from her person, flung herself upon her knees, offering him imploringly what she supposed had tempted his cupidity. But Hunsu had another prize in view; and commanding silence with a terrible gesture, he strode up to the couch, and plunged his dagger into the heart of his victim. After the deed was done the whole of the party took refuge in the ruins of an old fort, too near the camp to excite suspicion; and from this retreat they saw the next morning troops of cavalry scouring the country in all directions in search of the murderers of their chief.

It will be understood, however, that such deeds as these were not in the ordinary way of their profession. We shall by and by recount some instances of pure robbery, in which lives were taken only in the event of resistance; but in the meantime it will be well to take a more general survey of these formidable robbers and their mode of life. Till the interference of the British government in the manner we shall subsequently relate, they lived chiefly in villages among the hills, ravines, and jungles of the Oude forest. Here they did comparatively little injury; but when located among the rest of the population of the country, they diffused their lawless spirit in a wide circle around them. They bribed the landholders and capitalists, as well as the cultivators and native police; introduced habits of drunkenness and debauchery; and initiated their friends and protectors in perjury, as into a trade. The working-classes of the village in or near which they resided were paid liberally for the most trifling services; the goldsmiths were sure of abundance of the precious metal, and of excellent customers for their jewellery; the shopkeepers, selling at long credit, charged them exorbitant prices; the small capitalists received cent. per cent. for their loans; and the priests had always a liberal share of the plunder divided between themselves and the gods. All classes, in short, profited in a pecuniary point of view, and retrograded in a moral one, by the unwholesome contact.

The decoits, in the meantime, lived the sort of life that was once the fashion in Sherwood Forest: they ate and drank of the best, and spent their spare time in singing, dancing, shooting, and other amusements—and this spare time, after a successful decoitree, lasted for several months. They had no reservation as to food, excepting bullocks, cows, and buffaloes; and they adopted almost all Hindoo castes into their fraternity—but no Mussulman. When travelling—for instance, in an escape from jail—they were supported and passed on by any members of their universally-spread society they chanced to fall in with. This clinging together was a distinctive feature of the gang. If a single member of a family joined in an expedition, all the rest, however numerous, shared in the booty; if a child was born during the journey, that child also shared;

and so likewise did widows and superannuated robbers. The families of imprisoned members were supported; and when one was killed, his widow, besides her subsistence for life, received a sum of money as immediate compensation.

They commenced the profession at eighteen, beginning with theft, and rising to decoit. Some had a genius for theft; and making large sums by it, were not thought the worse of for adhering to that part of the profession. 'What fear?' said one of them. 'We have money, arms, two, three, and even four wives each; we live in the forests, and change our abodes. The landed proprietors of Oude, where we reside, protect us for the tribute we pay: the decoits have no fear of seizure. They bring up their children as decoits. The tiger's offspring are tigers—the young decoits become decoits. Will they leave their trade? If you were to let me loose after ten years' imprisonment, I would go back to decoit; and if again seized, again to escape even from the gibbet, I would go back to decoit. We have nothing to do with thugs—God forbid that! No; we never wish to murder; but if any one resists us, we strike and kill.' The families of the outlaws were always numerous; for as each individual received a share, the practice of adoption (common in India) was had recourse to, and children were bought or stolen on all hands.

The chiefs of the outlaws were esteemed as gentlemen, and invited by the neighbouring aristocracy to their marriages and other ceremonies; yet at home they were in dress, food, and mode of living precisely on a par with the rest of the gang. One of the men, says Colonel Sleeman, 'was on the most easy and friendly terms with the rajah of Nurwar—one of the proudest Rajpoot chiefs in India, who boasted of having in his veins the blood of a long line of kings, and of never having condescended to bow his head to the great Maharajah of the Gwalior state—and with the Karowlee and other reigning princes of the country. He was in manner, person, and language one of the finest old men that I have seen in India, and a bolder and abler leader the Budhuk colonies have never had. In collisions among these turbulent aristocracy, he was long looked up to as a man who could give the victory to whom he pleased, since he could do what no other person among them could—rely entirely upon the courage and devoted fidelity of every man around him in the hour of danger.' A decoit chief having undertaken to assassinate the minister of the Jypoor state, entered his tent for that purpose; but seeing the intended victim asleep, and wholly defenceless, he retired, and left the butchery to meaner hands.

The disguises assumed by the decoits varied according to circumstances and locality. In the valleys of the Ganges and Jumna the carriers of holy water were the most numerous class of people moving about, and theirs was the disguise chosen in such places. South of the Jumna the traffic is almost wholly carried on by means of bullocks, and there the robbers accordingly travestied themselves into brinjars, or bullock-drivers. Sometimes they appeared as pilgrims; sometimes as mourners, carrying the ashes of their deceased relatives to the Ganges; and sometimes as bridegrooms going to fetch their brides, or returning with them to their homes. This multiplicity of disguises once gave rise to a *contre-temps* that greatly amused the decoits. Dressed as Ganges water-carriers, they had attacked a merchant, guarded by armed men, in the midst of the town of Syfoo, and snatched a spoil amounting to many hundred pounds. The guard, however, rallied, and were returning to the fray, when just at the moment a marriage procession entered the town. These the merchants, in the confusion, took to be the disguised robbers, and fell upon them sword in hand; while the strangers, conceiving that so unprovoked an assault could proceed only from decoits, defended themselves with despera-

tion. The brigands in the meantime retired quietly with their spoil, much delighted with the battle, of which they had seen the commencement. When assuming the more ambitious part of pilgrims, the captain enacted the high priest, while the rest were his disciples. They had with them their tents of white, and some of dyed cloth, with numerous buffaloes, cows, goats, sheep, and ponies. They bore a large red flag, embroidered with the figure of the monkey-god, or of the sun and moon, and marched to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets. Some were clothed, but the bodies of the greater number were covered only with ashes, paint, and a small cloth waistband. On arriving at a village, they sent for the head man to come forth to pay his respects to the high priest, make the customary offering of a small sum of money, and take measures for transporting the effects of the pilgrims to the next village—these holy persons never condescending to carry anything themselves.

'None are all evil;' and it must be mentioned—which we shall do in the words of Colonel Sleeman—that 'these robbers by profession have never been known to offer any other violence or insult to females than to make them give up any gold ornaments that they may have about their persons. In all my inquiries into the character, habits, and conduct of these gangs, I have never found an instance of a female having been otherwise disgraced or insulted by them. They are all Hindoos; and this reverence for the sex pervades all Hindoo society, and is not, like that of Alexander, the favourite hero of history, confined to those of royal descent—it is extended to the females of all grades and all creeds.'

The following is the plan and conduct of an ordinary expedition, taken down from the mouth of one of the banditti:—'After taking the auspices, and studying the omens well, we despatch our lirowas, or scouts, to ascertain where treasure is. When they have gained all the requisite information, one or two come and tell us. Our Jemadar assembles his followers, and we set out. When near the place, the Jemadar appoints a certain spot for us to meet in; we provide ourselves with bamboos, on which we fit our spear-heads, which we bring concealed in our clothes with us, and we are then told off in the same way you tell off your sipahees on duty—one man for one particular duty, one for another. We then proceed, guard all the lanes and streets leading to the house we attack; and if there is any police guard-house near, send a party to look at that also. After we all perfectly understand the Jemadar's instructions, and every man knows exactly what part he is to perform, the Jemadar gives the word, and we set off for the treasure. We generally proceed as secretly and quietly as possible, until we arrive at the spot, when we make a rush—break open the door of the house in which the treasure is, tear off the lid of the box, or break it open with our *kholeharees* (axes), and shoot or cut down any man that opposes us—place the treasure on the shoulders of a few steady old hands, and retreat, keeping these in our centre. Our detached parties fall in, and we have a covering party in our rear. These, if they hear any pursuers, strike off a little to the right or left, and lying down on the ground, allow them to get in advance of them; on which they then jump up, and attacking our pursuers in their rear, give them a poke or two with their spears, and perhaps cut one or two down: this creates such a panic, that they molest us no further, and we make a long forced march, and burying our treasure, break up into small parties in the morning. All day we remain concealed, and in the evening, after taking up our booty, it is made over in different sums to several parties; and these, taking separate roads, or travelling in parties, proceed home, and it is there divided.' When the expedition was successful, the women of the colony met them on their return, and conducted them into the village, singing and playing on

musical instruments; receiving as a gift a sum of money to purchase sweetmeats.

The decoits, it must be said, were not always honest in their transactions with one another: there is not always honour among thieves. On one occasion a booty that had been concealed was found to be deficient in the sum of 12,000 rupees, and as the suspected men were firm in their denial of having had anything to do with the double robbery, the case was referred to an Oude rajah and his minister. These resolved that the decision of so important a case should be left to the Deity himself; and the trial by ordeal was appointed, in which the accused were to carry a red-hot cannon-ball a certain number of paces in their hands. If their hands were burned, they were to be declared guilty, and to be adjudged to restore the money—if it could be got from them—and to pay a fine to the rajah of 500 rupees. In this case they were found guilty, the hands of two of them having been burned; and one of the persons, eight years afterwards, showing the cicatrice to Colonel Sleeman, remarked that the decision of the Deity was a just one.

The decoits, always before giving up an expedition, placed themselves under the protection of some tutelary deity, whom they propitiated by sacrifices, offerings, and prayers. This deity may be either one of the Hindoo gods, or an ancestral spirit resembling the *lares familiares* of the Romans. It takes some trouble to ascertain which of the ancestors interests himself most in the affairs of his descendants; but an individual in an epileptic fit—who is always supposed to be inspired by one of these spirits—occasionally mentions the name. If there is any doubt on the subject, they throw down some grains of wheat, calling out odd or even, while they repeat the name; and if the number tallies, they are sure of their family deity, and proceed forthwith to sacrifice a goat or other animal in his honour. 'For offerings to the gods,' says one of the decoits, 'we purchase goats, sweet-cakes, and spirits; and having prepared the feast, we throw a handful of the savoury food upon the fire in the name of the gods who have most assisted us; but of the feast so consecrated no female but a virgin can partake. The offering is made through the man who has successfully invoked the god on that particular occasion; and as my god had guided us on this, I was employed to prepare the feast for him, and to throw the offering on the fire. The offering must be taken up before the feast is touched, and put upon the fire, and a little water must be sprinkled upon it. The savoury smell of the food as it burns reaches the nostrils of the god, and delights him.' The favourable omens vouchsafed after prayers are these: a goat shaking its body; a pinch of wheat proving to be of an odd number when taken up and thrown upon a cloth while burning together with frankincense and scented wood to the sound of a shrill trumpet; and finally, the cry of the female jackal on the left. If the goat did not shake its body—if the wheat turned out to be even—if the jackal cried on the right—the god was unfavourable, and it was necessary to abandon or at least postpone the enterprise.

When a decoit is dangerously wounded, a naked sword is placed upon his body, to scare away spirits, who are afraid of such weapons. If he dies, his comrades occupy a day or two in the ceremonial of the funeral pile; or if circumstances render this impossible, they cut off some of the fingers, and if near the Ganges, burn them instead, and throw the ashes into the sacred river. If they are in a different locality at the time, they carry the fingers home to his relations, who send them with due offerings and ceremonies to the Ganges by the hands of the family priests.

Such are the manners of this singular brotherhood. In another paper we propose relating some of their exploits, showing how their colonies have now been broken up and the brigands still at large compelled to

minge with the body of the people, calculating the cost to the government of India of this great national benefit, and estimating the enormous amount of money known by the authorities to have been obtained by means of Gang-robbery within a small number of years.

LIFE AT SOUTHSEA.

Among the varied phases of life in England, is the peculiar to the period when all London, wearied by noise and smoke, of carking care and daily toil, migrates to the bathing-places on the coast—exchanging the roll of countless omnibuses for the deep murmur of the waves, and an atmosphere heavy with sea-smoke for the fresh sea-breeze. Since railways have rendered distance of little moment, these annual migrations have become almost universal throughout the kingdom. Not only the toiling man of business, but the fashionable, exhausted by the dissipation of the season; the rich widow; the mammas who possess a superfluity of marriageable daughters—all hasten thither when July closes, and London becomes a desert. It chanced, luckily, that a near relative of mine took me with him in his yacht along the southern coast of England, visiting by the way several of the sea-bathing places; and as a slight sketch of our daily doings will be the best illustration of the subject, we shall beg the reader to accompany us to Southsea, a watering-place which is yearly waxing more popular, from the near residence of the Queen, and the facilities it affords of keeping a yacht in attendance.

The place is peculiar in appearance: it is built on a perfectly flat piece of land running out into the sea, and of trees, of sands, or of aught picturesque, except the view to be obtained from it of the fine roadstead of Spithead, the beautiful Isle of Wight, and the shipping. Neither has it the architectural elegance of Brighton or St Leonards-on-Sea; the houses are generally scanty, and face all points of the compass: there is only one tolerable terrace, the others are mere rows of little houses; and the detached dwellings are of all shapes and forms that human caprice could suggest—from a large building in the shape of a huge Chinese tea-poy, to a little one in that of a baronial castle. Our own temporary abode was a good common-sense house, facing the wide piece of ground appropriated to the exercising of the troops of the neighbouring garrison, and consequently commanded a magnificent and unimpeded marine view—of which the reader may obtain some idea by accompanying us on our morning excursion to the bathing machines, on the bright August morning following our arrival.

Our road lay across the common opposite our dwelling. On our right the green slopes and ancient trees of the ramparts of Portsmouth were basking in the sunshine; above them a confused hamper of masts and rigging, and the white banner of St George floating over the batteries, were perceptible; and the occasional sound of a bugle coming clearly and pleasantly on the morning air announced its character as a military station. To the left, close to the beach, and in the shadow of Southsea castle, a strong fort, old and weather-stained, crowned by the union-jack. Immediately beneath its gray walls a company of soldiers were at drill, their scarlet shell jackets and shining bayonets contrasting well with the sombre building and the dingy worn grass of the common. Right ahead of us was the tutelary genius of the place—the sea—dancing, glittering, and even, we could fancy with Euripides, "giggling" in the joyous sunbeams, which moved merrily over it, almost hiding in their dazzling lustre the fleet at Spithead, and the blue island in the background. But when one could look steadily through the mass of light from sky and water combined, what a magnificent feature that said fleet was in the scene! Old sailors said a finer had never graced the seas since that nautical Hegira 'Nelson's days'; and we, who had unluckily no

recollection of those past glories, were quite of opinion that in appearance at least it could not be excelled. The majestic *St Vincent*, bearing on her stern the emphatic Spartan-like word of her great commander, 'Thus!' headed the fleet she was to lead with an air of quiet power; her tall tapering masts, with all their delicate tracery of shrouds and cordage, clearly defined against the sky, whenever a passing shadow steadied the trembling sunlight round her. Even while we were gazing in admiration, a flash issued from her broadside, followed by a deep booming sound; another and another succeeded, the comrade ships also opening their broadsides. One-and-twenty guns—it was a royal salute. The Queen of England was early afloat; and as the smoke dispersed its graceful volumes, the beautiful *Fairy* was seen cutting her bright and rapid way through the silver waves, till hidden from our sight by the Rooms—a large building to the right—and then, as she entered the harbour, she was greeted by the thundering homage of the batteries of Portsmouth.

By this time we had reached the beach; and finding all the bathing-machines engaged, took refuge beneath the colonnade of the Rooms, till our favourite water-nymph, Peggy Banden, should be at liberty to do her spitting for us. As bathing-women are a very peculiar and distinct race of females, we will amuse ourselves by sketching Peggy, while we wait her leisure. She is Cornish, and comes from Cawsand Bay; her height is some five feet eleven, and she is stout in proportion; her dress a pair of canvas trousers, a canvas petticoat, a jacket, and a black bonnet of no shape in particular. I must, however, except regatta days, when she and her Cornish sisterhood, who have a rowing match with the Portsmouth watermen, wear a peculiar garb. The strength of these Cawsand women equals that of a powerful man; and, accustomed from their childhood to the water, they are unrivalled in managing a boat. At every regatta, as we have said, they challenge the watermen to a rowing match, and are invariably conquerors; owing their victory to their good right hand, and not to any gallantry on the part of their opponents, who dispute the prize with them in serious earnest.

We returned about nine o'clock to breakfast—a meal which in this place of easy abandon we took almost *à fresco* before a large open French window, through which the breeze came laden with the perfume of the flowers that bloomed in our little front garden—the fluttering muslin curtains scarcely impeding at all our view of the common and the sea. Pleasant sounds also, as well as sweet scents, came on the balmy air; sometimes a clarion call, or a strain of distant military music; occasionally the rolling round of cannon, as a homeward-bound ship announced her arrival in sight of port by saluting the admiral's flag—a sound sure to draw the gentlemen of the party to the window, telescope in hand, that they might 'make out' the stranger. Breakfast over, we proceeded to the Rooms—the habitual resort of Southsea visitors from morn till eventide. They consist of a good ball-room, card-room, and colonnade facing the sea. In the ball-room, except when used for its legitimate purpose, tables covered with every sort of newspaper and periodical are placed, and are generally surrounded by gentlemen during the morning. One perceives at a glance that the dwellers at a watering-place are a mixed multitude of all castes and professions. At one table a little knot of flag-officers are assembled round a gallant and popular member of their own profession, whose laugh alone speaks volumes for the frank goodness of his heart and happiness of his temper; leaning on his chair is a renowned sea champion, whose oddity at least equals his valour: his hands are not of the cleanest, and his shoes (Heaven save the mark!) are tied with twine, from accidental lack of ribbon! But his brother officers are not of those who, in their own phrase, 'underrate the hull on account of the rigging,' and heedless of his neglect of the outer man they treat him with marked deference, though scarcely

with the affectionate regard manifested for the well-dressed as well as gallant sailor by whom he stands.

At one, the different groups return home to luncheon, but reassemble at half-past two, when the attraction of the Rooms is enhanced by the presence of a military band. The gentlemen abandon their papers, and walk up and down the colonnade with the ladies, or level their spy-glasses at the ships at Spithead; itinerant vendors of pineushions made of shells, and of knitted articles, walk round the rails and proffer their wares, among which are specimens, of every shape and form, of the wood of the 'Royal George,' which, with Admiral Kempfelt,

went down at Spithead even on as calm and sunny a day as that which now shone over us. Great portions of the wreck have been brought up by divers and by explosions; and certainly, if we judge by the multitude of wooden toys fabricated from it, it must be as inexhaustible as the wood of the 'true Cross.'

One meets very pleasant people at the Rooms in the afternoon, and it is sometimes matter of regret when five o'clock sends us home to dress for dinner. On the day to which we are referring, we dined early, as there was a *soirée* at the Rooms, and we had promised to attend it: we were consequently deprived of a pleasure we frequently afterwards enjoyed—that of sitting in the cool twilight on the beach listening to the monotonous murmur of the waves, or the distant 'All's well!' from the fleet. Sunset was announced by a gun from the flag-ship, and the instantaneous disappearance of the flags, as if in homage to the departing day, and then evening gradually closed in; and as the moon was young, we could distinguish in the 'soft obscure' the lights of the Rooms, preparing for the reception of the dancers. We had coffee, and proceeded thither at about half-past nine. We found them crowded with dancers—not, however, of the best caste—just in the zenith of a polka; and as we witnessed their exertions, and felt the atmosphere in which these were called forth, we could not help recalling with a smile the remark once made to us by a grave Oriental, who expressed his wonder 'that such a rich people as the English should do all their dancing themselves, instead of hiring people to do it for them.' What would he have thought had he visited Southsea, where dancing is so popular, that people crowd sixty or a hundred into a room some twenty feet square to enjoy the amusement? Although the houses are generally small, every one gives dances; and as a celebrated *danceuse* was once heard to affirm 'that the perfection of the art is to be able to waltz on the edge of a soup-plate,' we expect that it will reach its acme at Southsea. One lady, who is its decided votary—we may add, by way of parenthesis, that there seems no particular age now for sitting still—constantly invites more guests than could conveniently stand in her apartments. One night, consequently, a number of officers, who arrived late from mess, found it impossible to effect an entrance into the hall, and were waiting on the pavement for the crowd within to 'move on,' when a policeman, scandalised at such a mob collecting, approached and asked 'What they did there?' A wag standing on the curb-stone answered, 'We are out at a party.' In spite of much practice, however, we thought the polka was performed with more spirit than grace, and retired early, intending to rise early, in order to sail round the Isle of Wight in the yacht the next day.

These water excursions are the chief delight of a residence at Southsea. The little voyage round the Isle of Wight, or beyond the Needles, affords glimpses of very picturesque land scenery, as well as such charming sea-room, that one could almost consent to the doom of the Flying Dutchman if one's sailing-course were fixed there. It is pleasant to talk to the sailors also, and listen to their quaint graphic 'yarns' about life on the great deep, while one reclines on a seat on deck in the sunshine, and the waves bound beneath a little vessel 'like a steed that knows his ride.'

We landed every evening to dine, and varied our pleasure by occasional land-visits to the 'lions' in the neighbourhood, inspecting the dockyard and its wonders, of which the block machinery appears to us the greatest. The performance of making a block reminded us of one of our sailors' description of the atmospheric—or, as he styled it, *blow-'em-along*—railway: 'a great iron pipe, where they puts you in at one end, and you are sucked out again at t'other, without no trouble whatsomdever!' The block is put, a shapeless piece of wood, into the machinery, and falls through into the room below, formed and ready for use! We also went on board the 'Excellent' on a Friday afternoon, and witnessed the gunnery, which was, they assured us, excellent, though the hulk at which they fire does not appear much the worse for the weekly attack made on her. It was really very interesting to see the sailors, on the drums beating to quarters, drop from every aperture of the vessel upon the before-deserted deck, and take their places at the guns in silence and order, working the cannon with wonderful power and velocity. We could very well fancy how Trafalgar was won as we gazed on the mimic sea-fight. For ladies unused to the noise of cannon, the report of the broadside is somewhat startling; nay, we have even detected a start in a male visitor at the first discharge.

We remained at Southsea till the regatta, which the Queen honoured by her presence—and very loyal proved both sun and wind on the occasion; for the former shone brightly, and the latter, which had been so hushed that it was feared the yacht could not sail, rose as the royal standard was hoisted, and swept out its gorgeous folds right cheerily. The sovereign's yacht anchored off the shore near the Rooms, at no great distance from the vessel, decked with countless flags, which acted as umpire and starting-point for the race. Cards were distributed bearing the names and distinguishing flags of the candidates for the gold cup; and bets were taken on them, as upon favourites at Epsom or Newmarket. When the smoke from the thundering salute to the Queen had dispersed, the signal was given by a single gun for the yachts to start, and in a few seconds they glided past with a quiet grace, making their way through the myriads of little vessels and boats that covered the sea, till they gained their appointed course, and became gradually lost to our sight. The beach and common, as well as the vessel-thronged sea, presented an animated picture. Hundreds had assembled to witness this truly national amusement: sailors, soldiers, marines, women, children, Greeks, and Egyptians, in their national costume (the last studying, by permission of government, in our dockyards), covered the common, the varied colours of their attire giving it the appearance of a huge flower-bed. The Rooms were filled inside and upon the roof, as were also the small Ryde steamers hired for the day by parties who wished to see the regatta from the water. These vessels had bands on board; they followed for a while in the wake of the yachts, and then returning close to the shore, added the singularly blended strains of their music to that of the performers at the Rooms, with rather a discordant effect.

The yacht race was followed by those of luggers and other large boats. On the second day the rowing matches take place: they are of all kinds, but the one most interesting to us was that in which our friend Peggy figured as coxswain, and the women of Cawsand beat the men of Portsmouth. The sea spectacle ended by a diversion called 'hunting the squirrel'; a race in the water between swimmers, one of whom is permitted to elude his pursuers by diving, as they are on the point of catching him. Fireworks are displayed in the evening on the common, and a fancy ball closes the festivities. We attended the latter, being resolved to chime in with the 'humours' of the place. It was very like all similar entertainments. We noticed a very fat White Lady of Avenel, from whose appearance we augur well for that ancient house; a

Rebecca, who certainly left little excuse for the Templar's folly; and a lady in many shades of pink, terminating on the forehead with a large shawl brooch of silver, who represented, we were told, 'The Morning Star!' This was the last we saw of the sights of Southsea, and terminates what we believe to be a faithful account of the whole curriculum.

WAITING FOR THE POST.

IN the village in which we were at one time residing, there dwelt, in a small cottage commanded by our windows, a lieutenant in the navy on half-pay. We were a child at the time, and one of our amusements was to watch from our playroom the bees that worked in that cottage-garden, and the 'old gentleman'—as we styled him, because his hair was gray—pace with his quick quarter-deck step the little path that divided the flower-beds. It was a neat though very small dwelling, almost shut from view by lilacs and evergreens; the garden was gay with sweet flowers, which might almost be called *domestic* in this age of new buds and blossoms; and it was carefully tended by a young girl—his only daughter—and an old female servant. We noticed every morning that the lieutenant, who was a tall figure, and would have been a handsome and commanding-looking man but for his very great paleness and his stooping, walked briskly to the gate, and holding himself a little more erect than usual, glanced first at the vane, noticing with a sailor's instinct the quarter in which the wind sat; and then turning, gazed anxiously up the village in the direction of the postman's approach till that functionary appeared in sight. Then he would lay his hand nervously on the top of the little garden-gate, half open it, close it again, and finally, as the letter-carrier advanced, hail him with the inquiry, 'Any letter for me to-day, Roger?' If the answer were a 'No,' and such was the ordinary reply, he would turn away with a sigh, and walk slowly back to the house, bending more than ever, and coughing painfully—he had a distressing cough at times; but his daughter would meet him at the door, and pass her arm through his, and lead him in with a gentle affection in the action that was quite intelligible; and though we could not hear her words, we knew she was consoling him. We also were sorry for his disappointment. Sometimes a letter came, and he would take it eagerly, but look at it with a changed countenance, for most frequently it was only one of those large wafered epistles we have since learned to recognise as bills—even then we could be sure it was not the letter which he looked for.

And thus he watched daily for something that never came, all through the bright summer and autumn, and even when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the cold morning and evening breeze must have been injurious to one in feeble health. At last we missed him from his usual post, and the arrival of the village doctor at the cottage confirmed our fears that he was ill. We never saw him again. A fire glimmered from an upper room, the chamber in which he slept; and at times his daughter's figure passed the window as she moved across it, in her gentle and noiseless task of nursing the dying officer. One morning we did not see the usual blaze from the casement; but the old woman came out and shut the shutters close, and drew down the blinds, and we saw as she re-entered the house that she was weeping. That very morning the postman, Roger, stopped at the little wicket, and rang the bell. He held in his hand a very large, long letter, with words printed outside. The woman-servant answered him, and took the letter, putting her apron to her eyes as he spoke. It was the long-hoped-for, long-expected letter from the Admiralty appointing the old officer to a ship. Alas, it came too late! He who had so long waited in restless anxiety—who had so sickened with disappointed hope—was gone to a world where the weary rest, and man's toil and worth are neither neglected nor forgotten. We

heard afterwards all his sad history, of which there are so many lamentable counterparts. He had gone to sea whilst yet a child, had toiled, suffered, and fought at the period when the very existence of his country depended on the valour of the navy; but then came the peace, and with many another brave man he had found himself on half-pay, alike unrewarded and forgotten. Mr St Quentin—our gentleman who waited for the post—was a widower with one only child, who was his idol. To educate and provide for her had been his great anxiety. How could this be done on his half-pay? It was impossible. True he read hard to become himself her teacher, but there was much he could not impart to her; and with heroic self-denial he placed her at an expensive school, and went himself almost without the common necessities of life to keep her there. Still the heavy burthen thus laid on his slender means obliged him to contract debts, and it was agony to his just and upright spirit when he found it impossible to defray them.

He had used great energy in his endeavours to get employed again, and just before we made his acquaintance, 'waiting for the post,' had received a promise that his services should be remembered. Both promise and fulfilment came too late! The one awoke hopes which, daily deferred, had preyed on the very springs of life, and taxed too sorely a constitution much tried by toil and suffering in youth; the other came when the heart it would have cheered had ceased to feel the joy or sorrow of mortality. His orphan daughter, a pretty gentle creature of seventeen, was left totally destitute—almost friendless. If they had relatives, all communion with them had long ceased; and the utterly desolate and isolated situation of Mary St Quentin was nearly unparalleled. My family, who were of her father's profession, were much affected by it, and took a warm interest in her fortunes. They procured for her the small pension accorded to the orphans of naval or military men, with contributions from several similar funds; and finally received her into our house till she could hear of a situation as governess, for which her dearly-purchased education admirably fitted her.

I remember well the evening she first came among us. How sad and pale she looked in her solemn black dress, and how low and mournful her voice sounded! Poor girl! a rough world was before her; a fiercer and more terrible conflict for her timid nature than contending with the storms and battles in which her father had borne a part. We pitied her greatly, and strove to soothe and cheer her with all our little skill; though we certainly did not adopt the most likely means to achieve our object, when some days afterwards we told her how we had watched her poor father as he waited for the post. Then for the first time since her coming among us we saw her weep; and she murmured, 'If he could only have seen the letter!'

After a time the exertions of her friends procured her a situation, and she left us. How anxiously we then watched for the letter that was to tell us our dear new friend was safe, and well, and comfortable; and it did not tarry! Mary wrote gratefully, and even cheerfully. She had been kindly received; the home in which her lot was cast was a splendid château, in which all the comforts and luxuries of life abounded. Moreover, the family treated her as a gentlewoman, and her pupils were clever and well-trained. She was very thankful for the career of toil and seclusion to which circumstances condemned her—very willing to do her duty gladly in that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her. She remained with this family four or five years, passing her occasional holidays with us; and we learned to love her as a sister, and to look up to her for advice, which was ever as wise as it was gentle and affectionate. She was a very sweet creature—so quietly gay, so unselfish, so contented, and so modestly intelligent, that I cannot remember that I have ever met with so perfect a woman. The last holiday she spent with us we saw a change in her however;

and it must have been a *great* mental change to be perceptible in one so self-possessed and patient. She had grown less attentive to our often exacting wishes; she had become absent and thoughtful—nay, at times a slight irritation was observable in her manner; but that which struck us most was the habit she really appeared to have inherited from her father—of watching for the postman. We remarked how eagerly she listened for his knock—how tremulously she asked for whom the letters were directed—and the painfully-repressed sigh and darkened countenance with which she turned away when there was none for her! As she had finally quitted the family with whom she had so long resided, and was waiting for a new engagement, we thought at first that it was an epistle from some of the quarters in which she had applied for one she was expecting; but that could not be the case, for when she had made a re-engagement, and it was fixed that she was to proceed to the south of France with her future pupils' family, her watching for the post became more evident and more anxious: nay, to us who observed it, absolutely painful. What letter could she expect so nervously? Why was she daily so sadly disappointed? The solution came at last. It was the very morning fixed for her departure for London, where she was to meet her future charge. Her boxes, corded and directed, were in the hall; she stood at the window dressed for her journey weeping bitterly—for she loved us all, and still timidly shrank from strangers—and we were holding each a cold trembling hand, when the servant entered with the letters, 'One for Miss St Quentin.'

She glanced at it, suppressed a faint exclamation, and taking it, her hand trembled so violently that she could scarcely break the seal. But when it was open, and her eye had glanced over the contents, what a sudden change took place in her countenance! She blushed deeply, her lip trembled, and then smiled, and breaking from among us, she sought our mother, and asked to speak to her alone. That letter had changed her destiny. It was a proposal of marriage from a man of good position and fortune, who had won her affections by a thousand acts of attention and tenderness, but had left her uncertain whether he intended to fulfil an only implied promise or not. True he had said something of writing to her, and therefore she had waited for the post with such anxiety, and for so long a time in vain; but there had been good and sufficient reasons for his prolonged silence, and the lady was only too ready to forgive it. She went to town accompanied by my father, arranged to remain in England (finding a substitute as governess for her disappointed employers), and two months afterwards was married in our little village church to one who has made her as happy as it is possible to be in a world of trial and sorrow.

A very singular and painful *waiting for the post* occurred at Malta some years ago: it was related to us by a person concerned in the affair, and we offer the reader the tale as it was told to us:—

It was St John's Day, a festival highly venerated by the Maltese, who claim the beloved disciple as their patron saint. The English troops quartered in the island were to be reviewed on it, and as is usual, in compliment to the faith of the islanders, the artillery was ordered to fire a salute in honour of the day. It was a yearly custom; but the two officers whose duty it was at this time to see it fulfilled thought it savoured of idolatry, and in the presence of the general and his staff refused to order their men to fire. They were of course put under an arrest for disobedience; but, the circumstances of the case considered, the general in command hesitated how to proceed with them, and at his request the governor of the island wrote to the commander-in-chief at home for instructions in the matter, as it was a case of 'tender conscience.' Some delay of course necessarily occurred in getting a reply, and the anxiety with which the puzzled general and rebellious officers awaited it may be imagined. Day after day did the eyes of the former traverse the bright blue sea,

across which must come the decision of England, and day after day he waited for the post in vain. Foul winds, bad weather, all sorts of causes, stayed the course of the packet—there was no steam conveyance in those days—and before she actually entered Valetta harbour, he to whom the letter had been written, the noble governor, was dead. It was judged expedient that the general should, however, open the commander-in-chief's answer, to prevent further unpleasant delay. Alas, it had been intended for the eye of Lord H—only! The commander-in-chief blamed the general, 'who ought,' he said, 'to have tried and broke the officers on the spot—nothing in a military man could excuse disobedience to orders,' adding with reference to the general (of course without intending that any one but Lord H—should learn his private sentiments), 'but I never had much opinion of that officer!'

Poor General P— loved and revered his military chief, as all soldiers must. Those words, so singularly presented to his eyes, wounded him deeply. He was at the time suffering from low fever; they completed its work, making an impression on his mind no arguments could remove. He obeyed the orders given; held a court-martial; tried the offenders; dismissed them from the service; and then taking to his bed, sank rapidly, and died before the next post from England could reach the island. He never waited for another!

And now I approach another reminiscence of this common human anxiety, of which I cannot think without deep emotion. We had a young cousin, a fine lad full of spirit and ardour, a midshipman in the royal navy, who was our especial pride and delight. We had no brother, but he supplied the want to us, being, as a child, our constant playmate—as a youth, our merriest and best-loved correspondent. How full of fun, quaint humour, and droll adventures were his letters, and how we used to long for them, especially for that which proclaimed his arrival in the English seas! The period for receiving such an announcement had arrived, for his ship had entered Plymouth harbour; and I can never forget how eagerly I used to wait for the postman, how restlessly I watched him at an opposite door, and how I hated the servant for delaying him by a tardy attention to his knock! No letter came, however; day after day, hour after hour passed, and disappointment became uneasiness and alarm so terrible, that even the sad certainty was at last a relief.

He never wrote again. He had perished in Tampier Bay, and his death had been one of many instances of unrecorded but undoubted heroism. The weather was stormy, but it was necessary to send a boat on shore, and Charles had good-naturedly offered to take the duty of being its officer in the stead of a young and delicate messmate who had been ordered on the service. It upset in the surf; two men and our poor cousin clung to its keel for some minutes; at length it became apparent that one must let go his hold, or all would perish. Both the seamen were married men, and uttered their natural regret at leaving their children fatherless. The gallant youth (as they afterwards reported when picked up) observed, 'Then my life is less precious than yours; My poor mother, God bless you!' and quitting his hold, perished in the ocean, which by a strange fatality has been the grave of nearly all his family.

Waiting for the post upon the mountains of Western India is recalled by this anecdote to my recollection. I well remember the last time I stood on the heights of Bella Vista, as our ghaat was called, watching the fleet approach of the *tapaul*, or postman. It was near sunset—a glorious hour in all lands, but especially so in the East. A gorgeous canopy of coloured light was above us; beneath the 'everlasting hills,' their tops—for we looked down on the first ranges of ghats—tipped with gold and crimson, and regal purple, or with blended colours, as if they had caught and detained a portion of the rainbow itself. Here and there bits of jungle were perceptible, from one of

which issued the rushing courier, whose speed was no bad commentary or explanation of Job's compassion—'My days are swift as a post.' He was a tall, light figure, gaily dressed, and holding a lance with a little glittering flag at the top. He brought letters from the presidency; and some native correspondence was also transmitted through his means. These running posts are occasionally picked off by a tiger in the passage through the jungle; but the journey to our (then) abode was so frequently made, that the wild animals seldom appeared in the route, ceding it tacitly to the lords of creation, and permitting us to reach our letters safely. What joy it was to open one from England! it is really worth a journey to the East to feel this pleasure. The native letters destined for the official personages of the family are singular-looking affairs. They have for envelope a ting of king-of-club cloth—a costly fabric of blended silk and gold thread, this is tied carefully with a gold cord, to which is appended a huge seal, as large and thick as a five-shilling piece. Once during our residence in India the homeward post was delayed by the loss of the steamer which bore our despatches to England; they must have been vainly expected for two months, doubtless to the great alarm and anxiety of the public. Some of the mail boxes were, however, recovered from the sunken wreck by means of divers; and our epistles, after visiting the depths of the Red Sea, were safely conveyed to England. Once before, we were told, a similar catastrophe had occurred, but the boxes became so saturated with sea-water, that the addresses of the letters were illegible. It was judged expedient, therefore, to publish as much of their contents as was decipherable, in the Indian papers—under the idea that those to whom they were addressed would recognise their own missives from the context; and a most absurdly-mischievous experiment it proved. Never was such a breach of confidence. All sorts of disagreeable words were made out by the gentle public of the presidency. Intimate friends learned how they laughed at, or hated one another; matrimonial schemes were betrayed; the scandal, gossip, and confidential disclosures of the Indian letter-bag making as strange and unpleasant a confusion as if the peninsula had suddenly been converted into Madame de Genlis's 'Palace of Truth.' There was no little alarm when our steamer was lost, lest a similar disclosure should be made; but the world had grown wiser; and those epistles which were illegibly addressed were, we believe, destroyed, unless when relating to commercial interests, and other business.

We hope we have not wearied our gentle reader with this subject, for we have yet another little incident for his ear relative to it, which was told us as a fact by a French lady who knew the person concerned. Some friends of hers residing in the provinces had an only daughter, an heiress, and consequently a desirable match. Her hand was eagerly sought by many suitors, and was at last yielded by her parents to a gentleman of some property who had recently purchased a chateau in their neighbourhood. His apparent wealth, his high connections, and very elegant manners, had won their favour; and in great delight at the excellent match her daughter was about to make, Mme L— wrote to her friends and relatives to inform them of the approaching happy event. Among these was a lady residing at Marseilles, to whom she described, with all a Frenchwoman's vivacity, the person, manners, &c. of the bridegroom elect. Answers of congratulation and good wishes poured in of course; and Mme L—, who had a secret persuasion that she was an unknown and unhonoured Mme de Sevigné, became so pleased with her increased correspondence, that she made a point of never leaving the house till after the delivery of the post. The Marseilles correspondent was the only one of the number with whom she had communicated who had not replied to her letter. This answer was therefore desired with great eagerness; and Mme L— remembered afterwards, though at the time it awoke

suspicion in her mind, that the lover always appeared uneasy when she expressed her anxiety on the subject, or her desire to hear from her friend.

The wedding-day arrived; and the bridegroom, manifesting a most flattering impatience for the performance of the ceremony, came early to the house of his affianced, to accompany the family party to the magistrates, where the contract was to be drawn up. But even on that momentous day *Mme L.* adhered to her custom of waiting for the post, to the evident rage and even agonized impatience of her destined son-in-law, who urged her with passionate eagerness to proceed at once to the magistrates. The delay proved most serviceable. The post came in due time, and brought a letter from *Marseilles*. The writer, struck by some slight personal peculiarities which her friend had described, had fancied it possible that the *promesso sposo* was no other than an escaped galley-slave, with whom, before his condemnation for a heinous crime, her family had been intimate. She had therefore, in some alarm, caused her husband to make inquiries into the matter, and a sufficient mass of evidence had been collected to justify her suspicion, and cause her to urge inquiry and delay on the part of *M.* and *Mme L.* She suggested, moreover, that the truth might be easily discovered by a personal examination of the gentleman, who, if the same individual, had been branded on the right shoulder. The surprise, horror, and alarm of *Mme L.* may be imagined. The contents of the letter were of course instantly communicated by her to her husband, and by him privately to the bridegroom, whom he requested to satisfy his wife's fears by showing him his right shoulder. The request was indignantly refused as an insult to his honour; and convinced of the fact by the agitation and dismay of the culprit, as well as by this refusal, the gentleman gave him at once into the hands of the police, who had no difficulty in finding the fatal mark of infamy. He was indeed an escaped convict, and the wealth with which he had dazzled the good provincials was the spoil of a recent robbery, undertaken by himself and some Parisian accomplices, and so cleverly managed as to have set at naught hitherto the best efforts of the police for its discovery.

We may be sure *Mme L.* congratulated herself highly on having, as if by a providential instinct, 'waited for the post.'

SLEEPING ON A VOLCANO.

'Don't talk to me about great enterprise and matchless skill, new docks at Liverpool, and a new town at Birkenhead! Sir, the people of these two towns sleep every night on a volcano, and their lives and property could be destroyed just as easily as I strike this match and light this cigar!'

This was said one evening in the commercial room of a cozy, comfortable English inn, by a hearty, ruddy, clear-complexioned old gentleman, who evidently knew not only 'the road' used by those of his trade, but the roads and ways of the world, and mankind at large. I stared at his remark, and after a few puffs of his fragrant Havana, he resumed, 'When you go to Liverpool, and have seen all the wonders of that great town, ask some questions about "the Magazines," and you will soon understand what I mean; but remember this, that the first night you lie down to sleep in Liverpool, think that you are sleeping on the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and you will have a correct idea of your position.'

Having delivered these words in a most *ex cathedra* style, the old gentleman lay back in his chair, and seemed lost in the enjoyment of his cigar. No questions could elicit more from him than a repetition of the advice, to inquire about 'the Magazines;' and of the time-honoured observation, that 'seeing is believing.' With this I had to be content, and kept wondering what kind of magazines they could be.

Liverpool, I knew, had started a 'Roscoe Magazine,' which, like many other attempts in provincial literature, had died a natural death; the other magazines, I also knew, had a considerable circulation in the town; but what any or all of them could have to do with converting a Liverpool bed into a volcanic crater, I could not in the slightest degree comprehend. However, when I got to Liverpool, I asked that first friend of all travellers, the waiter, where 'the Magazines' were.

'Magazines? Yes, sir; over in Cheshire, between Egremont and New Brighton, sir,' said John in his usual rapid way.

'Is it a place, then?' I asked, as my wonder grew.

'Yes, sir—a small place, sir—lots of powder kept there; that's why it's called "the Magazines," sir. Anything more, sir?'

'No more, John—thank you;' and that functionary whisked himself and his white napkin out of the room. 'So they are powder magazines—are they?' thought I to myself; 'then perhaps the old gentleman was not far wrong after all. But if he were right, John the waiter, and the people of Liverpool in general, seem to take the matter very coolly. Nevertheless, I shall go and see how this same place called "the Magazines" looks.'

So I went to the landing-stage at the river-side, and spying among a crowd of steamers one marked 'Egremont and New Brighton,' I stepped on board, and was very soon paddled across the river, and landed on the pier at Egremont for the small sum of twopence. Inquiring my way, I walked leisurely on through pleasant roads containing many delightful groups of houses, the residences of some of the busy denizens of Liverpool. I soon reached the Magazines, which I found to be a quiet, pleasant little hamlet, with neat cottages, well-kept gardens, and healthy children playing about. The remains of an old boat, some oars, one or two nets spread out to dry, and a few good-humoured seafaring men, gave note that fishermen formed part of the population. There were some rather elderly-looking trees, and a few houses which were evidently older than the oldest inhabitant; and near one of them swung a sign-board, almost defaced by time. This is a very innocent volcano, thought I, that allows things to grow so old about it! But when I came to inquire farther, I began to feel something like real alarm. Not one hundred yards from the spot where I stood, there were at the time stored up in eight slender brick buildings no less than 17,000 barrels, or nearly 750 tons, of gunpowder! What was there to prevent an explosion? The keeper and his assistants are doubtless careful, trustworthy men; they keep the powder secure under lock and key, never enter the sheds without wearing felt-shoes, and use all due precautions with a success to which even the old time-worn signboard bears witness. But the day was sultry, and I thought of lightning. There was no lightning-conductor—a serious defect. Nor is any watch kept at night; so that the premises might be broken in, and worse than robbery committed. Again, there were fires in almost every one of the neighbouring houses: on the beach immediately below lay about fifty small vessels, between Egremont and New Brighton, nearly all having fires on board; and steamers, with funnels that often sent out fiery sparks as well as smoke, passed and repassed every quarter of an hour within a short distance of the shore. Besides this, the powder is not stationary; for during the last seven years the average of the powder deliveries was 40,472 barrels per annum—that is to say, while the permanent stock remains pretty much the same (about 750 tons), about 800 barrels are deposited, and as many given out, every week. The powder is usually brought from the manufactory in small vessels, each containing from thirty to sixty tons packed in barrels. These vessels are run aground on the beach; at low-water a horse and cart go alongside; the barrels are hoisted from the

ship into the cart, and thus conveyed under a gutta-percha covering to the store over a road partly sand and partly stone. In this transshipment much of the powder is spilt, and but for the carefulness of the men employed many accidents would occur. When the powder has to be delivered, it has of course to be carted, shipped on board a small vessel, and then transhipped to the vessel for which it is intended. The only accident that has occurred was in 1763, when a vessel loading with powder for Africa, by the carelessness of the sailors on board, blew up, and only one of the crew escaped. I thus saw that the powder was really exposed to great risks, and I began to feel somewhat uncomfortable.

If this gunpowder were to explode, what would be the result? Its effects would certainly be felt within a radius of ten miles; and within that radius there lies down to sleep every night about half a million of men, women, and children. Right opposite, and distant only about a mile at the nearest point, are the Liverpool Docks, stretching for five miles along the north bank of the river, and containing (September 1850) 753 vessels—the docks and vessels representing a capital of six or seven millions: behind them are warehouses, banks, and shops, containing untold wealth; railway tunnels, public buildings, and other works of art constructed at enormous expense; and, in fine, one of the greatest and wealthiest cities of the world. On the Cheshire shore is Birkenhead, with twenty-two vessels in its dock; Leacombe, Egremont, New Brighton, Wallasly, Liscard, and other places, containing most valuable property, and densely populated: and these lives and this property are liable to be destroyed by a flash of lightning, or a spark from a chimney, or the deed of an incendiary! No signal, no warning, no time to escape; but quick, sharp, and sudden, like the Lisbon earthquake!

But would such serious effects really follow such an explosion? Let us look at examples. Happily no accident is on record of a kind exactly similar; but two may be mentioned as calculated to give some idea of the result of an explosion. During Sir John Moore's celebrated retreat on Corunna in January 1809, two powder magazines were exploded, in order that their contents might not fall into the hands of the enemy. The first of these was built upon a hill, three miles from the town, and contained 4000 barrels; the second contained a smaller quantity, and was at some distance from the first. These magazines, therefore, at Corunna, were not only at three times the distance from the town that the other magazines are from Liverpool, but they contained only about a fourth of the quantity of powder. In the words of Colonel Napier, 'the inferior one blew up with a terrible noise, which shook the houses in the town; but when the train reached the great store, there seemed a crash like the bursting forth of a volcano. The earth trembled for miles, the rocks were torn from their levels, and the agitated waters rolled the vessels as in a storm; a vast column of smoke and dust, shooting out fiery sparks from its sides, arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then a shower of stones and fragments of all kinds, bursting out of it with a roaring sound, killed many persons who remained too near the spot. Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves on the shore, succeeded, and the business of the war went on.' Another instance occurred during the present year. On 1st May a fleet of thirty-five government ordnance boats was moored off Raj-Ghaut, in the heart of the city of Benares, in Hindoostan. Fourteen of these were loaded with common shot and shells, and the remainder contained 3000 barrels—being altogether about 150 tons of gunpowder. One of the boats took fire, and the whole exploded. The consequences were most disastrous: the boats were sunk, or blown to pieces, and their crews, numbering about 400, were nearly all killed; the houses in the immediate neigh-

bourhood were thrown down with a fearful crash, and many lives and much property destroyed; those who inland, the panes of glass in the houses were broken at a place eighteen miles distant the doors were blown open; and even at the distance of forty miles the effect was severely felt.

This latter catastrophe alarmed the people of Liverpool, particularly those resident in the neighbourhood of the magazines. If such fearful effects were produced at Benares by 150 tons of powder, how much more frightful would the explosion of five times that quantity at Liverpool be! It was an awful subject to speculate on. The more timid in the higher parts of Liverpool detected a slight shaking of their windows even as the gun announcing the arrival of the American mail was fired on the river, while the bolder spirits laughed at all the fears which were expressed, and said that no accident had occurred hitherto, none would ever occur at all. However, the feeling on the subject became so strong, that the government were compelled to take notice of it: a colonel of engineers was sent to inspect the place; and he reported most decidedly in favour of the removal of the magazines to some situation more distant from the town. Dangers in a military point of view were also stated: such as the case with which an enemy could blow up these magazines in the event of a war. Moreover, should any civil commotion take place, such a store of gunpowder might be used for the most fearful purposes. The result was, that the town-council of Liverpool, to which the magazines belong, have appointed a committee to inquire into the subject, and it is highly probable that they will be removed.

Having seen and heard all that I could, I felt that the old traveller was not wrong, and that nothing but ignorance of the dangerous neighbour, or a boundless sense of security, could make the Liverpool people sleep well. But as I walked on, my apprehensions lessened, and I almost forgot them when, on reaching New Brighton, I found the sands crowded with many parties of pleasure and health-seeking people, inhaling the fresh breeze blowing from the Irish Sea. By and by I became as indifferent on the subject as the 'old inhabitant' of Liverpool, but occasionally I thought I could sleep better if these magazines were farther off. So true it is that 'familiarity breeds contempt.'

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

THE HAARLEMMEER MEER.

It was with no ordinary anticipations that I rode out to the Haarlem Lake one afternoon during my sojourn in Leyden. The *droogmaking* (drymaking), to use the local term, of this inland sea was a work so characteristic of the people and the country, so suggestive in the performance, and promising in result, that the hope of becoming an eye-witness of its progress afforded me especial interest. My driver knew no language but his own, and seemed inclined to taciturnity; but as we journeyed on in what his master with an impetuous appellation had called '*een tilhooree*,' I repeated to him the English names of the trees, which as usual lined the road-side; and their similarity to the Dutch elicited many expressions of wonder from him. Oak, for instance, is *eik*; beech, *beuk*; elm, *olm*; ash, *esik*; *Am. be.* When a mile or so from the town he pointed to a distant smoke, and said, '*Leeghwater stoom-machine*!' this was the object of our drive, about eight miles from Leyden, a distance much increased by the windings of the route. We passed through Warmund, where there is a Roman Catholic college—numbers of the people were out walking in the tight-fitting and ungraceful black gowns peculiar to the order, and with scarcely an exception touched their hats as we drove past. Soon afterwards we came to the pleasant, tree-embellished village of Sassenheim, where we had to leave our vehicle.

and walk two miles along a track in which gates barred the passage for wheeled carriages. Immediately on leaving the main thoroughfare we were ankle deep in the loose sand of what hardly deserved the name even of a by-road, and this I found to be the case wherever I went in Holland: once off the paved turnpike, your travelling becomes of the most toilsome nature. Presently we left the shelter of the trees, and came to broad open meadows traversed by drains and ditches, the latter on either side the route; and when you come near the frequent high gates, instead of climbing over at the risk of sticking fast on their thick coating of tar, you tread the narrow plank carried round the end of the fence which flanks each side of the barrier to the middle of the ditch, thus preventing the passage of quadrupeds, but not that of bipeds. About a mile in our front rose what appeared to be the embrasured keep of some Norman castle, with a circular turret rising in its centre. If the round tower on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh were widened to eight or ten times its present diameter, it would form no inapt representation of the structure in question. A little in advance of it a green bank sloped towards us, on the top of which the sails of two or three schuyts were gliding onwards, impelled seemingly by some mysterious agency. A few minutes more, and the whole was explained. The slope was the dike or embankment of the *ring-vaart*, or ring-canal which surrounds the whole of the meer; and as we ascended to the towing-path we saw the hulls of the vessels to which the sails belonged, and beyond lay the broad expanse of the lake, between which and the opposite bank stood the castellated edifice containing the *stoom-machine*. From what might be likened to Brobdignagian arrow-slits left in the wall of the building, huge working beams stretched forth, holding a massive chain at their outer extremities, and slowly rising and falling with a plunge and a rush resembling that of the sea sweeping in and out of a rocky cavern. A few houses standing near reminded you of a village of the feudal times nestling under the shelter of the embattled fortress. While I was looking at these objects, my conductor had hailed a ferry-boat, which conveyed us across the canal; and in another minute I had placed M. Simons's letter in the hands of M. Zemel, the resident superintendent. He at once expressed his willingness to show me everything; but as he knew no French or English, and my acquaintance with scientific Dutch was very limited, our communications were anything but fluent: however, I made my eyes do duty for my tongue. On coming to the engine-house I saw that it was erected in a circular basin, which formed, as it were, a moat all round it, some twenty feet wide, and eight or ten deep. At the bottom of this were the eleven pumps—wells they might be called—by which the water was raised; and as the eleven beams rose and fell, the upward drag lifted the water from below with the sounding gush which I had heard at a distance. The machinery being above the lake, it will be understood that there is no fall of a stream; each chain as it rises seems to pull up a mound of water—this is all you see; but the quantity raised is prodigious. Sixty-six cubic metres at every stroke, and six strokes a minute. There is a communication between the basin and the ring-canal along which the water is conveyed, and eventually discharged into the sea at Katwyk.

On entering the building you see a row of furnaces blazing away in the work of generating steam; and passing across the brickwork in which these are imbedded, you come to the engine-room. The machine is similar to those powerful constructions used in Cornwall for the drainage of mines: a large double-cylinder, with a piston-rod a foot in diameter, capped by a huge dish of iron for a 'dead-weight,' to which the inner extremities of the working-beams are attached. Down plunges the mighty mass, as though it would bury itself in the earth; but it comes to a sudden and

momentary pause, and then with a click, as of hammer-strokes, the clank of bars, a hollow rush and cavernous roar, up it goes again for another pause and another descent. Such a sight could not fail to set one thinking of the campaigns of industry, and of the praiseworthy means by which the spirit of labour conquers new territory. To such warfare all wish prosperity.

After a sufficient inspection of the ponderous machinery, we ascended the spiral stair to the top of the edifice. This elevation commands an extensive prospect: on one side, the meer stretching far to the north-east without a visible horizon, the ring-canal enclosing its outline, looking in the extreme distance like a thread of silver; while on the other lay the level Dutch landscape, with the towers and buildings of Leyden and Haarlem in the view, producing a variety in the plain. Looking down from the parapet, the whole arrangement for the pumping process is seen at once. From the foot of the building a broad canal or cut is carried far into the lake, which on this shore is very shallow, and thus feeds the pumps to which the water finds its way by means of culverts. The suction of each stroke was plainly visible in the oscillation of the water for some distance down this cut; but the grand feature consists in the signs of progress as exhibited by the broad margin which now lies between the edge of the water and its ancient boundary. It is from 100 to 200 yards in width, and descends with a gentle slope towards the meer, and consists chiefly of a fine argillaceous deposit, with here and there patches of sand and peat. Such a soil is well adapted for agricultural purposes, and it was hoped that the preliminaries of cultivation might be made upon it in the autumn of the present year.

I did not leave this prospect until all its peculiarities were clear to my mind: it is one to which every day brings a change, and will ere long be among the things that were. On turning to descend, M. Zemel pointed to a curl of smoke near Haarlem. 'That,' said he, 'is the Cruquius, and that one over there'—(directing his finger to the shoreless horizon)—'is the Lynden.' Of the latter—of which more presently—nothing was visible but a foot or two of its chimney, with the dark cloud floating above it. I had said *vaarvel* to the superintendent, when he beckoned me to his house, where he placed a box with a slit in the lid before me. It was the begging-box for the poor. Such opportunities of raising money are never lost sight of in Holland.

We must now make a jump from one side of the lake to the other—from the Leeeghwater to the Lynden; and as it is rather a long one, it will afford me time to say a few words touching the history of this same lake of Haarlem. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it covered about 4000 acres, which dimensions it might have retained had the surrounding soil been of a firm nature, or more elevated. There was nothing to shelter it from the fierce gales which swept in from the German Ocean, and the agitated waters were always eating into the land. In 1531 it overwhelmed 3000 acres more; and further encroachments being dreaded, three geometers were appointed to determine the difference of level between the meer and the sea. The latter was found to be the higher of the two by several feet. Here was a double danger; for if, during a storm, the intervening barrier should be broken through, a large tract of country would be submerged, and North Holland become an island. A glance at a map of the Netherlands will show how small is the space which at certain parts of the shore separates the Haarlem Lake from the ocean. According to the popular notion, a subterranean communication existed between the two, and one of the surveyors proposed a scheme for drainage by means of a tunnel, to pass under the sandhills or *dunes* which border the coast. It does not appear, however, that any attempt was made to

realise the project, beyond digging out the encumbered channel of the Rhine at Katwyk in 1572; but this not being properly attended to, was soon again drifted up with sand. A few years later another inundation took place: three villages and several hamlets which stood on the borders of the meer were swallowed up, and again some thousands of acres submerged. In 1641 the water covered 30,000 acres; and it was in this year that Leeghwater, a clever engineer and millwright, published his 'Haarlemmer-Meer Boek.' He had drained the Beemster—a district in North Holland, of which he was a native—and he now proposed to carry off the waters of the Haarlem Lake by means of 160 windmills, at a cost of L.300,000. This project seems to have been as little encouraged as the former one; and in 1727 the meer had increased to 35,000 acres. Another scheme—the erection of sluices at Katwyk—was then proposed by Cruquius, who showed that the average encroachment of the lake was more than 100 acres annually. From this time down to the present century numerous plans were put forward for realising the desirable object—that of Cruquius was carried into effect in 1807, when the mouth of the Rhine was embanked, and an efficient discharge for the water provided by means of flood-gates, to be opened only at low water.

This measure checked the evil to some extent, though not effectually; for the meer slowly enlarged until it covered a surface of about seventy square miles. The annual expense of keeping it within bounds by dikes, dams, and sluices, amounted to L.5000; a cost which would be likely to increase, as the greater the extent of water the more danger was there to be apprehended from its ravages. One must be somewhat conversant with the history of Holland to judge fully of the suspicion with which the Dutch regard an intractable mass of water within their borders. From the year of grace 516 down to the present time, besides numerous petty inundations, the country has suffered 190 great floods. In one of these the Zuyder Zee was formed, and the northern provinces were submerged as far as the Hanoverian frontier. Villages and towns have been swept away, and hundreds of thousands of the population and of cattle drowned. The last great flood occurred in 1825; and with certain coincidences of wind, tide, and frost, the Dutch territory may be at any time again inundated. One of the special duties of the government consists in providing against these distressing casualties. A body of intelligent engineers—the Waterstaat, or Waterstaff—is kept in pay, and charged with the care and maintenance of all the drainage works in the kingdom. They are trained to a practical knowledge of their profession in the academy at Delft, of which M. Simons is the principal. The arrangements in each district are so comprehensive, that on the slightest appearance of danger, when in spring the swollen waters of the Upper Rhine are seeking to force their way to the sea through the ice-encumbered channels of the Low Countries, a numerous band of engineering officers and labourers assemble with implements to repel it. Supplementary embankments are thrown up with marvellous rapidity, and weak places strengthened by broad layers of interwoven osiers; and in most cases these efforts are successful, and the satisfaction of escape is only equalled by the anxiety of the threatening. Still, it is not desirable to have rivers flowing on the tops of mounds rather than in hollows; nor is it comfortable to reflect that the melting of the snow on the distant Alps may cause you to be drowned in your bed. Hence a reason may be found for the numerous schemes of drainage proposed for the Haarlemmer Meer.

The annual fall of rain in Holland is computed at twenty-five inches, of which twenty-two inches pass off in evaporation, leaving three inches to be drained away, or to swell the existing superabundance. Hence the necessity of constant exertion and outlay. At length

it was considered that the bottom of the meer might be kept in a state fit for cultivation at a cost not greater than that required to keep the water under subjection. The project was revived in 1821 by Baron van Lynden, and ultimately the government was convinced that something must be done. Precedent was not lacking, for the ruling power had before undertaken similar works; and after draining the land, sold it to purchasers, upon whom devolved the charge of maintaining it, sometimes with exemption from taxes during the first ten years. A commission was named in 1837, comprising several members of the Waterstaat, and other individuals interested in the subject; a loan of 8,000,000 of florins was raised, and in 1838 a law sanctioning the scheme passed the Chambers by a large majority. Many of the promoters were for pursuing the usual routine, and draining by means of windmills; but proof having been shown that three steam-engines would do the work of a hundred of the air-machines, it was consequently resolved to employ steam, and the three pumping edifices were named after three of the individuals who had displayed most interest in the undertaking—Leeghwater, Cruquius, and Lynden. The first-named of the three was the first erected. The work was actively begun in 1840, the outfall towards Katwyk was straightened, and the ring-canal constructed. The latter, embracing a circuit of nearly forty miles, was no insignificant part of the labour. Owing to various unforeseen difficulties, the completion of the process has been much slower than was anticipated at the outset.

About a week after this visit to the Leeghwater, I was walking from Haarlem to Amsterdam, and entered a small tavern at Halfwege for refreshment. While drinking my cup of coffee, a young man came in, who, on hearing me speak to the waitress, hailed me as an English compatriot, and informed me that he was machinist at the Lynden, about two miles distant. I told him of what I had seen at the south end of the meer, and showed him the order from M. Simons, on which he became eloquent in praise of that gentleman, declaring him to be the most affable of all the supervisors, and invited me to accompany him forthwith to the engine. I availed myself of his offer two days afterwards, leaving Amsterdam by an early train, and walked from Halfwege to the Lynden. Not being acquainted with the short cuts, the two miles stretched into five, and I had to make a détour through meadows, to get to my destination by a path which skirted the meer. The day was windy, and as I saw how the water dashed against the spongy and turf margin, it was not difficult to conceive its destructive action in sapping and undermining so unstable a barrier, nor the desirability of prevention. Tall beds of flags grew in the shallows, rustling hoarsely as the gale swept through them; the mad ripple was washing in the reeds; here and there a wild-fowl fluttered and plunged; an old ruinous shed and windmill stood close by, adding to the melancholy character of the scene, which seemed completely isolated, and deserted by the busy life around it. It was one of those places which make a lonely wanderer gloomy.

Having crossed the ferry, I found the young machinist on duty in the engine-room, beguiling his hours of watch by net-making. His explanations gave me the reason why for all that I cared to ask. Here there were not more than eight working beams, but the capacity of the pumps is such as to make them equal to the eleven of the Leeghwater. In this particular the Lynden and Cruquius are alike. The dead-weight resting on the top of the piston-rod was thirty-five tons, and being augmented as the level of the meer falls lower, the load will by and by be doubled. At present the lift is ten feet. There are two 'safety plungers,' one on each side the cylinder, which fill with water as the piston rises, and so prevent a fall of the

ponderous mass in case any portion of the machinery should break. The little bay on which the building stands is dredged from time to time, no canal being necessary, as this part of the lake is deep near the shore. This fact renders the progress of the drainage less apparent than at the Leeghwater, where the shore has a long slope. Numerous patches of black turf are, however, visible; peeping above the surface of the water, they appear to grow larger every day, and thus afford a rough evidence of the diminution of the meer. Everything being favourable, the three machines are kept working night and day; as any one of the pumps may be repaired in case of need without stopping the others. The average depth of the lake at the commencement of the undertaking was twelve feet; of this seven feet have been pumped away, and the remaining five feet will probably be removed before the close of 1851. Draining a pond in Holland is not, however, the same thing as in other countries; it is not enough to pump all the water out; you must keep on pumping, or it will soon be full again. Hence it is that there are 9000 windmills in the kingdom, most of them continually engaged in lifting water from the drains of the low-lying polders! The district now occupied by the Haarlemmer Meer will be traversed by a drain-canal from the Lynden to the Leeghwater, met midway by one from the Cruquius; an arrangement which will maintain it in a sufficiently dry condition, by means perhaps of one of the engines only. As the land is reclaimed, it will be lotted out and sold, and the contributors to the loan derive their remuneration from the proceeds. No compensation is made to those who navigated or fished in the waters; the ring-canal supplies the means of transit. I heard of one case of dispute from M. Beijerinck; the town of Leyden some two centuries ago bought a portion of the water of the meer, and now, as the water is taken away, the authorities claim the bottom on which it rested. Lawyers had been called in to decide the question, and it is to be hoped they will settle it to the satisfaction of both parties.

The view from the top of the building was in most respects a repetition of what I had seen from the Leeghwater. There was the same little miserable pot-house, in front of which the ferry-boat lay moored; a row of small tenements for the engineers and labourers; and the superintendent's house and garden. The latter was well laid out with a thriving plantation of young trees at one side; the more noteworthy when it is remembered that, but a few years ago, the spot was a humid desert. The vicinity of the three machines has now become the locality of a little hamlet. There are Englishmen at each, though I missed them at the Leeghwater; for, as my friend the machinist observed, 'Wherever there is an English-made machine, there must be Englishmen to look after it. There's not a Dutchman in Holland could work one of these engines.' The working-beams, and what may be called grosser parts of the machinery, and the boilers, were made in the country. Two of the latter were undergoing repair. Men were busy inside and out hammering the rivets. 'Ah,' pursued my conductor, 'they are always looking; they have cost more in repairs than would have bought English boilers that would have stood for years.' Admitting some degree of prejudice in this statement, it is yet true that England ranks highest as fabricator of machinery. Her reputation in this particular is sound. Not so with other matters; and it is painful to hear the complaint, as you frequently do abroad, that English manufacturers seem rather to aim at giving an appearance of value and goodness of quality to the articles they produce than to make them really excellent. Should the great Exhibition of 1851 lead to an abandonment of these suicidal practices, its benefits will be materially increased.

The subordinate employments at the machines are

discharged by natives, and at times a little jealousy breaks out between them and the foreigners. The Dutchman, accustomed to work at a low scale of wages, considers the Englishman to be greatly overpaid when he receives the same amount, or a little more, than he earns at home, and manifests his displeasure by grumbling, or some other mode congenial to the habits of a Hollander. He cherishes an intensity of national feeling, of which my compatriot complained loudly, until I reminded him that he was thereby only showing the strength of his own. Some excuse might be found for him in the want of society and means of recreation; yet, as he said, he 'did pretty well.' In the winter, skating was a capital amusement, and last season he skimmed along the ring-canal, and paid a visit to his acquaintances at the other two machines, and made merry after their fashion. After all, he added, 'I daresay I shall stop in the country when the drainage is finished, for I have a sister married and settled in Amsterdam.'

I walked back to Halfwege by the nearer route—a strip of land between the canal and the meer. Turf-diggers were busy close to the water; eager, apparently, to thrust their spades into the numerous black patches lying a short distance from the shore. Their labours might be considered as first-fruits of the drainage; for when the water was at its former height, it would not have been safe to excavate its barrier. As I turned to take a last look of the Lynden and its adjuncts from another point of view, I thought that to have assisted at the drainage of the Haarlemmer Meer was not less honourable to those engaged, than to have been 'at Austerlitz' was to another sort of combatants. Perhaps we too, here in England, may be permitted to put in a word for ourselves in this respect; for is not the work begun of conquering a new country out of the great estuary of the Wash? and in a few years dwellers in Norfolk and Lincolnshire will see green fields and smiling pastures where now they behold nothing but an arm of the sea.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

RETRENCHMENT.

George. Well, my dear aunt, here's the deuce and all to pay. You've got my note, I see, for here you are to find us in a pleasant fix. I don't know what upon earth to do just at present, unless my uncle will help me, though it will all come right at last of course. That poor-rate has swamped us all.

Mrs Wright. How is Lucy? Does she know the state of your affairs?

George. I suppose she guesses. Money has been scarce enough with us for some time back, to give her a sort of idea that the less we spend of it the better. There was no use in vexing her with gloomy forebodings. Poor soul, she has plague enough with all those children. It is just these cursed poor-laws. I could have weathered it well enough but for them. You haven't an idea of what they are here. You pay next to nothing; with us 'tis five-and-ninepence in the pound, and I understand the new rate to be struck in October will be higher.

Mrs Wright. What can make the rate so high with you?

George. How should I know? All these idle beggars everywhere, I suppose. Every inch of the country is swarming alive with them—a set of blackguards, living by thieving and every kind of roguery, who are all to be fed now with white bread and butter at the cost of the industrious.

Mrs Wright. How did such a wretched population spring up?

George. Ask their reverences the priests, who get their good half-crown for coupling every pair of these vagabonds, besides I cannot tell what for every christening afterwards.

Mrs Wright. Where could such a set find dwellings?

George. Ask the farmers. Didn't they let any one squat on their ground for a pound? And one mud hole erected, up started another: three or four families, too, sheltered in each of these dens of dirt and vice; mobs of filthy little urchins rushing for ever from them, enough to poison the air and frighten every horse upon the road.

Mrs Wright. How came the landlord to permit such practices? How was it that any tenant was allowed to show a cabin more on his land than was required to house his labourers? Eh, George?

George. Oh, of course I knew where you were coming to all this time. It's my fault! all me! always me! Everything wrong my doing! How, in the name of patience, could I help it? I was not here. I was in Paris; I was on the Rhine; I was in London—Dublin—half over the world! A man is not to stick for ever in one place—might as well be a cabbage! I couldn't be always here; and when my back was turned, they did as they pleased with Tom Kavanagh, a very capital fellow, but a devilish bad agent.

Mrs Wright. Why keep him as agent?

George. Oh, you see he's a clever fellow: he's good-natured too, and I'm used to him; and, in short, he—I—you see—

Mrs Wright. He has lent you money, and you can't repay him?

George. I don't exactly know how we stand. I believe he has made advances on the rents. I must look over the accounts some of these days, and then we'll know the worst.

Mrs Wright. To come back to the squatters. Though you were not always here, you came home sometimes. Why did you not then see what was going on, and endeavour to set right all you thought was amiss?

George. Just as if a man had nothing else to do but to wander about among mud-cabins. When I was here, I came for the hunting: three times a week out with the hounds left little leisure for other things. There were my plantations for the idle days, and the new avenue, and a number of improvements in short, which I am sure you and my uncle, as model landlords, ought to be pleased to hear of. Then Lucy gets low without society; we have always a good deal of company during the winter; and in the summer we were off somewhere; so I'm sure I don't know where you'd find time for all these inspections.

Mrs Wright. From not making time, you see, my dear nephew, what you have brought yourself to—not only yourself, but all your neighbours, for we can't separate our individual interest from that of the community. One careless landlord affects the welfare of all. Many careless landlords cause ruin. The poor-rates have only carried out into action the law which binds us all, rich and poor, together, makes us all dependent on each other; and it only presses so heavily on us now because we have hitherto neglected to recognise the principle. You pay five-and-ninepence out of your pound, dear George, only to relieve the misery you have assisted to create, and you are not quite ruined by this tax, although it is at present excessive. You have four-teen-and-threepence left.

George. Have I, indeed, my dear, wise aunt? Where are all the other taxes?

Mrs Wright. At the very outside, the odd two-and-threepence will pay them; so you still have twelve shillings remaining of your pound, which will go a great way with management these cheap times.

George. The deuce I have. More than that is due on mortgages.

Mrs Wright. Then it is the mortgages that have swamped you—not the poor-laws. You must have sunk at some time; the poor-rates have only hastened the ruin. Put the saddle on the right horse, dear George: don't accuse the poor-rates; the ruin must have come.

George. I didn't borrow all the money: my father

borrowed before me, and my grandfather before him, and my great-grandfather before him, for all that I know. It's deuced hard on me, though, to have to bear all the consequences.

Mrs Wright. It is so, even though you lent your own helping hand to it. But you know that so it must be: and these consequences having shown themselves, all that is left for you is to meet them bravely.

George. I wish I knew what to do! Poor Lucy! such a gay, light-hearted creature, used to every luxury that wealth could give her—

Mrs Wright. Don't fear for Lucy. There are deep, and true, and warm feelings beneath dear Lucy's gaiety, and perhaps her frivolity, which make her deserving of your full confidence. I only regret that you should have till now withheld it, for—

George. I never thought, you see, that it would come to a crash. I always expected something would turn up—that at anyrate all would last for my time, for Tom managed somehow to keep us going; besides, I hated the idea of vexing her.

Mrs Wright. In fact you never thought at all. You wanted what you must gather now—courage to meet your difficulties—and her— Well, my dear Lucy, do you think you can make a good poor man's wife?

Lucy. I will try, dear aunt—I have tried. I have seen for some time that matters were not going well with us; that George was uncomfortable; and I have already made several changes in the household, with a view to a stricter economy. I was never very expensive myself. I am sure a hundred a year paid all my dressmakers' bills; by keeping a skilful maid I can easily reduce this to fifty, for we shall hardly be able to visit so much as we used to do. I have also dismissed the governess, and the housekeeper, and the upper laundry-maid. I did this some weeks ago; and I am quite pleased to find I can rough it so well without them, for I really hardly miss them. I like teaching the children; they are so very happy with me. Nurse acts as housekeeper, which she can very well do, now that baby walks about. We might part with the butler too, I think: keep only one man in the house.

Mrs Wright. How many servants do you propose to keep altogether?

Lucy. Only one in the nursery besides nurse; one laundry-maid; one housemaid; a kitchen-maid, who can help the others occasionally, as she will have less to do herself than formerly. I ought perhaps to part with the cook: her wages are very high; but she is so first-rate.

George. You can't think of parting with the cook, Lucy?—she's equal to any Frenchman.

Lucy. No, George, I don't think I can part with the cook, for I really consider a good cook economical: we will therefore keep her, and the footman, and the pantry-boy for dirty work, and my maid, whose needle is invaluable. This will be a great reduction, Aunt Anne?

Mrs Wright. Immense, my dear: three servants and the governess dismissed, leaving only nine to pay and feed. Now, George, on your part?

George. Really my expenses are so small, I don't in the least know how to reduce them. The agent of course must stay to manage the property, the bailiff to watch my respectable tenantry, the steward to look after the farm. Without a herd we should have but a queer account of the stock, without a gardener no vegetables, without labourers no crops; but I daresay there are some supernumeraries who might be dispensed with.

Lucy. Indeed, George, I think there are; particularly as we must live more quietly.

George. Well, I'll see about it: send for Doyle and consult with him.

Mrs Wright. And your stable, George?

George. Oh that costs nothing—horses are kept for nothing now: besides I've none this year almost—sold three. Lucy must have a carriage, though, to take her out.

Lucy. The car will do quite well for me. I like the car, and so do the children. I am very fond of a car, I assure you: so you can sell a carriage-horse.

George. Very well; I'm sure I've no objection. Sell the carriage too if you don't want it; and then, I should suppose, with so little to look after, Mr Dempsey will hardly require the assistance of that hideous red-headed boy—one of your pets, my dear. We might sell the children's ponies too.

Lucy. Oh, George, not the ponies, poor little things! Piers would break his heart if he were to lose his pony.

George. I don't want to sell the pony—the pony costs little or nothing. It's you and my aunt that are making all the reductions.

Mrs Wright. We'll sell a hunter instead, George.

George. Agreed. Three hunters will do very well for me, taking such care of them as Doolan will be sure to do. There's the economy of having such a first-rate groom, though he's monstrous extravagant in some things—'lashings of oats,' as he says himself. But I see no horses turned out in such style as mine; and they are never sick, or lame, or done up; so that I consider him well worth his wages, high as they are, and his meat and ale three times a day. He has never had more than two helpers either, so that my hunting is no very deadly affair. But I'll sell Polecat, with all my heart, for I really don't like her: she balked more than once at a leap. If I only keep three horses, Mr Doolan must do with one helper; so there's a great saving for you.

Mrs Wright. Three hunters, one car-horse, one pony, groom, coachman, helper, yard-man, errand-boy! It's a fair establishment yet. What does each horse cost you?

George. Nothing but his corn; and what signifies that? It's no price now—I never have to buy an ounce of hay.

Mrs Wright. I am afraid you will not find it convenient to buy corn now, cheap as it is; and the hay would be better employed as green grass in feeding bullocks, which would bring money to you. And all those servants! Nephew, you must reduce again!

George. I have reduced—given up everything. Lucy might perhaps reduce still more; she seems to like it.

Lucy. Suppose we do without the footman?

George. And have the door opened by a dirty maid? Waited on at dinner by a maid with a white apron? Indeed, Lucy, I wonder you can suppose I can give up the common decencies of life.

Lucy. The cook, then?

George. And set me down to boiled mutton and turnips.

Lucy. My maid then; though I'm sure I don't know what I shall do without her?

Mrs Wright. Lucy, my love, maid, and cook, and footman, and groom, and hunters, all must go! You little know your position, and George wilfully blinds himself to it. He will be wiser when he has considered matters seriously, and has talked them over with his uncle. George, you cannot fully comprehend how you stand.

George. Faith, then, I do—extremely unsteady; and what I want of my uncle is to help to prop me up again. He has always ready money; and if he will lend me just what will pay these pressing demands, and leave me a little cash in hands to keep us going, I'll repay him with thanks this time next year.

Mrs Wright. Out of what?

George. Out of the farm. Haven't I plenty of grazing cattle, a fine stock of my own, all clear profit, besides eight or nine young horses, thoroughbred racers and hunters, for which I expect enormous high prices? I don't mean to take a farthing under one thousand pounds for my Whirligig filly. Besides, I've sent to Sweden for potatoes: I understand they're uncommonly good there; and I shall have such a lot of splendid seed to dispose of next year, when no one else will have a sound potato, that I shall make a perfect fortune.

Mrs Wright. My dear nephew, listen calmly to me. From the statement your men of business, by your desire, made to Mr Wright yesterday, you are actually insolvent. You have nothing left to live on but the interest of the money your grandmother secured to your children—four hundred a year—which neither of you, I am afraid, will find it easy to bring your ideas down to. This house must be let, all superfluities sold, and your wisest plan will be to act yourself as your own agent and bailiff.

George. Not I indeed! I'll pitch the whole concern to the d—l: carry Lucy abroad somewhere, to add to the dignity of our wandering pauper aristocracy.

Mrs Wright. No, George, you won't: not after you have seen and consulted seriously with your uncle. He will help you, you may depend upon it, if you will help yourselves. He will be here to-morrow with money to pay off your establishment, and he will advise you to remain here, where your small income will go farther than it would abroad, provided you have courage to live here as you would there. An idle existence abroad, or a shuffling existence at home, is equally unworthy in your circumstances. By manfully facing your difficulties you will gain the respect of all good men, satisfy your own conscience, and perhaps live to restore to little Piers his inheritance.

ASSOCIATIVE CONCERNS.

It is a great mistake to suppose that there is any harm—anything like an assault on the principle of property—in simply associative concerns, such as are now commencing in Paris and London: they are indeed simply joint-stock companies. The sole question regarding them is, Will they answer as well as concerns consisting of masters and *employés*? We fear not, but we must acknowledge the greatest interest in seeing the question fairly worked out in experiment.

We learn from the newspapers that, as a reaction from the horrors of what is called the Sweating System, a Tailors' Association has been commenced and conducted for the past six months in Castle Street, Holborn. Starting with a borrowed capital of £300, and fourteen men, since increased to twenty-three with six *auxiliaries*, it has done business to the extent of £2500; and after paying for furniture and fitting-up, rents, taxes, cost of management, and interest on capital, there remains a profit of £220, of which one-third has been distributed. We presume that the men have in the meantime been receiving some allowance for subsistence out of the funds, but on this point no distinct statement is made. The men, however, appear highly satisfied with their progress and prospects, and it is stated that they have started eight other associations in the six months of their existence.

A correspondent of the 'Leader' newspaper gives an account, from personal observation, of a piano-forte-making association which is housed in a garret of one of the meanest streets of Paris. 'Engaged in a manufacture that requires the greatest skill, taste, delicacy of touch, and a considerable knowledge of science, these men have neglected nothing to make their goods the most perfect of their kind; every new invention is introduced, and improvements are added by themselves, so that they might compete with the most celebrated in the trade had they the means to hire a warehouse in some fashionable street where they could expose their goods to the best advantage. As it is, they hold a second rank, and besides their Paris customers, have a considerable export trade. We were shown pianos worth £40 or £50, of the richest tone, for we had opportunity of judging when one of the members entered, and at the request of the *gerant* sat down and played with great taste and considerable execution. By the report which I have before me, it appears that in December 1849 they possessed a capital of more than 16,000*fr.* (£640), of which about 6000*fr.* form a reserve-fund, derived from deductions on the salaries of the members; and the rest

consists of money placed in the funds by the twenty-nine members, at 50*l.* each, of stock, tools, &c. and of profits obtained since March 1840, after deducting the expenses and labour of organization, which involved a period of two unproductive months. They are paid by the piece, and keep the profits for extending their business. Such a result, in so short a period, is an evidence of the superior intelligence with which their affairs have been managed; and yet this association is composed entirely of *working-men*, not a single master having joined them; and when they applied to the government for a portion of the three millions voted to the associations they were refused. . . . With courageous hearts, however, they set to work, some bringing their five or twenty francs, others their tools; some pawning their watches, and others their clothes: and they went without fire in the winter, drank no wine, not even on Sundays; lived upon bread, though working so hard, and, what was worse than all, they made their children live on it too! Thus they deprived themselves of every comfort, and even of the necessities of life, in order to amass the small sum of 300*l.* (L.12), which, with their tools, and the savings of the adherents who worked in private establishments, amounted to about 1000*l.* . . . They hired the miserable rooms I have described; induced a benevolent timber-merchant to let them have the most valuable woods on trust; made a piano, sold it, and with the price were able to make two others: sold them, and made four more; invented, and by friendly mutual criticism, perfected important improvements in the manufacture of pianos, for which they have become so celebrated that they have more orders than they are able to accomplish, having refused an order for fifty-six pianos to be purchased, and one hundred and twenty to be let on hire; and when we visited them, had already engaged more spacious ateliers, to which they intended to remove in a few days.

These, it must be admitted, are curious revelations of the tendencies of the proletarian mind in our days. So far from viewing such institutions with distrust or misliking, we sympathise with the aspirations in which they take their rise, and should certainly be glad to hear of any being decidedly and permanently successful. Men engaged in this manner may at least be expected to live more economically and temperately, having an immediate and pressing motive for saving, which seems to exist only as an exception amongst hireling labourers. The fate of such concerns must, however, be determined by common worldly considerations. One obvious difficulty lies in securing honest management; another in the liability to dissension and insubordination. In our country, the unlimited responsibility of partners is another great obstruction. Finally: if from a failure in trading dexterity, or any similar cause, a few losses be incurred, and men begin to find their gains less than are to be obtained from ordinary masters, then we presume no such society can long hold together.

Even supposing a reasonable success attained, it may be asked, Will the object of such associations be entirely gained?—that is, will hireling labour be extinguished? The six *auxiliaries* in the Tailors' Association is a significant fact. We more than suspect that no such result is in store. It has often occurred to us, that if twenty artisans, working as a copartnership in house-painting, plumbers, building, or any other trade, were to prosper and become possessed of a considerable surplus capital, they would be irresistibly tempted to engage others as servants, and do comparatively little work themselves. In short, they would pass in some degree into the condition of masters, leaving the bulk of the work to be done, as at present, by inferiors, so that no great change after all would be effected in the condition of the mass of the working population. It is possible that this apprehension of ours has been stated before; it may also have been answered. If so, we should like to know what was said on the other side.

It is perhaps scarcely possible for 'masters' to look coolly upon this experiment; but where 'men' are

determined on trying it, we would hope that they will be allowed to do so without opposition. If it proceeds upon a delusion, it will quickly fail, being left to itself. Should, on the contrary, those engaged believe that their plans have met with unfair play, it will only require the longer time to convince them that the eternal laws are against them.

A DREAM.

'I waked—she fled—and day brought back my night!'

METHOUGHT I saw thee yesternight
Sit near me in thine olden guise;
The white robes and the palm *sergones*—
Weaving, instead of an anaranth crown,
A web of earthly dyes.

I cried, 'Where hast thou been so long?'
The mild eyes turned and mutely smiled—
'Why bid'st thou in those distant lands?
What is that web within thy hands?'
—'I work for thee, my child.'

I clasped thee in my arms, and wept;
I kissed thee oft with passion wild;
I poured fond questions—tender blame;
Still thy sole answer was the same—
'I work for thee, my child.'

'Come forth—walk with me as of old!'
Thou came'st—all silent as before;
We passed along the churchyard way
My child-feet trod each Sabbath-day,
But now tread never more.

I felt thy hand upon my arm,
Beside me thy meek face I saw;
Yet in thy gesture, look, and air
A something more than earth was there,
That left a nameless awe.

Trembling I said, 'Sad years have passed
Since thou wert from my heart beguiled;
Now thou art come, and all shall be
As was before.' Half-pensively
Thou answeredst, 'Nay, my child!'

I pleaded sore—'Hast thou forgot
The love wherewith we loved of old—
The long sweet days of converse blest,
The nights' calm slumber on thy breast?
Art thou to me grown cold?'

Then beamed on me those eyes of heaven
That wept no more, but ever smiled:
'I may not leave the happy home
Whereto I dwell—where till thou come
I work for thee, my child.'

If from my sight thou passedst then,
Or if my sob the dream exiled,
I know not; but in memory clear
I seem those strange words still to hear—
'I work for thee, my child.'

Amen—amen! Though lone I stand
Here in the sight of God and thee,
I know, if e'er blest souls are given
To guard beloved ones from heaven,
Thou dost so 'work' for me!

SINGULAR ANIMALCULE.

There are facts and analogies tending to show that a peculiar state of activity may enable infinitesimal quantities of matter powerfully to affect the senses and the health. We eat animalcules by millions in the bloom of a plum, we also inhale them by millions (as Ehrenberg has shown) at every breath, and they neither affect our senses nor do us appreciable harm. Yet there is an animalcule which haunts cascades, sticking by its tail to the rocks or stones over which the water rushes, and which, when put into a vial with above a million times its weight of water, infects the whole mass with a putrid odour so strong as to be offensive at several yards' distance; and this not once, but several times a day, if the water be changed so often.—*Quarterly Review*.

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THE PROFESSOR.

OUR readers are of course aware that every family has its great man, past or present—the brother, cousin, or ancestor who has shed a lustre on the name; the pattern of all the young aspirants, the pride of all the settled ones on the greater or lesser pinnacles of life. It is gaining somewhat higher ground to be the great man of a community, and yet the distinction is pretty nearly as universal. Let us turn to our country's map, and lay our finger on its minutest letters, its obscurest hamlet, we shall find, on inquiry, that it has, or has had, its own 'distinguished native'—by comparison at least, the one richer, braver, wiser, or more fortunate than his fellows; and whatever the world at large may think of the claim, the inhabitants of the locality hold their heads a little higher as they talk of their great man, and believe it shall be said of the place, 'He was born there!'

Now the great man of our town is Professor Jones: he would smile to hear us say so, for never was there a more unpretending, retiring individual; but to our credit be it spoken, although Colonel Maunsell has come home from India with a gash across his forehead, and his arm in a sling, and although Alderman Hutchinson has doubled his fortune—lucky man—by a railway hit, and rolls by our windows in his carriage every day; still high, unquestionably high, as those distinguished novelties rank in public estimation, much as they have been followed, and talked about, and lauded, popular opinion turns back, with unwonted fidelity, to its early election, and would account it rank heresy to put any one on a par with Professor Jones.

But this much we must confess, if sure we were slow, slow to discover, to believe in the greatness that had sprung up under our very eyes—it was not until it had been fairly thrust on us by his 'European reputation,' by the voices, the acclamations of learned societies, the honours awarded at home and abroad, that we began to recognise, amidst all the suffrages of pen and of tongue, our own absent fellow-townsmen, Eddy Jones. Could it indeed be possible? The uncouth schoolboy, who used daily to scamper by our windows, his satchel on his back, always a little too late; who would never make a graceful bow or turn out his feet at the dancing-school; who, as an apology for his presence, used always to be introduced as the Hutchinsons' cousin; who went away and came again at the college vacations, always taller and more awkward than ever; roaming off alone in 'the flowing valleys' or on the green hill-side, instead of joining our pic-nics; or else taking our young brothers as companions instead of ourselves; and then, who stayed away as if for good, until he was almost forgotten, allowing us to read of the learned Mr Jones in pamph-

let and in paper, to utter notes of admiration, as for an utter stranger; and then suddenly to return with his honours thick about him, and have a public dinner in the town-hall given to celebrate his arrival, and his health drank with three times three as 'our distinguished townsman, Professor Jones.'

Many of us could hardly believe our eyes and ears, thus offering contradictory evidence: there he was bodily, as pale, as awkward, as shy as ever. That was our Eddy Jones most surely; but how to reconcile this unchanged appearance with his changed position; the visible with the ideal personage of whom we had heard so much—could they indeed be one and the same? Fortunately an opportunity, on the very spot, and at the very critical moment, satisfied every doubt, and furnished the key-stone to a popularity which since then has never wavered.

At the period we are recording—many a long year ago—our dull commercial town, which had remained far behind the rest of the world in the march of intellect, received its first onward impulse in the bequest of a valuable library and museum from one of its citizens who had travelled and thriven in other lands, and, dying far away, sent home those cherished acquisitions, as an abiding token of remembrance, to his native place. Sooth to say, he might have known us better, unless, indeed, he made the gift in a spirit of prescience, to be realised by the event. As it was, many laughed at the 'collection of rubbish;' many grumbled at the expense of providing a building to contain it, and asked 'how would it pay?' and all were at a loss how to secure and arrange it, with just sufficient perception of fitness to know that the dusty unpacked cases were an abiding reproach, when who should arrive but Professor Jones, the very man to obviate the difficulty, and save 'his country's credit.' He willingly undertook the task of arrangement; and warming to his occupation, not only felt interested himself, but exciting an interest in others, offered, while he remained, to give a course of lectures on some of the rare specimens he had taken such trouble to class.

The offer was warmly accepted. Interest indeed—enthusiasm was now the word. Who so proud as we of our public museum, our lecture-room, laboratory, library, botanic garden?—for thus we progressed; while last, not least, our eloquent lecturer won suffrages on all sides, as we have told, and visiting us every summer, renewed his delightful course of instruction thus periodically, until at last it became quite a settled thing; and the rising generation found cause to bless the unpretending hand that had set the wheel in motion, and given them something more interesting to talk of and listen to than the quality of butter and the price of pigs.

Our first experience in the lecture way was a botani-

cal one, to which, as being somewhat within the range of youthful comprehension, we were permitted to go: as to our appreciation even of that subject we cannot now say much, believing our fancy to have been more taken with the visible appliances, the floral specimens, the well-dressed crowd, the lecturer himself, who in private was still to us only Eddy Jones. How well we can remember successively speculating whether he would single us out amidst the long rows of upturned faces—whether he would feel flattered or ashamed at so many stargazers—whether he noticed them at all—and finally, whether he could overlook the sweet pretty lady who soon caught our wandering gaze, and who, to tell the truth, fully occupied our thoughts during the remainder of the lecture, grievously to the loss of the subject it took! It was her fixed attention to the lecture that first distracted ours; continually our eyes turned to watch if she once looked away, until at last we gave ourselves up without another thought to the pleasurable employment of wandering through the land of conjecture by the light of the loveliest, and at the same time most peculiar countenance we had ever seen.

Reader, it was then the time for frizzed curls and sky-scrapping bonnets, and gigot sleeves: closely packed on the benches, and each in the other's way, elbowing and peeping between shoulders and heads, and little folk would have small chance of a view, had it not been for the unobtrusive neighbour seated just at a right angle before us. Think how we must have admired this lovely girl, or, indeed, at first her small straw bonnet—the then quite-exploded cottage shape—untied, and partly thrown back, in the eagerness of her attention, and disclosing in front of the vista thus afforded her own peculiarly beautiful profile, with the delicately-formed nose, the short upper lip, scarcely covering the gleaming teeth, and the dark smooth hair, braided plainly over the symmetrical brow. It was evident she had dropped from some other region: she was as different from as she seemed indifferent to the surrounding crowd. With pleased and animated attention, a flush on her clear cheek, and a dawning smile now and then, she followed the subject; but her dark liquid eyes never turned to notice its effect on any one else, never wandered a moment; and we, as we have told, giving ourselves up to conjecture and sundry speculations, felt a longing to change places with the mute assistant peeping from behind the lecturer's shoulder, that we might judge for ourselves of the effect of that fascinated or fascinating glance.

Thus it continued for many a day: many an admiring look besides our own strayed in the direction of the beautiful stranger, but never could we detect a glance in return. If the fair head were bent, or the bright eyes turned aside for a moment, it was but to exchange a smile of gratified intelligence with a seeming attendant—an old lady, dressed in black of the same simple fashion, who always accompanied her as her shadow; or else—but rarely this—when with momentary impatience she looked her surprise at the interruption of a somewhat audible whisper, or the scarcely less audible scribbling, as some fair pirate beside her took notes of the lecturer's words. At last curiosity overcoming the shyness of fourteen, we took courage to inquire who the strange pretty lady might be, and the answer—'Oh, she is granddaughter to old Abrahams the jeweller on the quay!'—at once explained the secret of her singular style of beauty, and demeanour as well as dress, so different from what we were accustomed to see.

She was the granddaughter of a Jew, not a Jewess herself; but still as much apart from our circle and opportunities of seeing her elsewhere as if she had been; for her mother being a Roman Catholic, and permitted to bring up her child in her own religious creed, there was no chance of our seeing her even at church, the only public place which we had been until now allowed to frequent. We found all this out, and what

follows, by degrees: Rachel was an orphan, only lately come from Malta, where her parents had lived and died; and now almost as much secluded from the world as if she had remained in the convent where she had been educated. By her father's will, she resided here under her grandfather's care.

At this time no one seemed to know aught of her beyond the passing glimpse so quickly shrouded, as at the conclusion of each lecture down was drawn the delicate black lace veil, and the large shawl—so gracefully and differently worn from ours—wrapped closely round her retreating figure. Thus she always vanished from her seat near the entrance; there she was always found by the earliest arrival. Our courage never amounted to asking the solution of the problem—how far lecturers indulged themselves in the habit of individualising their audience, or whether Eddy Jones in particular had remarked his fair votary; but fortune favouring us at length, we had an opportunity of judging for ourselves. On one of the closing days, the young lady with her attendant was retiring, as usual, when her attention seemed arrested by a beautiful camellia, one of the specimens which still remained undisturbed in its glass. She paused in passing by, and throwing back her veil with an involuntary word of admiration, called her companion's notice to the brilliant flower as she momentarily bent to admire it and inhale its perfume. We were close behind, and 'now or never' thought we—'Eddy Jones must be a stone if he does not notice the pretty lady now.' And we were right; he did notice her certainly; but the doubt was solved—it was evidently for the first time. Ah, cold-hearted professor! He was in the act of closing one of the volumes to which he had referred during the lecture, when his eye absently rested on the beaming face, scarcely rivalled by the object of its admiration; no one could misunderstand its expression; and immediately, with much politeness, but as if he had been addressing his grandmother, he respectfully informed the young lady she was quite welcome to the specimen she admired, and then hardly noticing her soft word of thanks, resumed his occupation with abstracted air again.

Her animated gesture of delight, as she turned to receive her attendant's nod of acquiescence in her acceptance of the courtesy, might have rewarded the professor's good-nature, had he been looking that way; but no—though with hurried fingers she endeavoured to detach the flower-stalk from a stone to which it had been fastened in order to keep the heavy blossom steady in the glass—he never proffered the slightest assistance, never turned to answer the mute inquiry with which she looked for permission to take all away together; so, evidently interpreting this indifference in the way most convenient at the moment, she hastily wrapped the dripping flower-stalk and its appendage, just as they were, in her embroidered cambric handkerchief, and with a slight inclination of the head—still unnoticed—glided quietly away.

The lectures were ended, the summer waned and went, and we saw or heard no more of the fair Jewess, as we used to call her. Very few were better off in that respect; but from one of those few, one that afterwards knew her well, we have heard the rest. She had become very ill during the winter: it seemed that our chilly and changeable climate did not agree with the daughter of a southern race and clime; or perhaps the total change of position, and want of youthful companionship, was the true cause of those variable spirits and that fading cheek. But the spring returned, and again another summer, and once more the drooping girl revived to the enjoyment of the few simple pleasures her isolated life afforded.

Foremost of all was her delight in flowers, and with grateful gladness she again found herself able to occupy her own little sitting-room, opening into the large garden at the back of the house. Her grandfather had

kindly erected a small conservatory outside her window; he would willingly have indulged and amused her more had he only understood how; but far advanced in life, continually occupied, and uncongenial in his tastes as in his habits, he rarely anticipated what might please the solitary girl, and she was far too gentle and respectful to obtrude her little fancies on his notice; it was only through the occasional intervention of her faithful attendant, Marietta, that she obtained the few recreations—the books and flowers—that she most dearly prized; but society, to speak of it in the usual acceptance of the word, she had none.

She had left her own room after a dreary confinement there, and, still languid from her long illness, was lying on her little sofa beside the glass door opening into the conservatory, inhaling and enjoying the sweet perfume of the flowers, when her grandfather entered the apartment to congratulate her on the move, and pay his usual five minutes' visit before proceeding to the business of the day. Having hurried through his formal routine, 'Do you want anything, Rachel?—do you wish for anything?—do you feel stronger to-day?'—and having received the usual gentle acquiescent replies, he had turned to leave the room, when his eye happened to rest on a small table where she had arranged some treasured playthings of her childish days—as well as a few more recent acquisitions dear to her feelings also—in a sort of tasteful order, calling them her precious things, though apparently of little value to an uninitiated eye.

Some such thought seemed to suggest the half-indulgent smile with which the old jeweller—accustomed to more glittering toys—surveyed poor Rachel's valuables; he was then passing on, when, suddenly pausing with a start, he darted a hawk-like pounce on the object which had attracted his attention, and turning back quickly to the sofa, exclaimed, 'How did you come by this, Rachel dear? How long has it been here? How did I never notice it before?'

Rachel languidly raised herself on one arm as she bent forward to meet her grandfather's extended hand; but the instant her eyes rested on the object it presented, the eloquent blood mounted quickly over neck and brow, and with a half-consciousness of some gone-by feeling that had prompted her to hoard it up, a memory of the innocent delight with which she had placed it among her treasures, she falteringly answered, 'It is only a stone, grandpapa.'

He was too much engrossed with his discovery to notice her embarrassment; though, had he done so, he might have attributed it to a cause of which Rachel little dreamed; and he immediately replied with some impatience, 'A stone! I know that, to be sure; but it is so precious, so remarkable a one, that I require to know how it came into your hands?'

It was now Rachel's turn to feel astonished. Rising hastily from the sofa, with but little trace of her former languor, her late emotion, she took the stone from her grandfather's hand, eagerly inquiring what could he mean; and in the same breath informing him how it had come into her possession; ingenuously adding, that utterly unconscious of its having any intrinsic value, and yet regarding it as a memorial of delightful hours—of those charming lectures which had afforded her the liveliest pleasure she had enjoyed since she came—she had placed it among other dear mementos, precious from their association, as she imagined, to herself alone.

Her grandfather smiled again, but differently, as his eye reverted one moment to Rachel's little collection, then turned with a sparkle of gratified cupidity to the object of real value still resting in her hand. He took it back again, examined it more intently; then muttering to himself, 'This is no childish toy,' without further explanation was leaving the room, when Rachel, laying her hand on his arm, arrested his steps, as she

exclaimed, 'You know, my grandpapa, this does not belong to me: if it has really any value, I fear I have committed a great error, unconsciously, in appropriating it. What is best to be done? How shall we immediately repair my fault?'

'Dear, dear—nonsense, child: what a work about nothing? It is yours to be sure: does any other owner demand it? You have the right of possession, I of discovery, and it is hard if, between both, we may not make it our own. Give it to me, foolish one, and you shall have for yourself a far prettier bauble instead.'

He was again about to leave the room, when Rachel, summoning up her fast-waning strength, replied with unwonted firmness, 'Not so, grandpapa; that cannot be: this must be restored to the rightful owner, wherever he can be found. It is only a question of common honesty: I took it as a worthless stone—as a precious one I must restore it.' And removing it in a decided manner from the old jeweller's hand before he was aware of her intention, she laid it carefully in a little drawing-box on the table beside her; then closing the lid, looked up smilingly as she added, 'Do, dear grandpapa, make inquiries, and find out all about it at once. I shall feel myself a robber until it is safe in the owner's hands again.'

A strange, unpleasant smile succeeded the old man's first look of angry disappointment, as Rachel thus peremptorily shut up the coveted object from his view; and coldly answering, 'I did not expect this from you—you take too much upon you, Rachel!' he turned away without his usual parting caress, and left the room.

Rachel, agitated and overwrought, lay back on the sofa, hardly able for some moments to analyse her position, or comprehend the predicament in which, between her own sense of duty, and her grandfather's strange conduct, she found herself so unexpectedly placed. In deep and painful thought she buried her face in the soft silken cushions, now self-accusing, now endeavouring to recall the exact circumstances attending her appropriation of the stone; then conjecturing whether its value had been ever understood, or if so, why had it been so negligently guarded, or put to such a careless use? Wearied out with these cogitations, she fell fast asleep; and the afternoon sun was shining through the fountain drops and perfumed leaves of the conservatory, when, composed and refreshed, she at length awoke. Her watchful attendant, who had all the while occupied a seat at the far end of the room, monotonously sewing, now approached with Rachel's noonday draught of goats' milk, her favourite beverage, in memory of her far island home; but though the usual hour had long elapsed, the cup was laid down untasted; while Rachel eagerly drew the colour-box towards her, in order to examine the late object of discussion, and judge whether its external appearance were really so commonplace as to justify the blindness with which she had made it her own. She hurriedly opened the box, and raised up the partition; but the bright glow of expectation instantly faded away, and, pale as death, she clasped her hands, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Marietta, who has done this? It is gone!'

Her attendant, who had remained standing close by, threw her arms affectionately round the agitated girl, supporting her sinking figure, and turning back from her brow the rich masses of hair, disordered in sleep; but made no reply. Rachel passionately reiterated her question, adding in the same breath, 'Did you remain in the room—did you watch while I slept?'

'My child knows I never leave her.'

'Then who else has been here? Or is it possible—oh, Marietta, it is not possible you would grieve me by removing that stone?'

A sorrowful shake of the head was the only reply.

'Then who can have done so? You surely must know: I must know too; and raising herself from the

arms in which she had been resting, and fixing her troubled glance on her companion's face, she added firmly, 'I must know, Marietta: I command you to tell.'

No downcast or evasive look sought to parry the question: with a glance as upright as her own, though still gentle and intreating, Marietta replied, 'Urge me no farther, dear lady: I am already commanded—not to speak!'

'Commanded! and by whom? Who could dare—' But the unfinished sentence died away, the obvious explanation flashing on Rachel's mind even as she made the inquiry; and throwing herself again into Marietta's arms, she hid her burning face on her bosom, and wept bitterly and long.

For a length of time her attendant vainly tried to calm her agitation, making light of the loss, of the value of the missing article, until at last Rachel, impatiently raising her head, silenced those topics of consolation by exclaiming, 'If you love me, Marietta, speak in that way no more. My honour—the honour of our house—is involved. For myself, I may forgive, I may forget that I have been betrayed; but for the sake of all that should be dearest—Yes, Marietta, if you love me, you must contrive to have this matter redressed, or be assured I shall find a way to redress it myself.'

No one could doubt that the lofty determination now expressed in every line of the young girl's countenance—triumphant over weakness, timidity, inexperience—would in some way or other work out its own purpose; and Marietta, also recalling the harsher lines that contracted the old jeweller's brow, trembled as she pictured to herself the collision between two natures so kindred in resolution, differing so widely in principle—neither of them likely to deviate from the line of conduct they had laid down. To confess the truth, Marietta could not view the offence in the same aggravated light as her young mistress: her southern ideas of household subjection accorded the most despotic powers to its head; while her notions of property being somewhat more relaxed than those enjoined by our code of laws, she regarded the old man's appropriation of a stone that had remained so long valueless and unclaimed in his house, as quite a venial offence, if not exactly a justifiable act. She expended all her eloquence in endeavouring to impress her young mistress with this view of the case, and in persuading her to throw all the responsibility on her grandfather, whose authority and whose years should entitle him to act as he thought best; but all her arguments were in a moment upset when Rachel, reproachfully turning away, poured out her sorrowing lament that even her tried and loving Marietta should combine against her—should seek to pervert her mind. There was no withstanding those desolate tones; and yielding to affection more than to rectitude, she gave Rachel a solemn promise that she would use all remonstrances, all intreaties with her grandfather, and failing in these, would do her best.

We have said the summer was returned; with it came Professor Jones' annual visit to his native town, and no less eagerly anticipated, his annual course of lectures. This season chemistry was to be the order of the day; and on the morning of the opening lecture the professor was to be seen in the laboratory busily superintending some preparations for the ensuing experiments. The assistant was stupid and awkward, and the professor's patience sorely tried; at last turning to a gentleman who had charge of the mineral section, and who was looking on, he exclaimed, 'By the by, where is Peter Hughes, our assistant last year? I miss him at every turn—he was so obliging and intelligent.'

'He was indeed all that,' replied Mr Austen gravely; 'a pity more sterling qualities did not keep pace with those gifts.'

The professor looked up with a glance of surprise; but Mr Austen, giving a slight hem, to indicate that he had already said too much, turned quickly away, and Professor Jones had to endure, as best he could, the blunders of his present assistant until the arrangements were complete; he then, according to his usual habit, turned in to the adjoining room to have a few moments' chat with its occupant while the lecture-room below was gradually filling. There could have been a greater or a more amusing contrast—their peculiar avocations considered—than those two individuals presented. According to appearances, each should have taken the other's place: the pale, lank face, dark, thoughtful, deep-set eyes, absent air, and gaunt figure of Edward Jones, would have exactly suited our idea of a mineralogist—of one accustomed to dive into nature's more hidden mysteries; while his long, lean, and—shall we say it?—not always spotless fingers seemed made for groping amidst the dens and caves of the earth. On the other hand, Mr Austen's round little russet cheeks and dapper figure, his prominent bright blue eyes, hardly kept in their sockets by his spectacles, which seemed chiefly worn for that purpose, as he continually glanced above and beneath them; and his movements, ever on the alert, presented an appearance of exuberant health and animation that might well have matched a professor of botany who had studied for his degree on the blithe hill-side.

On this day, however, when rejoined by Professor Jones, he was in the act of walking up and down between the rows of neatly-arranged glass-cases which furnished his particular department with an air of disturbance and discomfort very much at variance with his usual satisfied look in that well-ordered place. Without waiting for a question, he immediately exclaimed, 'So you miss poor Hughes? No wonder! I am always put out of sorts when I think of him: he was as a right hand to me, while to his poor sickly mother I believe he was all in all. But what would you have?—In a responsible situation such as this, things cannot be overlooked; and confidence once shaken, its usefulness was crippled: in fact there is no getting on with a man you must watch!'

'What is it all about?' inquired the professor with an air of serious interest. 'Is it possible you find reason to withdraw your confidence from Hughes?'

'Just so,' replied Mr Austen in a dry, testy tone; 'at least it was a question between him and myself. We both should have come before the committee; but I indulged his wish in taking the quieter course, and allowed him to resign, without going into a public investigation, where he would have found it impossible to prove himself innocent.'

'Without proving him guilty?' exclaimed Professor Jones reproachfully.

'To my own complete conviction I did; and he, poor devil, voluntarily admitted that, in the face of appearances, all the waters in the channel would not wash him clear. It was just this,' added Mr Austen abruptly, after a moment's thought:—'A piece of quartz, a cat's-eye, brought from Malabar by Colonel Mansell, and presented by him to the institution, with some pebbles and pieces of ore, mostly trash—this, however, was really a valuable specimen. I was sorting the whole, rejecting some, placing the rest as you see them in that cabinet there, and had laid this particular one aside with my own hands, to be sent to old Abrahams to get cut and polished. Hughes remembers quite well, and admits having got my directions; but when I came to lock up the collection, the cat's-eye was gone. It was excessively awkward. As to Hughes, I confess I should as soon have thought of suspecting myself; but feeling it my duty in the first instance to mention the loss to the donor, he, as he expressed himself—in his usual dragging way—at once put the saddle on the right horse; accused Peter, who had not a word to say in it

defence, beyond reiterated protestations of innocence; and so, not having the heart to denounce him, I quietly let him go.

'It was a bad business,' said the professor thoughtfully. 'If I could have trusted any man's countenance, it would have been his.'

'Pooh! pooh!' replied Mr Austen impatiently; 'I thought I might have trusted his fingers' ends. But this much is certain—we have not been able to supply his loss. For myself, I no longer trust any one, and am fretted out of my life, with an eye on this corner and an eye on that.'

Professor Jones could not restrain a smile, but his companion continued more testily:—'Wait until some of your crucibles are upset, or your apparatus blown up, by that new fellow's awkwardness, and then you will have sympathy for the loss I was compelled to inflict on myself.'

'I have not the least doubt of it, from the specimen I have already had,' replied the professor, laughing, as he ran down stairs, half expecting to find some of Mr Austen's forebodings realised: all was right however, the room already full; and the lecture proceeded without interruption or mishap.—It was over, and the room rapidly thinning, almost empty at last, when two individuals, who had occupied a place near the door, and remained sitting still during the general rush, now quietly rose and approached the table, evidently waiting a disengaged moment to address the lecturer, who was still busied at the opposite side. The instant he turned towards them, the younger figure threw back her veil. It was our friend Rachel; though the pale and agitated face thus revealed was different, indeed, from the bright one that had so completely distracted our youthful attention the summer before. Her companion, Marietta, advancing nearer by a step, in a subdued voice informed the lecturer that her young lady wished to speak to him for a moment; and the quick colour mantling in her cheek at his glance of surprise, making her look like her former self, at once changed it into a slight smile of pleased recognition, as, passing round from behind the table to the benches where they stood, he placed himself in every sense on a level with them, sinking the lecturer in the friend. Rachel, again very pale, and finding her voice somewhat faltering, made a resolute effort, and intending at once to enter on her painful mission, abruptly inquired, 'Do you remember me?'

'Had she known more of the world—had he been a more gallant man—each might have felt this a fair opening for a complimentary reply; but they were neither one nor the other, and Edward Jones, seeing that his fair questioner had some earnest purpose at heart, simply answered, 'I think I do—you were at one of the botanical lectures last year.'

'One of them! Ah, Professor Jones! But this was not Rachel's thought. Gladly catching at the word, as pointing to the particular day she wished to recall, she replied with renewed animation, 'Yes; and you gave me a beautiful camellia'—(the professor nodded his head); 'and fastened to the camellia was a stone.' Here Rachel's voice dropped as low as if the stone had been sinking it; and the professor, somewhat interested and surprised, again bent his head to hear what hung thereby.

'I could not at the moment disengage it; I imagined it was of no value; and I brought it home attached to the flower-stalk; and—I did not throw it away'—She paused, and raising her sweet troubled eyes, seemed to ask Edward Jones could he not guess the rest?

But he, never dreaming to what she would have led him, for want of something better, half-encouragingly reiterated her words, 'There was a stone fastened to the flower?'

'Yes; I hoped you might have remembered—fastened to the stalk, to keep it steady in the glass; then des-

perately added, 'I discovered only a few days since that it was really a most valuable stone.'

A sudden recollection flashed on the professor's mind, brightening his eyes, and even his sallow face, as he now eagerly re-echoed Rachel's words: 'A valuable stone—tied to the flower-stalk, and carried away by you that day? Ah! now I remember all: it must be so. I went into Mr Austen's room with the glass in my hand, and unable to keep the flower steady; while I was talking, took up a stone; he told me 'twas rubbish, and I never looked at it. It must be the one. My dear young lady, I am so delighted, so obliged! You little know what mischief we have done. Where is it? Have you got it here?'

It was now Rachel's turn to colour deeply, then to grow deadly pale; but with courageous heart again she spoke directly to the point:—'My grandfather is a jeweller; it was he accidentally discovered its value: the stone is now in his possession; and I am here to request, if quite at leisure, you will come with me and demand it.'

We have hinted that Edward Jones had never allowed himself much intimacy with feminine ways; but there are feelings common to every human breast; and in the bravely-suppressed emotion, the unspoken words of that brief sentence, he thought he perceived a glimmering of the truth. With a tone of deepest respect he expressed his readiness, his anxiety, to accompany her at once, giving her a brief account of that morning's interview with Mr Austen, and cordially expressing his hope that this might turn out to be the missing stone, and himself the real offender. He gave his arm to Rachel, thus talking rapidly all the while, very contrary to his usual wont, but kindly seeking to relieve her from the embarrassment which he saw had some deeper source than the mere novelty of her position. He was more and more convinced of this as he felt the little hand that rested on his arm tremble now and then, and the graceful footsteps falter from the time they came in sight of the jeweller's shop; and it was only some indefinable feeling quite at variance with his usual matter-of-fact good-nature that restrained him from yielding to the impulse of peeping under his companion's bonnet to ascertain had she grown much paler, or putting his arm round her, lest she should absolutely faint away.

To his surprise, when they reached the decisive spot all this weakness seemed to vanish. Looking up with steadfast eyes and the same elevated expression that had already influenced Marietta, Rachel addressed him in firmer accents than had yet come to her aid: 'This is my grandpapa's house; he may perhaps resent my introducing a stranger; but his anger will pass away—you must not be influenced by it.' As she spoke, she crossed the threshold, and to the old jeweller's evident surprise, stood face to face with him the next moment with her companion, the counter between.

Before he had time to ask a question, or express the astonishment so legibly depicted on his face, Rachel had addressed him in the gentlest tones of her peculiarly melodious voice: 'This is Professor Jones, my grandpapa—the gentleman from whom I told you I received the camellia last year. He has informed me that the stone, attached to it by mistake, was missed, without any clue as to what had become of it; and a worthy person who had those minerals in charge consequently dismissed from his employment. What a pleasure!—and here her sweet voice grew more impressive—'what a happiness to be the means of restoring him to his position, at least in the esteem of those who valued him before!'

It is utterly impossible to depict the varied emotions that swept over the Jew's tawny face, now flushed into orange. Anger, astonishment, disappointment, flashed in his eyes, and contracted the harsh lines of his forehead and mouth: as the latter feeling took its turn,

they partially relaxed; and Rachel, whose purposely-lengthened little speech afforded him time to recollect himself, saw, to her infinite relief, that his shrewd sense was prompting him for the present at least to avoid a scene. With a smile nearly akin to a spasm, he turned to Professor Jones, saying, 'You can of course identify the stone?'

'I am not certain of that,' replied the professor frankly. 'I took it myself in a fit of absence—of course not appreciating its value; but numbers in the place can do so—Mr Austen, Peter Hughes, Colonel Maunsell, who brought it from the East. It is a cat's eye—of much value in his estimation at least; and Mr Austen had taken it out of the museum, intending to place it in your hands to polish, when I unluckily laid hold of it, not minding what I was about.'

So there was yet something to be gained by it? This speech decided the old jeweller; he even threw a grateful glance towards Rachel. It seemed never before to have occurred to him that the stone was an object of general interest, sure to be generally recognised, or else he might probably have never thought of making it his own, never resisted Rachel's gentle intreaties, Marietta's more peremptory remonstrances and demands for its restoration. But now, fully appreciating the prompt decisiveness and affectionate discretion that had not only spared his character, but his feelings, in softened mood he turned to his grandchild, and taking the stone out of a little private drawer, placed it in her hand, gently saying, 'It is you who so thoughtfully preserved it, that should have the pleasure of restoring it. We all are indebted to you, my little Rachel; and, sir, will you tell Mr Austen, that if he still desires to intrust it to my workmanship, I shall feel double pleasure in bringing out its perfections for my discreet little granddaughter's sake?'

Professor Jones promised to deliver the message faithfully, and to report the obligation under which the young lady had placed them all; and then Rachel ventured timidly to ask, might she hear of Peter Hughes' restoration to favour: there was certainly a glad look in the professor's eyes as he promised surely to come and tell.

He came, and often; and Rachel's love for flowers was gratified to the utmost by many a rare addition to her conservatory, her herbarium—many a healthful ramble by wood and hill, collecting specimens under the best professional guidance, the good-natured Marietta always close at hand. Many smiled to see the grave and hitherto bashful professor thus brightly accompanied; but let them smile away; it makes no great matter now; for a little bird, doubtless overhearing something in the woodland walks, has whispered in our ears, that unless we look very sharp, our old schoolfellow will steal another march on us before the holidays return again.

EFFECT OF VAGUENESS IN MILTON.

ONE of the marked characteristics of Milton's poetry is the success with which he has employed the element of ambiguity in adding terror to his descriptions and increasing their power. The grandeur of some of his most powerful passages is founded on the overwhelming energy with which he introduces images of horror heightened by all the mystery which belongs to supernatural narration.

We may refer to his portrait of Death, where the terror of the picture is immeasurably increased by the ambiguity and indistinctness in which it is enveloped—

—'The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either.'

What can be more vague and shadowy than these lines, yet what sublimity pervades the whole picture! There is an element of grandeur in the very indefiniteness of the terms employed which overwhelms and oppresses the mind. The description continues in the same strain—

—'Black it stood as night—
Pierce as ten furies—terrible as hell!
And shook a dreadful dart! What seemed its head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'

Here, again, the utmost indistinctness prevails. No definite image whatever is presented, but a crowd of associations and suggestions are pressed in to add horror to the scene, and bewilder the imagination by the indefiniteness and confusion in which the whole is enshrouded. The description of the onward march of this tyrant is one of powerful energy—

—'From his seat,
The monster moving, onward came,
With horrid strides. Hell trembled as he strode!'

The description of the realms of Chaos on the opening of hell-gates, is a further instance of the power with which Milton employs this element of ambiguity in adding terror to the superhuman sights and sounds among which he transports us. No exact detail could convey the horrors which the indistinct intimations of the poet suggest in his description of that

—'Boary deep! that dark
Illimitable ocean without bound—
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost!'

where

—'Chaos umpire sits—
Next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confusedly!'

No finished picture could present ideas half so terrible as the rugged outline which the poet draws. His employment of negatives acts like an incantation. He tells us what this abode is not; and as with the touch of a magician's wand, an overwhelming picture is instantly presented to the eye. Again, when he would give us the measure of this dreadful 'deep,' he tells us that the fiend in his passage over, meeting a 'vast vacuity'—

'Drops down ten thousand fathom deep!'

and but for

'The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Which hurried him as many miles aloft,
To this hour down had been falling!'

There is another passage which owes its power to the mystery, confusion, and uncertainty of the imagery suggested. Milton is describing the fallen angels travelling through their dismal habitation. Here we find the poet avoiding all minute detail, and giving us only indistinct but gigantic imagery. He does not count the rebel legions—he does not measure the size of their abode; but gives us at once an idea of boundless expansion:—

—'Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp—
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death—
A universe of death!'

Here the imagination is first filled with a sense of immeasurable extension, then a crowd of images rush upon us—all images of terror and desolation—'rocks,

caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,' till we are brought to the climax—'A universe of death!' Yet in this description there is not an idea presented which is not clothed in the utmost vagueness. When we endeavour to picture the 'rocks, caves, dens, and shades of death—a universe of death!' we are lost in uncertainty and confusion; yet it is this very circumstance which, while it wraps the whole in mystery, gives sublimity to the description.

The element of indefiniteness is employed with like effect in the succeeding lines. In this 'universe of death'—

'Where all *Life dies, Death lives*, and nature breeds
Perverse—all monstrous, all prodigious things
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived—
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimaeras dire !'

The crowd of inconceivable, monstrous, unutterable horrors which here rush upon the mind, act more powerfully upon the imagination than the most definite description; and the genius of the poet is shown in this power of calling up such a rush of imagery with a few master-strokes.

The strength of these passages rests on the images presented. But from the nature of the representations, it is difficult to place ourselves so intimately amid the scenes described as to awaken vividly the sensation of terror. The actors and the whole of the imagery are so far removed from human sympathies, and there is so little in them in unison with our nature, that they fail for the most part in producing any strong or self-conscious emotion of fear. The peculiar style of Milton's poetry could perhaps alone have enabled him to carry out the lofty views of his genius. His attempt was not, while surrounded by the associations and incidents of our earthly condition, to amaze us by the ushering in of the supernatural agents whom he introduces in the scene, but we are required to take up our actual abode among them. Apart from the sympathies and the associations of mortals, we are to share the hopes, the fears, the emotions, the agitations, and the fortunes of the supernatural beings who, throughout the earlier part of the poem, are the sole actors in the drama.

In order to enjoy, or even to comprehend, such poetry as this, the mind of the reader must co-operate with that of the writer. An intellectual effort is required on his part which shall bear some proportion to the gigantic feats of the poet himself. With ordinary fictions, where there is any strength or power of description, we have only to surrender ourselves to the illusion in order to become actors or witnesses in the scene. With the poetry of Milton, on the contrary, we share the labours of the poet: our own minds must act throughout in concert with his.

But if Milton's poetry involve more labour on the part of the reader, he is repaid by the elevation to which it raises him, and the bolder range which opens before him. The effort itself, no less than the scenes and associations among which he mingles, is one that will give strength, and tone, and vigour to his whole intellectual nature. Of all the writers who have introduced so largely the agency of supernatural beings, Milton perhaps remains unrivalled. His poetry contains just so much tangible imagery as to present forcible pictures to the imagination, united with that ambiguity and mystery which should characterise description that relates to beings of another world.

In order to awaken our sympathies with beings so wholly removed from our conceptions, it was necessary that they should be invested with somewhat of the attributes of our own nature—that their characters, as well as their forms, should bear some dim resemblance to our own, but magnified into gigantic proportions, and discernible only in their shadowy outlines. If they possessed no features by which we could iden-

tify them with ourselves, it is manifest that we should have no scale by which to judge of their dimensions, or, indeed, any point at all by which they could become conceivable to us. We should soon cease to be interested about beings who differed from our own species in any of its essential attributes; who were incapable, for instance, of the ordinary affections of our nature—hope, desire, anticipation; or who were wholly free from its infirmities—fear, pain, or sorrow. In like manner we should turn with weariness from an order of beings who had nothing in common with us of external form; who were wholly incapable of the same bodily sensations; who had no faculties akin to our own organs of speech, or vision, or hearing, or touch; whose power of perceiving the external world was by a medium wholly differing from our own, and whose mode of communication with each other had nothing in common with our own powers of speech or hearing. Poetry which seeks to awaken any emotion in regard to beings of a higher order than ourselves beyond the simple one of awe or terror, must do so by presenting some picture with which the imagination can grapple; and this picture should bear some general resemblance to our own species. It should be a shadow of ourselves, increased to colossal dimensions, but invested with all the darkness and mystery which a shadow wears. Now this the poetry of Milton does. He transports us into a region which we recognise as wholly removed from the abodes of men, and leads us into communion with beings who, we feel, are not creatures of like flesh and blood with ourselves, but who yet have enough in common with our nature to excite and rivet our attention.

Still, the predominant feelings awakened by this portion of Milton's poetry will be those of awe, wonder, or admiration, rather than any vivid kindling of emotion from an actual participation in the scenes of the drama. Let us take, for instance, the sensation produced by the narration of some battle or terrible catastrophe, in which human beings are the actors and the sufferers, compared with that awakened by Milton's magnificent description of the War of the Angels. In the one case we tremble, as if ourselves present in the scene, and exposed to all the horrors of the conflict; in the other, the situations and the circumstances are so far removed from any to which we have ever known a parallel, that however we may be struck with the gorgeous imagery of the poet, the illusion is not strong enough to awaken that sensation of terror, which the narration of horrors less tremendous, and dangers more familiar, might produce. The whole scenery and imagery, however, are so managed as to present a picture of intense force to the mental eye, yet a picture so far removed from any realities we have ever known, or of which we can conceive, that it fails to produce that partial belief which narrations more homely inspire.

The account of the final overthrow of Satan and his army, and their fall, is another proof of the power which Milton's descriptions acquire from the *indistinctness* of the imagery he employs. He gives us no finished picture; but by a few hasty suggestions, and a rugged sketch of colossal imagery, he furnishes his readers with materials for making out a picture for themselves—faint, indefinite, and overwhelming. On the third day, the victory being still doubtful, Messiah, in his triumphal chariot, achieves the conquest, and the rebel legions are driven to the wall of heaven, which, opening, discloses a wild and horrid deep. Struck with terror, they fall backward; and throw themselves headlong from the verge of heaven into this monstrous gulf:—

'Hell heard the insufferable noise, * * *
* * * and would have fled
Affrighted; but that Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations. * * *

Nine days they fell: Confounded Chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall,
Through his wild anarchy so huge a route
Encumbered him with ruin!

THE GANG-ROBBERS OF INDIA.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

FROM the general picture we have drawn of the Indian banditti, our readers will be prepared to find their adventures a little different from those of their brethren in Europe. The German foresters were disciplined bands; and their Schinderhannes, the famous robber of the Rhine, would have made no contemptible captain in regular war: but the object of their expeditions was never of a very ambitious nature; their highest feats being limited to the surprise of a village, the gutting of a house, or an exchange of shots with the military. In India, where the circulating medium consists of the precious metals, and where, therefore, considerable sums are at all times moving about from place to place, guarded by regular troops, through long and dreary routes, or housed in fortified depôts, the operations of professional depredators must be on a scale of commensurate magnitude: the robber must in some degree merge in the soldier—his lying in wait must be exalted to an ambush—and his disguise must take rank as a military stratagem. If we trace him, however, in a few of his actual adventures, it will leave a more distinct picture on the mind than many pages of general description. Let us suppose, then, that the auspices have been taken, and the various preliminary ceremonies performed, and gird up our loins to follow the footsteps of some of those roving bands.

The first party consists of forty men, and their object is the capture of a government remittance of about 12,000 rupees, intended to be sent from Peerolee to Goruckpoor. They are armed with ten matchlocks, ten swords, and twenty-five spears; but as the money is to be guarded by several troopers, as well as the escort of sipahees (foot-soldiers), the service will be attended with danger, unless some means can be fallen upon of preventing the horsemen from galloping off to give the alarm. The plan adopted is curious. The route in one place intersected a piece of jungle where the trees were too thick to admit of horsemen leaving the road; and the robbers determined to catch their prize in a net, made of strong ropes, crossing the highway in front, carried from tree to tree down the sides, and ready to be extended across in the rear as soon as the treasure-party should be within the fatal enclosure. Having sent out scouts to learn the movements of the prize, they walked slowly through the jungle, and were four days before coming out upon the high road. Here they halted for a day; and on the following evening, having learned that their expected victims were on the march, and close at hand, they fixed their ropes, and placing five men in front, and the rest along the sides of the net, sat down and waited patiently till morning. Their object being money, not life, they had loaded their matchlocks with shot instead of bullets. As the dawn broke slowly, a voice—no doubt of one of the Mussulman troopers—calling upon the name of Allah, intimated the arrival of their prey; and springing up like tigers from their lair as the treasure-bearers, escorted by five troopers and a corporal's party of the 23d regiment, marched into the enclosure, the net was instantly made complete by means of the hind ropes, a fire opened upon the victims from all points of the compass, and the bandits, shouting with excitement, leaped into the bloody arena. In vain the troopers galloped against the ropes, in vain they tried the jungle: the corporal was killed, and some of the others severely wounded; and before they well knew the nature of the attack, the treasure had disappeared, and with it all traces of its captors.

Another party of eighty decoits sallied forth to possess themselves of 26,000 rupees and 400 mohurs on their way to the General Treasury at Lucknow. Having received intelligence that the treasure had reached a little fort, and was halted for the night before the gates, surrounded by an escort of thirty of the king of Oude's troops, and protected by two heavy cannon outside the gate, the banditti took their way to the scene of action. They were provided with an iron chain and two large nails; the latter to spike the guns, and the former to fasten the gates, so that the garrison might not be able to come out to the rescue. Just before reaching the fort they disencumbered themselves, as usual, of all superfluous clothes, and the whole having told off his men, each to his proper duty, he advanced to the attack. Twenty of the gang went to chain the gate, and twenty more to spike the guns, while the remaining forty at the same moment threw themselves upon the escort. They killed and wounded four, and carried off the greater part of the rupees and all the gold, without losing a man.

Another booty of 42,000 rupees was obtained in an attack on a banker's house in the middle of the city of Lucknow. The money was carried safely home to the forest, not one of the robbers having been even hurt in the conflict; but a quarrel between two chiefs, when it came to the division, had disastrous results for the gang. One of them, in revenge, reported the whole affair to the Oude minister, in consequence of which the colony was surprised by a strong force of cavalry and infantry, the treasure recovered, and 200 men, women, and children taken. One of them, a chief named Rutteeram, then an old man, is still alive, and at large on his parole at Lucknow. He is upwards of one hundred years old.

One of the most famous of these daring robbers was called Maherban. It was his plan to travel in post state, with his gang as the attendants of a man of rank; but his success became so much a matter of course, that he appears at one time to have fallen into habits of indolence, so as to draw upon him the reproaches of his wives. "You have," said Soojan, "been now some ten months without attempting any enterprise worthy your reputation; you are at ease, and indulging in sports—no doubt very agreeable to you, but without any honour or profit to us; why these your followers, men of illustrious birth and great courage, are suffering from want and anxiety about their families. They have been told of a boat coming from Calcutta laden with Spanish dollars; if you do not wish to go yourself and take it, pray lend us your swords, and we will go, and try what we can do, rather than let your brave followers starve." Maherban, though deeply stung, yielded to his band-queen; and set out on a pilgrimage as a politician of high rank, taking the lady with him, carried in a splendid litter in the character of a princess. In four months they returned with about 40,000 Spanish dollars.

This success, and the publicity of his movements, drew upon him a visit from a British officer with a detachment of four companies—but all in vain. Every particular of the advance of the troops was known to the banditti through their scouts; the women, children, and valuables had all been removed; and when the British officer reached the little mud-fort of Maherban, its garrison gave him a volley from the walls on one side, and then made off over the walls on the other side into the jungle. The captors obtained an empty fort, and set in flames a number of empty huts around it, exposed in the meantime to an incessant fire from the thick wood, in which it would have been impossible for the heavily-armed sipahees to act. The troops were properly retired; and they did so just in time; for had they been overtaken in that locality by the night, they must have been decimated by the bullets of the banditti.

who were gathering around them from all quarters of the forest.

Maheberan, however, was easily tracked by the state in which he travelled, and he now became more outrageously grand than ever, being escorted by his men, regularly drilled, armed, and accoutred as Company's sipahcees. He had emissaries in Calcutta, Benares, Poona, Agra, Delhi, and Lahore, and generally moved in the direction of one or other of these large cities, returning with immense booty. But his career drew to a close. An intelligent British magistrate, instead of warning him by military preparations, affected to suspect the princely party of a wish to evade the payment of customs. Thus the banditti, who would either have defied regular troops, or melted away from before them, suffered themselves to fall, without suspicion, into the power of the police. The greatness of Maheberan ended on the gallows, and 160 of his followers were sentenced to confinement, some for life, and others for limited periods.

Our space confines us to the mention of only one other gang-robbery, but we shall select one that is upon a scale not frequent, we presume, even in India. The hero of the exploit was a certain Buckshee, who determined to attack the palace of the ex-Peshwa, who was understood to have accumulated large quantities of gold in his cantonments at Bithore, on the right bank of the Ganges, near the great military station of Cawnpore. Buckshee, as usual, mingling pleasure with business, carried his wife with him, while eighty of his followers moved about the country in small parties in the disguise of Ganges water-carriers. After spending two days with a rajah of his acquaintance not far from the scene of action, the bandit sent home his wife; and the appointed day being arrived, he found his men concentrated, according to appointment, at a place about six miles below Bithore. Here they were joined by some accomplices with a boat containing arms; and on the 24th of January 1833, at ten o'clock at night, they took their way across the Ganges. On reaching the palace, the attack was made in the usual way, with the usual success; eighteen persons who attempted resistance were wounded; and the daring freebooters retired unhurt, with their boat loaded with property, chiefly in gold, to the amount of 253,646 rupees, or £25,364, 12s. Burying a portion of the spoil in a grove on the opposite side of the river, they divided the rest, for the sake of easier carriage, and set out in small parties for their forest home, at a distance of six days' march, taking care to concentrate every evening, that they might pass the night in a body. The females of the colony, who met them in procession, as usual, on their return, received on this great occasion fifteen of the largest gold coins, and twenty rupees to purchase sweetmeats and trinkets; and so deadly was the carouse which they held to celebrate the event, that the leader next in rank to Buckshee died of the excess.

The banditti hitherto specially alluded to are termed by Colonel Sleeman Budhuk or Bagree decoits; but another class, wholly unconnected with them, matched their wildest deeds, and even roused the indignation of the former, who looked upon them as interlopers. Both were originally from the Rajpoot states; but the Sansee tribe, as they are called, do not seem to have risen to the respectability of the Budhuks. Their plan of operations is as follows:—Taking only their young women with them, and especially those with children at the breast, that they may be the less suspected, they set forth in quest of adventures. On their scouts reaching a town where there is a wealthy shop, such as a money-changer's, fit for their purpose, and from which there are convenient routes for escape, they proceed straight to the temple, and make their poojah. On returning to their camp, a council is held, in which some liquor is spilt upon the ground in honour of Davey, the robbers saying, 'Oh, Davey, mother, if we

succeed in our business, and get a good deal of booty, we will make a grand poojah to you, and offer you a cocoa-nut!' When the jemadar, or captain, has appointed each man to his duty, they set out in the evening for the town; and if no bad omen occur, such as one of them sneezing, and if the police are not alert, they walk openly in, spears in hand; and the chief invoking Mahadeo, and vowing to him a chain of gold in the event of success, they rush into the fated shop. While retiring with their booty, they pray to the deity to send their pursuers in a wrong direction; throw down a rupee or two at any temple, and into any stream they may pass; and if one of their companions has been killed, invoke his spirit to assist them, promising him the offering of a goat and some liquor. The Sansees never strike with the spear when they can avoid it; and if any one of them causes death in a decoitee, he is obliged to make poojah for forgiveness, and to spend some money in liquor among his comrades. They have curious ideas respecting women, who appear to be of great importance in the tribe. If a man quarrel with a woman, the end of her petticoat is as good in her hands as an oaken towel; for if she strike the fellow with it, he immediately loses caste, and is not permitted to perform poojah or assist in burial rites with his comrades. The poojah is a feast prepared in honour of some deity, and eaten with prayers and invocations; the part reserved for the god being thrown into the fire. If any portion of the food should be carried off by a kite before the ceremonial is completed, the omen is inauspicious—the poojah is not accepted.

There are numerous other tribes of decoits, but none of such distinction as the Budhuks and Sansees. The Mussulmans, whose association is rejected by the Hindoo robbers, take to decoitee on their own account, but confine themselves chiefly to the lifting of cattle. Other clans affect only metals, pearls, jewels, &c.; others cut into tents: in short, they parcel out the wealth of the country among them, each taking a separate share. All are professional bandits by hereditary succession; all are protected by the landowners of their own district; and all rob, steal, or murder not only for their own profit, but for that of the god they serve. Some choose the night-time for their adventures; while some consider it *irreligious* to rob between sunset and sunrise. Credulous themselves almost beyond conception, they prey upon the credulity of others. Certain gangs between the Ganges and Jumna, and north of the Ganges, make a hereditary living by assuming the character of religious mendicants, skilled in the art of transmuting metals. 'They contrive,' says our author, 'to get into the confidence of the females of the family, who by degrees make over to them, during the absence of their husbands, all their silver ornaments to be converted into gold. Gold is of course at first given for small portions of silver, as having been so transmuted; but by degrees they get all the silver, and then make off with it. I have sometimes known a dozen families deprived of all their silver ornaments in one night by a single gang of this class in a large town.' All had been insinuating themselves into the confidence of different families at the same time; and as secrecy was enjoined upon the females of each family as part of the spell, one family never knew what was being done in the other till the gang decamped. It was necessary that all should be robbed at the same time, as the discovery of the fraud in one family would put all the families of a town on their guard for many years, and it is only after long intervals that they attempt the same fraud in the same town. The exceeding credulity of the people, and particularly of the female part, facilitates such frauds. Not a single person in any town, either Hindoo or Mussulman, doubts the ability of holy mendicants to change copper into silver, and silver into gold. Another fraud, only known as a rare and surprising circumstance in Europe, is common in

India: that of some member of the gang entering the family in the character of the lost son, or repentant husband, who had vanished years before. This is comparatively easy in such a country, for 'in India members of families are more often lost than in Europe at present, as great numbers of all ages go off every year on distant pilgrimages, through sickly jungles, and amidst eternal snows, in which vast numbers perish in going or returning, without leaving any sign by which their relatives can trace them. It was probably the same in Europe while the rage for pilgrimages to the Holy Land prevailed; and the same frauds may then have prevailed over Christendom.'

It is manifest that the suppression of a crime like decoit must be conducted upon peculiar principles, since there is no conscience, no innate sense of wrongdoing to appeal to. The decoit is neither a vicious nor an irreligious man in the ordinary sense of the term. He follows the profession handed down to him by his ancestors; and he is supported in his goings out and comings in by the gentry of his province and the gods of his worship. His success in robbery is a mark of the favour of the deity; and when unfortunate, he blames only his neglect of religious ordinances. To extirpate this banditti by means of the gallows is impossible; for the children—under the tuition of their mothers—would still grow up into decoits, just as the young of tigers grow into tigers. Under such difficulties, it was fortunate for India that the Company possessed an enlightened agent, whose mind had long before thrown off the prejudices of Europe, and was able to adapt itself to the peculiarities of a wholly different condition of society. In 1839, Colonel Sleeman, who had already in a great measure achieved the suppression of thuggee, undertook officially the suppression of decoit; and proceeding upon a precisely similar plan, he has already so far succeeded, that the principal bandits are in custody, and their gangs broken up and incorporated with the body of the people. The country was parcelled out by Colonel Sleeman among his assistants and himself; and the decoits, closely hemmed in, were induced to surrender not only by menaces, but by assurances of protection, employment, and subsistence. All were required, as a *sine quâ non*, to make a full confession of crimes and customs, and to give the names and residence of their associates; and thus a body of information was collected not only necessary for the complete suppression of the system, but highly curious in a literary and philosophical point of view.

'Of those,' says our author, 'who surrendered on a promise of conditional pardon, such as were deemed fit were enlisted into police battalions and establishments, under sanction of government, conveyed in a letter, dated the 24th of May 1843, and, with rare exceptions, have been found exceedingly well fitted for the duties. Dispersed over all India in such establishments, and never in any number together, they are fast losing their exclusive language, which neither they nor their children ever speak, and becoming blended with the rest of society in habit and feeling. There is not a single leader or member of a gang of any note now at large; and the greater part of such as have escaped our pursuit have entered into service, or taken to other honest employments among those to whom their character is unknown; and we are not aware of any gang being at their old trade, or of any colony from whom a gang could be formed. Bengal Proper is beyond my supervision.' The unconditionally-pardoned were located upon an experimental farm in the Gurruckpoor district; but although this has hitherto been successful, there will always be danger from the close association of such persons, with an exclusive language and recollections, and traditions of so exciting a character.

From 1839 to 1847, the number of prisoners taken was 1214. Of these only 14 suffered death; 53 were

transported; 481 imprisoned for life, and the remainder for a limited period. During last year the number taken was 317, and the sentences—death, 4; transportation, 103; imprisonment for life, 29; and for limited periods the remainder.

To estimate the amount taken by plunder throughout India is impossible; but we are able to form some idea of the revenue derived from this trade by the Budhuk decoits. Even this, however, is only an approximation to the truth, since the sum can only comprise the booty taken in such cases as become known to the government: yet this comparatively inconsiderable item amounts, from 1803 up to last year, to the astounding total of 2,501,576 rupees!

The total cost to the government of the united establishment for the suppression of thuggee and decoit is—without including the subsistence of prisoners and other contingent charges—14,000 rupees per month; and to the Oude government, and that of other native states, 10,564 rupees per month. This gives, in round money, a sum of L.29,500 spent annually in the suppression of gang-robbery and murder throughout India.

Colonel Sleeman has now served the Company forty years without visiting Europe; and he well remarks, 'it is not very likely that any other public servant will have the opportunities that I have had of being admitted behind the scenes to so familiar an acquaintance with the acts, thoughts, and feelings of the persons who have, for the last half century, taken the most prominent parts in the drama of crime exhibited, or with the views and circumstances which have led to the several legislative enactments passed, and the other measures adopted for the suppression of the evils described. . . . It is seldom that the person first selected by government to superintend measures for the suppression of evils of such great magnitude can hope, in any country, much less in India, to be so long spared and permitted, as I have been, to watch over their progress towards a successful issue; and it is no less seldom that they have in India, after the lapse of such a time, the leisure, the means, or the inclination to draw up such a record, imperfect as it is, as this which I have now the honour to submit, of what was required, what has been done, and what still remains to be done, before the object which government has had in view can be fully attained.' With this we take leave of one of the most remarkable revelations of the present day. L. R.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

In the arrangements of society, the trafficker who purchases wholesale, and distributes in retail, has his allowed place. He has often been denounced as a superfluity, seeing that he *produces* nothing; but the political economist defends him as a useful servant of the public, and therefore entitled to remuneration. This, however, is only the theory. It may be matter for inquiry whether his services are necessary in any particular case; whether the same purposes might not be served more economically in some other way; whether it is necessary that the trafficker should be the capitalist; and whether, from the existing arrangements, there is not a superfluity of human energy as well as capital expended in this way.

Enter any little country-town, and you see a multiplicity of grocers and drapers where one might serve. The worthy traffickers are exceedingly apt to be seen lounging at their shop-doors or the shop-doors of their neighbours. Their days are spent in half or three-fourths idleness, and their evenings in the public-house—a gratification called for to make up for the sufferings

of ennui during the day. These men are accordingly rarely able to make more than the barest living. Look along any street in a large town, and how many hat-shops, boot-shops, and grocery-shops are seen in districts where one of each would serve all the purposes of that public convenience which is professed to be served! Here, too, there appears a great misapplication of means, for it seldom happens that each tradesman is fully occupied. Nearly all of them could do thrice the business which they actually do. To condemn any man to a partial idleness or a make-believe occupation cannot be consonant with the principles of political economy. In such circumstances it is impossible that mere shopkeepers, as a class, should be prosperous, and that they are not prosperous as a class is only too certain.

It is to be observed, on the other hand, that Thompson and Jones, pitted against each other on opposite sides of a street as tea-merchants, are respectively prompted by the rivalry to have the best wares at the cheapest rates, and to supply them with the greatest possible amount of civility towards consumers. In that very internecine war of handbills which they carry on against each other, lies the safety of the public. But these advantages are not obtained by the public in an unmixed state. Each tradesman, in order to draw custom into his own peculiar channel, is tempted to lay out large sums in shop-rents, in external decorations, in advertising, in make-believe appearances of various kinds, including that of a flood of goods, some large portion of which must remain on his hands, or be thrust off at a loss. These expenses and losses must, if possible, be compensated. They often are by systems of deception, to the no small damage of purchasers. It is this keen competition, indeed, which has led to the great prevalence of sharpening and swindling by which shop morality is so much disgraced, particularly in large cities.

We may view the matter in another point of view. The business in question is the simple one of distributing among individuals, in small quotidian quantities, the textile fabrics, articles of food, &c. produced by manufacturers and agriculturists, and imported by merchants. To perform this business successfully, it cannot be absolutely necessary to have palace-like shops in prominent and therefore costly situations. Plate-glass windows, young men of smooth and winning tongues, dozens of walking placards impressing the fact, that there is nothing on earth like No. 39 of some place, are not indispensable in order that each gentleman may have his yearly hat, or each lady her winter haberdashery. Manifestly the goods acquire no improvement of quality from coming through so costly an apparatus of distribution. Neither is there the same economical advantage in having two shops where one would serve, that there is in making two ears of corn grow where only one grew before. Every shop in any district beyond the number strictly required for convenience must be a super-expenditure of means and a loss to the community. A few years ago, we knew three towns ten miles apart from each other, and in each of which there was a baker who employed a van in carrying bread to the other two. Now, as there is no witchcraft in baking, here was the unnecessary expense of three vans incurred without benefit to anybody. The business of distribution is thus burthened with enormous expenses beyond what is attended with any advantage, and so far it must be considered as out of harmony with the rules of a true economy.

It may thus be seen that, though the distributor is entitled to his reward, the existing means of distribution may not be unsusceptible of improvement. The evils of the system have led to an attempted cure, in the establishment of shops on a scale of vastness to which our ancestors were strangers. Seeing how difficult it is to obtain such a share of public patronage as may afford a decent subsistence, the trader is driven to setting up a concern occupying half a street, attended by a hundred young men, and selling everything at a small per-centage above cost price, so as merely to afford, after payment of expenses, a tolerable remuneration for the employment of a large capital. It is of course impossible for any small trader to maintain opposition to such an establishment, unless by favour of some special circumstances not likely to be available. The setting up of such establishments, therefore, tends to annihilate that uneconomical system which has been described. The victims retire groaning to places beyond the geographical range of the leviathan shops, or betake themselves to other lines of life. We may commiserate their sufferings, but we cannot prevent them.

If it be true that in such shops the public is supplied with goods at perhaps not more than 5 per cent.—or even, as we have heard, so low, in some instances, as 3 per cent.—of advance upon wholesale prices, and if the expenses of conducting so large a business be so moderate as to render this small margin of profit a sufficient remuneration for the skill, diligence, and capital employed, the economist must admit that, as far as the system goes, an approach has been made to a perfect system of distribution. Another plan has been hit upon by the working-classes in sundry of our large towns: a group of operatives, each of whom requires certain quantities of provisions weekly, combine to keep what is called a Co-operative Store. Into this store, under the care perhaps of a hired official, are received goods at the usual wholesale prices. They are distributed to the members of the society and others at prices somewhat below those demanded for similar articles in ordinary shops, and the profits are of course distributed among the shareholders. Many such concerns appear to serve their purpose, and to prosper. A correspondent of the 'Leader' (newspaper) gives an account of one of some standing in a well-known seat of industry.

There exists in Rochdale a Co-operative Society whose history is not without public interest. The Equitable Pioneers, for so they style themselves, have two imposing warehouses in operation. They open their stores only at night. All purchases are paid for on delivery; dividends are declared quarterly. It is enrolled according to law, and its object is to improve the social and domestic condition of the members. Five per cent. interest is paid on the shares, and the remaining profits are divided among the purchasers in proportion to the money expended. Its story is simple and instructive.

In the early part of 1844 there was in Rochdale a strike amongst the handloom flannel weavers; and, as with most other strikes, the benefit derived from it was very small, and of short duration. A few of those who had taken an active part in the struggle saw little hopes of ever getting any permanent advance in their wages, and therefore determined upon making the wages they did receive go as far as they could. They clubbed their money together, and bought what they wanted at cost price, and thus secured to themselves the profits of the retailer. Some of these infantine co-operators attended at the social institution, and desired the assistance of the members. The result was, that, in railway language, an "amalgamation" took place, and one set of poor men united with another: those that were not, strictly speaking, "poor" had not confidence in the scheme. But to work this confederation of poverty, they drew up a few laws, got them

enrolled, divided the town into districts, appointed collectors, who called upon each member every Sunday for his subscription of threepence; and, by a little perseverance, they got faith in each other, and saved £361. They then took for three years, at £10 per year, the bottom room of an old warehouse sadly out of repair. Twelve pounds they laid out in its repair, and with £24, 6s. bought counters, scales, weights, and a few other articles of fixed stock, some meal, flour, and a scanty supply of other humble provisions. They then opened shop three nights in the week, made small profits, and turned the money (which, with contributions and profits, kept increasing) until able to buy larger quantities. All proceeded on the ready-money rule, to which their success is ascribable. When it became generally known amongst the working-class of this town that provisions were sold at the same price as at other shops, and that the customers received from sixpence to twopence in the pound back, candidates for admission rolled in beyond any means of comfortably supplying them.

Those who distrust the value of co-operative experiments should visit this of Rochdale. It has now been six years in existence. Its property has risen from £24 to be, on the whole, worth £2000. Its members are numerous, its profits large, its subscribers increasing, and it gives satisfaction to everybody except the arbitrators, who complained to me that they had been in office six years without having a single thing to do. There is certainly no law of any kind against such societies. The propriety of setting them up is entirely a practical question. Can the same amount of goods of equal quantity be distributed in this manner more cheaply than through the medium of small shops? If so, political economy gives them its approbation as a matter of course. In the case of the Rochdale society, the prices of provisions being the same as in other shops, while the members get from sixteen to twenty-pence in the pound back, we see a case precisely parallel to that of a *mutual*, as distinguished from a *proprietary* life-assuring office; the distinction of the former plan being, that the profits are distributed among the assured, while in the latter they are absorbed by a trading company. Most probably there are advantages of a moral kind also, and these may even exceed the economical benefits. It must be good for working-men to be called together for the adoption of measures for mutual benefit, and to have some little affairs of a public character to conduct. It must advance them as thinking beings, to quote a phrase of Dr Johnson's. Under the ordinary modes of dealing in shops, they are tempted into taking credit, which fixes them as customers, and enables the trader to realise higher profits. But by this co-operative plan, the temptation is the other way. They are led to feel the dignity of ready money. Seeing how much may depend on prudent arrangements for the expenditure of their means, they are induced to reflect on the subject generally, and to bethink them of all available modes of turning their earnings to the best possible advantage. The co-operative plan may not serve well for clothing, where so much depends on taste or caprice; nor for articles of furniture, which are rarely needed. But for daily provisions of all kinds it must be serviceable, so that there is only a decent degree of prudence and thorough good intention in the associating parties.

If Co-operative Societies were to become very prevalent, there would be an end to a large proportion of the small shops of private enterprise. Is not this a hardship to the class of small traders? Doubtless it may be attended with considerable inconvenience; but who can now pretend to set up private against public interests? Assuredly, if we are to defend the superseding of hands by machinery, we cannot with any face say that a cumbrous and costly mode of the distribution of the necessities of life among the working-classes is to

be maintained, for the sake of the individuals who have, or think they have, an interest in it. It has been seen already that no man is bound to any particular walk of life. If a little shop, which gave him but a scanty livelihood, fails, he may shift to some other line of exertion, and quickly find it was for his good that he was forced to do so. One thing is clear—every movement which substitutes an economical for an uneconomical mode of performing any part of the business of society is attended by a saving, and consequently an enrichment to society; and in this every one has his share. If the business now executed by a hundred shops of private enterprise could be executed by ten co-operative stores, so as to save nine-tenths of the expenses of business, it would ultimately be good for all that this were done.

By way of a general remark in conclusion, it may be said that there would perhaps be fewer individuals complaining of the smallness of their gains, if there were a more enlightened view of what entitles a man to wages, income, or profits. A handloom weaver will be heard complaining that he labours thirteen hours a day, and yet gets only six shillings a week. Were he to reflect that he is doing only that which a senseless machine can do, he would become aware that he is misapplying a human being, and that his wages are rather the measure of a penalty for his error than of a reward for his industry. A trader will be heard saying, 'I keep close to my shop, I try by all means to attract customers and to secure them, and yet I hardly have enough left over, after payment of expenses, to keep me alive.' Let this man consider whether he is needed in the walk he has entered upon. If he has only set up a shop as a rival to another which he understood to be thriving, in the hope of by and by willing away a little custom from a brother in trade who has not too much, and who alone is sufficient to supply the district, he should bethink him that he is devoting himself to a purpose which society does not desire nor require him to fulfil, and which may therefore be fairly expected to prove barren of good fruits towards himself. It would be better for that man to give himself to the clearing away of wood in Canada, if he cannot readily hit upon any better occupation, for there he would really be serving his kind (consequently entitled to his reward), which here he is not. If, again, a man complains that he cannot obtain a situation—he is willing to do almost anything, but he cannot hear of an opening anywhere—every post seems filled, and he literally can get nothing to do—(such complaints are heard from hundreds every day)—it would be well for that man to consider that there is a limitation to the number of persons requiring assistants or subordinates, and to the number of assistants or subordinates which that limited number of persons requires. Merely to be willing to undertake any kind of duty under an employer is not enough. He should inquire if he and hundreds of others like himself be not standing out as superfluities on the face of the earth, while there are other walks in which they could be at once turned to usefulness, and in which they would become entitled to appropriate rewards. It is incumbent, in short, on all who fancy themselves ill-remunerated by society, to reflect on what they, in the first place, do *for* society. Do they subserve any broadly useful end towards their fellow-creatures? Are they only willing to do so, if men will trust them with employment, or come to their shops? Do they not too easily calm their consciences under an idle and self-indulgent life, by reflecting that that life is spent in the market-place, where, unluckily, no one will hire them, or buy their goods? It is the fatal error of many, that they wait to be called. Society takes charge of no man. It behoves each to seek out a position for himself, in which he may exercise his faculties and external means for the benefit of society.

and till he has found a position in which he can do a considerable service to his fellow-creatures, he may depend upon it he will be left under all the well-known penalties of premeditated idleness.

NAMES OF SHIPS.

'Every ship has a name,' said the doctor.

'Of course she has,' said the captain. 'There is as much need to name ships as to name babies. The name is the only thing that you landmen can tell one craft from another by.'

'But did you never consider,' said the doctor, 'that there is something like a principle on which names are given to ships?—that that principle, again, is rooted in the best affections of our nature; that, in fact, the name given to a ship is always a tribute of admiration or love to some person, quality, or thing.'

'I never thought of that before,' said the captain. 'Indeed it is all one to me what the owners call a ship: if she sails well, and is well-formed, I don't care a bad biscuit whether she is called June or Juno—Rapid or Slow!'

'Ah, you are too practical a man, captain, to care much about theories,' said the doctor; 'but what would you say if I could prove to you that the names of ships are given on as fixed principles as those which regulate the trade-winds or the ocean currents?'

'Well, I should like to hear you spin a yarn on that head,' said the captain; 'only you must keep to facts, and not go cruising about after spectres and illusions like the Flying Dutchman or the sea serpent!'

'I'll take care of that. This is a record of facts, is it not?' said the doctor, holding up a copy of the Telegraph containing a list of ships in the docks of Liverpool on that day in September 1850.

'Indeed it is,' said the captain; 'and there are the solid facts themselves. No Flying Dutchmen or sea-serpents there,' and he pointed with great pride to the five miles of docks, crowded with shipping, that could be well seen from the window.

'Very good,' said the doctor. 'There are now about seven hundred ships lying in these docks: every one, as I said before, has a name, and these names have all been given under certain circumstances and for certain reasons. Let us see what these circumstances and reasons are. A man who builds a ship, in choosing a name, has regard either to a person, a place, a thing, or a quality. Now it is natural to suppose that the names of persons will have the preference. Thus his own name, or the name of some of his friends or relations, will be given to the ship; and accordingly we find that about one-fifth of the vessels in these docks bear names of this class—names of men and women unknown to fame, but who doubtless live and die as honest upright men and women—their only monument being the ship, liable to be lost in any storm, and which seldom survives its godfather or godmother long.'

'Very true,' said the captain. 'One ship I commanded was called after the owner himself, and another after his eldest daughter, who dashed in fine style a bottle of wine at the ship when she was launched!'

'Nearly another fifth of the names,' resumed the doctor, 'are Christian names without the surname. All nations seem to follow this practice. We have Mary and Marie, Margaret and Marguerite, John, Jane, Jean and Johanna, Gustave and Gustavus, Matilda and Mathilda; and so on through all the Christian names applied to persons. In many cases these are compounded—such as Anne Jane, Mary Anne, Marie Helena, and many others. Again, though a ship is usually spoken of as in the feminine gender, yet there are undoubted masculine names given to some—Thomas, Tom, Charlie, William, are examples. In some cases an expressive adjective is prefixed to distinguish one from another; as *Bonne Marie* and *La Bella Barbara*.

As if also to show that all these ships were united together in loving, social bands, a Flemish ship is called *Dos Kijos* (Two Sons), four are called *The Brothers*, and two *The Sisters*, while one little French vessel of only seventy-five tons makes the circle complete by taking the name of *Aimable Famille*!

'Yes; and a very amiable family they all make,' said the captain. 'What can more strikingly illustrate the peace-making of commerce than the recital of these French, Italian, German, and other names? There are vessels from all parts of the world—the stars and stripes from America, the tricolour of France, the Eagle of Prussia and Russia, the yellow banner and green emblazoning of the Brazils—all floating, with many others, in peaceful proximity to that banner, under which, I am proud to say, I sail—the brave old Union Jack—the meteor flag of England; that flag

which braved a thousand years, till it was the battle and the breeze.'

'Well said, captain; but it is you that are getting imaginative now: let us pursue our inquiry. Those personal names I have mentioned, making two-fifths of the whole, contrast strikingly in the numbers with about thirty others given to heroes and other great men; the number in the former case being great, and in the latter small, just because the number of living objects for private friendship is always greater than of dead for public admiration; because, in fact, there are always more Janes and Johns alive to love and esteem, than mighty men and women of past times to remember and respect. It is part of our system of hero-worship to give the names of great men to our ships. Now in this list there is a worthy selection of great names. These Liverpool docks are indeed a little section of the great floating Walhalla in which the memory of the departed is preserved. There are Achilles, Socrates, Epaminondas, Miltiades, Leonidas, and Nestor from Grecian times; Cato and Cicero from Roman; Zenobia, queen of Palmyra; Columbus repeated twice; the reformers John Calvin and Martin Luther; the unfortunate Mexican king, Montezuma; Tamerlane the Tartar; and to come to our own days, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Richard Cobden, and Dan O'Connell, Lord Hardinge, and Lord Gough; George Washington, and Henry Clay; Lamartine, Rowland Hill, Lady Franklin, and Grace Darling. Of heathen deities, again, the number is considerable; there are Jupiter, Mars, Vulcan, Juno, Latona, Ceres, and a "New Minerva;" there are Mercury the messenger of the gods, and Iris the messenger of Juno, Hebe, Flora, Aurora, Midas, Endymion, and that

"Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yeleft Euphrosyne;"

while there is *Æolus*, with his rude son *Boreas* and his gentle *Zephyr*; and the train is brought up by the *Halcyon*, who will pass through any but "halcyon seas" ere she arrive at her destination, New Orleans. But if the influence of old mythology in the naming of ships is great, no less striking does the influence of modern novels appear. Is it not one of the strongest evidences of the might and power of the genius of Sir Walter Scott, that seven ships now lying in these docks have obtained their names from him? These are the *Ivanhoe*, *Guy Mannering*, *Woodstock*, *Hazlewood*, *Marmion*, *Lady of the Lake*, and *Magnus Troil*; and in a short time these ships, after battling with the seas, will bear witness to the greatness of "the old man of Abbotsford" in the harbours of Havannah, New York, and Rio Janeiro. Let us now look at the names connected with personal titles: we find, on what may be called the royal side, Emperor, Empress, Monarch, Prince, Queen, Princess, Royal Majesty, and Patriot King; while on the other, or popular side, there are Tribune, Liberator, Freeman, Patriarch, Constitution, and New

Parliament. There is a Tory about to sail for San Francisco; but there is neither Whig, Chartist, nor Radical in the docks. These personal names, then, as it were, resemble a pyramid: you have the broad base formed of private friendship, and you gradually rise with great but not numerous names of gods, heroes, and distinguished men. The substratum will perhaps be forgotten next century, but the superstructure will live for ever.

'But what of the names of places?' said the captain.

'I am just coming to them,' said the doctor. 'In general you will find more system pursued with these than with the others. To digress a little from the present list: though you seldom see a whole fleet called systematically after a certain cluster of great men or heathen gods, yet we have examples of several fleets called after a regular series of places. By places I mean of course not only towns and countries, but seas and rivers. Thus the fleet of steam-ships originally possessed by the West India Mail Company were named after British rivers—such as the Thames, Medway, Avon, Clyde, Forth, Tay, Tweed, &c. Another fleet of steamers belonging to the Dublin Company were named after large towns—such as Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds; and the British line of mail-steamer to New York have "used up" the names of the great continents of the globe, and will perhaps be obliged to take Australia and Polynesia as their next names; while, in like manner, the American line of similar steamers have exhausted the names of the great oceans. But let us look at those now in the Liverpool docks. Of oceans, we have the Atlantic and Pacific; of seas, Marmora and the Mediterranean; and in addition, three ships simply called Ocean. Of countries, we have two Americas, British Empire, Britannia, and Great Britain, England, and Old England, Scotia, Scotland, Franconia, Malabar, Nepal, and Oregon; of islands, Cuba and Ceylon; of towns, three Liverpools, two Manchesters, and one each of Athens, Alexandria, Dublin, Eblana, Edinburgh, Edina, Ely, Lincoln, Yarmouth, Greenock, Geneva, and Surat; of rivers, Elbe, Thames, Danube, Rio Grande, and two Merseys; and of battle-fields, Marathon and Waterloo. Runnymede reminds us of Magna Charta; Cassiterides brings up recollections of Phœnician commerce; and Tara revives our memory of Irish grandeur. Again, we have other names derived from places—such as Ethiopia, City of the Sultan, Scythian, American, Belvochee, Buenos Ayrian, Antigua Planter, Buchan Maid, and Wild Irish Girl. Other names drawn from what I may call "sea-sources" are not so numerous as one might expect. Thus we saw that there was not a Neptune; and in all these seven hundred names there are only three Ocean Queens, one Sea-King, one Sea-Nymph, one Mermaid, one Water-Witch, and one Water-Kelpie. The names taken from the sky are also very few, being only five—Planet, Etoile, Hyade, Star, and North Star. To turn now to the qualities indicated by the names, we find that the ships give an admirable account of themselves. About a hundred and fifty have received names of this stamp; and with the exception of two that claim to be called Inconstant and Melancolie, the others divide among themselves all the virtues ever displayed in the character of man. Friendship, Harmony, Unity, Union, and Concordia, are good names; and what sea could run so high, or storm blow so strong, as to wreck Resolution, Energy, Success, Confidence, Rectitude, Integrity, Economy, and Victory? Hope is a favourite name, for it is used four times. There is one Fame, one Choice, one Chance, one New Gift, a Frolic, a Conquest, a Desire, a Trio, and a Salo. Again there are other names no less expressive, and perhaps more appropriate, as Harbinger, Herald, Precursor; Courier, and Courier Intelligent; Ambassador, Envoy, and Visitor; while there are a

Racer and a Rambler; a Defender, a Champion, and a Conqueror; two Rivals, one Competitor, three Gleaners, two Gipsies, one Gipsy Queen, and three Heroines. The qualities of speed, so much prized in ships, are indicated in one Active, three Rapids, a Dart, a Despatch; one Swiftsure, one Express, an Onward, a Speed, and an Urgent; while others take the titles of Intrepid, Lively; Courageous, Radiant, Superb, Vigilant, Adroit, Daring, Laconic, Thrifty, Intrinsic, Reform, Endeavour, Delight, and Excel. The names of animals possessing similar qualities have been chosen: thus we have two Eagles and one Eaglet, two Ospreys, a Raven, a Carlew, a Petrel, a Swallow, a Gannet, a Dove, a Swan, and a Swanette, among birds; a Lion, a Fawn, a Greyhound, a Leveret, a Ferret, and a Chameleon among beasts; a Sword-Fish and a Nautilus among fishes. Among plants, two Laurels, a Magnolia, and a Holly; and among precious stones, a Topaz, Sapphire, and Diamond. Among the miscellaneous names we find three Fairies, one Fairy Queen, a Huntress, and a Tally-Ho; a Tyro, a Vixen, and a Cyclops; St George, St Clair, St Charles, St Andrew, San Giovanni Batista (St John the Baptist); and to conclude, two ships Argo, one of them loading for Stettin on the Baltic Sea, and a Golden Fleece taking in cargo for Pernambuco. This rapid attempt to classify these names,' continued the doctor, 'will, I think, have shown you that even in the naming of ships there are some rules by which men are guided, and often without knowing it.'

'Yes,' said the captain, 'there is, after all, "something in a name." But I must be off to the Prince's Dock; and you, I think, doctor, should now look at the list of your patients, instead of a list of ships' names.'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

November.

You would hardly believe how fertile a subject of talk the Exhibition is: about its dimensions—about its appearance—how that a considerable portion of its iron columns and glass walls may now be seen above the boarding in Hyde Park—how that the available space within it will comprise nearly 900,000 square feet, of which Manchester claims 10,000, and the United States 80,000—how that the first consignment of foreign goods for show has arrived from Russia—and how that 4000 houses have been taken by enterprising upholsterers and others, to be sublet when the time comes. There will be no lack of beer, for our brewers are preparing double quantities; not an empty corner is to be left in the vaults, to insure that the thirsty multitude who are to throng our streets during next year's hottest months shall have wherewith to quench their thirst and be satisfied. Banbury and Eccles are to be on the alert in matters of cakes, Ormskirk with gingerbread, and Everton with toffee. Let those who are expert in the confection of eatables and drinkables, or any other commodity under the sun, now be prepared to show their skill, and let the world see what ingenuity exists in our English Saxondom.

It would please you to see the preparations going on in our chief thoroughfares: in one place a new front with mahogany mouldings and plate-glass is put in; in another the walls are scraped and newly painted from roof to basement; or the doorway is made easier of approach; or interior availabilities are taken advantage of. There is evidently a desire to look respectable in the eyes of strangers. A good many people wish that 1851 were already here; others dread its approach, for they say we shall be overwhelmed with visitors. Relatives, acquaintances, country cousins to the remotest degree, everybody that you have ever known or spoken to, will come to London between May and October of next year. The anticipation to people of timid nerves or restricted hospitality is truly alarming; and for a

certainly spare beds will be at a premium. According to some, England is to be ruined by the mighty show—or she is to find herself not half so clever as she fondly thinks—or she is to be inoculated with a foreign nationality, and forget her own—or she is to catch the plague, and lose half her population—in short, there are all sorts of rumours, in all sorts of talk, from the bulbous to the slender. It is said that the Crystal Palace itself will not be the least noteworthy part of the Exhibition: already we have songs about it. I send you a couple of stanzas from one which is sung with 'great applause' to the tune of Yankee Doodle:—

'Come all you merry Englishmen,
Whatever your condition,
And come and hear a lively song
About the Exhibition.
Success to Mister Paxton, for
He is a lad so clever,
He builds a house of iron and glass,
And may it stand for ever!

There you will see all sorts of things
Amid congratulations;
And prove yourselves to be the first
And cleverest of nations,
Success, &c. &c.

Now, to change the subject. We are, it is said, to have some further revelations from Lord Rosse's telescope. Faraday, too, has pursued his 'experimental researches' to a most important result—one intimately connected with the grandest manifestations of natural phenomena. The facts and details will shortly be made public through the medium of the Royal Society and the Royal Institution. Then we are to have a new theory of planetary motion from America, as well as a perpetual motion, which has been kept a-going for eighteen months. This reminds me of an 'everlasting mover' which was exhibited some few years ago when I was in the States. It was an elegant combination of brass and steel wheels, fitted within a metallic frame, and placed on a small table in the centre of a room. There was no drapery round the table, nor any apparent attempt at concealment; and the wheels span round so smoothly and silently, that it was a pleasure to watch their seeming self-produced motion. One day, however, a more than usually acute visitor, after a close scrutiny of the apparatus, descended into the lower regions, and after a little search, discovered a stout negro turning a wheel in the cellar, from which the movement was communicated to the 'perpetual' by means of a thin rod passing lengthwise through one of the table legs. The 'dodge' was clever, and not more immoral than the contemporaneous exhibition of an old black woman as Washington's nurse. I was acquainted with one of the speculators in that transaction. The ancient dame was bought in Virginia for thirty dollars; she had never seen the American hero, and knew as little about him as she did of the differential calculus. But I am rambling; and you will perhaps take me to task for attempting to pass off Yankee tricks as London gossip. —*Peccavi.*

The telegraph across the Channel, although interrupted for the present, is to be relaid next spring in such a manner as to insure something like permanence. The wires are to be enclosed in thick cables, and more than one to be sunk, so that derangement of any single line may not break off the means of communication. If all go well, we are promised a sort of *fête* at its opening in May: Louis Napoleon is to be at one end of the wires, and Prince Albert at the other, to exchange friendly greetings in the name of the two nations. Then there is talk of a telegraph under sea to Ireland, and a steam-packet station on the west coast from whence the passage is to be made to Halifax in six days. And again, the project for a wire across the Atlantic is urged, with but little chance of realisation at present. When it is achieved, how wonderful to have the 'Times' publishing on the

5th of March the message delivered by the President to Congress on the 4th! May we all live to see it! And yet more, the actual commencement of the great drainage works for the reclamation of 32,000 acres from the Wash is a subject which engineers and capitalists talk about with no little interest.

Thus much on general matters, and now for a few specialities. The doings of the Académie are of course regarded with due consideration and comment. M. Grange, whose investigations I told you of a short time ago, has made further researches on the subject of goitre. He journeyed to Turin; and on comparing notes with the savans of that city, ascertained the remarkable fact, that a geological map of Piedmont, and a *goitre map* of the same country, fully confirm his views respecting 'the presence of goitre and cretinism on magnesian formations.' He shows that in the valley of Aosta, where the soil is schistous, with a layer of diluvium, and dominated by metamorphic rocks, goitre is rare; but beyond Bard, where the water becomes purgative, from the large amount of sulphate of magnesia which it contains, goitre and cretinism abound. In the valley of Entremont there is a small district, a sort of oasis, as it were, of mica schist, on which five villages and several hamlets are built, in none of which do the distressing diseases ever appear, while they prevail in the surrounding localities.

Another sanitary fact is related by M. Ancelon. In Meurthe there is a village named Lindre Basse where endemics are constant, appearing as intermittent and typhoid fevers, the latter at intervals of three months; besides which, other affections prevailed, caused by miasmatic influence. Close to the village was a large pond, which was kept full for two years for the breeding of fish, and then emptied, to allow of the land, which had been submerged, being cultivated in the third year; after which it was again refilled, and the process repeated. In the first year of the cycle came the intermittent fevers; in the second, the typhoids; in the third, the miasmatic. The practice was interrupted in 1848-49, when, instead of emptying the pond as usual, the proprietor kept it on the increase, until the whole valley was overspread with water several inches in depth for a distance of about six miles. This change produced an alteration in the development of disease: the miasmatic affections did not appear, but the whole country was infested with intermittent fevers, which seemed to repel or absorb all other complaints; the cholera even stopped at the edge of the marshy land. M. Ancelon considers that the statement of these facts will assist in the study of cause and effect as regards disease.

Of minor matters which have come before the Académie, one is a perpetual motion; another, a new system of ventilation; a third, a hydro-voltaic portable chain battery; a fourth, means for aerial transit without balloons; the employment of birds in the guiding of balloons; and a scheme of a steam balloon from a man at Baltimore. M. Tiffereau proposes a new kind of hour-glass: instead of the two coniform glasses, a straight tube with a graduated scale, so that at any instant the time elapsed since the sand began to run may be known. The utility of the instrument would consist in its measurement of small intervals of time where great exactitude was not required. And a Monsieur Ivichievich, of Wallachia, submits a plan of what he calls 'Pangraphie,' or universal writing—an attempt to have one uniform system for the whole world.

The Montyon prizes for virtue have been given away as heretofore, and 19,000 francs for 'works the most useful to morals.' Among these is one on the 'Spiritual Philosophy of Nature'; two or three on the reciprocal duties of government and people, and of citizens towards each other; on the 'Psychology of Aristotle'; and last, one by a lady, 'The Angels of the Family.'

The prize of 10,000 francs for the best drama has also been awarded. You may remember my telling you that the piece was to be in verse, in five acts, to be printed, published, and acted in France, and to present moral as well as literary merit. All these essentials it seems have been achieved in M. Emile Augier's play of 'Gabrielle.' Seven thousand francs have been given to him; and a medal, value 3000, to M. Antran for his 'Daughter of Eschylus.'

The subject of the poetry prize for 1851 is to be 'La Colonie de Mettray;' offers are made also for the best translations of the classics. The prize of eloquence for 1852 is to be adjudged for the 'Eulogy of Bernardin de St Pierre,' and others in the same year for the best treatises 'On the Influence of Charity in the Roman World in the early Ages of our era, and its Influence on Civil Society;' and 'The Influence Exerted by the Genius and Literature of Italy on that of France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.' Besides these, the prize regularly given for the encouragement of a poor author or artist is advertised as usual.

Among numerous histories of revolutions, philosophies of Socialism, and autobiographies, a 'History of the Protestants in France' has appeared, of which favourable mention is made. Many of its passages would be interesting to Protestants in any part of the world. And, to pass from grave to gay, a Frenchman has published his *Souvenirs of Nottinghamshire*. He describes the beauty of the English landscape as uniform, partaking of the physiognomy of our national character; and remarks of the cottagers who inhabit the 'modest abodes' of Sherwood Forest, that they 'fear God, and hope in him;' and that every day, except Sunday, they keep a fire burning in their chief apartment, so as to be able to offer tea to their friends who visit them. He admires our hedgerow and field-paths, although you cannot have unrestricted range as you saunter from property to property. As he observes, the arrangement is somewhat 'like society: it is liberty amidst forms and laws. Is there a better? Is there any other that will last?' Then he discourses about Robin Hood, the ancient trees and churches, and wonders whether England was really as merry in olden time as ballads say, or whether our poets do not attribute to that age all the cheerfulness and merriment lacking in the present. He believes that if you read 'Ivanhoe' seated under one of the great spreading oaks, of which a few yet remain in the forest, you will be so led back to former days as to fancy the Duke of Portland's keepers some of Robin's famous troop in their Lincoln green—the once sturdy lords of Sherwood. He praises the duke's reclamation of land and agricultural enterprise, and likens him to Boaz among his reapers; and although no Ruth be present, yet is the widow not forgotten. Then he tells how that he went to a *pique-nique* at Wingfield, and was surprised to see the company set about archaeological explorations as a business. 'No one,' he says, 'went aside to muse. A ruin for the English at a *pique-nique* is not a subject of melancholy, but the object of a useful walk, of positive knowledge, which it becomes a duty to acquire, for it concerns the history of the country.' Bravo! Monsieur le Français.

A MEDICAL MAN'S MIDNIGHT FRIEND.

A medical gentleman in Plymouth has adopted the excellent plan of fixing a gutta-percha mouthpiece by the side of his bell-handle at the street-door, and attached to the mouthpiece is a long gutta-percha tubing, which reaches to his bed. In the night, when the bell is rung, the tube, which hangs suspended by the bedside, is immediately resorted to, and a conversation is carried on without the necessity of the doctor even rising from his pillow. This is a very great convenience, and prevents exposure to a cold atmosphere, which must frequently prove prejudicial to medical men.—*Plymouth Journal*.

ASSOCIATIONS.

BEHOLD the valley in the moonlight sleeping,
How soothing is its pastoral repose—
A goodly scene for eyes bedimmed with weeping,
Ere wearied eyelids on the pillow close.
She said, 'I know the land is very fair;
But ah, my childhood's footfall never bounded there!'

Behold the ancient woods in golden glory,
Seek ye their solitary mystic glades,
List to the shining river's bubbling story,
By flowery banks or bowering orchard shades.
She said, 'Not there I heard the pleading words,
More thrilling far than song of sweetest woodland birds!'

Behold the ivied tower and mouldering walls,
From whence the voice of praise ascends on high,
And chiming bells, whose welcome influence falls
On pilgrim hearts like music from the sky.
She said, 'Thrice hallowed be the house of prayer;
But no beloved dust lies consecrated there!'

Behold the radiant stars are gazing down
In myriads on the shrouded world beneath,
While we, lamenting misspent moments fly,
May ponder mysteries of life and death.
She said, 'The dove sought rest—no rest it found:
The ark is still our home, though billows surge around!'

C. A. M. W.

BERLIN AT NIGHT.

The sun is setting. People come pouring out of the shops of the Swiss confectioners; the 'Correspondents from Berlin' looking pleased, for they have packed up intelligence enough to furnish matter for the next post for their respective papers; republicans, democrats, socialists, repair to private rooms to finish their discussions; a solitary adherent of absolute monarchy goes home by himself, and takes with him some bon-bons for his wife. Where are these various groups bound for? For the concert—the winter garden—the Italian opera—the French theatre—the mercantile and scientific lectures—the Anti-Champagne Club—the 'Keep-on-your-hat Society'—to the saloons, to the Colosseum, to musical meetings—to polytechnic, statistical, geographical, philological, antiquarian, religious, temperance, social, or benevolent associations. Faint lights are twinkling from garret-windows, where poor mechanics are still hard at work, and will be for hours to come—theatres are brilliantly illuminated—carriages drive through the streets to balls and parties—political toasts are received with three times three—and the night watchman comes out again, calls 'Past ten o'clock,' and sees that on his beat all the street-doors are shut. *Gendarmes* order merry gentlemen to take their cigars out of their mouths—a doctor's carriage drives rapidly past—'There is some one determined not to die without medical assistance'—here, in this ground-floor dwelling, you can hear a dispute going on about the German Catholics—from others come songs in favour of liberty. Gradually the streets become more and more silent, dark, and lonely; carriages return from parties—eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock strikes—the last hackney-coaches go nodding wearily home to their stables—the last cigar-shops put up their shutters—in the hotels and wine-houses there is still noise, and from afar is heard faintly the music of a serenade; but all else is hushed—everybody goes to bed, and whoever is not kept awake by care and sorrow, goes to sleep, while stars twinkle, and God wakes and watches over all.—*Walters Review*.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY.

My father, a barrister, who lived in London, but occasionally spending the hot months at Brighton, where he had a villa, used to amuse me with anecdotes about a queer country cousin of his whose hatred of newfangled fashions was apparent even in his schoolboy days, and who had shut himself out from any power of improvement by marrying another cousin quite as queer as himself. My mother kept up a correspondence with Mrs Leighton, however; and although she allowed that the notions of both husband and wife might be somewhat odd and antiquated, she by no means thought them deserving of the remarks her husband so liberally applied to them. On the contrary, she had spent her childhood and early youth at Leighton Grange, and loved every thing and person connected with it; and many a little sketch she drew of its beauties, its seclusion, and the happy peaceful life she had led there, until the death of her father and brothers, soon followed by that of her mother, made way for the next heir, whose son was now the possessor of the estate, and the hero of poor papa's best stories. I have an indistinct remembrance, when a very little girl, of being on a visit with my parents at some great house, and seeing an oldish lady and gentleman called Mr and Mrs Forde Leighton—not that they were *really* old; but his burly frame, and her staid demeanour, formal turban, and plain old-fashioned dress, gave them the general appearance of being so to more eyes than my childish ones. We never visited them, although often most kindly asked to the Grange; but my mother saw no wisdom in calling up unnecessarily the painful impressions every tree, every stone, every spot in that much-loved place would give rise to in her sensitive heart; and my father was always out of his element in the country, or in the society of those who were not, like himself, men of cultivated understanding.

The death and marriage of all my near relatives left me at liberty to select my future place of residence: 'the world was all before me where to choose;' and all the world—*my* little world at least—were very kind in inviting me to visit them; for although not rich, I was perfectly independent, and of a cheerful disposition. Among others came an invitation from my cousins the Leightons, so cordially and kindly worded, that I accepted it at once, and set out from Milverton Manor in Berkshire, where we were very gay—had private theatricals, concerts, and all the fashions and follies of the day—to go to Walton, near Birmingham, a sort of half-way house *en route* to Leighton Grange; and here were collected most of the leading spirits of the age; and everything new and surprising in art, literature, science, and mechanics, was talked of familiarly, and

kept one's mind up to the times. From hence I went on twenty miles by railway; but the greater part of my journey I had to post over rough country-roads, every step I took carrying me farther off from the glaring, flaring, whirling, bustling, go-ahead scenes I had lately, indeed I may say always, more or less been living among. It seemed as if I had got into some strange country; for the language was unintelligible, and the habits new, and unlike anything but what I might have read or dreamed of as occurring a century ago.

The narrow lanes, high hedges, and tinkling teams of oxen, 'when down the slope the ponderous wagon rings;' the stupid stare of the smock-frocked peasants; the simple wondering gaze of the quiet inhabitants of the little country towns we passed through, peeping over their high window-blinds, or looking up from their formal gardens—struck me in forcible contrast with the scenes I had so lately mixed with. The sunny quietude of these quaint old-fashioned towns and villages; the red-tiled roofs of their many-windowed houses gleaming through the orchard leaves; the bright brass-knockers, and well-whitened steps; the curious little bits of old architectural display, that age alone saved from being ugly; the pigeon-houses, and summer-houses, and tool-houses, built in every sort of absurd form to show the proprietor's taste; and the fine old trees surrounding the little lowly church, and dotted about the streets—all whispered of the past; all breathed around a feeling of repose; and I seemed to be living in the leaves of some old domestic romance. I alighted at the little bow-windowed inn at Leighton-bury, 'the Blue Bell,' the swinging sign of which represented a bell—a dinner-bell painted bright blue, and ordered horses for Leighton Grange.

'You must be the lady the squire's carriage was to come for; but it is not come, because they did not expect you before to-morrow, ma'am,' said the fat, fresh-coloured landlady, dipping and diving down to the ground every three words she uttered. 'Please to alight, ma'am, and the horses shall be sent for: they are quite handy, ploughing at Alderscroft; and in the meanwhile I hope you'll condescend to take a little of my gooseberry-wine and home-made cake the young ladies praise so much, and madam herself does me sometimes the honour to taste? I know you are a Leighton, or I should not take the liberty of asking you, for fear of a stiff, proud "No, thank you;" but the Leightons have all kind hearts. I served at the Hall till I married, madam; and my aunt was house-keeper there for forty years and more: she died there, too, and the squire put up a stone to her memory. Ah, she knew Miss Mary well, and I remember her also!'

'Is that Miss Mary's daughter?' said a very old

woman, almost bent double. 'God bless you, my child! If you have the kind heart of little Mary whom I nursed, you are welcome to Leighton!' A group had by this time assembled, and 'Miss Mary's child' was welcomed by the grasp of many a horny hand.

Strange! that I should feel at once at home, as it were, in a place I had never before seen—more at home than I had ever done in any other during my life. Stranger still that I should never once deem these rustic demonstrations of affection a liberty!—I who had been taught to keep all but properly-introduced people at a distance, and to expect respect from every servant or dependent. But ere I had well time to ask or answer to myself these questions, my maid came to tell me all was ready; and in a few minutes more I was off again, creeping along roads, quite as bad as those I had previously traversed, but full of old-world beauty, and redolent of bean-blossoms and May-flowers. An urchin in highlows, and a hat shaped like a boat, had run on to announce the approach of 'Miss Mary's child' by some more direct route; so that when the carriage stopped, the whole family were on the steps to welcome me. The squire, in a red face, green cut-away, and leathern gaiters, set up a view-halloo as soon as my post-chaise turned the corner; Mrs Leighton's benevolent countenance looking no older, and still beaming beneath the well-remembered turban; the tall sons in jackets, and the daughters in good gingham gowns, short petticoats, and black leather shoes—all laughing, kissing, shaking hands, and receiving me as if I were indeed one of themselves, advanced to hand, or rather lift me out of the carriage; and surely there is something in being of the same blood, for I at once felt them to be relations, and loved them as such.

'We did not think it possible you could arrive before to-morrow; but your bed is aired, and your room quite ready, Mary, dear!'

We then entered the spacious hall, hung round with rusty armour, modern guns, and old family pictures: the drawing-room opened from it, and was very large, and very low in the roof; full of cabinets, straight-backed chairs, and uncomfortable sofas, spider-legged tables, red silk window-curtains, that drew up in festoons with pulleys, and though last, not least, although it was the 31st of May, a roaring fire!

'The evenings are fresh still,' observed Mrs Leighton. 'Fresh or faint, I like to see a fire at all seasons somewhere or other in the house,' said Ralph, the eldest hope and heir.

'Yes,' sung the old squire—

'My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
Oh blithe is the blink o' my ain fireside!'

Good Squire Leighton seldom said anything: he usually sung what he wished to observe; but when no apt verse or line of a song presented itself to his memory, he ended his speech with a 'tolderum testum too!'

'Are you very very tired, Cousin Polly?' lisped a pretty little chubby-faced darling in a pinafore.

'A little; but not so very very much. Why do you ask, dear?'

'Cause I want you to see my puppy!' Mr Leighton kept harriers, and occasionally presented a puppy as a plaything.

'No; she must see mine first: I'm the oldest, you know, Lizzy, and my pup's the finest,' observed Master Johnny resolutely.

'And you must see my lamb! such a sweet little beast it is,' insinuated Cicely, holding up her nay mouth.

'And my hens! You never saw such lovely hens as mine are!'

'Come with me,' said Harold. 'I'll show you a robin's nest, and the robin sitting! And oh, mamma, pursued he; 'you know the white duck has been laying away: well, I've found her nest—eleven eggs—only think!'

'There are three calves and a beautiful little foal! Do you like calves or foals best?' asked some one. And then followed tales of horses, and ponies, and dogs, from the boys; of cows and poultry from the girls; and of old women with rheumatism, and young children with measles, interspersed by sundry sporting anecdotes, from the squire, all addressed to Polly, as he called me; so that, most fortunately, I could not get one word in to betray my total ignorance upon all these subjects.

Tea came; and such a profusion of hot cakes and honey was eaten, I wondered if they had had any dinner. My room—where, when I went to take off my bonnet, I found a large fire, a feather-bed and sheets toasting at it, and the windows wide open—was now in order. Mansell had unpacked my things, and I retired to rest, too excited and happy to sleep for a long time; and when I did so, I dreamed the proceedings of the previous two days all over again. At six I awoke, and got up, impatient, as the house-agents say, to view the premises.

The mansion was an old irregular pile, covered with vines and creepers, surrounded by a flower garden in terraces and smooth-shaven lawn. The flowers were like the people they belonged to—old fashioned, but healthy, and excellent of their kinds: lilacs, laburnums, pink and white thorns, roses—the finest Windsor roses I ever saw—white lilies in loads, peonies, bachelor's buttons! But I need not pursue the list—it would stretch very far, although no new flowers would find a place; and all was in good order. Beyond were avenues and clumps of magnificent timber—turf that had not been turned up in the memory of man—deer, sheep, cows, and even horses, scattered about feeding steadily, undisturbed by the red-cloaked old women who were gathering sticks under the rookery, where the birds apparently did not think, with the beasts, that red-cloaked old women were of no consequence, for they kept up an everlasting cawing, flying about in an alarmed manner. A cheerful noise it was, and uniting with that from the farm-yard, gave me an idea of peaceful seclusion from a jarring world most soothing to my mind. By and by came chattering children from the village, with bright tin cans, to carry away the skim-milk, which was always distributed: all suddenly silent, and bowing, curtseying, and staring at the stranger. Wherever my eye turned, something was going on of country work; but neither town, village, nor farm was visible from the place where I stood: no glimpse of the world without, at this safe distance from its man, dispelled the charm. The birds sang in the branches: the bees hummed, hovering over the fresh-opened flowers, still glittering in the morning-dew; the geese screamed wildly as they flew to the pond; the turkeys gobbled; and all the poultry, running to be fed by a buxom lass who scattered handfuls of corn among them, calling 'chuck, chuck,' were heard at once, chiming in with equally expressive sounds from the pig-sties, where a boy I heard called William Barton was emptying pailfuls of kitchen refuse and some buttermilk. These joyful morning cries, pigs and all, were to my ears and heart a concord of sweet country sounds, which I would not in the then mood of my mind have exchanged for the notes of Mario and Grisi, combined, as they must be, with the unattractive accompaniments of smoke, vice, and city uproar. A

rosy maid and apple-checked old man now passed, clinking their bright and yet unfilled milkpails, whilst the cows, who knew the sound, ran lowing to meet them; and in three minutes more was active Mary Dairy—to distinguish her from the other Mary in the house, who was laundry-maid—seated on her three-legged stool merrily tugging away, and singing to the tune of the 'Brown Irish Girl' some sentimental ditty, in which I could only distinguish the words, ever and anon, of 'An' now ye see what loove can dow.'

This dream of cheerful calm was interrupted by the squire, who listened to my incoherently-expressed delight with looks of approval, mixed, however, with considerable surprise: he could not in the least comprehend my feelings, having all his life lived in the busy seclusion which so charmed me, a town-bred lady rurally disposed by nature. Had he been forced to leave these familiar scenes, he would then have awakened to their charm, and expressed his regrets probably very poetically, for true unaffected feeling is always, I think, more or less what we term poetical; but things of daily occurrence, even when enjoyed, passed with him unmarked; and I should not be very much surprised to hear that he thought me a little touched in the brain with romance, despite my six-and-thirty summers.

All the family breakfasted together, including Miss Becker and Mr Hope—the stiff, old-maidish governess, and the thoughtful-looking tutor—whose power over their pupils came to a pause in the presence of their parents; for such a lively clatter ensued, from which books, politics, and the usual chit-chat and gossip of society were excluded, that I became absolutely silent in amazement to find that people could talk so much and so happily upon subjects wholly agricultural, horticultural, charitable, and sporting. To be sure much indignation was expended upon one Billy Betelbro, who had been detected in the very act of blowing birds' eggs; but what *could* be expected of the son of such a woman as Betty Betelbro, who had often been suspected, and once convicted, of breaking down fences in order that her cow should trespass upon Farmer Benton's field? Every one looked grave, commented upon such crying instances of family depravity, and looked forward with fear to Billy's future career.

I found I had missed family prayers, which were always said at nine.

'No one is forced to attend,' said Mrs Leighton, 'and they are not long.'

'No,' cried the squire, as he finished his second mutton-chop; 'short and sweet. If I had a donkey that wouldn't go!' sung the jovial gentleman, as he took up a hunting-horn and proceeded to mount a specimen of the animal held for him by a groom. 'I'm just getting the better of a fit of gout, Poll, and can't well bestride my good steed *Marmion*—'

"And so I ride
Up the green hill-side
On my old Jerusalem pony, oh!"

hummed he, while another groom came from the stables mounted upon a magnificent horse, and followed by the harriers, and Ralph, Harold, and Johnny on ponies.

As soon as the gentlemen were off, Mrs Leighton and the rest of her young family, who were to have a holiday in honour of my arrival, proceeded to show me the house. Nothing could be simpler than the furniture, more excellent than some few of the paintings, more perfect than the oak-carving. The girls, with the exception of the eldest, who occupied the same room as the governess, remained inhabitants of the old nursery—the same nursery my poor mother had often described to me; and well I recognised every article of furniture: the high press, which contained

in the upper part the books and playthings of the present generation, as it had done those of the former; the lower part holding the basins, soap, and water for washing, which was always kept in large red-painted tin watering-pots, that there might be abundance. And there stood yet the walnut-tree drawers and many-legged table, the nursing-chair, the old pictures that I seemed to know: one of poor mamma herself at ten years of age, smiling innocently, in a blue frock—one of her little sisters in pink, nursing a kitten—while my eldest aunt sat solemnly with a book before her. There were 'The Months' in black frames, below the 'Battle of the Nile,' 'The Landing of the 42d in Egypt,' 'The Pretty Reaper,' and 'The Marquis of Granby,' all hanging in their long-accustomed places—and the old yellow screen pasted over with *ladies* cut from 'La Belle Assemblée,' showing most forcibly the folly of fashion in their crazy-looking costumes, once the reigning mode, and no doubt much admired in their day, absurd as they appear in ours. The high green fender, the clumsy fire-irons, all spoke of other times. The very furniture of the beds was the same as when my mother was young—dark-green moreen, a stronger fabric than that woven in our *degenerate* modern looms, Mr Leighton affirmed. All the bedrooms were panelled, and smelt sweet—for lavender in sheafs and shocks stood on the toilet-tables, mingled with the quaint ornaments on each high chimney-piece, and lay among large shells, filigree baskets, and odd-shaped jugs and jars. On the floor of one room all sorts of herbs were drying; in another feathers; wool covered the floor of a third, in which the only furniture was a high-plumed bedstead, a mirror, and the picture of a villanous-looking monk; and the fourth, which seemed as if intended for a dressing-room, contained nothing but jelly-cans and potting-dishes, ready for filling when the proper time came. But the great curiosity was the store-room. Such barrels of flour and brown sugar! such rows of sugar-loaves! such boxes of tea, coffee, rice, barley, dried fruit, and spices! such pyramids of sweetmeat pots of all sizes, I could not have imagined without having seen! In one corner was all kinds of crockery, in anticipation of breakages; in another a multiplicity of new brooms, brushes, sieves, twine, and writing-paper. As to the old boxes, old books, old bonnets, old grates, keys, doors, and such things, I need not enumerate them, for they were so tumbled one upon another I could not see half. I saw webs of woollen, linen, cotton fabrics, and piles of newly-scoured blankets in orderly confusion.

'And what are all these low seats for in the middle?'

'Oh, these are such happy seats!' cried little Cicely.

'We use them when fruit is to be picked for preserving, or minced for marmalade, and we always have a holiday; and the sun shines, and there are wasps, and we are so happy!'

The idea of wasps was so connected in the child's mind with the long, light, sunny summer days, when holidays were frequent, and fruit plentiful, that I could quite enter into her feelings, and understand the agreeable recollections the very name of that venomous little insect gave rise to. All the females of the family, high and low, Miss Becker excepted, assisted in these domestic avocations—all were merry and busy, and healthy and happy as ease, kind hearts, and good tempers could make them: no envy, no spite, no rivalry; no petting about dresses not fitting, expected partners not appearing, or dancing with some one else; no fears about not being invited to Lady Darklour's ball or Mrs Trill's concert. No; 'all was sunshine in each little breast.' Whether seven or seventeen, whatever their fortune in later life, they have at least a happy childhood and a placid youth to look back upon; and it is something to have been happy—it is a resting-place to repose the weary heart on. The very servants, sons and daughters of tenants, took

as much interest in everything as did their masters and mistresses, who in their turn felt a hearty good-will towards their dependents: their griefs were pitied, their complaints listened to, their wrongs redressed, their weddings celebrated, their old age provided for, as had ever been the custom in the family of Leighton; and if the honest squire did sometimes apply an epithet more expressive than polite to a stupid assistant, no one thought anything of it. 'Twas master's way—God bless him! The best dogs bark, but they don't bite,' they said. No surly servility followed, any more than open insolence; but the frank respect of their manners remained unaltered—every one knew his place, and no one thought about it. The living was excellent, but not elegant; and all the foundations for the culinary department in profusion—mutton, veal, lamb, and pork were killed at home, and beef also from November till March. All sorts of poultry and game were in plenty; with milk, cream, butter, eggs, vegetables, and common fruit. Mr Leighton both grew and ground his own flour, brewed his own beer, and, except wine and spices, they had everything within themselves. A Sunday newspaper sufficed for news; the squire also took the 'Sporting Magazine,' Mr Hope the 'Quarterly,' and Miss Becker the 'New Monthly'; and these constituted the reading of the family—Miss Becker and Mr Hope finding enough in the extensive but old-fashioned library to occupy their leisure hours. Both these quiet instructors of the younger branches had at one time lived much in the world, which had not used them well; they had also suffered from bad health; but here, in this solitude, their minds and bodies at last rested: they were content and happy; although each possessed the cultivated mind they did not find in their kind-hearted employers or their good-natured pupils. To all of these lessons were anything but agreeable, and not, they insisted, very necessary, as the oldest son was of course to succeed his father; the second had a passion for the sea; the next was to be in the army; and the youngest to take a farm under his brother, and marry Lilly Lawson, General Lawson's eleventh daughter. This was confided to me by the urchin himself, a monkey of seven years old; and the pride with which he introduced me to his future bride was truly ludicrous.

This old-fashioned family had a few neighbours with whom they exchanged yearly visits of the usual three days' length—the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day; but the Lawsons being only three miles off—one and a-half as the crow flies indeed—they saw them more frequently: people as worthy, but a little more worldly, than the unsophisticated Leightons—and the young ladies were excellent musicians. But it was no matter to my dear, true-hearted relations whom they entertained or were entertained by—whether it was Lord Earnscliff, or the Duke and Duchess of Derwentwater, or Mr Sherlock Dabb—the same hospitable hand was extended to all, the same good plain dinner provided, at which a fowl with all the chickens roasted round her, reposing upon fried eggs, was a standing and popular dish. Port, sherry, and Madeira—but such as few cellars could boast of—were the only wines; and were presented to each and all alike; and the squire answered the duke's courtly speeches, the viscount's hearty jokes, and Mr Sherlock Dabb's elaborately fine phrases, with the fag-end of an old song, or barring it, his favourite 'tolderum teetum too!' None of the party had what people who lead secluded lives sometimes, and parvenus always have—a *company manner*. Every one (though high rank was acknowledged and revered by the squire, if it was not *new*) was treated alike, and no one was ever offended, except Mr Dabb; but he took umbrage because the curate, whose brother kept a library, was as much attended to at the Grange as he was himself—he, a man with an estate, and the son of a manufacturer, not a shopkeeper!

The Leightons were always employed either in walking, riding, gardening, visiting the poor, overlooking the labourers and woodcutters. The girls sewed a great deal—plain-work principally when alone, embroidery when they had company staying in the house. In winter they danced among themselves almost every evening, the noble old squire footing it away most vigorously whenever the gout allowed him to do so; whilst his staid and gentle helpmate skated about in a very quaint and original manner when pressed into the service; but she generally preferred playing her sole three tunes, 'Elsy Morly,' 'The Triumph,' and 'Because he was a bonnie lad, I bid him kiss and come again'—a merry air, much admired by George IV., who himself performed it with great spirit on the violin. Sometimes they had a round game; sometimes the elders played backgammon or piquet, and the others sat at a distance with their work, jesting among themselves, or tried with Mr Hope the intricacies of chess. I liked the evenings; there was always plenty of light, warmth, space, and good-humour—that was all; and yet these unaccomplished, uncultivated young persons were popular with every one who met them, from their unaffected good-humour and natural good sense. They, however, kept little company upon the whole, and went less out. I was delighted with their combined simplicity and sense, plain yet perfectly self-possessed manner, at first; but, I must confess, after a time I tired of the style of conversation, which, however, seemed always fresh to them: so, bringing out my books, drawing, and music, I spent my mornings in a more intellectual manner. My cousins wondered at my odd love for lessons, as they termed these pursuits; and one day, when their father had the gout, and complained of the time passing slowly, I proposed reading aloud while they worked. I saw disapprobation upon every countenance, but, as they afterwards told me, I was so good-humoured, they did not like to disoblige me. I accordingly commenced, but at the very beginning was nearly discouraged. First of all, worthy Mrs Leighton begged my pardon, but she 'must just say one little word to cook, something she had forgotten'—Emily was for ever dropping her scissors or thimble, or searching about for a reel of cotton that had run—she did not know where—then Susan wanted to be informed whether she was to backstitch or run this, or cut that bias or straight; and so on. But I persisted; waited, and began again; and by and by all got interested and quiet. By the time I left them—after a happy visit of ten months—one part of the old-fashioned family was borrowing books from their neighbours, others were ransacking the home library, and even the squire himself talked of riding over to the town and getting a book-box or bag sent every month with all the periodical and new publications.

They still take pleasure in country pursuits and active useful employments; but they now enjoy life ten times more than they ever did before; and the old gentleman no longer fears *age* when he can no longer ride. The needle was often relinquished for the pencil by Susan, who took views very accurately. Emily copied descriptive poetry, and tried to write it herself; she also discovered that those who can play dances, may also, with a little extra trouble, execute better music; and her duets with Miss Becker from the modern operas are very creditably performed. They soon lost the idea of lessons connected with intellectual employments, and although they never arrived at a pitch of perfection sufficient to entitle them to be considered very clever, or very accomplished young ladies, they can take their part in any conversation, in any society, without disgrace; while they retain their strong love for home, and relish for simple pleasures.

I am now again at Leighton Grange, in order to be present at Susan's bridal, who is to be married to Sir Algernon Cottan; after which, with Emily as bride-

maid, they depart for a tour on the continent. What a wonder, what a pleasure, for their fresh minds! I remain here, nothing loth, to help with Miss Becker and Mr Hope (although they no longer give lessons) to fill up the gap, till a living, still enjoyed by a healthy old man, becomes vacant, and enables them to marry.

THE SHEFFIELD EXPERIMENT.

In a wildish tract of country about six miles from Sheffield, there may be observed at the bottom of a slope near the wayside a long plain building, which a stranger will scarcely pass without inquiring for what purpose it has been erected. It is an offshoot of the workhouse of Sheffield, designed to accommodate a set of able-bodied paupers from that establishment. The Sheffield guardians, finding, a few years ago, that oakum-picking, corn-grinding, stone-breaking, and other works conducted in the workhouse were no gain to themselves, while they produced great refractoriness among the inmates, bethought themselves of trying an experiment in the reclamation of waste land. They entered in August 1848 on the possession of the Hollow Meadows farm, consisting of forty-eight acres, for which they were to pay the Duke of Norfolk at the rate of 4s. per acre during a lease of twenty-one years; leasing at the same time two acres for ninety-nine years, on which to erect buildings. It was a rude, stony, boggy territory, surrounded on all hands by moors, and as yet produced nothing of the least value. The Guardians immediately commenced a suite of buildings, including one large eating-room, and a number of dormitories, all in the plainest style, and costing in all about £800. They draughted out the more refractory paupers with their wives and children, and set them to clearing away stones, making drains, and ultimately the trenching of the ground by the spade.

The process was thus described in the ensuing March:—'A fence-wall was erected around the two unenclosed sides of the land; main-drains were cut, and in November they began cultivation, with sowing wheat and barley. During rainy days they prepared stone, and assisted in building, and in frosty weather drained and trenched. After removing the top loose stones, they dug deep (about sixteen inches), and turned the sod on to the top; then cut and pulverised it, taking out and burning the wicks or stalks. The subsoil (of sand) was then thrown upon the top of the first dressing, and then manured well, and sown. They finish and sow each day, preparing only what they can get through. The ground is set with corn, barley, turnips, potatoes, and mangold-wurzel, which are doing well. *The crops look greatly superior to any others around.*'*

There has been since then an average of forty-five men employed at Hollow Meadows. Upwards of 500 heads of families, 250 wives, and 2000 children, have been accommodated there in succession. The paupers have been maintained in much the same way as in the workhouse; only perhaps with a more liberal dispensation of food, for such has been required in consequence of the strong appetites engendered by healthful rustic labour. No difficulty has been found in making the people work: on the contrary, a removal back to the

workhouse has been felt as a punishment, while a removal from the workhouse to the farm has become the premium of good behaviour. A considerable portion of the farm—we do not learn exactly how much—has now been reclaimed, and made to yield oats, potatoes, and turnips. It is believed that the land so reclaimed will, at the end of four years, be fit to be sublet in small lots, at such rates as to yield a good return, and thus go far to repay the cost of supporting the paupers by whom it was improved. While improved land is thus parted with, further quantities of moorland will be taken in hands; and thus it is contemplated that in time a large tract may be reclaimed by that pauper labour which otherwise would rest dormant or be misdirected.

The interesting character of the Sheffield experiment will be generally acknowledged. In workhouses, great difficulty has, in the first place, been experienced in getting work to do; in the second, there has been much inconvenience from the clamours of the poorer class of ratepayers, who find themselves competed with in their humble labours by a set of people whom they assist in supporting. But if pauper labour can be turned to good account in reclaiming waste land, it interferes with no interest of the ratepayers, and it effects a real good to the community, in as far as it is better to have a country fully than partially under cultivation. *The new value put upon the land is so much saved to the ratepayers, after expenses peculiar to the system have been deducted.* There is already, we find, a disposition to try similar experiments in other districts: it is contemplated in Cork, and has been talked of by the parochial boards of both Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Side by side with this experiment is another which has been for some years in progress at Gairloch in Ross-shire. There is a strong analogy between the condition of the English able-bodied labourer out of work, and that of a horde of small Highland tenantry, whose husbandry, since the failure of the potato, has been unable to support them. The Highland proprietor finds his estate occupied by hundreds and by thousands of people who, so far from being able to pay rent, require to be supported by himself, or from some other source. 'Although,' to quote a competent authority, 'the able-bodied unemployed poor have not in Scotland a right to demand relief, parochial boards are authorised by statute to apply, at their discretion, the funds raised by assessment to the temporary relief of the occasional poor, including able-bodied persons who are destitute. There is therefore in every parish a fund, limited only by the ability of the ratepayers, which the parochial board may apply to the relief of destitution among the able-bodied poor.'* This is as much as to say that the land has to stand good for the support of the multitudes of miserable people who have been allowed to dwell upon it hitherto in that state of half idleness which attends the culture of the potato. It is, in other words, the confiscation of the land for the sake of those accidentally located upon it. Such being the case, some Highland landlords have been endeavouring to get the people deported to America, not merely for this purpose acquitting them of all arrears of rent, but furnishing them with passage-money, provided they will agree to go peaceably.

On one estate, that of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch (a minor), an effort is making to maintain the people as cultivators of the soil according to what is considered as an improved plan. In 1846, a government drainage loan of £10,000 being obtained, five hundred families were set to work in reclaiming a tract of land hitherto not worthy of a rent of one shilling an acre. In July 1850, it was stated that £6000 had been expended, and that the people had trenched, drained,

* Report by a Committee of Inquiry, quoted in a newly published pamphlet, 'On the Reclamation of Waste Lands and their Cultivation by Croft Husbandry, considered with a view to the Productive Employment of Destitute Labourers, Pimpers, and Criminals.' By W. P. Alison, M.D. Blackwood: Edinburgh.

* Letter of Mr Smyth, secretary to the Scottish Board of Supervision, 'Edinburgh Evening Courier' newspaper, Nov. 11, 1850.

and put under crop about a thousand acres. The popularity of the plan was evinced by some townships having latterly petitioned to be put upon the same footing. There has certainly been a great increase of production during the four by-past years, and great improvements in husbandry have been effected. The arrangement contemplated is to settle each family on a lot of from five to seven acres, which it is to cultivate by hand labour; it is thought that, by that mode of culture, and by a careful collection and application of manure (keeping the cow within doors), it will be possible for a family to subsist with some degree of comfort, and pay rent. It is authoritatively stated that those who are industrious and economical already are 'living comfortably'—a novelty in cottage life in the Highlands—and the landlord by such is paid regularly, and with pleasure, in several instances at 10s. per acre. We have learned with pleasure that the uncle and mother of the proprietor use great and incessant personal pains in educating the people into new and improved habits, and that schools under a vigorous administration are maintained as a necessary adjunct of the scheme.

Such are amongst the problems in social and political economy now being worked out in our country, under the impulse of irresistible circumstances. We find a disposition to look upon them as the schemes of a visionary philanthropy, which we think is scarcely just. They are more truly to be regarded as exponents of difficulties which take their rise in the existing system—perhaps are inseparable from it. The patrons of the Sheffield experiment might well say, 'Let things be so adjusted as that there shall be no able-bodied poor, and we shall not need to set them to the working up of waste lands.' The representatives of the proprietor at Gairloch might equally well say, 'Free us of our surplus population, or bring them remunerative work, and we shall be happy to give up our scheme.' The experimenters appear to us deserving of sympathy; and their efforts, in as far as they are well meant, are worthy of applause. It is well, nevertheless, to keep a vigilant eye upon such experiments, lest they should be calculated to increase rather than lighten the evils which have caused them to be set on foot, or lest they should be misconducted so as to have bad effects not necessarily involved in their fundamental plan.

We must confess that we see no theoretical objection whatever to the idea of a Board of Guardians employing any accidental surplus labour which falls into their hands on the reclamation of waste lands, so long as the ordinary alternative is to support the unemployed in idleness or make-believe work. The improved land is at least better than nothing. When we hear, however, of proposals to settle poor people—perhaps the paupers themselves—on three-acre lots of the improved land, we see grounds of reasonable apprehension, for it is a very general opinion, only too well justified, we believe, by facts, that a population of three-acre *tenant-farmers* (the handloom weavers of the agricultural world) can only produce an extension of pauperism. Here, then, it becomes necessary to call upon the Sheffield Board to consider well what they are about. Such a course is not essential to their plan. They will as readily get one good tenant for the whole forty-eight acres, when so much has been improved, as sixteen paupers for holdings of three acres each. Let them contemplate this step along with the constant taking of fresh moorland on hand for the employment of the paupers, and the objections of the economists will vanish. As for the Gairloch experiment, it is precisely this risk of an increased pauper population which is to be dreaded. The proprietor cannot shift, adjust, and allocate his free tenantry as a Board of Guardians can with a set of paupers, who, in accepting parochial protection, forfeit their independence. It may therefore be found twenty years hence that the

now pressing evil has only been extended. We are willing to hope for a contrary result, and apparently, if a different result be possible, it will be attained by the enlightened management which we see in operation. But in the meantime facts are against a hopeful issue, for no large settlement of small holders or *seuans* has as yet thriven in Scotland.

After all that has been said with such conflicting conclusions regarding large and small farms, the truth perhaps lies in a composition between the two systems. Were small holdings of various sizes mixed judiciously with large ones, their cultivators would obtain remunerative employment for their spare time from their capitalised neighbours, and there would be a stimulus to good behaviour in the chance afforded to the humblest labourer of rising to be a farmer, and to the small farmers of advancing to greater possessions and ampler means. If, for instance, in the conduct of the Gairloch experiment, the small holdings were undergoing a constant process of agglomeration, and the tenants shifted off (under, of course, suitable temptations) to fresh wastes, a basis would be laid for the realisation of this eclectic plan. We hope that some such course is actually in contemplation.

The pamphlet of Dr Alison, already quoted, adduces, from a great variety of sources, opinions and facts favourable to the *petite culture* or spade husbandry as a means of employing the surplus population. We think he makes out a clear case in favour of this mode of reclaiming waste land as an expedient for obviating a temporary difficulty, as in dealing with paupers and criminals; and in this light his brochure may be recommended to the attention of the public.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

SOME years ago Alexis Verneuil returned to Paris, after spending three years in study at Rome. He was not then the popular artist he is now, nor was he the same calm, well-dressed, and happy-looking individual, who, at ease with all the world, and with more work than he can very well execute, is equally at home in the *salons*, and in his splendid *atelier* in the Rue St Dominique. Alexis returned from Rome pale, moody, and sad. Tall, handsome, and full of talent—having won every prize which he competed for—he, however, on his arrival in the metropolis of the world, as our facetious friends over the water call the capital of France, showed very little disposition to cultivate his art with energy and vigour. He took a room, which served him for study, and bedroom, and parlour; he put up his easel, procured paint and brushes, and prepared for work. But he did scarcely anything. He was poor, and he lived in the most modest manner. He made his own coffee in the morning, and dined in his apartment in the evening on bread and wine, relished by some trifle from a *charentin*. And thus he went on for months. Like all artists in Paris, he was a smoker; and when his first meal was over, he would light his pipe, bury himself in an arm-chair, and placing himself in front of his untouched canvas, would appear to be wrapt in deep thought relative to the subject of his first painting.

But the canvas remained pure and unsullied, and Alexis Verneuil seemed likely to sink into total oblivion of his art. At times, it is true, he would rise, seize his pencil, and approach the easel. His eyes scanned the white surface, and he seemed about to commence. But after a few moments he would heave a deep sigh, dash down the pencil, thrust his hat over his eyes, and go out for a walk, eager, it appeared, to rid himself of unpleasant thoughts. He would select the darkest alleys of the Tuilleries, the most lonely parts of the Champs-Élysée, and parade up and down with the air

of a man who had some deep weight of care upon his mind.

One day, after some hours of promenading, he turned rapidly towards home, crossed the bridge which faces the entrance of the Tuileries gardens, and moving with a quick step, made for the Rue St Dominique. Suddenly he was checked by a man who placed himself in his path.

'Alexis!' cried the stranger.

'Paul!' replied our friend the painter.

They embraced cordially. They were old companions in the workshop, and had not met for years. Paul took the arm of his friend, and accompanied him to his domicile. The young man was struck by the great change which had taken place in the once jovial Alexis—he who was once the wit of the *atelier*, the eternal story-teller, the indefatigable caricaturist, and the best companion in the world! The total absence of all signs of work, which was plainly visible in the young artist's apartment, was still more surprising; for Verneuil had the reputation of being indefatigably industrious. Paul, however, took no notice, and drew the conversation to Italy, most parts of which Alexis had visited. The young man spoke with evident reluctance of his travels, and after an almost vain attempt at energy, relapsed into his usual state, and spoke in monosyllables.

'Alexis!' suddenly exclaimed Paul roughly, 'I see how it is: you are in love—madly in love—hopelessly in love—and, as usual in such cases, are a lost man.'

'I—I—in love!' cried Alexis stammering.

'It is of no use denying it: I see it as clearly as I see your despondency and idleness. Why be mysterious with an old friend? Come, speak out, and we Parisians will soon knock the foolish fancy out of your head.'

'Parisian all over,' said Alexis sadly. 'I wish I, too, had retained the light-hearted gaiety, the fieldiness and inconstancy, which is the characteristic of our capital; but no! I have changed; and, my dear fellow, I am in love!'

'My good Alexis, you are dull, stupid, lazy, morose, and what better proof do I want? Your word was not wanted to complete the certainty.'

'Say what you will. Since, however, you have found me out, I will confess all. It will lighten my heart, and then at all events I can talk about her.'

'Yes; occasionally. Now I have found you out, I shall come every day to push you to work. But I make a bargain. You shall only talk about her for half an hour. I know nothing so dreadful as listening to a lover's talk. It's always the same thing.'

'I will not bore you, my dear Paul. Here, then, is my story. You know the tolerable amount of freedom which exists in some convents in Italy?'

'Peste! a nun?'

'Yes. Well, I took occasion, as an artist, to visit several. About five months back I entered the convent of the Annunziata, in the papal states, in search of pictures. I found an exquisite Madonna in the parlour. The lady abbess was present. I was in ecstasies, and demanded leave to copy it. She appeared flattered, and gave me permission—adding, however, a request that I would supply the place of the absent drawing-master for a few days. I agreed; and having proved my identity and respectability by means of my papers, I was the very next day introduced into the company of about twenty novices and boarders. Some were pretty, some plain—all were interesting; and I confess my first day was spent rather in admiring their young and innocent faces, than in attending to my new duties. But I knew my delicate position, and I did my best to deserve the confidence of the abbess. I pleased her much, it seems, and went away to work at the Madonna in the parlour.'

'But I no longer saw the placid and patient face of Mary: I saw before me a pair of Italian black eyes, a sweet-shaped mouth, a lovely face, that most of all had

struck me among the novices. I dreamt of her that night, and when I saw her a few days after, I was quite prepared to fall in love. In the course of my lesson, and as she happened to be the ablest limner of the lot, I spoke oftenest to her. I discovered that she had a sweet voice and a quick intellect. This decided me. I was quite gone, my dear Paul! Four days passed, during which my whole soul was concentrated on her. I had not an instant's calm repose. I hit upon strange schemes, I built castles in the air, and at last I wrote. Luckily I knew Italian well. I declared my sentiments, told my name and profession, and in my madness begged a return. This letter I placed in my pocket, and then went calmly to my third lesson—I had discovered that the drawing-master had been dismissed—determined to risk all.

'Again I spoke to her, and when I dared, allowed my feelings to peer forth in the intonation of my voice—in my looks. Towards the end of my lesson I had to put forth my hand to guide hers. The abbess was speaking to the priest. I rapidly placed the letter before her, saying, "Take it, as you value my life!" She started, turned pale, and closed her hand. I saved my head. All was quiet as usual, and I continued my lesson.'

'The abbess was delighted with my assiduity; and after I had undergone an examination from the confessor of the convent, offered me the place of drawing-master. I accepted, and returned to my fourth lesson with a beating heart. She was there, but how pale, how sad! Her eyes were red with weeping. She never looked at me once during the whole two hours, and never spoke. I, however, by means of the same manoeuvre, gave her a second letter. The next Monday, when I was just about to conclude, and while the abbess was admiring a sketch I had made for my pupils, I placed a third note before the trembling novice. Our hands met, and she thrust mine back, and rose. The letter lay on the desk. I took it up, and went away in despair. When I returned home I took it out. It was an answer to my two first epistles, brief, but delightful.'

'She declared that before she saw me she had been resigned to her fate, though placed in a convent to swell the wealth of a male cousin, and having no taste for the life of a nun. I had shown her the dark side of the picture by my warm and passionate words, and by my offer of my hand. It was true that the domestic happiness I painted so vividly might have been hers, and was no doubt far preferable to her gloomy prison; but she must resign herself to what was, and begged me to abandon her to her hopeless fate. Not one word of affection in the whole epistle; but the epistle itself was enough for me.'

'I am free. I have no relations. I am five-and-twenty. I resolved to escape with her, and start in life as a married man. In my next letter I offered to wait on the uncle, resign her fortune, and obtain her hand thus. I was answered again. It was impossible. He was a proud, avaricious man, who wanted to conciliate fortune for his son, and the good opinion of the world.'

'I will spare you the next two months. Suffice, that at the end of that time Olivia Colonna agreed to fly with me. I was to scale the convent wall, cast a ladder over, and have everything prepared for flight. I trusted a friend and countryman, she a young girl, who agreed to procure the keys of the cells and of the garden. There was little difficulty about this. Evasions were rare, and the portress was easily persuaded into allowing a moonlight stroll when the request was backed by a golden argument. Our last arrangements were made verbally, and the night came round. I and my friend were at our post at eleven o'clock. A hammer and some long iron nails soon brought me to the top of the wall. I saw a figure standing near a tree in the garden. I cast the ladder over, and prepared to descend.'

'At that instant out came a stream of people and torches from the convent, as if they had been waiting

for my appearance. The figure, which I could see wore the dress of a novice, and which was advancing towards me, fell. It was too late. The whole house was upon us. Women and men-servants swelled the force. I descended from my elevation, and fled. No time was to be lost. My position was very dangerous. My friend bought my furniture, and I escaped from Rome. Here I am, as much in love as ever, but now utterly hopeless.

'A very romantic and touching story!' said Paul, in reality much moved by the tone of the young artist. 'But is she so very beautiful? I should like to see her.' 'You shall!' cried Alexis, seizing his painting implements. 'I have found a subject!'

And he immediately began the outline of a face which had ever been present to his memory for five months past. Paul let him work in silence for some time, and then seeing that he was seriously engaged at his task, rose and went away. From that day Alexis never left his portrait, except to take his meals and to smoke a pipe. Paul came every day; but he never made the slightest remark. At the end of three weeks a perfect picture stood upon the easel of the young artist.

'Beautiful in face—beautiful in execution!' said Paul, standing before it. 'It is the sweetest face and the best portrait I have seen for years. Is it like?'

'It is not lovely enough,' said the artist with a sigh. 'Of course not; but you must send it to the Exhibition. It will make you.'

'Never! It shall remain here.'

'Nonsense!' cried Paul; 'it is too late for you to do anything else. I insist on your sending it for approval. If you don't, I'll make you the laughing-stock of every atelier in Paris.'

A month later, the portrait was in the great gallery of the Louvre. For some time, however, it remained unnoticed and unpurchased, and Alexis relapsed into his former sadness. His mind brooded perseveringly upon the one thought which filled his brain.

One evening he sat alone in his small chamber. A scanty repast lay before him. It was untouched: he had forgotten it. Suddenly his bell was pulled sharply; he rose, opened the door, and a tall handsome old man stood before him.

'Monsieur Alexis Verneuil?' said he, bowing.

'Yes, sir. Do me the honour to enter. I beg pardon. Allow me, madame, to show you a light.'

The tall gentleman, who spoke with a strong Italian accent, entered, followed by a lady closely veiled, who sat down in a corner.

'You are the author of No. 1023 in the Exhibition, I believe?' said the stranger rather haughtily.

'I am,' replied Alexis with equal hauteur.

'What price do you set upon it?'

'I value it more than anything I could have in return. It is not for sale, monsieur.'

'How, sir! not for sale? Then why is it in the Exhibition?'

'In the hope of obtaining orders. To say the truth, it went there against my will: I was over-persuaded by a friend.'

'But, sir, name your own price; I must have that picture! I have my reasons for it. Will you take five thousand francs?'

'Five thousand francs is a fortune, sir; but excuse me—I cannot part with that picture.'

'But at least you will give an explanation?' cried the other angrily. 'The fact is, I know the original!'

'You know the original, sir!' exclaimed Alexis rising. 'In mercy tell me—where is she?'

'I should rather ask you, since with you she fled from the convent.'

'With me, monsieur!' cried Alexis, whose excitement was fearful. 'She never left the convent: hence my grief.'

'I am deeply interested in this story. Young man, speak frankly. This lady is equally interested. Speak out, and I will explain to you where she is.'

In breathless haste Alexis told his story.

'I knew it was a mistake!' cried Olivia, throwing off her veil. 'I knew it! Uncle, I draw back my word. Alexis must, and shall, be my husband!'

'Girl,' said the old man sternly, 'remember your solemn promise!'

'Given while I thought Alexis false.'

Olivia then explained that she had in her confusion taken eleven for nine, and had come into the garden at that hour wrapped in a cloak. Aided by her friend, and a ladder used by the gardener, she had climbed the garden-wall, and escaped. After waiting an hour outside the convent, she grew alarmed, and fled. She had her mother's jewels, some money, and the will of her father in a small box. She knew the house of an old nurse. Thither she went, and meeting with a kind reception from the woman and her daughter Rosa, after some difficulty she got out of Rome disguised as a peasant girl, and, accompanied by Rosa as her servant, reached France.

Here she determined to remain, because she was free, and had made up her mind to forget the ungrateful Alexis. She had put her affairs into the hands of an honourable notary, who at once set about procuring her property from the uncle. He, much alarmed, came to Paris, and presented himself before his niece. His own impression was, that Olivia had fled with some unprincipled Frenchman, who had abandoned her on his arrival in France, and he did not believe her story. She, however, solemnly assured him of her veracity, and the old man was convinced. He then proposed a marriage between the cousins. Olivia refused her consent; but on the solemn promise of her uncle to abandon all idea of a convent, agreed to return home. First, however, she determined to visit the gallery of living painters, in the faint hope of finding some trace of Alexis, and of purchasing at least a picture to remember him by.

Both Olivia and her uncle were astounded to find an exact and perfect likeness of Olivia herself in the novice dress. Both eagerly turned to the catalogue, and read the name of Alexis Verneuil. Olivia, still under the impression that the artist had flinched from the decisive step he had himself provoked, asked her uncle to go and see him, and to buy the picture. Pietro Colonna agreed at once, and did not refuse his consent to her accompanying him. In the dress of the day, with a cloak and veil, it would have been difficult to recognise the Italian nun.

Alexis was transported with joy. The old man looked on in moody silence. His plans were overthrown, and as he was not in Italy, it was quite impossible for him to use his authority to get Olivia again immured in a convent. Seeing, therefore, no other way of ending the scene with any credit to himself, he adopted the best plan which, under the circumstances, he could have hit upon.

'Young man,' said he, smiling, 'come, and dine with us. I see very well I must make an exchange with you. Take her, but in return I expect to have the picture.'

Alexis could not speak. He turned round, took his hat, offered his arm to Olivia, and mechanically followed the old man down stairs. A carriage awaited them. They drove to the old marquis's hotel. They dined, and after dinner the joyous lovers told each other their several stories over again, and were as delightfully happy as people usually are under such circumstances.

The marriage took place a week later. Paul was present, and was the life of the party. He took all the credit of this happy ending to himself. It was he who had projected the portrait; it was he who had had it sent to the Exhibition. Alexis became happy and independent; but he loved his art, and besides, with the power and

talent to work, he could not bear to be dependent on his wife's fortune. And so Alexis Verneuil became, before long, one of the leading artists of the day, and is so still. But I have often heard him declare, with a happy smile, that he shall never do anything which will bring him such a price as he obtained for *The Portrait*.

ANECDOTES OF LONDON.

LONDON does not belong to the Cockneys exclusively, but to the whole kingdom. It is a common centre—a reservoir—a pivot. Its mind is made up of the intelligence of the country, its wealth amassed by the industry of the people, its power delegated by the entire nation; and this mind, wealth, power, are continuously returned through its agency in innumerable ducts to the provinces. It does *not* belong to the Cockneys exclusively: we are not sure, indeed, that they quite understand it. The stokers and engine-men are so much taken up with their steamer, that they do not altogether comprehend steam; and in like manner the Cockneys, bounded by local views, may have only a faint apprehension of the meaning of their metropolis. You never can get their spirits quite out of London in its materiality, which shows that they have no distinct perception of London in its universality.

We do not quarrel, however, with books written avowedly about London. These are always more or less agreeable, and more or less informing, and they are quite as well appreciated in the most distant parts of the country as within the bills of mortality. The last few years have been very prolific in such productions, and we hardly know why we have not noticed some of them as they appeared. Let us now take up the last, as the newest version of things that are never old. Knight, Hunt, Cunningham, and others, have preceded Mr Jesse: so much the better, for we shall no doubt profit by the fact in every page—since even our author himself sets out with the ominous acknowledgment that Cunningham's 'Handbook' is 'the most valuable work on London which has appeared since the days of Stow.'

The plan of the work before us is practically good, though liable to some literary objections. The author walks through London methodically, acting as cicerone to the reader, and giving him the history and associations of each locality they pass through. This is so far advantageous, that the book may be turned up where we please, and consulted like a dictionary: but at the same time it involves the necessity of repetitions—exposing us to be met again and again by the great fire, or the great plague, or the Gordon riots, or to be encountered every now and then by Queen Elizabeth in her ruff, or taken into custody repeatedly by the same lord mayor. This is tiresome to those who like to read straight through, and make an end of one book before tackling with another; but for a parlour-table volume, to be dipped into occasionally either for amusement or information, it is the best plan that could be adopted. The first series—for this is confined to what is called the City—entered doubtless into some general speculations; but here we are strictly confined to the places actually described. Some consideration, however, bestowed on the increase of the metropolis, its inherent expansiveness, and instinctive pursuit of bulk under difficulties, would be a good preparation for the sight-seer's mind; and some hint of the theory of the changes that have travestied the whole city, and turned it inside out in so remarkable a manner, would enable him to wander with greater zest and a more open spirit through those seemingly fabulous nooks where trade gorges itself among the ruins of chivalry, or rags and hunger crouch in the heretofore halls of princes.

We have alluded in a recent article to the terror with

which Queen Elizabeth viewed the increase of London in her time, when Holborn was a rural village, and Charing a solitary place of call on the road to Westminster. This great queen was afraid that if any addition was made to the enormous multitude already congregated in her capital, it would become impossible to govern the inhabitants in serving God and obeying her majesty; likewise that a supply of food, at reasonable prices, for so vast a city would be wholly out of the question; and finally, that from such great numbers of people inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be very poor, and such as must live by begging and worse means, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered, with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow, if any plague or other unusual sickness come among them, it would presently spread through the whole city and confines, and also into all parts of the realm. All the queen's efforts, however, and all those of her successor, James, were unavailing; and in spite of proclamations and acts of parliament London continued to increase. It now contains a population about equal to that of all Scotland, and is as peaceably governed, and as cheaply and abundantly supplied with food, as the smallest town in the kingdom.

In the time of the maiden queen, stage-coaches and hackney-coaches, which became afterwards necessities to the bulk of the people, were wholly unknown. It was not till 1625 that the first hackney-coaches were seen in London; and in ten years they had increased so much, that King Charles thought it necessary to put a stop to the abuse by an order in council. They appear to have been looked upon with a sort of alarm even by those who took advantage of the convenience they offered; and the government regarded their increasing number with the same kind of indefinite apprehensions which the increasing magnitude of London gave to Elizabeth and James. King Charles declared them to be an encumbrance of the streets, endangering the lives of his subjects, and impeding the passage of provision-carts; and he therefore granted a privilege for establishing a service of sedan-chairs. He afterwards endeavoured to suppress them nearly altogether; and at various times they were limited to a very small number by law. How scared our ancestors would have been had they seen even in a dream the hackney-coaches, cabs, and buses of the present day competing with steamboats rushing along the river at a halfpenny a trip!

But our cicerone waits. The travesty of the city in its ancient localities is still more remarkable than the changes we have alluded to. The priory of St Bartholomew, formerly distinguished by its vast extent, its gardens, walks, fish-ponds, and mulberry-trees, is now a portion of the enclosure of Smithfield. Passing from this detestable area under a covered gateway, we enter what remains of the church, being merely its chancel, and are surprised by its massive pillars and graceful arches. Surrounded by mean hovels, and by a population of the lowest description, the exterior of the ancient priory, though degraded to strange purposes, is scarcely less interesting than the interior. Beauty and decay meet us at every step. In order to view the noble arches of the ancient cloisters, we must dive into a timber-yard; or if we seek for arched ceilings and fretted cornices, they are to be met with in the apartments of an adjoining public-house; while the old refectory, formerly one of the noblest halls in London, has been converted into a tobacco manufactory. The fine oaken roof of the latter still remains. The exterior of the building has been sadly modernised, and the interior has been subdivided by intermediate roofs and ceilings; but still sufficient remains to recall vividly to our imaginations the days when this noble apartment was the scene of ecclesiastical hospitality, and brilliant with all the splendid paraphernalia of the church of Rome.

In the neighbourhood of Smithfield, leading from St John Street, a narrow lane conducts to the ancient

* London and its Celebrities: A Second Series of Literary and Historical Memorials of London. By J. Henneage Jesse. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1890.

gateway of another priory—the once magnificent hospital of the knights of St John. 'St John's Gate, with all its interesting associations, has been long since converted into a public-house. When the author of these "Memorials" recently paid a visit to the spot, he was struck by observing a copy of manuscript verses, framed and glazed, hanging up in the taproom, purporting that in that apartment Dr Johnson used to dance attendance on Cave the bookseller. The principal apartment he found hung with tawdry banners and tinsel armour; and on inquiry, was told that it was used as a refectory by a modern order of knights of St John, consisting of tradesmen residing in the neighbourhood, who, entitling themselves Knights of St John of Jerusalem, elect their prior, or grand-master, drink beer and smoke tobacco, and are not too proud to admit strangers to their social board on payment of twopence a-head.'

The region of Finsbury, now occupied by large and handsome houses in Finsbury Square, Finsbury Circus, &c. and by wealthy shops in the Pavement, was, so late as the time of Charles II., a series of fenny pastures known as Moorfields and Fensbury. 'As far back as the twelfth century, Finsbury and Moorfields were favourite places of recreation for the citizens of London; while centuries afterwards, the cudgel-players and wrestling-matches in Moorfields are severally spoken of by Shadwell and Pepys. Heath tells us, in his "Chronicle," that from "time out of mind" it had been the scene of wrestling-matches and throwing the bar; and to these sports we may add those of archery, boxing, foot-races, foot-ball, and every kind of manly recreation. It has generally been supposed that skating was first introduced into England by Charles II. and his gay courtiers, who are said to have learned the art during their exile in the Low Countries. There is a curious passage, however, in Fitzstephen—the earliest historian of London—which shows that the art of skating, or at least something very nearly approaching to it, was practised by the citizens of London as early as the twelfth century. Speaking of the pastimes on the ice in Moorfields, he says—"Others there are who are more expert in these amusements: they place certain bones, the leg-bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow." The piece of water on which the citizens of London performed their pastimes is spoken of by Fitzstephen as "the great fen or moor which watereth the walls of the city on the north side."

Paternoster Row was a street of eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen, till these were burned out by the great fire. Then came tirewomen busy with the sale of commodores and top-knots; and then booksellers, for interior furnishing and adornment. Change is everywhere. Even the booksellers now cry, Westward, ho! and perhaps in the course of another generation Paternoster Row will have assumed a new character. This famous academy of learning was matched in the sixteenth century by another of a somewhat different description: it was a seminary for the instruction of young thieves in the art of picking pockets, and is thus noticed in a letter addressed to Lord Burghly by Fleetwood the recorder of London:—"Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way. One Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, having fallen by time into decay, kept an ale-house at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a schoolhouse set up to learn young boys to cut purses; there were hung up two devices: the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk's bells, and over the top did hang a little

scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a *public hogster*; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a *judicial nipper*. N. B.—That a *hogster* is a pick-pocket, and a *nipper* is termed a pick-purse, or a cut-purse.' This academy still continues to flourish, though in various localities, and with some shades of difference caused by the different manners of the time. The cut-purse, for instance, is obsolete, since people no longer wear their purses at their girdles.

In the middle of last century, Horace Walpole writes that street-robberies in London were so frequent, that 'people were almost afraid of stirring after it is dark.' On the very day, says our author, preceding the date of this letter, 'a proclamation appeared in the London Gazette, offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any offender. Singular as these facts may appear, there is no doubt that, favoured by the ill-lighted and ill-protected state of the streets, highway robberies were committed in the heart of London up to a much later period than we have usually any notion of. Less than half a century ago, a near relative of the author, accompanied by a friend (both of whom are still living to corroborate the fact), were on their way to Ranelagh, when, in Piccadilly, opposite to St James's Church, the hackney-coach in which they were seated was suddenly stopped, two men with pistols presenting themselves, one at each door, while a third jumped on the box to overawe the coachman. Without the means of defence, they were compelled to satisfy the ruffians by delivering up their watches and money, and, at their departure, drove to the nearest police station to give information of the robbery. Here but little hopes of redress were held out to them. Their tale was listened to as if it had been one of nightly occurrence; and as regarded the evidence of the coachman, they had the satisfaction of learning that very little doubt existed but that he was in league with the robbers.'

This brings us, *volens volens*, to the famous stronghold of thieves at the south end of Saffron Hill, which was an asylum for these artists down to our own time. The Fleet river rolled its nauseous course in the midst; and on this spot the last glimpse was obtained of it a few years ago, when some old houses were pulled down. 'Here, according to tradition, the notorious Jonathan Wild carried on his crafty and nefarious traffic of plunder and human blood. The black and disgusting-looking stream flowed through a deep and narrow channel, encased on each side with brick, and overhung by miserable-looking dwelling-houses, the abode of poverty and crime. The stronghold of the thieves consisted of two separate habitations, one on each side of the ditch, which were ingeniously contrived with the means of escape, in the event of their being invaded by the myrmidons of the law. On each side of the ditch also was a small aperture in the brickwork, of sufficient size to afford egress for the human body; and accordingly a plank might be readily thrown from one aperture to the other, and as readily withdrawn in the event of pursuit; or, in the last extremity, the culprit could plunge into the ditch, and pursue his course down the murky stream, till either some familiar outlet, or the habitation of some friendly companion in crime, afforded him the means of escape. The principal building, to which we have alluded, was unquestionably of great antiquity. In the reign of George I. it was known as the Red Lion Tavern. Its dark closets, its trap-doors, its sliding panels, and its secret recesses and hiding-places, rendered it no less secure for purposes of robbery and murder, than as a refuge for those who were under the ban of the law. In this house, about twelve years ago, a sailor was robbed, and afterwards hung naked, through one of the apertures which we have described, into the Fleet ditch—a crime for which two men and a woman were subsequently convicted and transported for fourteen years. About the same time,

although the premises were surrounded by the police, a thief made his escape by means of its communications with the neighbouring houses, the inhabitants of which were almost universally either subsistent upon, or friendly to, pillage and crime. At the demolition of these premises, there were found in the cellars, among other mysterious evidences of the dark deeds which had been perpetrated within their walls, numerous human bones, which, there can be little doubt, were those of persons who had met with an untimely end.

After this, we may read with less pain an explanation of the term Press Yard, in connection with the Old Bailey prison. The 'press' was an expedient for compelling prisoners to plead who remained silent; not with the view of saving their lives, but of preventing their property from falling into the hands of the crown. In this case of contumacy, the person was taken to the Press Yard, stretched upon his back, and a heavy weight of iron placed on his chest, and gradually increased till he pleaded or died. A minute account of the execution of Major Strangeways in 1659 by this horrible process is given in 'Knight's London.' In later and more humane times, the compression of the thumb by whiplcord was substituted for the iron press; and this torture continued up to 1734—more than a score of years after the 'Spectator' and other elegant works circulated widely among the people.

The church of St Sepulchre, in the neighbourhood of Newgate, played an important part in the ceremonial of executions. The officiating clergyman came to the window of the condemned cell at night, and tolling a handbell, put the miserable wretches within in mind of their approaching end. The same functionary stood on the steps of his church when the mournful procession passed towards Tyburn, and again ringing the bell, repeated an appointed prayer, and called on the spectators to pray likewise. From the same steps, up to the last seventy years, a nosegay was presented to each criminal on this his last journey. According to the "Annals of Newgate," it was for many years a custom for the bellman of St Sepulchre's, on the eve of an execution, to proceed under the walls of Newgate, and to repeat the following verses in the hearing of the criminals in the condemned cell:—

"All you that in the condemned cell do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray; the hour is drawing near
When you before the Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves; in time repent;
That you may not in eternal flames be sent;
And when St Paul's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls!"
Past twelve o'clock!"

It is curious how much of this book, and of all other records and materials of history, is taken up with crime! Every page of the annals of the human race is spotted with blood; and London, as a great congregating centre, has of course an ample share. It is agreeable to turn from St Sepulchre's to the small but graceful church of St Olave in Hart Street, at the west end of Crutched Friars. Not the least interesting object in St Olave's Church is a small monument of white marble, surmounted with the bust of a female displaying considerable beauty, and enriched with cherubims, skeletons' heads, palm branches, and other ornaments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossiping, bustling, good-humoured secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, who erected this memorial in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St Olave's Church consists in its connection with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers, and the frequent notices of it which occur in his amusing pages. Pepys resided close by in Seething Lane, and St Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and so graphic are the notices of it which occur in his "Diary," that we almost imagine we see the familiar figure of the smartly-attired secretary in one of the old

oak pews; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him; her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders; her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans or Lady Castlemaine; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The inscription on her monument, in Latin, informs us that she was descended in the female line from the noble family of the Cliffords; that she received her education at the court of France; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person and the accomplishments of her mind; that she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine.

In the same street, till a few years ago, was Whittington's palace, an old mansion so styled in the old leases, and supposed to have been the residence of the famous lord mayor of London. But even here we cannot get rid of crime. On pulling down the old mansion, to make room for some contemplated improvements, the following curious discovery was made:—On removing the basement-walls, the workmen came to a small brick chamber, the only opening to which was from the top. On breaking into it, it was found to contain many human bones, mixed with hair, and so disposed of as to afford much reason to believe that the chamber had been the scene of foul play. This impression was still further strengthened by the discovery of a dagger—about twelve inches in length, and with its point broken—which was found lying among the bones.

Of such materials are these two volumes—and we may add, every other volume about London—composed. They are all based upon the labours of Stow, who lived close to the pump at Aldgate. Fortunately for the world, this learned tailor gave up his trade, and took to authorcraft; but how did the world requite him? 'Stow,' says Mr D'Israeli in his 'Calamities of Authors,' 'had devoted his life, and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he had travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study; and, seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste: for Spenser the poet visited the library of Stow, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labours of our author. Late in life, worn out with study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, his good-humour did not desert him; for, being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he had made so much use of." Many a mile had he wandered, and much had he expended for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stow at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself! "as a recompense for his labour and travel of forty-five years, in setting forth the *Chronicles of England*, and eight years taken up in the *Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, towards his relief now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employing himself for the service and good of his country." Letters-patent under the great seal were granted. After no penurious commendation of Stow's labours, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England: to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters-patent were to be published by the clergy

from their pulpit. They produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth: one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence!

Letters-patent under the great seal! Who shall sue after this at the grant recently made to the widow of Waghorn, the opener of the overland route to India?

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.*

Warts.—It is a popular belief, says Mr Erasmus Wilson, that the blood which flows from warts, when wounded, will cause them to grow on whatever parts of the skin the blood touches; and schoolboys, who love experiments, occasionally adopt this method of transplanting them, but without success. Indeed there is no truth in the supposition; and if a fresh crop should be produced around a wart that has been teased by a schoolboy, the fact, when it happens, admits of a more philosophical explanation.† Another idea respecting warts is, that they may be charmed away—an idea, by the by, of considerable antiquity, but one which still prevails, or at least did so not long ago. It was supposed that the wart might be mysteriously transplanted, and then buried. Mr Pettigrew tells us, that in a letter from Mr Hann to the Hon. Robert Boyle, allusion is made to the cure of warts—'by taking an elder stick, and cutting as many notches in it as there are warts; then rubbing it upon the warts, and burying it in a dunghill.'‡ He also says that Grose gives for the removal of these excrescences direction 'to steal a piece of beef from a butcher's shop, and rub your wart with it; then throw it down the necessary-house, or bury it, and as the beef rots, your warts will decay.'§ Fortunately we are now in possession of more effectual means of removing warts, so that the charms may be said to have lost their charm.

That Blisters not Rising show the Patient to be Dying.—It is very certain that a blister will not rise on a dead man any more than on a hair trunk; but there is a very ridiculous notion, that if a blister does not rise, it is a proof that the patient is likely to die. I need not say that many circumstances may prevent the operation of a blister; and if we have no better evidence of approaching dissolution than its failure, we are bound to suspect that the blister has been very inefficiently managed.

That Disease Changes at Particular Periods.—This is one of those notions which, as we shall have many occasions to remark of others, is partly true and partly false; and perhaps medical men are themselves in some degree divided on the subject. Some complaints undoubtedly observe regular periods; and others, which are less known to do so, may in reality observe a law of periodicity which has yet to be discovered. We do not, therefore, wish to deny the possibility of nature's operating in this manner, and are far from wishing to circumscribe the limits of natural phenomena by our own information; still, it seems to us that some people make assumptions beyond what the present information on the subject will warrant. 'My daughter was taken ill at ten this morning; now at ten to-night I expect a change. What do you think, doctor?' Or another was taken ill on a Friday at six, and the next Friday at six the mother will consider a most critical period. The fact is, every patient has his own reading of the case: one thinks every twelve hours important; another the same hour daily; a third the same day of the

week, or perhaps fortnight; so that these people are not even agreed themselves as to the period.

Tide.—Somewhat similar to this idea is that of supposing the ebb and flow of the tide to influence disease. I have known people who are in expectation of the death of a friend look forward to the ebb of the tide as a circumstance likely to determine the event. This notion is alluded to by Shakspeare in his description of Falstaff's death. It is highly characteristic even to the medical reader. Dame Quickly says, 'A man's finer end, and went away, an it had been any Christian child: 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide; for after, I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.' It is at least a fine and poetical idea, that the retreat of the ocean carries back with it the departing spirit to its final resting-place—to the distant shore, where the golden clouds of heaven mingle with the glorious deep. With such an idea, the fisherman as he watches over his dying child, would listen with secret awe to the distant roar of the retiring waters.

That a Man has a Rib less than a Woman.—We should scarcely have imagined that this error could be seriously entertained, had we not been once or twice actually questioned on the subject. The absurdity of such an opinion is so easily demonstrated by inspection of the skeleton, that controversy cannot arise. Whatever Adam's condition may have been, our fair partners do not now exist at the expense of our ribs.

That Clever Children will not Live Long.—Delicate constitutions are not unfrequently associated with precocious minds. With scrofulous and consumptive habits there are often combined states of intellectual brightness which only render more deplorable the untimely death which ensues. This being a subject of general remark, it is not uncommon to regard the early indications of genius with a certain fearful presentiment of a premature fate. Shakspeare says†—

'So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.'

This connection of premature indications of talent and early death is, however, far from being a constant one. A striking instance of the contrary may be mentioned as having occurred in the great Haller. We are almost afraid to relate what is told of his youth, lest we appear to be seeking only for the marvellous. We may say generally, however, that while yet at an early age, he displayed the most extraordinary industry and research, as well as the most brilliant talents; yet he reached a very considerable age.

Eye of Lunatics.—There is altogether an extravagant notion about the appearance of lunatics. Some people imagine that an insane man can be detected at once by the appearance of the eye, and feel a sort of disappointment in going through asylums to see the inmates looking like other people. We believe there are persons sufficiently romantic to suppose that all insane women are beautiful. Like Sterne's Maria, they expect to see them in white, with long dishevelled hair, and perchance a goat, attached by a silken cord, sitting at their sides. Some lunatics have undoubtedly a very curious and characteristic expression—a kind of side glance, with a stealthy pace, and an unmeaning smile continually playing on the countenance; but a great many people with disordered intellects look exactly like their fellow-men, and there is not that particular appearance of the eye which speaks, infallibly and at once of the aberration of the mind. It will be conceded, then, at any rate, that the common notion is an extravagant one, and this kind of test altogether fallacious.

Wind of a Ball.—Old soldiers are proverbially fond

* Communicated by Mr James Bower Harrison, surgeon, Broughton, Manchester. See present series, with the same title, in Nos. 266, 268, 269, and 270.

† On the Healthy Skin, p. 293.

‡ Medical Superstitions, p. 77.

§ Ibid. p. 80.

* King Henry V. Act II.

† Richard III. Act III. Scene I.

of story-telling, and perhaps rival the barbers in this respect. It is natural enough that they should like to recount the deeds they have done; and, as Goldsmith says, 'shoulder the crutch, and show how fields are won.' You ask that poor fellow with the wooden-leg how it was that he lost his limb?—you suppose it was a cannon-ball that struck it. 'Oh dear no, sir; it was from the wind only. The leg was no more touched than your own; the skin all unbroken and unbruised; but the bone crushed and soft. The ball,' he says, 'must have passed close by it.' On this subject even professional men have been in some hesitation; but I will quote the words of a very eminent army surgeon, who has only lately been removed from among us.

Mr Samuel Cooper says,* 'A cannon-ball, especially when nearly spent, frequently strikes the surface of the body or a limb obliquely, and is reflected without breaking the skin. A soldier may be killed in this way without any appearance of external violence. His comrades suppose, therefore, that he has been killed by the wind of a ball! But the error of this opinion is immediately manifest when it is remembered that cannon-balls often carry away parts of the dress without doing any harm to the person.' Mr Druitt, the author of a valuable little manual of surgery, accounts for these so-called wind-contusions in a similar manner; and quotes the celebrated Baron Larrey in support of his views.

Shoulder growing Out.—A very common phrase is that of the shoulder growing out, and no little apprehension is occasioned by it. It is not uncommon to see a projection of the shoulder-blade, and this does indeed appear to non-professional eyes like a direct outward growth of the bone. Such is not, however, the case in reality: the protrusions of the shoulder-blade being the result of a curvature of the spine, which so alters the position of the ribs as to cause the jutting out of the shoulder-blade. The spine, therefore, and not the shoulder, should be the object of solicitude in such cases. This, I have no doubt, is well known to most educated persons; but still just worthy of mention in connection with the correction of these popular errors; for occasionally we meet with quacks who recommend iron plates to press back the bone, and which only bear upon some part of the distempered spine, which is not calculated for such injurious machinery.

Healing Medicine.—Many medicines are said to be what is called *healing*. Frequently we are asked whether such and such a medicine be not very healing to the stomach and bowels. Spermaceti was formerly considered as one of this class of medicines, and the spermaceti draught was a favourite remedy in old times with obstetric practitioners.† Shakespeare, in Hotspur's description of a fop, makes him say, that

—'the sovereign'st thing on earth
Is spermaceti for an inward bruise.'

There is less reason, however, to doubt the part of his speech which relates to the 'villanous effects of salt-petre, which many a good tall fellow has destroyed.' The old women will be telling us every now and then that a little linseed-tea would be very healing to the lungs. Persons with notions of this kind seem to me to be very easily satisfied with medical reasoning. They never go on to ask how the effect is produced, or upon what foundation the evidence rests. This brings us to speak of popular credulity in the efficacy of drugs.

That Medicines find out the Exact Place of the Disease.—Though we are by no means one of those who would underrate the efficacy of medicine, we must confess that the popular belief is in many instances much too favourable. There is a growing spirit in these days, however, to fall into the opposite extreme, which in its

turn is mischievous. The believers in physis are sometimes not content with a general acquiescence in the virtues of drugs, but suppose that the medicine finds its way at once to the particular seat of the disorder—what the chemists would call a sort of *elective affinity* between the physis and the diseased organ. 'Doctor, I feel it working at the complaint. My arm certainly hurts me a good deal more to-night, but I suppose it is the medicine which is "*finding out the disease!*"' The doctor who supports such a view deserves finding out himself. Medicines have undoubtedly more or less influence on particular organs of the body, or at least different organs have different capabilities of eliminating medicines from the body; but to suppose that a medicine pursues a disease like a cat running after a mouse is more amusing than true. The patient will often tell you, however, that since he has taken his bottle, the disease has evidently quitted its old quarters, and is beating a kind of retreat under cover, perhaps, of some artillery of pain.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

'Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty got a great fall;
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty on his wall again.'

THESE lines found favour with me even in my nursery. They enunciated, as it were, a myth suitable to my age, dealing with things of the visible world as they were then present, or might be supposed to be present. I received them, therefore, with the deference and sympathy due to the sad fortunes which they celebrated. But I was in no definite communion with their hero, and was utterly unconscious of any moral contained within them. Humpty Dumpty in his palmy days, elate and safe upon his wall, was, to my upturned fancy, an object of reverence and awe. Fallen from his high estate, and weltering in his yolk, his albumen, his chips of shell, and all the other particles, internal and external, that distinguish the eggy from the live-born—and under the very shadow of that wall upon whose top he had erewhile basked in the sunshine, or caught the breeze within the hard, minute spiracula of his outward surface—he seemed to me as one whose fate was paralleled by that of Nebuchadnezzar alone. Proud of heart, like him, and self-glorifying, and, like him, not only cast down from his throne and supremacy, but metamorphosed, and his primal shape acknowledging him no more. And then the pathos that lingers round the closing story! Such irremediable mischance!—such, as far as we can discern, unmerited, unprovoked disgrace! And beyond the power of horse or man, of strength or craft, to repair! Though all the royal host, in number beyond the powers of simple arithmetic to express—all the king's horses, and all the king's men, were to be brought to that work! At the conclusion, my heart would ache and my tongue falter. My only refuge from utter disconsolation was in pondering again and again the first line of Humpty Dumpty's history; and again I would fondly place him, in his first metrical integrity, upon that wall on which his biographer reveals him, not only exalted by, but overtopping and crowning it.

But gradually the narration assumed another image and a graver character. It presented itself as a great enigma. The deepening chambers of my brain received and entertained this wondrous verse, fraught with new meaning, pregnant with twin mysteries. And in the solution that presented itself, I learned how little could strength or skill avail to reunite in all their due relations the once-dissevered parts of Humpty Dumpty's marvellous nature—to make it once more a principle of poultry, though in embryo, and unachieved.

And again, another and a riper period came, of deeper

* Elements of Surgery, p. 175.

† See Ramsbotham, p. 188—Practice of Obstetric Medicine.

thought and swelling and brightening consciousness. And then I saw unfolded the deep moral that lurks within my nursery rhyme—that legend so long and dearly, but ignorantly loved—a deep moral and a saddening truth, never yet written on the white page of life's early commentaries; but, alas! too often and too plainly manifested in the mournful lessons gathered amid ripening years and withering hopes! Of the verses of our childhood there are doubtless many, bequeathed by wisdom and experience to mankind, that serve well to soothe our infant sorrows, to awaken our young wonder, and unfold to us, in later days, the moral, alas! so plainly confirmed when we have learned by heart, and in the heart's saddest earnest, the true history of life!

And so it is with the fall and partition of Humpty Dumpty. Never believe it to be the mere story of an unhappy man's precipitation; least of all, to be a mere riddle, hard of solution, and unimportant, and perhaps of little meaning when solved. Believe it to be, as truly it is, a gathering up into one of all the images the most appalling—absolute dispersion and dissolution of all the elements of form and matter, but with a sense still left of being and identity, pressing, incubus-like, on a mind, helpless in its suffering, yet restless and hopeless.

The fall of my first Humpty Dumpty—for thou, reader, and I, and all of us, have had, and still have, many Humpty Dumpties thronging around us as monitors or familiars—the fall of my first Humpty Dumpty was a moral fall. I was but newly entering into life, and he was sitting aloft upon a wall, whose foundations I believed were laid, deep and secure, in the perfectability of our nature, in my full perception of the good, the beautiful, and the true; and because that wall fell, gradually and crumblingly fell—how grievously I care not now to recall—Humpty Dumpty fell too. I have in some measure retraced my steps; I have in some measure learned to look up from my moral fall to the high qualities of others; I have in some measure won back the moral ground I had lost; but my mind can never again trust and believe as once it believed and trusted. I have known too surely in myself, and have seen too much in others, of a dissembled purpose, of a perverted will, and an undisciplined longing. My belief in the purity and singleness of my young and untried systems had failed, and can never, by any craft or power, be again restored, and 'put upon the wall again.'* My Humpty Dumpty was thrown down, shattered, and irreparable.

And side by side with the memory of this my moral fall, came thronging back recollections of first loves, of imaginations, trusts, and hopes—recollections now no longer fraught with what would be entitled to the name of grief, so entirely do they belong to the severed associations of early life. But yet they bring back in review the presence of aspirations once indulged, and a consciousness, that, fallen and crushed, they can never be set up again by any effort or art, or replaced by any successor akin to themselves. We may again build up hopes with more wisdom, and with more constancy to their object. But the idol which once was on the wall is gone. 'His place knoweth him no more.' We never again can look forth from a tower of strength, like that in which lay ensconced the treasures of the young heart's wealth and worship. A tower it was, on whose top we basked through such bright days, from whence the sun seemed to rise so early, and set so late, that, as in a polar summer, he might almost be said to have shone without remission on affections, which, as they thawed, lost nothing of their brightness or purity; or if for a short space he sank from the earnest gaze that ever turned towards him, his setting was still warm with the sure trust of what the morrow's dawn would bring, and the dawn was welcome with the promise of a glowing and a glorious noon. It is because of these

associations—because the first can be but once—that this Humpty Dumpty has so greatly fallen.

And now let us view him in another, and a yet darker and sadder form. Methinks I can see him on his wall again; but now I see him as a ghost, or like the column in the desert, casting his shadow far onward into life's path, but casting it on a solitude—a lonely witness of how fair he once was in his 'pride of place,' and how fair was the structure which he once upheld, and how in its fall it made many desolate! And this was wise for the first time we knew of death—when for the first time we realised to ourselves what death means, in its wide severance from all we loved, and what he will on day work, in the wide severance from all we have known—from all we are! Death, in its calm immovableness, its mysterious impassiveness! Life has then first learned its sternest lesson. The shadow of death has passed over the principle of life; and we question life concerning death, and death concerning life; and we wonder how it is that once we lived so undoubtingly secure of the enduring energies of our being; and the spectre of death, in mournful triumph and supremacy, haunts the ruins he has made. In the words, the touching words of Raleigh, 'He hath drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride and ambition of man, and covered all over with these two narrow words—*Hic Jacet!*'

There are also many lesser ways wherein Humpty Dumpty can never be set right again: as when the daily annoyances, the petty grievances of riper years, first break in upon the golden repose of life: when we ourselves, our minds, our remembrances, our requirements, our hopes, cease to be a fairy legend set to music, and have become a tale ineffaceably inscribed in sober reflective prose, with a severe moral tacked to it. We may get occasional glimpses of our first estate: some dawn sparkling on its dew—some warmly-tinted sunset may for a brief space recall it—some sound we long ago heard played to the dance of those swift-footed hours—some perfume which they crushed from the flowers around them, may again faintly renew it; but as an unbroken whole, it is past for ever!

I could weep for very vexation when I think on the fallen Humpty Dumpties which lie spread around me; and yet I will not weep: I will rather believe they are only the embodyings of an unavoidable and a wholesome experience—that while we take our stand upon the present, and from it look out upon the past, we may yet gather comfort. The romantic past, the real present, may meet anew, to assuage and brighten—to remind us that we may also look up; but as we once were on that eminence, before we ever had come down upon the plain—a plain presenting in its distance so many dim, glittering images of love, and hope, and trust—our ignorance was bliss. Even our Humpty Dumpties are to us but a remembered song. The wall is accessible no more; but beneath its shadow may yet be found peace and rest.

THE TOBACCO INSECT.

NATURE shows herself singularly ingenious in fulfilling the mysterious law imposed upon her by the Supreme Being—namely, reproduction by destruction. She surmounts all difficulties, triumphs over the efforts and precautions of man, and suffers nothing to delay the progress of her operations.

Dr Guérin Méneville, to whose patient minuteness of examination French science owes so much, has discovered a new species of destructive agent existing under the most singular condition. This agent, in the shape of a minute insect, is the cause of considerable loss to the Parisian government, making its appearance in their tobacco-manufactories, living in that narcotic even after it has been submitted to all the usual processes, and notwithstanding the most minute examina-

tion of the dried and triturated leaf. The ravages of this insect have been so extensive in the warehoused tobacco, and above all in the cigars, that the serious attention of the administration has at length been called to the loss caused thereby, with the view of indemnifying themselves for the yearly decrease of revenue occasioned by the number and vigour of these tiny adversaries.

In 1847, M. Guérin Méneville, having received from M. Planché, at that time inspector of the tobacco-manufactories, a sample of pierced and damaged cigars, together with a small collection of insects found in them and in other forms of the prepared tobacco, made a succinct examination of both cigars and insects. In the interior of one of the cigars inspected a living insect was found. This M. Guérin Méneville made the subject of his most minute examination, because he at once perceived that it constituted a new species in the great catalogue of animated beings—a species that has not yet been described in any work on entomology. It is of singular appearance, possessing a short, squat body, a protuberant back, and a head so much bent downwards, that its eyes, of a triangular form, can by no means see before it, but only beneath, as if nature had solely designed them to aid the operations of its sharp and serrated mandibles and antennæ. From the last circumstance, the learned doctor has named his new discovery 'the Catorama,' deriving the appellation from two Greek words, which signify to see beneath.

This insect, with its many-jointed antennæ and biforked tongue, is calculated to do immense mischief in the cigar depôts, being three times as large as the *Xyletinus serricornis*—a little coleopteran, met with in the tobacco imported from Louisiana and other parts of North America.

In other fragments of tobacco were found the corpses of the *Elaphidian irrorator*, peculiar to Cuba, and some blatters or kakerlacs, besides a small species of scorpion indigenous to that island. Thus the scientific observer will hereafter be able to ascertain in many instances from whence comes the tobacco submitted to his inspection, though others of these destructive insects, of divers orders and various figures, originally transported from America and the East, have followed man in all his commercial peregrinations, and are to be met with in every country.

All these insects pierce numerous galleries in the tobacco, more especially in its cigar form, depositing therein a granulous substance of an excrementitious nature, and laying their eggs in the holes they form. The ramifications of these galleries, though not sufficiently numerous to spoil the appearance of the cigar, or render it altogether rotten, nevertheless have the effect of admitting the air, and hindering the free draught of the smoke, thereby making the cigar unsuitable for consumption.

But a more serious mischief threatens the smokers than the diminution of material for their favourite pastime. It is well known that many coleoptera possess qualities more or less similar to those of cantharides. Chemical researches would be necessary to ascertain whether the *xyletinus* and the *catorama* have the power of vesication, and to what degree the cantharidine enters into their constitutive principles. Yet incineration certainly modifies these principles; and it is not likely that consumers of tobacco will meet with the same kind of accident that lately befell the director of the school-farm of Vauluse.

Writing in 1849, the recorder of the accident says—'This year the cantharides had scarcely arrived at maturity, when they were deprived of their usual nourishment by the keen frosts occurring in the middle of April, which withered the foliage of the lilacs and ash-trees. Urged by necessity, they fell upon the asparagus plants that had appeared above the surface of the ground. M. Fabre having, along with his friends,

eaten of this asparagus, without being deterred by the strong odour exhaled by the plants, experienced certain disagreeable consequences produced by the taking of the cantharides into the stomach.'

Far be it from us to alarm the moderate smokers of Europe. Admitting the presence of the cantharidine in some of the insects found in tobacco—and farther, supposing that combustion does not altogether destroy this property—the principle would exist in too small a dose to cause serious inconvenience, and possibly might even be of benefit to some constitutions. Besides, all the tobacco spoiled by the insects is carefully eliminated; and it is seldom that any but products perfectly intact, and of excellent quality, are delivered for consumption.

THE FISHERMAN OF THE HAVANNAH.

WE were lying at anchor in the beautiful harbour of the Havannah, in the month of July, in the year of grace, 1849, in the stout ship *Dolphin* of Liverpool. I was the only passenger on board, the others having disembarked at Kingston, where we had touched first. We were at anchor inside the Fort; and the delightful perfume of the orange and lemon-trees, and of other tropical fruits, came wafted towards us in the stillness of the evening air. Night is only nominal in tropical climes; in my opinion it is 'the pleasantest part of the day.' The busy bustling city was sunk in repose, and the waters around were still, save where some ravenous shark glided noiselessly through the ethereal blue. I can never forget the delightful serenity of that evening. Among the merchantmen—their white canvas furled on the tapering spars, and their masts reflected against the summer sky—there was lying a Spanish corvette, her crew being all below with the exception of the watch on deck, and the grim sentry in the channels, musket in hand, pacing up and down. Leaning over the taffrail, I was watching the phosphorescent appearance of the water, when I heard a light splash in the direction of the ship's bow. At this time, with the exception of the mate, I was the only person on deck. I walked forward, and leaning over the starboard bow, I saw a man in a little canoe holding on by our cable. 'Hallo, my friend,' cried the mate, who by this time had also perceived the stranger—'hallo, what are you at there?'

'Soy pobre pescador (I am a poor fisherman),' replied a voice in Spanish. 'I am fishing, señores, for something to eat,' he continued, 'and my poor children are waiting hungry at home for me. To-morrow is Sunday, and if I don't catch something, they will be without food; for the last two days have been holidays, and fruit is forbidden.'

'Poor fellow!' exclaimed the worthy mate. 'Here, steward, bring me a piece of salt junk—a good round, mind you—and some biscuit.'

'Ay, ay, sir;' and the steward dived down into the cabin, whence he quickly emerged, bringing the required provisions in a cloth.

The worthy mate took them from him, and hailing the fisherman in Spanish, desired him to come close under the ship's bows. As soon as the poor fisherman did so, the mate lowered the food into his canoe, and the pescador withdrew to his former post. In a few moments we heard a great splashing in his light skiff, and immediately he cried out, 'Oh, señores, I have now enough for my little things for some days.' And away went the poor fellow, after bestowing a thousand blessings—'Sobre los generosos Ingleses!'

We were to set sail for Kingston again on Monday morning, and during Sunday I confined myself to the ship, listening to the tinkling of the convent and chapel bells. At last Monday morning came, and we hoisted our topsails and jib, and fired a gun as a signal to the pilot. Off he came, and we bore slowly out of the harbour. Suddenly I perceived a canoe shoot from the shore, and

approach us rapidly, rowed by a single man: it was full of cocoa-nuts, oranges, yams, and bananas, all ranged round about the solitary occupant. I took the glass to see more closely, and discovered with some surprise the features of the fisherman. In twenty minutes he was alongside, for he was rather impeded by his freight, and we were catching the sea-breeze; and a rope being thrown to him, the grateful fellow sang out for a basket to be lowered. This was quickly done, and having crammed the fruit into it, he cried out, 'Iza—iza (hoist—hoist)! Senores,' exclaimed he, 'wont you accept a little fruit, the produce of my garden, and with it also take the benediction d'un hombre Espanol? Adios, senores!' With a quick stroke of his oars he backed his canoe dexterously, and with a heartfelt shout for 'los marineros Ingleses!' he rowed swiftly to the shore. We hoisted the spanker and flying-jib, and with our sails full bore away for Jamaica.

FIRST MEETING OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND BENEDICT.

It was in the beginning of May 1821, when walking in the streets of Berlin with my master and friend, Carl Maria Von Weber, he directed my attention to a boy, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, who, on perceiving the author of Freyschutz, ran towards him, giving a most hearty and friendly greeting. 'Tis Felix Mendelssohn,' said Weber; introducing me at once to the prodigious child, of whose marvellous talent and execution I had already heard so much at Dresden. I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding that beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets round his shoulders, the look of his brilliant clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candour on his lips. He would have it that we should go with him at once to his father's house; but as Weber had to attend a rehearsal, he took me by the hand, and made me run a race till we reached his home. Up he went briskly to the drawing-room, where, finding his mother, he exclaimed, 'Here is a pupil of Weber's, who knows a great deal of his music of the new opera. Pray, mamma, ask him to play it for us;' and so, with an irresistible impetuosity, he pushed me to the pianoforte, and made me remain there until I had exhausted all the store of my recollections. On my next visit I found him seated on a footstool before a small table, writing with great earnestness some music. On my asking what he was about, he replied gravely, 'I am finishing my new quartet for piano and stringed instruments.' It was his first quartet in C minor, published afterwards as opus 1. But whilst I was lost in admiration and astonishment at beholding the work of a master written by the hand of a boy, all at once he sprang up from his seat, and in his playful manner ran to the pianoforte, performing note for note all the music from Freyschutz, which three or four days previously he had heard me play, and asking, 'How do you like this chorus?' 'What do you think of this air?' 'Do you not admire this overture?' and so on. Then forgetting quartets and Weber, down we went into the garden, he clearing high hedges with a leap, running, singing, or climbing up the trees like a squirrel—the very image of health and happiness. If I have dwelt on this first meeting with Mendelssohn, it is because much of his subsequent greatness is referable to the perfect moral and physical education he received at the hands of his parents, seconded by the most carefully chosen masters.—*Benedict's Sketch of the Life and Works of Mendelssohn.*

GARDEN ROBBERING IN AMERICA.

There is unhappily a very serious objection to cultivating fruit in our village gardens: fruit-stealing is a very common crime in this part of the world; and the standard of principle on such subjects is as low as it well can be in our rural communities. Property of this kind is almost without protection among us: there are laws on the subject, but these are never enforced; and of course people are not willing to throw away money, and time, and thought, to raise fruit for those who might easily raise it for themselves, if they would take the pains to do so. There can be no doubt that this state of things is a serious obstacle to the cultivation of choice fruit in our villages; horticulture would be in a much higher condition here if it were not for this evil. But the impunity with which boys,

and men too, are allowed to commit thefts of this kind, is really a painful picture, for it must inevitably lead to increase a spirit of dishonesty throughout the community. It is the same case with flowers. Many people seem to consider them as public property, though cultivated at private expense. It was but the other day that we saw a little girl, one of the village Sunday-scholars, moreover, put her hand within the railing of a garden and break off several very fine plants, whose growth the owner had been watching with care and interest for many weeks, and which had just opened to reward his pains.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun.
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray;
And yet their words are strongly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course;
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage—
The rough wave's sweeping force:
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of woe or we,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who, taught, in smiles and tears,
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.
Ay! though nor outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in heaven:
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But Faith's least word shall reach the thrones
Of God, though far away.

NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while its industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a web requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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THE EAST WIND.

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best.

THE inhabitants of this country sympathise with Burns in his preference for the west wind, though few perhaps for the same reason. The truth is, that the east wind, which is the general alternative of the west, is the plague of our island—not so violent as the tornado, or so scorching as the sirocco, but a pertinacious and oft-recurring grievance, alike injurious to animal and vegetable life. Burns himself, though the slave of love from all points of the compass, would have felt it incongruous to have brought a sigh from the east; and not even the voice of Wilson could have reconciled a Scottish audience to the couplet—

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the east.

A shiver would have gone through the concert-room; and a perception of the ridiculous, mingled with recollections of toothache and rheumatism, would have made the audience 'grin horrible a ghastly smile.'

Having been for a long time a victim of this pestilential afflatus, I have for some years past been collecting facts connected with it, in order to communicate them to the public. In doing this, I have little hope of effecting anything on the principle of the knowledge of a disease being half the cure. I may, however, be able to show that persons are frequently affected by it who are not aware of the malady which afflicts them. They may thus be prevented from having recourse to remedies which are hopeless, and be relieved from the dread of the restlessness and melancholy it inspires, by the thought that they will be relieved by a change of wind. I communicate these observations also with a sort of rueful sympathy, as I have a decidedly friendly feeling towards those who recognise the horrors of the east wind in the same way as myself, and who can trace it in all its bearings on the mind and body. I must mention also, that in pursuing this subject I am addressing myself to the better part of the human kind—to the delicate, the sensitive, the poetical. I have little toleration for those who are not alive to the evil influence. They may be as sensible and moral as Samuel Johnson himself, who denied the influence of atmosphere on the state of the body; but so far as my observation goes, they are not the porcelain of human nature.

Why a stream of atmospheric air from the east should be more pestiferous than one from the west, is

a question which I do not pretend to solve. I have endeavoured to have it answered by my medical attendant, who generally waives the subject by a vague reference to the influence of the German Ocean, or of the bleak plains of Tartary.* But is it not possible to detect what is the nature of that poison which lurks in its breath? In those days of triumphant science it might be analysed; and no essay would better deserve reward and honours than the one which threw light on this subject. If you bottled the east and west wind separately, and introduced flies into each, sure I am that the occidental fly would outlive the oriental one. The certainty of the lethal notion of the east wind being thus scientifically established, there might be a testing analysis of the contents of these bottles. It may be said, indeed, that though the bad qualities of the east wind were ascertained, what would it profit? What medical skill could puff back such a quantity of vapour, or infuse into such a volume of air any modifying principle? True indeed; but might not the chamber of the invalid be disinfected by some chemical agency, and rendered grateful to sensitive lungs? A fico, as Pistol says, for medicine, if it cannot shield me from this deadly foe. I am loath to speak disparagingly of so learned and respectable a body as our medical men; but I cannot help saying that their indifference on this subject reminds me that the east wind in this country is the doctor's best friend. When the wind is from other points, you will meet them at times, as you do other professional people, in reading-rooms, or on the street; but let there be a continuation of easterly, and you see their carriages scudding in all directions.

Towards the end of March, invalids begin to scent it in the morning air. They are restless during the night, a dull pain broods over the back part of the head, the mouth becomes parched, and they look out for a confirmation of their fears to the direction of the smoke from the chimneys. They dress with a millstone hanging on their hearts, ere they contemplate the discharge of their daily duties; and after a languid breakfast, walk abroad to be insulted by some friend of an iron frame congratulating them on the bracing nature of the morning. Day after day rolls on, and the eastern fiend increases in strength. About the middle of April, when nature has thrown her verdant mantle over hill and valley, and when the unwary invalid is tempted to 'treat his lungs with air,' the insidious spirit begins to pour through the tempting sunshine his leperous distilment. With a sort of malicious joy he grins through the sunbeams of May, and then revels in

* Meteorologists, I am told, now speak of it as 'the polar current,' which has at least the merit of being quite as unintelligible.

all his strength! The young, tempted by the bright atmosphere, venture out in their summer clothing—light-coloured inexpressibles, and straw bonnets decorated with flowers, are seen on our promenades. But shivering limbs and aching heads are there; bleared eyes and blue noses; shooting-pains through the breast, and coughs and sneezes. The stout gentleman is unable to draw his gloves over his raw and swollen hands; and from the want of circulation, the fingers of the fair have no power to bestow their charity. But who can wonder at this? Let the promenader cast his eyes on the trees which shade the walk, and he will perceive the young leaves on their eastern side as black as the leaf of the cigars whiffing around him. What infatuation, then, is it in middle age to expose itself to such a draught! Yet we have seen on Princes Street elderly spinsters and nabobs attempting to brave the blast. About this time the roll of doctors' carriages through the streets of the New Town of Edinburgh is incessant. Hackney-coaches draw up in succession at dentists' doors, unburthening agonized mortals with heads encased in mufflers of flannel. Figures hurry from house to house, on pressing business, with handkerchiefs at mouth or respirators. Judges drop like numbed bees from the bench, advocates are hoarse, and the law becomes lengthier than ever. The favourite doctor's church is deserted: influenza—eldest daughter of east wind—holds him down; and the old ladies are 'loud in their wail.' Concerts are postponed: the prima-donna loses a few notes, and denounces the climate of Caledonia. Singing-masters growl like bears; tenor voices become barytones, and barytones bass. Soirées turn out failures; the distinguished and the performer are absent, and there is but a sprinkling of the fair among the male monsters, who of course convert the affair into a vulgar potation. To the great joy of the young, the masters of schools, falling in with the humour of the time, assume their nightcaps, and give a few holidays, which afford their pupils a fair chance of disease. Then hooping-cough and measles seize on the juniors, and desolate whole benches. The triumph of East Wind is complete! The doctor and the undertaker have it all their own way: hearses take the place of hackney-coaches; the gravedigger crows like chaunticleer; and the cemetery is the place of business!

Long before this consummation, however, the experienced, if they can afford to do so, have left Edinburgh, and flown for shelter. Some, who are but slightly affected, are content to retire behind the shield of Arthur's Seat: others go farther back to Morning-side; but those who suffer most hasten to throw the Ochils between them and the blast, or the range of hills that bound the upper part of the Tweed. There, at Bridge of Allan, Innerleithen, or Moffat, they live in Elysian fields, waiting the retiring of the enemy whose absence makes the Scottish metropolis 'so glorious in the summer months.' Yet, as with demon spite, when we think him gone for the season, will he make a raid on the coast some day in June, suddenly freezing up our open pores, and wiping with his icy hand the perspiration from our brows. The setting sun itself sinks down with affright as it beholds him beckoning up from the German Ocean whole volumes of vapour, mildewing the wheat, and pouring on the Lothians legions of the Hessian fly!

Some will maintain that many of these horrors are exaggerated, and that the generality never experience any discomfort from this wind. But such sceptics have never inquired into the subject. I have remarked its effects on many who were not aware of the influence under which they suffered. On looking back to the days of my youth, I have yet a vivid recollection of seasons of despondency which, I have now no doubt, arose from this unknown influence. The changing spirits' rise and fall, complained of by many of my friends, I

have at once accounted for by a reference to the direction of the wind. To the same source I have often traced the cold reception, the pert reply, the rude contradiction on the part of others. I have it on good authority that children in schools are much more restless and unmanageable during the prevalence of an east wind. The *taxi* then whistle about with fearful activity; for the teacher is also under its atrabilious influence, viewing the innocent though irritable community around him as a set of fiendish imps conspiring against his authority and peace of mind. It is then that they 'learn to trace the day's disaster in his morning face.' Infants scream incessantly under its influence, and impatient nurses endeavour to shake them into silence, with as much success as if they were shaking a watchman's rattle.

The east wind on the continent cannot be so pernicious as with us; for I have remarked that the foreigners resident among us moan most piteously during the spring months, looking upbraidingly at the natives, as if we were accountable for an element as uncertain as themselves. The Frenchman's mercury sinks out of sight, and his impatience of everything British becomes almost unpolite. Sighing over the fender in his tasseled cap, he watches with suspicion the opening of doors, and utters volleys of amphibious exclamations if he discovers that the windows are not hermetically closed. If obliged to venture out, he will spend his last shilling on a hackney-coach. I have seen a Frenchman resisting the enemy with an umbrella, thus raising up his *parapluie* as a public testimony against the inhospitality of our climate. The German becomes a perfect bear under its influence, and growls at the English people, without any consideration for their connection with his own race. And as for those who are in one sense foreigners—our own countrymen who have been fanned in the luxurious East—their disgust of their native clime is undisguised. Ensnared in their club-houses, they venture to cast a timid glance from the curtained window, waiting for an interval or change to escape to the continent. It has occurred to some that the immense pile of iron and glass now rearing in London night, after its main purpose has been served, be converted into a number of apartments of different climates, thus serving as a retreat for the numerous foreigners resident among us, and especially for the great numbers of East Indians, whose traditional riches might enable them to purchase and keep up such an establishment. But I would remind these speculators that heat alone cannot extract the beam from this pestilence: were such the case, the hothouses of our millionaires would long ere now have been found a refuge from this direful dispensation.

There is to me a beautiful propriety in the expression, 'our political atmosphere,' arising from the conviction that public commotions are sometimes dependent on the state of the wind. Lamartine, in his history of the Girondins, states that the crisis of one of the most eventful days of the French Revolution was partly owing to the irritability of mind produced by an easterly wind. Perhaps not one of the multitude engaged in that day's proceedings suspected the power which impelled them into such frightful activity. It would be curious and instructive to note the coincidence of insurrections, conspiracies, and revolts with the direction of the wind. I have no doubt that, as in the case mentioned by Lamartine, there is a connection; and our observatories might thus come to be useful indices of the political crisis. The authority of a Shakspeare, then, will not reconcile us to the words, 'the idle wind which I respect not.' The east wind will make itself respected and feared too. It affects us individually and socially. From its exacerbating tendency, it were well that public deliberative bodies should meet as little as possible during its reign. The breaking up of parliament at Easter is a judicious

custom; but the recess should be longer, for I have remarked that the discussions, just after being resumed, are attended with much vituperation. It were to be desired also that the ecclesiastical Assembly of Scotland should eschew the month of May for their meeting. It would be going too far to say that the postponement of the term of meeting would have prevented the Disruption; but there is no doubt that the breath of the Assembly would thereby have been considerably sweetened.

Having thus thrown out a few suggestions touching on the public good, as connected with this national visitation, it may be proper that I conclude this notice with some practical hints to those individuals who are its victims:—During the months of spring, be very watchful in your intercourse with society. Think well before you make a reply, and reserve your sarcasm for summer. A quarrel on a day of east wind avoid with care; though dead-cut on the public walk, forget it. Make no complaint to those who are not labouring under the same calamity, otherwise you will be considered imbecile or affected. Should jealousy distract you, mistrust seize you, and a whole legion of the blues reel around you, gather hope from the changing direction of the smoke blowing from your neighbours' chimney-pots. In short, before taking any decisive step at this season, I would say, 'Look to the weathercock!'

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

This institution has now been long enough in existence to enable us to judge of its future fortunes, and we think our readers will have no hesitation, after reading the following sketch of its history, to pronounce the experiment successful. During the twelve years which have elapsed since its charter was granted by Queen Victoria, it has affiliated twenty-eight colleges and fifty-seven medical institutions: the entire number of graduates approaches 600. Above eighty degrees, obtained during the academical year, were publicly conferred in May last; the matriculation list of the present year exceeds 200; and its senatorial ranks have been recently joined by men of no less note than Sir James Graham, Mr Grote, Mr Hallam, Mr Cornwall Lewis, Mr Macaulay, Lord Monteaule, and Lord Overstone. These facts sufficiently prove energy, and the last is some evidence of its taking the right direction.

The University of London is *not* the institution in Gower Street; neither is it King's College in the Strand. They are simply colleges connected with it. The university itself is a totally distinct body—distinct even, with scarcely an exception, in the members composing it, and differing also in other important particulars from the older universities in England.

Our readers will remember the strong desire felt in England in 1827 for a university which should be open to all religious persuasions. On the faith of large subscription lists, and addresses to the throne from the Guildhall of London and the House of Commons, the Gower Street establishment was founded at an expense of nearly £100,000, with the design of being incorporated as a university. This design was eventually abandoned, in consequence of communications with the government, and another body was chartered as 'The London University,' with power to the crown to make further appointments at pleasure. The same charter secured to the Gower Street body (which about the same time accepted a charter as 'University College'), and to King's College, the right to send candidates for examination, and provided for the affiliation of further colleges by the Royal Sign Manual, or by consent of the senate itself, subject to the approval of the secretary of state.

The object of the charter was stated to be 'for the encouragement of a regular and liberal course of edu-

cation among all classes and denominations of her Majesty's subjects, without any distinction whatever;' and the Senate was authorised, 'after examination,' to confer degrees in any department of art, literature, or science, except theology. It was further empowered to appoint and remove examiners and other officers, to receive fees from candidates for degrees, the amounts of which, and the general regulations of the university, were left to its arrangement, subject in certain cases to the approval of the home secretary. The visitatorial power is reserved to the crown.

The original members of the Senate consisted of the Earl of Burlington as chancellor; Sir John Lubbock, vice-chancellor; the bishops of Chichester, Durham, Norwich, and St Davids (then Mr Thirwall), Professor Airy, Mr Amos, Dr Arnold, Mr Austin, Admiral Beaufort, Mr Dalton, Mr Empson, Rev. J. S. Henslow, Mr J. Shaw Lefevre, Mr Senior, Dr Jerrard, Mr Sheepshanks, Mr Walker, and Mr Warburton: while on the medical side appear the names of Dr Arnott, Mr Bacot, Dr Billing, Mr Brande, Sir James Clark, Sir Philip Crampton, Mr Faraday, Sir Stephen Hammick, Dr Hewett, Dr Hodgkin, Mr Kiernan, Dr Locock, Sir James MacGrigor, Mr Pennington, Dr Quain, Mr Ridout, Dr Roget, and Dr Sims. Of these our readers will recognise some as removed by death. A few had retired from the active participation in senatorial duty, to which, with but one or two exceptions, the members appear to have from first to last devoted themselves. The over-proportion of medical members resulting from these losses has been greatly redressed by the late appointments.

Part of Somerset House was assigned to the use of the Senate, including two large rooms running through the entire front of the building, used for the examinations. It was also intimated, that until the university should be in receipt of an income from fees, the necessary funds should be provided for by the annual 'votes.' Under this arrangement, the university has been annually in receipt of the public money to an amount exceeding during the first year £5000, but since gradually reduced to about £3500, the balance being made up by the increase of fees. In this respect the university does not differ materially from Oxford or Cambridge, each of which receives about £2000 annually from the same source. The Queen's Colleges lately founded in Ireland have an outfit of £100,000, with a permanent revenue of £30,000 secured to them by act of parliament.

The duty imposed on the Senate was no less than rivalry with Oxford and Cambridge. Faith would be broken with the public, if, after making due deduction for the prestige of the older universities, the degrees of London could be said to be materially less valuable than theirs. The claim was indisputably either for admission to the national universities, or to one as good. The list of names we have given guarantees the adequacy of the Senate to its duties. An intimate knowledge of their early proceedings, and a view of the result, satisfies us that all was done that men could do in the discharge of their functions.

They had so to apply the funds placed at their disposal as to attract numerous candidates by prizes; and examiners of recognised as well as actual ability by adequate remuneration. They had to form a curriculum *de novo* in studies which the older universities neglected, and one carefully avoiding their mistakes and their incompleteness in the studies of their favour. They had, lastly, to make due provision for the testing efficacy of their examinations.

They appropriated about £1300 annually to scholarships, medals, and prizes: the bulk of the remainder they applied for the remuneration of examiners in arts, law, and medicine. At Cambridge, the honour of the post is found sufficient to attract candidates of undoubted qualification. In the circumstances of London

it was judged wiser to encourage them by a somewhat high salary, and a position practically permanent.

Acting upon two words in their charter, 'after examination' (which, it will be seen, preclude *honorary* degrees, and create a broad distinction between London and its predecessors), the Senate gave nothing without examination, and increased the difficulty with each degree taken. If there be an exception to this rule, it is undoubtedly in the medical faculty. The M.D. examination is, we believe, treated as a practical one; it is certainly easier than that for the M.B. (Bachelor of Medicine), and is so regarded by the candidates.

One year was well spent by the Senate in framing their curriculum. The members were prepared for this duty by their personal acquaintance with the systems in use at the older British universities and medical corporations. Lord Palmerston's good offices also procured them information as to the course pursued in universities abroad. A parliamentary 'Blue Book,' printed in 1839, attests the sedulous anxiety with which every part of this curriculum was discussed. Although subsequent experience has led to occasional alteration in details, it remains essentially the same as at first drawn up. It is an honourable testimony to their patience, comprehensive knowledge, clear perception, and, resulting from all, courage. If they had laid down their offices on the close of this performance, they would have still deserved well of every friend of learning.

Our readers will find the curriculum printed at length in the 'University Calendar,' which has now been published annually since 1843. We can only state here some of its more noticeable features.

Oxford has been styled the Classical University, Cambridge the Mathematical: in neither until recently, nor in Oxford now, is there anything done for law or medicine. Cambridge, we are glad to say, has gathered up its skirts, and followed London in its career of improvement, as far probably as its opportunities admit.

At London all these faculties are treated with equal regard. The LL.B. is not a back-door degree—taken as an excuse for the loss of the B.A.—the candidate must have taken his B.A. two years before he can apply for it. The medical examinations are the severest in the world. For the M.B. degree two examinations must be passed, comprising together the entire range of medical study. The candidate is expected to prove for every branch of medical practice a qualification higher than that demanded for any by either of the three great London corporations—the Apothecaries' Hall, the College of Surgeons, or the College of Physicians.

The best proofs of this are to be found in the evidence on the Medical Registration Bill, taken before the House of Commons. The superiority of the university examinations, 'admitting not of comparison, but of contrast,' was insisted on by the witnesses for the Senate and the graduates, and admitted by all the witnesses afterwards examined, and not once questioned throughout the whole proceedings.

The old distinction between Oxford and Cambridge implies a too exclusive attention in both to one class of subjects—a remark which the improvements now in progress have not rendered inapplicable. It is true that to qualify for a degree, some mathematics must be read at Oxford, and some classics at Cambridge; but in neither is the *quantum sufficit* for a degree evidence of real acquaintance with the subject. Indeed, as to both studies, a high authority, Dr Whewell, has recently spoken of a 'poll' degree as simply a proof that the candidate has not disgraced himself; and a 'poll' degree is taken by a full half of the men. The risk, therefore, to the ordinary men is of not doing enough. The 'honours' men, on the other hand, are in danger

of having one set of their mental faculties cultivated out of all proportion to the rest—of becoming not well-trained scholars, but mere mathematicians, or mere classics. We are not saying this is always the result; but this is the danger.

The London Senate has carefully guarded against starvation, and against one-sided growth. Their candidate is required, first, to matriculate; that is, he must pass an examination comprising—1. The simple problems of arithmetic, and algebra, and the first book of Euclid; 2. The usual branches of natural philosophy as popularly treated; 3. Chemistry; 4. One Greek and Latin book of the easier class, the grammatical structure of the English language, and the History of England to the end of the seventeenth century. If he shows a competent knowledge in three out of four of these (the option lying between chemistry and natural philosophy), he may proceed for honours in examinations, which, for youths between sixteen and eighteen, leave little to be desired on the score of severity. Two years afterwards he may present himself for the B.A. examination, in which he is required to show a 'competent knowledge in all' of four branches, including mathematics and natural philosophy, classics, animal physiology, and logic and moral philosophy. Classics includes, besides the usual subjects, French or German, and modern English history. Mathematics is on much the same plan as at Cambridge. In logic and moral philosophy the text-books are Whately, Butler, and Paley. In all these subjects the student must pass as well as he must do in any at Oxford or Cambridge. If successful, he may try for honours, and may now select any one or more of the departments. Two years afterwards he may present himself for the M.A. degree, the examination in which is understood to be equivalent to that of B.A. in honours; and may again select any or all of the three branches—classics, mathematics, philosophy.

In one point the London men have given the cut direct to the older systems. It has been said of Oxford men, and of the King's men at Cambridge, that some of them will hardly be able to translate a passage from the 'Spectator' into decent grammatical Latin, while in the mechanical facility of making verses they will rival Virgil himself. At London the candidate is expected to be fully conversant with the structure of the metres, but actual verse-making is never heard of.

It might perhaps be supposed that the selection as Senators, with three exceptions, of professed members of the Established Church was not precisely the way to gain the confidence of 'all denominations without any distinction whatever.' The facts, however, are, that of the twenty-eight colleges in arts, two only—King's, and Queen's of Birmingham—belong to the Church; two others, at Sheffield and Taunton, are new foundations of the Wesleyan body; University College, Manchester New College, and the Presbyterian College at Carmarthen, open their doors to all who come to them. Nine colleges, three of which are in Ireland, belong to the Catholics. Among these the names of St Outhbert's, Ushaw, Stonyhurst, Prior Park, and Downside, will be readily recognised. The remaining twelve are connected with the Baptist and Congregational persuasions. Of these, Homerton and Highbury have lately merged in the New College at St John's Wood. Some of the rest are situated at Bristol, Spring Hill near Birmingham, Stepney, Manchester, Plymouth, Airedale, and Rotherham.

Of the medical institutions Scotland furnishes five; Ireland nineteen, most of which are in Dublin; and the remainder comprise all the chief medical schools in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, York, and other principal towns in England.

To this large list, which has been increasing annually to its present number, must now be added, by virtue of a supplemental charter granted last year, the univer-

sities of the United Kingdom. Men of all creeds may now study together at Oxford or Cambridge, and receive degrees at London. This, though far, indeed, from what we desire, is a step in the right direction, on which we heartily express our congratulations.

Over the colleges the university has no jurisdiction. They make their own arrangements; only that such of their students as come up to the university examinations must present certificates from the authorities of their college of two years' studentship, and of good conduct.

Of the graduates there are now on the calendar 306 B.A.'s, of which the large majority have taken honours. Twenty-five only have passed on to the M.A. degree; 30 have passed the LL.B. examination; and 4 are LL.D.'s. The medical faculty presents a list of 81 doctors and 103 bachelors.

In their several connections, these degrees have been fully recognised by the public. Great numbers of the graduates in arts are engaged in the ministries of their respective denominations. Of the medical graduates very few have not obtained some post of public importance. Indeed the various honours have been won, as it was intended they should be, by men of all creeds. The sole 'double-first' is of the Jewish persuasion; another is an M.A. medallist—as is also a Cambridge senior wrangler; the single LL.D. medallist is a Protestant dissenter; three Mohammedans from India have carried back medical honours; one of the law scholars is now Commissioner of Encumbered Estates in Ireland; another LL.B., with black blood in his veins, is chief judge at Sierra Leone. But time would fail us to pursue the list farther.

The constitution of the Senate renders it theoretically a pure despotism, requiring only in certain cases the approval of the home secretary to give validity to its regulations. In practice, however, it is much influenced by the representations or the known feeling of the colleges and the graduates. For the latter, University College stipulated, on giving up its claim to a university charter, an equality of civil privileges with Oxford and Cambridge—a principle recognised by the then government, even to the extent of parliamentary interference to effect it. The readers of the medical journals are aware that the graduates have powerfully withstood the Registration Bill of 1848. They are, in fact, regularly organized, having their annual meetings of the whole body, attended from all parts of the country, and their permanent committee, which is recognised by the Senate, at the Home Office, and by the colleges. Their object is to obtain some defined share in the government of the university—a point in the present propriety of which there appears to be some difference of opinion, which we shall not here discuss. We heartily bid the university go on and prosper, and the graduates increase and multiply.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

It was on a cold morning of February that we entered the crazy machine which performs the duty of a 'stage' between Norfolk, Virginia, and Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Our journey for more than half the distance lay along the range of the Dismal Swamp, 'The Great Dismal,' as the Yankees call it; the road and the fine canal which connects the Elizabeth and the Pasquotank rivers (and through them Chesapeake Bay and Albemarle Sound) running side by side. On the canal—which is partially fed by Drummond's Lake, the beautiful piece of water immortalised by Moore—were numbers of barges, laden and being laden with cypress shingles, the best American substitutes for our roofing-slates, and of which this swamp is the great producer; but there was a strange absence of the lively bustle of free labour. The slaves employed in the loading and

navigation seemed spiritless, and the white men who supervised them lounged idly about, apparently unable for any exertion but the national chewing and spitting. The road was monotonous; no change of scenery enlivened it; the canal and tall dark cypresses flanked our right, and wild waste-looking corn-fields or tangled bushes our left. Much of this region is taken up with pine barrens and morasses, but the Dismal Swamp is the most extraordinary phenomenon of the kind yet known; there is nothing else in the world to be compared with it. It lies in about equal portions in the two states above-mentioned, and covers as great an extent as some English counties, being forty miles in length, and twenty-five in breadth: a railway, supported on piles, is led along the northern margin.

On first approaching it, at about nine miles from Norfolk, its melancholy characteristics immediately strike you. Wherever the soil is most marshy, there the two sorts of cypress, juniper and red cedar, grow in great abundance, sending down long and thick tap-roots into the spongy ground. The dried portions are covered with several species of oaks and pines, some of them of immense size. Besides these, the undergrowth forms an almost impervious thicket of dense ferns, reeds, and canes, with long rank grass, the haunt of bears and wolves. The grass is so much relished by cattle, that the people who live in the neighbourhood turn their live-stock out to feed, under the lead of two or three old cows with bells on their necks, to insure their being found again in the wild solitudes. No better green food, it is said, can anywhere be met with than the canes when young. It was almost a relief to step into the miserable dining-room of the half-way house, even though our appetite was too fastidious to be tempted by the bacon and hominy prepared for the travellers. Having requested a glass of water, some of a pale-red hue was brought. We found it to taste strongly of the roots and berries of the junipers which grow so thickly in the swamp, and colour all the water. It possesses a certain medicinal property, and is much relished by the natives, who find it wholesome. Wherever you dig, water is met with even in the driest spots; and along the banks of the canal, at about three feet below the surface, it flows through in a continual stream. From some cause hitherto unexplained, fever and ague and bilious complaints are much less prevalent in the swamp than in other parts of the country. At length the tedious forty miles were accomplished, and we entered Elizabeth City; but how can we describe its squalid dwellings, its dreary streets, its seemingly disease-stricken inhabitants? Frame houses, raised on piles two or three feet high, affording beneath a comfortable retreat for the family pigs and geese, and surrounded by gardens, in which little grew save Indian corn (now but the ruined ragged stem), cabbages with naked stalks a yard above ground, and the fetid Jamson (Jamestown)* weed; a few miserable 'stores'; a red-brick bank; three churches—Episcopal, Methodist, and Baptist; a public school; and an hotel, the piazza of which was at all hours filled with 'loafers,' drinking, swearing, and gambling—these were the characteristics of the 'city' where twelve hundred souls are content to linger, until pleurisy or fever consigns them to their resting-places within the dilapidated fence that encloses the dismal, neglected burial-ground. In the environs there were some houses which exhibited comfort, and even elegance: the inmates of these were the only exceptions to the otherwise universal personification of poverty, idleness, and ignorance. Alas for a slave-ridden land! Where food is cheap, and the climate enervating, the possession of a half-dozen black brethren is a life-lease of selfish indolence—few who can just live will strive for more. Thus to leave wealth to a child, is but too often to enable him to waste his prime in profligacy, and to

* Jamson is a Yankee corruption of Jamestown.

hasten on old age, of which the best remembrances will be but of evil not done.

For the first time we were dwelling where slavery was a 'domestic institution'; the negroes around us and many others had kind owners, were happy-looking, well-fed, and well-clothed, but the greater portion were as degraded as human beings among *soi-disant* Christians can be imagined. But where the masters are unprincipled and cruel towards each other, can the servants be other than trampled on? Thus, shortly before our arrival, a white man who was suspected by his neighbours of encouraging the slaves to steal from their masters, by buying everything they offered for sale, was seized, seated for hours on a rail, with live poultry tied around his throat, ducked, tarred, and feathered, and only released when more than half dead. This barbarity was 'Lynch law,' exercised on a 'free-born' fellow-townsmen. Can we then wonder if such a punishment as the following be inflicted on an offending black? A slave struck with a whip the son of a white man; the enraged father demanded that he should be permitted to take satisfaction for himself, under penalty of shooting the owner of the culprit. The master was fain to consent, and the poor wretch was dragged on board a vessel in the river, and 'bucked.' This is a fearful punishment, administered with a paddle bored half through with a number of holes. These holes raise large blisters; a certain count of blows is given with the bored side of the paddle, and the remainder with the smooth side, by which the blisters are broken, and the sufferer remains perfectly raw. This, we were assured, is a not unfrequent chastisement, inhuman as it is. The Great Swamp is supposed to afford concealment to upwards of a thousand runaway slaves, who glean a miserable living within its gloomy recesses, though many are believed to be secretly supplied with food by friends more fortunate in their owners than were the fugitives, or who, with less courage, 'despairing linger life away,' rather than risk the certain pains of a vain attempt to flee.

In our visits to the farms in the neighbourhood, we invariably found, whatever the weather, every door open, and an immense fire of huge logs blazing in a chimney-place as capacious as those we loved in 'merrie England in the olden time.' We could never understand by what process of reasoning the Carolinians justified this no distinction of seasons, for even in the sunny south an open door seemed to us superfluous during a 'cold snap,' and in summer the very thought of a fire-side would have stifled us. The common room usually contained a four-posted bed, hung profusely with cotton drapery, and covered with a specimen of feminine taste and industry—a patchwork quilt, the passion of American women. Not one of the dull unimaginative things of scraps, such as we manufacture in England, but a complicated, thousand-tinted pattern, distinguished by the euphonious title of 'wild-geese,' 'Turkey's-tail,' or the 'piccaninnies!' The ceiling was generally festooned with the dried quarters of peaches and apples, threaded on strings like beads, and with great hanks of yarn of the housewife's spinning. Close at hand stood the busy wheel, saddles for both sexes occupied a corner, and rifles were always somewhere in sight. 'Gunning,' indeed, in the southern states is a sport in which all ages of 'men-folk' delight. Often did we tremble to see the dangerous 'tub' grasped by childhood's tender hand, and shudder when, with precocious cruelty, the gentle eye brightened with the hope of prey, and marked its bloody aim.

By the farmers' wives we were told many wonderful tales of the devastations committed by the bears and wild animals of the swamp and forest—even 'cattle-beasts and critters' (Anglicé, cows and horses), they assured us, were oftentimes carried off. None of these stories, however, were very well authenticated; and therefore, with many other local traditions of wolves, 'painters,' alligators, and hoop-snakes, we granted them no place in our note-book. The 'cattle-beasts'

are most diminutive, and give little and poor milk; butter was a scarce and dear article of food; beef neither cheap nor good; but how often we thought of England and merry Christmas when we purchased fine plump turkeys three for a dollar, and geese twenty-five cents a-piece! Partridges were hawked from door to door at four for sixpence, and Robin Redbreasts—so plentiful and fat, that all the boys were shooting them—we had for the asking. Poor Robins! we sighed as we picked your tiny bones, for we remembered the days when, for sake of the sweet 'Habs in the Wood,' we would have rather laid you under the primrose and violet, and watered your grave with our tears!

Among our various excursions, was one to witness something of the process of making tar, the great staple of North Carolina. The country through which we passed was forest, sand, or swamp, and the 'plantations' few and far between, but that any were to be found in so desolate a region was our unceasing surprise. We were amused by an anecdote of a 'northerner,' who, travelling through the lowlands, stopped at a log-cabin by the dreary roadside.

'Friend,' said he to the lounging owner, 'you seem to have a barren location?'

'I reckon so,' replied the Carolinian.

'You raise plenty of corn, I guess?'

'I makes no corn.'

'Sweet potatoes, then?'

'A poor chance o' potatoes.'

'You raise a good supply of pork, I suppose?'

'I raises no pork.'

'Plenty of game in the woods, I guess?'

'A small chance of game here, stranger.'

'Catch fish?'

'No fish here.'

'You have good water, then?'

'The water is mighty bad.'

'In the name of reason,' cried the Yankee, 'why do you stay here?'

'Why, stranger, there's a right smart chance of lightwood!'

This lightwood is the heart of the long-leaved pine, and is perfectly saturated with turpentine: immense quantities are consumed for kindling fires, and when riven into long splinters, it serves as a substitute for candles, and from this use of it is its name derived. Lightwood is, in fact, a link which binds many a dweller in this part of the country to his home; and it is with the greatest reluctance that they can be tempted to migrate to districts which, though more fertile, have none of the ignitable commodity. But greatly as it contributes to the comfort of the poor Carolinian, its chief value consists in its producing the principal export of the state; from it is extracted the tar with which North Carolina supplies so many lands. The wood is cut into lengths of three or four feet, and split small; an excavation is made in a clayey or hard soil, of a circular form, and descending gradually from the circumference to the centre: outside of this a pit is dug, communicating with it by means of a drain; the wood is piled in until it has assumed a regular sugar-loaf shape; it is then covered with turf, and ignited. This is a 'tar kiln.' As the wood chars, the pitch descends into the drain, and is thence conveyed to the pit, from which it is baled into barrels. These, when filled, are worth about a dollar a-piece on the spot. Returning from this strange scene, picturesque from the busy stir of the dusky labourers amid the gloom of the pine forest, we stopped to bait our horses at a planter's who raised for the market little besides the pea-nut, a fruit supplied by these 'low-country' regions to all Yankeedom. The plant is cultivated in hills or ridges, and resembles somewhat the garden pea; but the nut grows beneath the soil, and is picked by hand from the roots. An acre will produce from thirty to seventy bushels; and we heard of planters who raised upwards of a thousand bushels a year.

We could not be so near the celebrated swamp without going where one loves to fancy that still

'The lover and maid so true,
Are seen in the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!'

and one bright day we rowed along the narrow feeding-stream, of about six miles in length, which leads from the central basin. The tall dark cypresses met high above us, and the juniper bushes brushed us as we passed; but no venomous reptile fell from the boughs into our boat, no 'she-wolf' stirred in the brake to the monotonous chants of the 'gangs' of negroes chopping shingles in the clearings: we floated smoothly along without adventure, and soon found ourselves on the bosom of the lake. Emerging from the confined and gloomy avenue on to the broad expanse of pellucid waters seems at first almost like enchantment; and some who have made the trip describe the contrast as being equal to 'fairy land.' But soon the feeling creeps over you that this is not a spot which the airy elves would choose for their revels: it is not one of nature's playgrounds. This sheet of water, which lies about the centre of the swamp, is seven miles long and five wide; the shores are precipitous, and in some places the depth fifteen feet. Thus when the water sinks, no sloping bank appears; nothing but the wall of dark-coloured peat, which all around throws forth vegetation

— 'direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary tomb.'

It was a strangely solemn scene, and our spirits fell lower and lower as we surveyed it; even the sunny sky failed to cheer, and we smiled not once until we found ourselves again on the sandy road, and saw our portly coachman, 'Pollo,' waiting to drive us home to dinner.

THE DUC DE TOUR LA ROCHE.

'I WILL pay your account to-morrow: I have no time to look it over to-day, for I must go in search of lodgings for my aunt, who may arrive to-morrow, or to-day—indeed at any hour,' said I to my tinman, who was bowing over a long bill he had just presented.

'If madame votre tante likes calm and solitude, I can tell you of a charming appartement.'

'Where?'

'Behind my *magasin*, belonging to my landlord, Monsieur Hippolyte.'

'But you live in the grande rue, in the midst of noise and bustle. My aunt is aged, and an invalid, and requires quiet, seclusion, and a garden if possible.'

'Then,' answered honest La Brochette with a flourish, 'the apartment I destine for the respected and suffering relative of madame will exactly suit; permit me only to have the honour of showing it to you.'

'Je le veux bien, mon ami; but I fear your ideas of solitude and mine are not quite alike.' Accordingly I set out, M. la Brochette following, and talking all the time.

'The baker, the fruiterer, and the humble individual who has the honour of addressing madame, occupy the premises facing the street; the house of Monsieur Hippolyte is behind. This arch leads to his own private door. The bakehouse is, you see, on one side of the court, the stable and the porter's lodge dividing it from the court behind my habitation, where there is a separate entrance to the lodging in question, close to my back shop, where I work at the rough parts of my trade—tink, tink—clink, clink! There you may hear me singing and pursuing my honest industry from six in the morning till dusk.'

The appearance of the courts was not inviting. Carts and bakers' barrows stood on one side, old pots and pans on the other. The doors were dirty, the windows dusty: the whole had a neglected appearance; and but for the fear of disoblighing the poor man, who seemed so anxious to serve me, and who, in the Parisian wilderness, claimed me as a *compatriote*, because I had lived eight years in Normandy, where he was born, I should have turned away without attempting a nearer investigation of what was the most wretched-looking place I had ever beheld.

'Here we are,' cried he, advancing to the door: 'here we are—pan, pan, pan! Madame Butterini will shortly appear. Ah, madame,' as the dame in question—as broad as she was long, which, however, was very short—opened the door, 'here I present to you Meestria Smeeth, a member of one of the greatest families in England, who wishes (induced by my representations) to view your charming appartement: it is to let, I think?'

'Oui, monsieur. Entrez, madame.'

I found myself in a small entrance-hall, which led to a smaller kitchen, containing a *fourneau*, a sink, and just room to turn round in.

'It is not in order, and the window, which looks to the court, is dirty; but soyez tranquille; it shall be fitted up superbly,' observed madame. She then opened a door, and we entered a neat, small, light room, looking out on an extensive and very pretty garden, with a charming alley of lime-trees, and a magnificent show of both fruit and flowers. This pleased me very much: a bedroom, containing every French requisite for comfort, on the right, and a spacious *salon* on the left, both looking on the garden, and all opening from each other, charmed me still more. The smiling landlady and grinning tinman, who eagerly watched my countenance, reading there that I was satisfied, exultingly displayed its attractions; and after a few necessary preliminaries were adjusted—*mon compatriote* assisting me by remarking that few would choose to bury themselves so far from the world—we came to terms; and parted, she to air and prepare, and I to hasten to meet my aunt at Paris, where I expected to find her arrived.

She was, like myself, shocked at the first aspect, although pleased with the rooms when she reached them, and perfectly delighted with the garden. Next to her *salon* was the bedroom and bookroom of Madame Butterini, the widow of an Italian music-teacher; and in the storey above the abode of M. Hippolyte himself, an old bachelor, who owned the whole of the premises aforesaid. The rooms on the ground-floor were consacrés, madame said, to bulbous roots, a billiard-table, plants, and garden tools.

'Oh what a fine noble-looking old man!' cried my aunt, Mrs Latewood, gazing out of the window.

'Mais oui,' replied Madame Butterini; 'but he is not noble. He was a baker, and has retired from business, selling it to Chaudreau, who has, with Monsieur la Brochette and Madame Jeannot, the fruitière, all the part to the street and in the courts. He is almost as eccentric as an Englishman: seldom goes out of his garden, hates talking, and reads, reads, reads, when the weather is bad—just the time one likes best to talk.'

'Are you his daughter?'

'Fi donc, madame!' answered the little fat tub of a woman, looking, however, delighted. 'Monsieur is a bachelor—I am his housekeeper, and the widow of the

Vicomte Butterini,' answered she with a flood of tears. 'Le pauvre cher homme: he was forty-one years older than myself, and so helpless and cross with age and infirmity, that I miss him every hour of the day; but Monsieur Hippolyte, though he gives no trouble, and is good, one never hears and seldom sees him, which is very wearisome.'

'How many servants have you? I must look out for one; but in the meanwhile will pay for any extra trouble I may give yours.'

'I have none, nor has Monsieur Hippolyte. I employ the femme du concierge to do what is requisite for us both. I act as cook myself; and all coarse work is done by Marie.'

'Then what am I to do?'

'Oh, she can easily manage your affairs also and cook for you; her pot-au-feu is excellent, tender, and well-tasted; put down at ten, ready at six. You never hear Marie's pot-au-feu going bubble-bubble-bubble! No; hers simmers slowly, tic—tic—tic! I taught her! La Basette well knows how to make her pot-au-feu good.'

'La Basette! What an odd name!'

'Called so in France because she is a short woman—very different from a little woman.'

'Ah!' said my aunt, not knowing what other answer to make.

'Look at my head, my hands, my feet—all in proportion: I sit as low as I stand. Were I not fat, I should be very slender. The Basettes, on the other hand, have long bodies, and short limbs, and jump down from their seats when they rise. I never heard any monsieur admire a Basette; but pour les petites femmes! I can speak; but will not. No—no! modesty enhances merit.'

'I can easily believe,' said my aunt laughing, 'that you have had admirers in your day.'

'I cannot deny it, madame. Why should I? Yes! and have them yet—so say the messieurs.'

My aunt, not being able easily to believe this, was silent, and then pursuing the original subject—'I live very simply, and have no doubt, if she has only the time, Marie will have the talent to please me.'

'Oh, be easy; she has both time and talent pour la cuisine: makes a capital roux; will whip you up a soufflée very soon; and can even arrange un rosbif de mouton!'

'Well,' pursued Mrs Latewood, beginning to weary of the amusement afforded her by her loquacious landlady, 'let her try for one week at any rate.'

Marie, who, notwithstanding the contempt with which Madame Butterini treated her personal charms, had captivated a lame old soldier blind of an eye, was clean, active, clever, and good-tempered, and did very well; for my aunt was regular in her habits, plain in her diet, and gave little to do. She thought the vicomtesse very vulgar, and better fitted for the position she occupied than that to which she laid claim; but she appeared extremely obliging and good-natured; and when her black, bright, beautiful hair was arranged at noon by the hairdresser, and the tight-fitting gown put on at the same time, that she might sit down with M. Hippolyte to eat the breakfast she had assisted to cook, she absolutely looked like the daughter of the fat bundle of soiled linen, with her hair about her ears, who had been with Marie *romping* about the house from soon after six to that hour when she commenced her rôle as vicomtesse, conversing sentimentally, and lamenting with tears—always with tears, for a Frenchwoman has them at command, and, moreover, understands the

art of letting them fall gracefully, so as to enhance rather than detract from her charms—the death of 'mon mari, le pauvre cher homme, who was so cross and troublesome, he kept her from ever feeling dull.'

If M. Hippolyte looked like a gentleman in his garden costume, he resembled something more than 'a squire of high degree' when dressed in his Sunday's clothes. Many a prince looked less prince-like, and yet he was but a retired tradesman. He went to early mass; and on his return back to his beloved garden, to walk or work. I had meant to be condescending, and to speak; but when he bowed proudly, and passed on, I felt I dared not take the liberty to say one word. By seeing us day after day, however, reading or walking in the garden like himself, he became appraised, as it were, and several times approached us, and displayed a fine flower, entering into the history of its culture; and in time, though by very slow degrees, we became very great friends; and he did not, we observed, treat us in the cold, proud, silent, and reserved manner which was so apparent in his communications with all others who spoke with him. He never by any chance mentioned his past history, even in regard to his trade; his conversation turned chiefly upon present politics, new discoveries, or the literature of the day. He asked questions about England and English habits; but whenever we went back at all, or touched on the first French Revolution, he became silent, and soon after, on some pretence, retired. Madame la Vicomtesse, with her coroneted spoons, forks, and pocket-handkerchiefs, could not help showing that she felt the baker her superior; and he as evidently, although he always addressed her kindly, looked upon her merely as a good-natured sort of vulgar person, useful to himself.

'Does Monsieur Hippolyte ever see company?' asked I: 'has he no friends—no relatives?'

'Mais oui; he gives two dinners every year; but he has no relations, I believe, and is intimate with no one—so eccentric, always is too busy to see any one who calls, but has charming manners when in society. I sit at his table, and then, instead of Jaqueline, he addresses me with the profound respect proper to my rank, as Madame la Vicomtesse Butterini; so I have nothing to complain of.'

'And who are those he usually entertains?'

'Chiefly tradespeople, the descendants of the baker with whom he studied his trade. He has a beautiful salon, as you have seen, to which our usual dining-room serves as anteroom; and we take down the bed, and dine in his bedroom upon these occasions; except, indeed, when there are no lodgers; then we are more magnificent, and dine in madame's sitting-room.'

'Pray,' answered my aunt, 'the next time there is an entertainment, use it still.'

'Monsieur Hippolyte is so polite, he would not hear of such an arrangement.'

'You can manage it very easily, by persuading him to stay in the garden till the last minute, and then dress in your room. When dinner is announced, it will be too late, you know, for any objections.'

Some time after this conversation, Madame Butterini announced with great solemnity that 'Monsieur Hippolyte allait recevoir le six,' and this was an excuse for everything being mistimed, everybody dirty, and everything in confusion for a week previous. M. Hippolyte, however, was quite unconcerned; he lived in his garden and greenhouse; but Madame Butterini bustled about for twenty, and had dressmakers and milliners by the dozen settling the important affair of her toilet. One morning, while sitting with Mrs Latewood, we were alarmed by a tremendous uproar, and I thought it was to turn out an everlasting quarrel with Marie and her little dog Bellebel—a *basette*, like herself—what would be called a turnspit in England, whose barks were loud and constant.

It was only that the lady was discontented with the

way her gown fitted, and feared it could not be remedied. She screamed, and wept, and literally danced with passion, and made herself so bilious by the outbreak, that the party had to be put off four days. I was curious to see the toilet that had occasioned so much noise and grief, suffering and inconvenience; but the *tout-ensemble* was very simple—a rich purple silk made nearly up to the throat, loose pelerine and cuffs, cameo brooch, bracelets, and comb; gloves, shoes, stockings, and pocket-handkerchief, new and handsome: that was all—proving completely the truth of what French ladies are constantly repeating, '*La simplicité est charmante, et il n'y a rien de si difficile!*' The lady, when dressed, and, as she allowed, '*contente de moi-même,*' observed that the dinner must now be thought of, and the fourneau prepared for reheating. As she spoke, a rattling in the court was heard, and upon looking out, I perceived three small covered carts escorted by three white-capped cooks, each cook *casserole* in hand. These contained the whole dinner, wines, and everything else required; all was exquisitely dressed, soon heated again, and served up, hot and hot—a hired waiter, Marie, and her husband, assisting in administering to the wants of the guests, whom we heard very merry and happy. After dinner they retired to the garden, where, under the lime-trees, they found an elegant dessert, served up with *café* and *chasse* and all requisites; while chess-tables, backgammon-table, *trou-madame* tables, and various games, swings, &c. were placed here and there, and everywhere, that all might amuse themselves *selon leurs fantaisies*—M. Hippolyte bowing, and talking, and going from one to another, like a king in the presence-chamber.

The men looked like what they were, and their overdone manners betrayed their origin: the women were better, so far as looks went: but well, and simply, and fashionably attired as they certainly were from their hair to their shoe-tie, they wore their clothes as if to be dressed was not an every-day affair—in short, they were pretty women, and, upon the whole, good actresses, but not ladies.

Next day was one of confusion and importance; things had to be put in their accustomed places. The baker sent the *vicomtesse* out to pay his bills, and returned to the garden, where I saw him working away as placidly as usual when I called at my aunt's on my way to Paris, where I was to accompany my sister to a ball at the Embassy, and remain all night.

Upon my return home I found a note from Mrs Latewood, begging to see me immediately, and I accordingly hurried off to her house. 'Ah,' cried she as soon as she saw me, 'poor Monsieur Hippolyte has broken his leg! No one was at home: Madame Butterini had gone to her cousin's at Neuilly, and Marie was out somewhere. I was writing at this table, and thought I heard a groaning, but paid no particular attention to it, imagining it was a noise caused by some machine; at last I got up to look out of the window, and there saw poor Monsieur Hippolyte lying upon the ground, as if dead. I went for La Brochette and Marie; we conveyed him to bed, sent for the surgeon, who set the leg, and gave him a composing draught; but I fear, from what Doctor Laudoy says, it will be a long time before he recovers the use of it.' It was indeed sad news. Poor, peaceable, kind old man, who lived in his garden. What a privation for him in every way!

Nothing could equal poor Madame Butterini's self-reproaches and sorrow for being absent: she nursed him most assiduously, and soon all fever and danger were past; but he was ordered to remain upon his back without moving, and very tiresome it must have been; but his patience was inexhaustible—his cheerful resignation worthy of a martyr. He read a great deal, and occasionally permitted an acquaintance to sit and talk half an hour by his bedside. Mrs Latewood often went;

but she spoke French with too much difficulty to amuse either the sufferer or herself as much as each wished.

'I am going for one of *les bonnes sœurs* to sit with Monsieur Hippolyte in my absence,' said Madame Butterini one morning; 'for I must go to Paris to-day, and cannot be back under three hours. *Le pauvre cher homme* does not want much; but he must have his *tisane* and his soup; and so some one must be beside him.' By a sudden impulse I offered my services, which the old man accepted, looking at the same time very much pleased. So behold me seated by the bedside of the quondam baker, warming his soup, sweetening his *tisane*, and feeling rather honoured than disgraced by being permitted to do so. I can scarcely tell how the conversation led to it; but it did lead very naturally to M. Hippolyte's telling me his history, 'which,' said he, 'never have I spoken of to any one before; but it seems as if it would take a load off my mind to relate it to one who can feel for, and, I think, understand me—'

'My name is Palamede de Tour la Roche. I was the third son of the Duc de Tour la Roche, who, with his wife, eldest son, and daughter, perished in the Revolution in '93. The earliest thing I remember was living in the Hôtel Tour la Roche in great luxury and splendour—"the curled darling" of my beautiful mother, and the spoiled pet and plaything of all the house and all the company who came to it. My youth took no heed of passing events; but one evening our hôtel was attacked, and from that day to this I saw no more of my father and brothers—but my mother and sister continued to live as before, only they were now continually weeping, clasping me to their bosoms in passionate fondness, and never going out of the great gates. Everything was changed: we had no longer any servants except an old woman, her daughter, and a lame son, with whom I played in the garden, undisturbed by the cries which reached us there, because I attached no ideas that I can remember to them, and I was told not to be frightened, for it was only wicked, drunken people shouting. When I inquired after my papa, and Henri, and Philippe—they were called unexpectedly to England, and would be back again one of these days, was the answer, which contented me. Although full eleven years old, my mind had been kept so much under, and I had lived so entirely in the perfumed atmosphere of the drawing-room—where, being little of my age, people forgot it, and made a plaything of me—that many a boy of seven or eight knew more of the world than I did.

'One night, after being some time in bed, I was awakened by a terrible noise in the house, and loud voices, and lights glancing in the court. I felt greatly frightened, but did not dare to move; in a little time it ceased entirely, and, childlike, I again sunk to slumber. I lay awake long next morning. I remember singing to myself, and wondering why old Marotte did not, as usual, come to dress me; so at last I got up, and went into my mother's room. Everything there was in disorder, and neither mother, sister, nor servant to be seen. I cried bitterly, and ran from room to room, searching in every corner in vain. All was silent. My passionate cries of "Maman! Maman! Louise! Louise!" remained unanswered; and the doors were fastened or locked, all but the one which led out of a small chamber into the garden, that had probably been overlooked. At last they opened, and such a rabble came pouring in, that I was frightened to death, and could scarcely make use of my trembling limbs to convey me to the garden, where I crept into a very thick bush, and remained happily unseen. There I sat, I suppose, for hours: I heard sounds of revelry, of quarrelling, and breaking, and gun-firing; saw furniture thrown out of the windows—furniture I knew so well! and people with bloody hands and faces standing at them. I think I must have fainted. When I

recovered my senses, however, it was getting quite dusk; so, when the coast was pretty clear, I stole out into the street, and wandering away towards the Champs Elysées, lay down under a tree, and slept—forgetting grief, terror, hunger, and cold, in the dreamless sleep of innocent childhood—the last I was ever to know—for the scenes that I witnessed the day following “my early bloom of heart destroyed.” When I stood up, and saw where I was, and the events of the preceding evening crowded to my confused mind, a sort of madness, I suppose, seized me; I thought I was in my little gilded bed in my own alcove at home, and was dreaming a frightful dream, not uncommon to children who have been indulging in pastry or rich dishes. I therefore quietly turned my steps towards the hôtel, expecting there to find things as usual. I can scarcely tell what images passed through my brain, but the full horror of my helpless situation did not break upon me until I found myself before the well-known *porte cochère*, which was shut. Then I knew it was no dream, and that all was real; and from that hour to this I have never entered my father's house—never seen him, my brothers, my sister: my mother I saw once more—on the scaffold!

Here the poor old man, whose voice had faltered two or three times, stopped and sobbed audibly.

“Pray,” said I, “do not go on, my dear Monsieur de Tour la Roche.”

“Do not call me by that dear name: I cannot bear it. No; I called myself Hippolyte after one of our footmen: I could not bear to hear the name my darling mother addressed me by profaned by the lips that surrounded me afterwards. But to proceed!”

“Oh no; pray spare yourself.”

“On the contrary, it is a relief to my long-pent-up grief—I had for some time lived in the streets, subsisting upon chance; and I was standing on a heap of rubbish, just where the corner-house on the left-hand side of the Rue Royale now stands, looking at the guillotine doing its dreadful work. A man, a woman, mounted, and their heads fell; two other women, coarsely attired, stood waiting; one turned—Oh God! it was my mother!—my gentle, timid, kind, darling mother! Timid and gentle no longer, she looked calm and cold, moved resolutely, looking for one moment up to Heaven, and said words I would now give my life-blood to hear. My blood curdled, my heart stopped, as I heard the rattle and clap of the descending guillotine. “Maman! maman!” I shrieked. It was over! “Encore une autre!” shouted a fierce man beside me. “Maman! maman!” “Wring the neck of that little aristocrat!” cried the mob. The man advanced, as I hoped to kill me at once, but he only grasped me fast, saying, “No, I shall take him home, pour le tuer à mon aise.” Death I wished for; but torture!—I fainted; and when I came to myself, I was in an unfrequented street, still tightly held by the man. “Don't be afraid, my child—I shan't hurt you; but never, as you value your life, whisper your name: if you do—here he swore a terrific oath—I will kill you *cruelly*. Now come with me. You shall sleep with mon petit Pierre: call yourself Achille, Hercule, Hippolyte—what you please, if not your own name.” Hippolyte, then, and Hippolyte I have been ever since—Jean Hippolyte when I signed my name. The house he carried me to was wretched, dark, and dirty; the food given coarse, but plentiful; and here I grovelled, moody, and nearly mad, for more than a year, wandering through the streets idle and in rags, seldom speaking, unless forced, lest I should inadvertently betray myself. At last this man, whose name was Jean Leroux, told me he had obtained employment for both Pierre and me in a boulangerie. We were clothed somewhat more decently, and sent about with bread to different parts of the neighbourhood, and employed in various little ways at first,

sweeping out the shop, ovens, &c.; but by degrees we made progress. As I could both read and write, which Pierre could not do, and he was also naturally a slow indolent boy, I was preferred before him; but he was not ill-natured, and bore me no malice. I grew up healthy enough, and tall; got forward at my trade, and soon made money. I served also seven years under the Emperor, and brought away, besides my laurels, two trifling wounds. Upon my return, still keeping my secret, which, however, there was now no longer danger in discovering, I commenced a search for my elder brother Philippe, of whose death I have never heard; but without success; although I ascertained that my father and Henri had been guillotined, and that my poor sister had been massacred in the streets. I recommenced my former business, and worked early and late to make enough to enable me to live in peace and seclusion, waiting anxiously, but I hope patiently, until He who in his wisdom has thought fit to afflict me, shall take me to those realms where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes. I built this house back from those which line the street: passages and kitchens look into the courts; but I never go near those parts except at an early hour to mass. I live in my garden, and with my books. Monsieur Butterini—who never assumed the title his wife is so proud of, although he had an undoubted right to bear it, poor man—married the daughter of the person at whose house he lodged before taking up his abode in mine, as a matter of economy, for she saved him a seamstress, a nurse, and a servant. She is vain, weak, and vulgar, as you see, but has ever been correct in her conduct, attentive to him while he lived, as she now is to me, in return for my allowing her to retain two of the rooms she before occupied, money enough to dress upon in the meantime, and a small annuity when I die. The people whom I occasionally entertain, and to whom I shall leave the little wealth I possess, are the families of Jean Leroux's children and those of my first master; but I feel still, as I have ever felt, that I am of noble birth. When my will is read, all will then know that a De Tour la Roche has baked their bread, but not until then. It has been a great relief to my mind to tell all this to you, madame; and if Philippe or his descendants should be in England, promise that you will seek them out, and speak to them of me, and perhaps even yet some of my own blood will pray over my grave!”

I was deeply impressed by this melancholy history; and afterwards spent many an hour with the old man in his garden, where he always welcomed me with a smile, and talked unreservedly, sometimes even cheerfully. He recovered his fall entirely, and lived several years afterwards, but last winter died of bronchitis. Many know parts of this story now, and I see no reason why I should not relate the sad tale as he himself told it to me. Some worldly-wise people may ask why he did not take his proper title, and move in his proper sphere, when he could do so; but I can very easily comprehend his feelings. His heart was almost broken; he took no pleasure in this world nor in the things of this world, except those by which he could “look up through nature unto nature's God.” What were the vanities of life to him? Obtaining his estate and title—the first of which would have been difficult, if not impossible—would only have hindered his desire of leading the life of calm unpretending seclusion which pleased him best; and, besides this, he was impressed with the idea that Philippe, who was the rightful Duc de Tour la Roche, or his children, were in existence somewhere.* He was in no want of money, having made by his own exertions more than enough for his moderate requirements: no, nor of the world's respect. All respected him for his integrity and charity;

* It has been satisfactorily ascertained since that he died many years ago at Vienna unmarried.

and his air and manner in themselves were sufficient to impress those who came in contact with him, even while they knew he was but a retired tradesman. I can understand it all perfectly. Some of those who chance to read this paper may possibly have seen his tomb at Père la Chaise; but they will not find the name of Tour la Roche, for that of course is fictitious.

POLICE STATISTICS OF MANCHESTER.

CAPTAIN EDWARD WILLIS, the chief constable of Manchester, presents to the Watch Committee under whom he acts a yearly document, containing 'criminal and miscellaneous statistical returns of the Manchester police.' This document embodies no fewer than ninety-three tables full of 'facts and figures,' that illustrate in a remarkable way the social and moral economy of that greatest of all manufacturing towns. No labour seems to be spared in order to make these returns as complete as it is possible for statistics to be, and the greater part embrace comparisons extending back over several of the immediately preceding years. The volume (for volume it is) for 1849 was laid before the Watch Committee on 6th June of this year, and has since been printed; and from it we propose to select and arrange some facts which cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive.

The municipal borough of Manchester contains no fewer than seven townships, that, before the days of the steam-engine and tall chimneys, were separated from each other by green fields, but which have since thrown out so many *tentacula* in the shape of long streets to embrace each other, that all have grown into one great mass of human habitations, with no lines of demarcation save painted boards put up at the corner or in the middle of a street. The neighbouring borough of Salford, though divided from Manchester by a river only about a third of the width of the Thames at London Bridge, still maintains an independent character, and to it of course the statistics of Captain Willis have no reference. These seven townships to which we have referred contain an area of 4260 statute acres, the proportion of this occupied by Manchester proper being about one-third. On 31st December 1849 there stood on this area 56,907 buildings, of which about four-fifths were used exclusively as dwelling-houses. The practice of separating the shop from the house does not seem to find much favour in Manchester, for it is stated that while 5376 shops were used also as dwelling-houses, only 751 shops were not so used. The number of mills is of course very considerable. Of cotton-mills there are 102, silk 6, worsted 3, and small-ware 18. As the printing of calico requires a much greater supply of water than can be conveniently procured in Manchester, we find that of print-works there are only 7. There are 35 dye-works, 15 hat manufactories, 49 establishments for the construction of machinery, 38 foundries, 4 lead and 3 paper works, 23 saw and 11 corn mills, and 752 miscellaneous workshops in various trades and manufactures. The greater part of these establishments use steam-power. In the return now before us, the extent of that power, or the number of persons employed, is not stated, but in the report for 1848 such particulars are given, applicable to December in that year. From it we learn that the steam-power employed in 251 mills, dye-works, foundries, &c. was to the extent of 8994 horses, and the number of workpeople 45,480; in 149 other establishments the steam-power used was equal to 2052 horses; thus making the total power exerted every day by the machinery of Manchester driven by steam equal to nearly 11,000 horses. In the cotton, silk, and woollen mills the average horse-power to each was 60, and the average number of workpeople engaged 282; while in the foundries, machine-shops, &c. where there is more of skilled labour, the proportions were 11 and 85. The

raw material and the manufactured goods of Manchester are stored in 1608 warehouses, many of which are large massive buildings, with even some little attempt at ornament. The town is lighted from four gas stations; it has ten public markets, and no fewer than 120 slaughter-houses. Paupers are lodged in 3 workhouses, houseless wanderers in 1 night asylum, and the diseased in 9 hospitals and infirmaries. There are 6 of those new and useful establishments—baths and washhouses, 7 railway stations, 12 banks, 102 places of worship (the same as the number of cotton-mills), and 173 breweries and distilleries. The number of private and public schools is returned as 366; but many schools are included in the number of dwelling-houses, &c. so that they are really more numerous. The rapidity with which all these buildings are increasing may be judged of from the fact, that during 1849 there were erected 962 new dwelling-houses, 124 new shops, 5 new warehouses, 3 new cotton-mills, 2 breweries, a church and a school, together with other edifices—making a total of 1133 new buildings erected in one year. Builders are never idle in Manchester; for in addition to the above, there were in process of erection on 31st December 1849, 209 dwelling-houses and several other edifices—making a total of 247. Many of the shops and dwelling-houses are of course erected on speculation; but they do not seem to stand long before obtaining tenants—for of the 962 dwelling-houses and 124 shops erected and completed in 1849, 690 of the former, and 89 of the latter, were in use at the end of the year. All the other buildings being for the most part erected to order, were in use except two—one being a workshop, and the other classed under the head 'miscellaneous.' A clearer idea of the great progress that Manchester is now making may perhaps be obtained from the increase in the annual value of property during the last few years. The annual value in 1841 was estimated at L.841,064; in 1846 at L.1,061,273; and in 1849 at L.1,156,373. In the 'Pictorial History of Lancashire,' it is stated that in Chorlton, one of the townships forming the borough of Manchester, an old hall and the estate adjoining it were sold in 1644 for L.300, and at the close of the last century the same property was resold for L.60,000. Its value must now be immensely increased.

The population that eat, drink, work, and sleep on these four thousand and odd acres was on 31st December 1849, 302,182; in 1841 it was 235,507. Of this population 278,875 reside in dwelling-houses, and 20,399 in cellars—the remaining 2908 being found in the following public establishments: workhouses 1900, hospitals 220, cavalry barracks 374, charity schools 190, night asylum 90, penitentiary 62, police station 27, model lodging-houses 30, and servants' home 15. The population residing in cellars has diminished one-tenth during the last five years. Another curious feature appears in one of the tables: in proportion as the numbers contained in the public buildings, workhouses, &c. increase, so do the numbers of uninhabited dwelling-houses increase. In 1848, for example, 3473 dwelling-houses were uninhabited, and in 1849 the number was 2498; but in the former year the public buildings contained 3775, and in the latter 2908 persons.

The police force which has to watch so much property and so many lives, numbers 468, of whom 22 are supernumeraries—their cost to the ratepayers being about L.25,000 per annum. Of this number, excluding supernumeraries, 82 are Irish, 7 Scotch, and 7 Welsh—the remainder being English. Two-thirds only are married. Their average height is 5 feet 9½ inches, and their average age 31 years and 5 months. These are minute particulars; but the tables before us contain others more minute still—such as the periods of service of each rank, the promotions and dismissals during the year, &c. The fines inflicted on the force during the last seven years amounted to L.1131, and the rewards

and gratuities paid to them out of this sum amounted to L.840, and L.100 in addition were taken to form a library and news-room. Bad conduct is thus made to reward good deeds. There is, besides, a 'relief or superannuation fund,' to which the men subscribe, and which shows a good balance in hand of nearly L.2000.

Let us now look at the crimes and offences of which the police have to take cognisance. The total number of persons taken into custody during 1849 was 3331 males and 1356 females—being about 1600 less than in 1848, a year of considerable excitement among all classes, and during which 68 persons were apprehended in Manchester alone for sedition, conspiracy, and rioting. About one-fourth of the offences arose from persons getting drunk, and becoming either 'incapable,' or creating a breach of the peace. The facilities for getting drunk in Manchester are very numerous, as indeed they are in every large town. We have already seen that there are 71 more breweries and distilleries than places of worship, and from one of the tables we find that the number of public and beer houses is 1710, of which 96 have music as an attraction for customers. Of the persons apprehended for drunkenness, about half of the incapables, and a fourth of the disorderlies, were discharged, the remainder being fined, but none committed for trial. But the disgrace and the fine were not all that followed the drunkenness. During 1849, 775 robberies from the person were committed, and 210 of the persons thus robbed were drunk at the time. Of these robberies, 79 were effected in public and beer houses, and 522 in the streets. The value of the property stolen was L.2673, and of that recovered only L.488—leaving a gain to the thieves of L.2185. Again, from the incapables L.393, 4s. 5d. were taken by the police, and restored to them when sober. The amount so taken and restored has been gradually decreasing every year: in 1843 it was L.2472, and in 1845 it was L.1617. If people get so drunk as to be unable to take care of their money, they can have little reason to complain if it should be stolen. In truth, the vices of the honest call into play the vices of the dishonest, and doubtless often make thieves by leading them into irresistible temptation.

If, on the other hand, we look at the robberies from shops, dwelling-houses, &c. we shall find that many arise from the carelessness of the owners. The offences against property committed without violence were 1349, and those committed with violence, by breaking into houses, &c. were only 129. Among the former were 35 cases of embezzlement, and 78 of larceny, by servants; but 16 of the former, and 32 of the latter, were discharged by the magistrates, and of those committed for trial 4 were acquitted. The total number of felonies reported to the police was 4601; the amount of value stolen being L.8511, of which L.2909 were recovered; so that not half of the offenders were detected, nor half the money recovered. Of these felonies nearly one half arose from premises being left insecure, or property unprotected. Thus in 734 cases, where L.568 were stolen, the doors of the premises had been left open, almost inviting thieves to walk in; 483 cases were of goods exposed for sale—as, for example, hanging at shop doors, within the grasp of every passer-by; 348 were of tools, glass, fittings, &c. taken from unoccupied or unfinished premises; 244 were of linen, &c. exposed to dry; and 177 were from carts, carriages, market-places, boats, &c. The actual number of what may be called planned and premeditated robberies was comparatively small. But the temptations held out by the public to robbers are greater than even these statements would lead us to suppose; for no less than 3545 houses, shops, &c. containing property or lives, were found by the police to be insecure and unsafe, from doors and windows being left unfastened, or from gas and fires being left burning in premises where no one resided. Again, 135 of the felonies were from the persons of

children allowed to go about without sufficient protection. This will not be surprising when it is stated that during last year 4400 children were reported to the police as having been lost, in consequence of a proper watch not having been kept over them. They were all found again, however—2601 by the parents, and the remainder by the police. During the last seven years no fewer than 26,569 children have been so lost and found. People who never look below, and seldom even at the surface of things, talk about the want of poetry in the present generation; but what a subject for a poem is here! The plain fact that looks so solid in Captain Willis's tables represents something more than figures: it represents thousands of anxious fathers and thousands of mothers, like Rachel of old, 'weeping for their children,' and at last comforted by the appearance of a blue-coated policeman—rough to evil doers, but tender to lost infants—bringing home the weary and tearful wanderers to their arms. On the other hand, what an indictment could be run up against that abstraction to which nobody will confess he belongs—the public; containing charges of carelessness and neglect which make robberies easy, and robbers plentiful—for where many are tempted, some are sure to fall, and pure innocence is perhaps more common in this world than tried virtue!

Let us see what bearing age, education, position in life, and regular employment, have upon the crimes and offences of Manchester. Of the total number apprehended, 248 were under fifteen years of age: of these 175 could neither read nor write, and only two could read and write well; 19 were under ten years of age, and 5 of them were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned for periods varying from one to six months. Their offences were stealing from houses and from the person. What other crimes could they commit? Of those above fifteen years of age, 1482 could neither read nor write, 1978 could do so very imperfectly, 215 could read and write well, and only 4 had had superior instruction. The offences of the last of these were—assault on a police constable, for which the offender was summarily convicted; two were cases of wilful damage; and one of embezzlement; but all three were discharged by the magistrates. Those who could 'read and write well' supplied 19 of the 35 cases of embezzlement, and 4 of the 15 cases of forgery, 67 of the drunk cases, 42 of the common assaults, and 1 out of 7 cases of manslaughter. The classes who could neither read nor write, or do so imperfectly, supplied all the cases (4) of murder, rape (2), bigamy (2), child-desertion (2), child-stealing (1), assaults by cutting and maiming (16), obstructing police constables (12), burglary (37), robberies by force (38), attempting to commit suicide (4), gambling (72), and illicit distillation, &c. (31). In these crimes (certainly the worst in the list) none of those who could read and write well, or had superior instruction, were implicated. Rough as such a test must always be of any person's education, yet this statement is sufficient to prove that crime and ignorance, as a general rule, are as inseparable as the Siamese Twins. Again, almost every trade has a representative amongst the offenders. Those classed as factory hands, 571 in number, are chiefly charged with vagrancy, larceny, assaults, and, in a less degree than others, with drunkenness. Mechanics (including smiths, joiners, masons, &c.) are chiefly charged with common assaults, with being drunk and disorderly, &c.: shoemakers and tailors the same; dressmakers and charwomen with wilful damage and larceny; labourers, 627 in number, with assaults, larceny, being drunk, &c.: sweeps and boatmen seem rather noted for burglary; clerks for embezzlement; female servants for larceny; and hawkers for vagrancy, gambling, and drunkenness. The four cases of murder are charged against a labourer, a smith, a dyer, and a coachman; the two of bigamy against labourers; and the seven of manslaughter

against two weavers, a labourer, two coachmen, a porter, and a mason. Of the total number of offenders, 1616, or more than one-third, are made up of persons who are either reputed thieves or prostitutes, or who follow no trade.

The state of employment shows very clearly how much crime flows from idleness. Of these 4687 persons, 3070 were out of work at the time of their apprehension. The trades in which the number employed exceeded those unemployed were the following:—Engineers, joiners and sawyers, carriers, saddlers, calico printers, fustian cutters, hatters, porters and packers, clerks, engravers, gardeners, felt-dealers, sweeps, and boatmen. The only learned profession that appears is the medical, 11 surgeons being embraced in the list, of whom 4 were in and 7 were out of practice. The latter in all probability were students. Of the persons apprehended, 3336 were English, 1184 Irish, 94 Scotch, 49 Welsh, and 24 foreigners. Half of the cases of murder were by Irish, and one-third of the assaults: one-fourth of the Scotch cases, one-third of the Welsh, and one-sixth of the foreign, were for being drunk.

Among the miscellaneous information we find the following curious facts:—1122 chimneys were reported to have been on fire during 1849, and the owners fined altogether to the extent of L.60; the number of dogs found at large was 1655, and the owners of 1510 were fined, in the aggregate, L.200—an average of little less than half-a-crown for each animal; 10 female servants were summoned for cleaning windows from the outside—five were excused, one not proven, and four were fined 6s. 6d.; 14 people for shaking carpets in the street were fined 15s. 6d.; 174 head of cattle were found straying in the streets, and impounded, realising in fines L.35; 3340 dwelling and 816 lodging houses were visited by the sanitary inspector—the number found clean when visited was 1201; of the remainder, 2385 were cleansed by the occupiers, and 70 at the cost of the public. The number of fires in Manchester during 1849 was 120, destroying property to the extent of L.66,504, and only 77 of the 120 buildings were insured. There are ten fire-engines with watery names, and the fire-brigade consists of fifty-one men.

Our space prevents us from quoting further. In conclusion, we would only refer to the great diminution that appears to have taken place in crimes and offences during the last ten years: in 1840 the number of persons taken into custody was 12,417; in 1845 it was 9635; and in 1849, 4687. This speaks well for the efficiency of the police and the progressive improvement of the people.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

FANCY FAIR—SEEMPORE—GARDEN REACH—MORE GALETIES—
BANYAN-TREE—HUNDRO TEMPLE.

May 23d.—We had some excellent music to-night in the park, and a larger crowd than usual to hear it, several spare bungalows being occupied for the moment by people flying from the heat of Calcutta. It is a pretty scene—a well-chosen spot, under trees, near the river. A large circular frame is set up to hold the desks, hung round with lamps, lighted long before we think of leaving, as darkness comes on so quickly without any twilight. The musicians stand before their desks, in their neat white dresses. Many carriages, and many horsemen, and some horsewomen, form the listening group; besides a mob of natives. These last are certainly lovers of a better style of music than they are accustomed to listen to among themselves. We found a large increase to our family and feminine dinner-party awaiting us at home. Several buggies were slowly wheeling away from the door, which had brought our gentlemen with some friends out for a holiday. They told us the result of the fancy fair:

the rubbish sold best. Many beautifully-manufactured articles, the materials costly, and the workmanship tedious and difficult, hardly fetched the value of the original outlay. But Cary's balls for the babies went for a rupee a piece: the dolls in costume were all bought up in the lump by a rich Parsee for quite a fancy price. A whole stall of trumpery was swept off without examination by another; and my sketches brought from five rupees to twenty each. Five or six thousand rupees were realised—about equivalent to as many hundred pounds. We hope much good may be done with such a sum; it will go a great way among the poor in this country, where the wants of the people are so few, and so very cheaply supplied.

25th.—A half storm to-day, which slightly interfered with some work we had entered on. All the ladies, the two most active ayahs, a dizjie, and a carpenter, were constructing a room—I can't say building, for the term would be incorrect, and making would hardly describe our labours. We have done the job remarkably well—so well, that we are going to set to work to another. Our tools were very simple—needles, thread, and tacks; our materials—bamboos and calico, by means of which we have partitioned off an excellent dressing-room. There is little that people cannot do when they set about it, even in this country, provided the sun be behind a cloud. One of the servants killed a snake close to the veranda where we were stitching—a long, dark, ugly creature; the first I had seen, for these hateful reptiles are not common; and being fortunately of retired habits, they seldom obtrude their unwelcome company upon our elevated species; also they are said to be timid, and generally to slink away when discovered, unless attacked. The natives are very dexterous in despatching them warily.

28th.—A storm in right earnest after a day or two of threatening. It lasted four hours. Nobody from Calcutta came near us, as the thunder gave its first sharp clap so late as four o'clock; a timely warning, which would prevent any one trying the road. These storms are wonderfully grand—quite terrific; and the rain falls with such force, and in such quantity, that a thorough wetting is the consequence of being out under it even for a few minutes. The air felt very chilly the whole evening afterwards.

29th.—A delicious morning after the storm. The air cool, not damp; all looking fresh, and feeling fresh; and the grass in the fields, and the trees, and the shrubs, and the flowers in the compound quite brilliant. We had all the children out with us for an hour or two playing merrily at active games. This evening another storm is brewing.

June 1st.—We walked in the park to look at the elephants and the rhinoceroses, and returned by a fish-pond, where the servants of a native of rank were busy fishing. They threw in the nets very gracefully. The fisherman walks into the water up to his waist, carrying his net, which is flat and circular, and about five feet in diameter. As he moves forward, he coils it carefully, till every part is equally and regularly twisted; he then holds the coil up over his head at the full stretch of his two arms, and with a dexterous jerk he casts it before him, so that it uncoils, and lies for a moment spread out its full size upon the water, till the weight pressing towards the middle, carries it down in the shape of a bag.

5th.—This day began the little rains; we really felt it almost cold. We have had to take to shawls, and to shut up the rooms. The constant pattering appeared quite disagreeable. In short, we were not to be pleased when it came with what we had all been longing for. It is raw and uncomfortable certainly, and dark, and noisy, and everything we touch is clammy; and the ayahs are preparing pans of charcoal, to be placed within large, open, square cases of bamboo, upon which all our clothes are to be flung to dry before we can put

them on—shawls, and shoes, and gowns, and coats, as well as linen.

10th.—Took a boat this morning, Arthur being here, and crossed over—a small party of us—to inspect the Danish settlement at Serampore. These river-boats are very simply constructed: bamboo and cocoa-nut supply all the materials of the rude rigging. The sails are made of a cloth woven from the fibre-like rind of the nut, and the cordage is twisted out of the same, rudely enough, but answering the purpose. We visited the college here, on purpose to view an uncommon sort of staircase, the steps of which are of wrought-iron, and the banisters of brass, supported by pillars, but very dingy from neglect, we supposed: too dingy to strike me as handsome. The building itself is fine, though the rooms are not good inside. The compound is very prettily laid out like a college garden at Oxford. It was a private missionary establishment, and it once had many pupils; but all is at a stand-still now since the deaths of the founders. There is a printing-press in it; and there was a library, and lecture-rooms, and class-rooms, long disused. As far as we can learn, there has been little progress made as yet in converting to Christianity either Mussulmans or Hindoos. It is unwise to force these matters: the people are not yet ready for such improvement—not capable at present of comprehending the sublimity of doctrines which in no way appeal to the senses. Many of the proselytes, baptised young, and systematically well taught, forget all they have learned, and return to paganism on returning to their own homes. Others lose all idea of any religion; laugh openly at their own superstitions, secretly at what they call ours. One of the jokes at a great Hindoo festival, quite lately, was carrying about, and then burning, the effigy of a Christian missionary. Yet those of the intelligent natives who are not priests are well aware of the good these devoted men accomplish by spreading the light of education among poor ignorant beings. Would it not be better for this generation to be content with this first great step—give good milk first, as a preparation for the strong meat to follow, since they are not able for the best food now? Intellect must be cultivated to a certain degree before it can comprehend the simplest reasoning, to a high degree before it can produce the courage necessary to make a true convert; those easily made are as easily unmade. Also habits must be altered, tastes must be elevated, before a character sunk in selfish sensuality can be sufficiently purified to feel the holiness of the Gospel. And, after all, what will precept do without example? The good missionaries must be able to point to the fruits of their doctrines, as shown in the lives and the characters of their own people, before they will succeed in eradicating the prejudices and changing the customs of an ancient faith.

15th.—Whose birthday is this? How do these stages in the march of time appear to mark its progress, recalling feelings, thoughts, actions of many a long past hour! At this distance these fête-days make a melancholy impression, for it is recollection only which fills them; and so, for fear of weakening what it should be our aim to strengthen, I will walk these sadder sensations off by the river-side, where it is very pleasant now in the intervals of the showers to wander, thankful that we are all well, though parted. It is fortunate for me that the slighter rains of this season admit of my taking the constant exercise on foot necessary for my health now that I have lost my pony. It was only a loan, and it has been reclaimed. This is of less consequence during these watery months, as the pelts of rain come on so suddenly, it is best to keep near the house, and so within reach of shelter, or to take the air in a carriage, which can be closed in a moment, the big drops which sometimes fall first being of a size that would soon wet through a light cloth habit.

20th.—Nothing would suit Cary but to go to Calcutta yesterday to a ball all the way out at Garden Reach. It was a heavy morning, and rained at intervals the whole day; yet she would set out, as she had sent word to her husband to expect her. A note from her just received gives the following account of her pleasure trip:—A down-pour detained her two hours at the governor-general's stables—the real half-way station, which she had got leave to use: she had neither book nor work with her. Hired horses were to carry her on; and one of them tired, and the other had to try to do the work of both, and to drag his reluctant yokel-fellow on step by step. So, after a tedious battle, she stopped in the road, sent the refractory animal back with his syce, and waited there in her carriage, now become a sort of vapour bath, till a better steed arrived. With this attempt she got on pretty well, the sky clearing a little till she nearly reached the town, when such rivers of rain began to pour down, that in five minutes it became one plunge, not through a brook, but through a lake, all the rest of the way to her own house; and she was thoroughly exhausted on arriving. What must the men and horses have been? The men had their oiled-cloth overalls on fortunately—very queer disguises made to envelop the whole person, including the head and face: two glass eyes are fixed in the part which covers the face for the wearer to see through, and very extraordinary a carriage looks with these singularly-attired attendants, so many of them hanging on it. It reminds me of those old Spanish prints my grandmother had, representing the processions at an *auto da fê*, which used so to frighten me as a child. Nothing daunted by the ill success of her travels, Cary dressed and went to the ball, which was of course so far a failure, that out of the two hundred and fifty people invited, only eighty courageous individuals came, none from any distance save one attempting such a mad proceeding. Ladies were especially scarce, the venturesome few were therefore in great requisition, overpowered by flattering assiduities, and so quite in spirits; and the mistress of the mansion exerting herself by incessant attentions to the few to make up for the want of the many, we were assured that the party turned out delightfully agreeable, quite worth all it cost, and that the supper was most particularly enjoyed by such as had been in no condition to eat much dinner.

Helen and Mary and I had a musical evening, and made ourselves so happy, we were quite glad we had stayed at home. They are getting up some songs for a concert Mr Black means to give. I am to accompany all the singers; so, each in our own department, we have plenty to do in our retirement against our return to a gayer position.

22d.—Mr Black and three more of the performers arrive this evening for a series of rehearsals, Edward and Caroline remaining at Chowringhee for the present, on account of numerous dinner-parties. The great heats being over, we don't expect to see much more of that gay pair. One of these parties is made for the purpose of eating up the scraps of the ball-supper: it is represented as having been exceedingly pleasant. Excuses are never wanting for originating these meetings: it is a never-ending round of gaieties in this sociable place, except during the most exhausting weeks of the hot weather. I cannot think company-dinners, or balls either, agreeable in the rainy season more than in the hot one; for when the rain does fall, it is so very heavy, pouring down in an unceasing torrent, as if a reservoir had opened in the sky. I observed last night that the paddy-fields on each side of the road, where on Wednesday not a drop of water was to be seen, were completely flooded. This was entirely produced by the rain: there is no connection with tanks or springs, or even with the river; but there was great anxiety shown on the part of the people to

prevent the water from dispersing after the clouds had burst over the fields: they were all busy closing up any way by which it could escape, the young rice-plants springing up luxuriantly under this irrigation. The grass everywhere is beautifully green now. There appeared to be none before the rains began; the country was as a desert, except for the trees; the ground mere baked clay. It is on grass roots that the horses are partly fed during the dry months; roots dug up by the men called somewhat fantastically grass-cutters. Now the country is a garden, risen up as if by magic; so rapidly do heat and moisture act upon vegetation.

24th.—A clear sky and drier air encouraged us to cross the river in one of those little odd boats again, to admire at leisure a fine specimen of the banyan-tree standing in a little grove. At first it did not strike me as so very large, which often happens in these cases. I remember the same sort of disappointment when I first saw Stonehenge. But when we went up, and stood under its shade, in the midst of two or three dozen dependent stems growing down from its many branches, which they thus support by taking root in the ground, while forming a singularly curious colonnade, I soon found my mind correcting the error of my eye, and the really immense stretch of tree began to grow on me in all its extent. The profusion of this veteran's progeny, still attached to him, yet fixed by roots of their own all round him, each in itself now become a vigorous stem as big as our ordinary timber-trees, but remaining thus clustered under the wide shadow of one far-spreading head, is no unapt emblem of a Hindoo family, which thus, in all its branches, hangs on together. The peepul is the only other tree I have yet heard of with this same tendency to send its offshoots down; and they do not descend in the peepul from the branches, but from the stem itself; thus giving the trunk the appearance of a number of rods bound together as they cluster round the parent within.

After satisfying our curiosity under the banyan, we continued our walk along the fine terrace by the river side, Arthur holding a chittray over us, as the sun was, even at this season, and at this late afternoon hour, powerful. A Brahmin from a neighbouring temple attended us for a short way, and then begged of us to look inside this rather shabby piece of architecture, built of the small crumbling bricks of the country. He never noticed that we wore our shoes, but slipping his feet out of his own, he entered the holy precincts, and ushered us straight into the only one of the five chambers, each under its own cupola, which was on this day open. A very miserable idol—a mere shapeless stone—was set up in it. Another temple of more pretension was close at hand, and near it the humble cabin of this poor priest, about which grew a small wild flower of the pea tribe, of a fine bright-red colour, that peeped out prettily from the green around. We pursued our way to the flourishing factory at Serampore, conducted by Mr Williams, where silk handkerchiefs are dyed and stamped, and got there in time to see the unloading of a boat bringing in these goods in the rough, neatly done up in bales. When landed, they are carried up the steps of the ghaut, and packed into little carts drawn by the small oxen used for draught, and so conveyed to the mat-huts composing the factory. Several of the cattle were decorated about the head with wreaths of the wild flowers we had been admiring. All Mr Williams's premises are uncommonly tidy for this part of the world, where cleanliness and order by no means prevail. The grass of the compound was closely shaven, with the carefulness observable on an English lawn, and on it were laid the pieces of handkerchiefs, as in a bleachfield—this being a necessary part of the process. The flower garden here is charming; I should have liked to wander amongst its brilliant borders for an hour. Such a contrast it all was to the old Danish settlement adjoining, which may have been

in its day a cheerful place, but is now almost deserted. We made a great sensation walking through its nearly empty streets, all looking the more desolate from its being the happy evening hour when those who can make a point of getting out into the cooler air after the fatiguing heat of the day. At these ruined doorways we saw no one. Returning to the boat, we allowed ourselves to glide down the stream with the current homewards, the boatmen resting on their oars, all still around till the boom of the military band in the park reached us through the darkening air.

THE CZAR AND THE SPA.

It happened about a hundred and fifty years ago that the famous Peter, who united the trade of a carpenter to the profession of czar of Russia, felt himself unwell while staying at the village of Spa. The autocratic workman, with a happy anticipation of Priesnitz and Claridge, drank freely of the water of a neighbouring spring. Eight days afterwards he sent for the burgomaster and the magistrates, and addressed them nearly in these words:—'Gentlemen, I was ill; but thanks to free libations of your sparkling fountain, I am now quite well. I owe you much.'—Here the czar thrust his hand into the pocket of the coarse jerkin which he wore; and the civic dignitaries, having extended their open palms—'I owe you much,' continued the czar; 'and I wish to present you with a durable testimony of my gratitude. In forty-eight hours you shall have it.' One may easily fancy what castles in the air were built by the expectant functionaries. At length they were told that the august convalescent had given orders to procure the hardest stone which the district would afford; and the following morning four strong Muscovites were seen bearing a slab, on which was inscribed these words—

'I was ill: I drank: I was cured.'

(Signed) PETER, Czar of Russia.'

'Place this stone over your fountain, or, if you prefer it, place your fountain under this stone,' said the czar kindly, 'and hereafter you will thank me for it.' Ere many years had elapsed, all Europe knew the waters of Spa; and the demand for it became so enormous, that the worthy burgomaster and his colleagues were forced to discover five new springs in the neighbourhood. The name of Spa was also extended to mineral springs throughout the world.

NAVIGATION BETWEEN THE THAMES AND ISLE OF WIGHT.

An abstract, comprising a period of seven years, from the commencement of 1837 to the end of 1843, of the loss of shipping and life, and of the casualties to which vessels are subject in the navigation between the Thames and the Isle of Wight, was made a few years ago from the authentic records of Lloyd's, by which it appears that 1375 vessels suffered more or less. Of this number 316 were totally wrecked, 56 with loss of life. Among the vessels lost in 1842 and 1843 were those splendid India-men the *Reliance* and *Conqueror*. Nearly every soul on board these fine ships, amounting to little short of two hundred, perished; they were driven on shore near Boulogne. In the latter year, too, the ship *Burhampooteer*, with emigrants from London for New South Wales, was, a few hours after leaving the Thames, utterly wrecked near Margate, on which occasion the people on board had a hairbreadth escape with their lives, losing nearly all they had. The loss of the *Amphitrite* is too recent to be forgotten: she was riding at anchor in the Downs, was driven out by violent weather, and totally wrecked near Calais; she had on board between one hundred and two hundred female convicts bound to Australia, all of whom, with the whole of the crew, were drowned, and the vessel scattered in fragments on the shore.

NEW REMEDY FOR SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.

In the first instance, I applied the extract of ginger, which was rubbed for five or ten minutes over the whole forehead, with the view of acting upon the branches of

the fifth pair of nerves. Afterwards, I substituted a concentrated tincture of ginger, of the strength of one part of ginger to two parts of spirit of wine, decolorised by animal charcoal. The success of this application was remarkable. In many cases it had the effects of doubling the length of vision. In some persons I found the iris was not much dilated, but very torpid. In these cases I applied the concentrated tincture of pepper, made of the same strength, and in the same manner, as the tincture of ginger. This I used until I observed that the iris had obtained a greater power of contraction and dilatation, after which I had again recourse to the tincture of ginger.—*Dr Turnbull in the Lancet.*

THE AURORA ON THE CLYDE.

SEPTEMBER 1836.

Ah me! how heavily the night comes down!

Heavily—heavily:

Fade the curved shores—the blue hills' serried throng—
The darkening tides we oared with light and song—
Joy melts from earth as sunshine from the sky,
And Patience, with sad eye,
Takes up her staff, and drops her withered crown.

Our frail boat heaves upon the heaving river,

Wearily—wearily:

The flickering shore-lights come and go by fits;
Towering from wave to sky, dusk Silence sits—
Death at her feet—above, infinity—
Between, borne restless by.

Our various-freighted bark, like life, floats ever.

Ah, pale, sad hour! too early night, that falls

Drearly—dearly—

Come not so fast! Return—return, bright day,
Kind voices, smiles—clear mountains, sunny bay!
In vain! life's dial cannot backward fly:
The dark time draweth nigh.

Hearken, my soul! When earth's sounds cease, God calls.

Light—light, on the black river! Lo, it gleams

Solemnly—solemnly:

Like troops of pale ghosts on their pensive march,
Treading the far heavens in a luminous arch,
Each after each—phantasms serene and high
Of that eternity
Where all earth's keenest griefs grow dim as dreams.

Drink in the glory, oh my bruised soul,

Silently—silently:

Gaze—till is lulled all pain, all vain desires.
See how that radiant bow of pillared fires
Spans the dark hills like dawn, until they lie
In soft tranquillity,
And all night's ghastly shades asunder roll.

Again—again! the vision changes fast,

Gloriously—gloriously.

That was heaven's gate with its light-glimmering road,
But this is heaven—the tented throne of God!
Hung with flame curtains of celestial dye
That wave perpetually;
While to and fro the winged angels haste.

I see no more the stream, the boat that moves

Mournfully—mournfully,

And we who sit, prisoned in troublous clay.
It is not night, it is immortal day,
Where God's sole presence fills the immensity,
And each, His servant high,
For ever praises and for ever loves.

Oh soul, forget the weight that drags thee down

Deathfully—deathfully!

Know thyself! As this radiance wraps thee round,
Let it melt off the chains that long have bound
Thy strength! Stand free before thy God, and cry,
'Oh Father, here am I!

Give to me as thou wilt—first cross, then crown!

A NEW FIRE ALARM.

'An opportunity,' says the *Critic*, 'was afforded us recently of witnessing a new and ingenious contrivance for giving alarm in case of fire. It is the invention of a gentleman named Robinson, of Great Queen Street, Westminster, and consists of a series of gutta-percha strings, which are intended to be so fixed throughout the different compartments of a house or warehouse, that they shall communicate with a bell attached to the outer-door. These strings of gutta-percha are made to intersect each other in various directions, so that the application of fire to any part of them will cause them to break, and thus make the bell ring by depriving it of the support it receives from being in close contact with the street-door. The principle is a very simple one, and if adopted in warehouses and other large establishments, where a person might be employed to adjust the apparatus, may prove advantageous.'

INSTANCE OF SUPPRESSION OF INSTINCT.

A hen belonging to Mr St John Hewitt, of Sudden Farm, near Burbage, Wilts, hatched a brood, among which was one duckling: the mother took good care to keep her little family away from the dangerous precincts of the pond, so that duckey never had any opportunity of making acquaintance with the element in which its species are generally so much at home. In due time the foundling grew to duck's estate, without ever having been into the water, and the peculiarity of the circumstance excited attention. At last one of the boys caught this 'small unwashed,' and carried it to the pond, to experimentalise upon its habits, and give it its first swim, when, singular to say, the little creature which had so long been educated and trained to a faith in dry land, refused to enter the water; and when thrown in, it fluttered out in the most awkward hurry and the most trembling dismay, and could never again be persuaded to approach the treacherous element from which it appeared to flatter itself it had had such a lucky escape.—*New Monthly Belle Assemblée.*

ECONOMY OF STEAM-POWER.

In Mr McNicoll's timber-yard and saw-mill at Liverpool, steam-power has been applied to work the travelling-crane used to convey the timber about the yard. Each crane, when worked by hand, required four men, whereas the steam-crane is worked by a man and a boy only, and does double the work, the wages being about £330 per annum in one case, and £67 in the other. The steam-machine will carry 13 logs of timber, weighing together 19½ tons, one at a time, from one end of the yard to the other, a distance of 100 feet, in twenty-six minutes, at a cost of less than sixpence.—*The Artisan.*

SNAIL-FEEDING.

Ulm, a town of Wirtemberg, on the left bank of the Danube, has a trade in linen and floor-cloth; but the most remarkable of its productions are snails, which are here in great quantities for various markets in Germany and Austria, but especially for that of Vienna, where they are esteemed a great delicacy after having been fed upon strawberries.—*Art Journal.*

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SKETCHES (FROM NATURE) IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

"FROM nature!" Is that quite right?" whispers, or would whisper, a grave young voice, to which, despite its youth, I listen oftener than the world in general or its owner herself imagines. "Yes, my dear, quite right: since I shall paint nothing ill of my unknown sitters, and as no one precisely knows his own likeness, possibly none of them may ever recognise theirs."

I took a journey. When, where, or under what circumstances, is of no moment to the reader; and I shall explain just as much as I choose, and no more. It was a journey that lasted 'from morn till dewy eve,' even in the swift-winged Express of one of our rapidest railway lines. How I glory in an express train! It is, of all things on earth, likeliest to a soul's travelling. The 'horse with wings,' of Imogen's fond longing, was surely a foreshadowing of it. How delicious to feel ourselves borne almost like thought to our desire! to see the bridges and trim stations dash by! to cease counting the quick-coming milestones, and idly watch the brownish line of the rocky cuttings, or the poppy-beds on the embankments gleaming past in a flash of crimson, while the distant landscape keeps changing like a panorama, and county melts in county, each one bringing us nearer to our hope and our delight! So much for a happy travelling! On the other hand, with what a sense of blessed exhaustion do we lean back, on some weary journeys, shut our eyes, and hear nothing but the dull whiz of the engine as it goes flying on, whirling us, we care little whither, even if it were

'Anywhere—anywhere, out of the world.'

Of either of these pictures the reader may make me the heroine as he pleases.

For myself, I commenced the journey with nothing heroic about me at all. Fancy a quiet little woman lying dreamily in a corner of the carriage, and never looking up for at least one hundred miles, and you have my likeness complete. I had one only fellow-traveller, a gentleman. Now, though too old and ordinary to have any prudish alarms, I own I dislike a railway *tête-à-tête*. It generally produces either a stupid silence, or conversation which is often wearisome, because felt to be a necessary courtesy. But on this journey, for many hours no such reflections crossed my dulled thoughts; I just saw there was a 'thing' in a coat near me, and no more.

After a while I opened my eyes, looked out of the window mechanically, and saw that the long cool morning shadows had melted into the brightness of noon. Turning back, 'I was ware' (as the knights

express it in my beloved *Morte d'Arthur*) of two kindly, but rather curious hazel eyes fixed on me.

'Would you like a newspaper?' The voice was half-polite, half-blunt, and the quick blush of boyish shyness rose to the brown cheek of my travelling companion, who, I now noticed, was, or seemed to be, a 'sailor laddie' of about eighteen. Despite the careless dress, and the rough, though not coarsely-formed hands, there was an unmistakable air of 'a gentleman's son' about the boy. I looked at the fair hair curling under the tarpaulin-hat; the merry, tanned face; the necktie, sailor fashion, and my heart warmed to the laddie. It was no wonder *that day*, God knows! The sailor little thought how, regarding him with dimmed eyes, I saw sitting there, not him, but one whose face to me is now, and will be ever, young, as it was when I ceased to see it any more on earth. This and other feelings made me still rather silent towards my companion, who, after exchanging with me various *courtesies de voyage*, subsided into a boyish restlessness, and alternately peered out of the windows at the risk of his neck, held colloquies with guards and porters on every possible opportunity, or beguiled the time in consuming the most Titanic sandwiches that ever allayed a nautical appetite. Occasionally, my young friend settled himself to a quiet doze in the corner, and then I amused myself with contemplating his face, for I must confess that all the world is to me an animated picture-gallery.

He was a handsome lad—very! Above all, he had one of those rarely-shaped mouths wherein the olden Greek model seems revived; and I have such a weakness for a beautiful mouth! This was to me a perfect study. In fancy I saw it, baby-like, on the maternal breast; boy-like, dimpling with fun, or compressed in passion, for there was a high spirit about the lad too; and then I speculated as to how it would look when the youth grew a man, and learnt to smile upon other faces than his mother's. It would smile many a heart away, that I knew!

Thus I filled my thoughts, most thankful that they could be so filled, with interest about this boy. I wove round him a perfect romance; and when he told me his destination—the same as my own—I, tender-hearted simpleton, feeling sure that he was a young sailor coming home, bestowed on him an imaginary mother and sisters; and putting myself in the place of either, fairly wept (aside, of course) when I looked at the laddie, and conjured up the meeting that would be that night at —.

We had speeded across shire after shire, and morning had become afternoon, when our quiet railway carriage was invaded by a host of fellow-voyagers. First were

lifted in, staring about with frightened looks, two little children, boys apparently, though at that anomalous age when sex is almost indistinguishable. After them came a stalwart nurse, with a Scotch tongue, and a handsome, rather Highland-looking face. Last, after having first carefully noted that the children were safe, and then bidden a rather hasty good-by to an elderly dame and an awkward young man, there entered a lady. I thought at first that she was the mother of the young fry, so anxious did she appear about them; but on a second glance, her face, though not exactly young, and rather worn, had not about it the indescribable look of matronhood, which can never be mistaken. Also, as she took the younger boy on her knee, and tried to hush him to rest, there was an out-looking, half-sorrowful restlessness in her eyes—such as one never sees in those of any mother when watching her slumbering child. The very consciousness of motherhood gives a sense of content and rest.

No, she was not the mother; I felt that even before I saw her ringless left hand. She must be an elder sister—governess—or most likely an aunt. Yes, she was the aunt. Why was it that, hearing the little ones call her so, a sudden pain smote my heart, and once more, but for very shame, I could have turned away my face and wept? Reader, you cannot guess the reason, and you need not be told. You know at least as much of me as you do of your next neighbour at a dinner party, or your pleasant companion on a journey, in whose breast some unconscious word or look of yours may call up a tide of thought or memory, while you both are as little aware of one another's real natures, or feelings, or histories, as if you belonged to two separate worlds; and each man living is to himself a world, moving on in his own orbit, intermingling with, yet distinct from, all his fellows, and able to draw light alone from the One unchanging Sun.

Pshaw! I am 'at my old lunes' again. I must be rational, not sentimental. Well, it took an awful time to dispose of our new fellow-travellers, for your infantocracy is the most absolute government under the sun. Behold us now—the children, aunt, and nurse, filling one seat, while I sat fronting them, having on either side my friend the young sailor, and another newcomer, a dark, bilious-looking gentleman of forty, who eyed our opposite neighbours with dislike and suspicion. So we travelled on for another hundred miles (we count by hundreds in this express), none of us making any efforts at acquaintanceship. But I—who ever walk through the world with my eyes open, thinking decidedly that 'the noblest study of mankind is man'—did not fail to make a few sketches for my mental commonplace book.

I watched the children with delight, drinking in large draughts of infantile beauty, for they were at the age when every motion is grace. The elder was a boy of five or six, delicate-featured, with a precocious gravity, even like sadness, in his look. It was the sort of face that makes one instinctively turn round to gaze once more, and gazing, to speculate on the child's future; not knowing but in the mysteries of those thoughtful baby-eyes lies dawning the spirit of a poet, a lover of science, or a philosopher. This child was apparently the aunt's pet. He sat on her lap, and looked about gravely, though with some slight hesitation, till he apparently became satisfied with his novel position. But the younger one still cowered, in

the centre seat, with a half-frightened, half-pouting air, which made me think him not nearly so pretty as his brother, until the Highland nurse took him in her arms. Then he looked up to her with such a smile! The fat, rosy cheeks dimpled all over; the brown eyes literally seemed to float in radiance; I never saw a child's face so waken into almost angelic beauty. From that moment the 'wee thing' was my darling!

I watched him both in his sleeping and waking moods for another half-hour, my glance taking in also the nurse's face, which bent over him full of tenderness and pride. She was a good study, too. Looking at her, there came into my mind many a tale of Highland fidelity lasting a whole lifetime. I could understand it as I beheld these two. I felt a strange, half-curious sensation to see how the 'bonnie bairn' nestled in her breast, where probably he had rested night and day ever since his birth; how she bent her hard features into comical grimaces, to amuse her pet of three years' old; and patted his little fat knees with her brown great hands. It was no use—I could not resist any longer. I took the plump rosy fingers in mine, and began to talk to the child; but I could not gain from the shy little elf any more information than that his name was Johnnie, and his brother's Willie; after which communication, which the nurse politely but coldly confirmed, my wee sweetheart subsided again behind his 'mammie's' plaid, and silence once more spread itself over our railway carriage.

Heaven only knows how long it might have lasted, and we fellow-travellers have gone on eating our hearts out in most uncomfortable and uncourteous dumbness, had it not been for the blessed interposition of a storm of rain, which came dripping in a tiny cascade from the top of the carriage.

'Bless my soul!' cried the bilious gentleman; 'this is unpleasant—very! It must be looked to. Hello there!' But shouting to the guard of an express train, then going sixty miles an hour, and with no hope of a stoppage within a county or two at least, is rather a work of supererogation. So the irascible gentleman found it easier to stop the leak himself, which he tried to do with most heterogeneous articles selected from his pocket, such as lucifer-matches, cigar-ends, fragments of torn letters, &c.; but in vain. The waterspout continued, though less than before, and it would drip upon wee Johnnie however he was placed. So I took off my plaid, and wrapped the child doubly and trebly, from which safe shelter he contemplated the waterfall with infinite satisfaction; and somehow, in our combined efforts against our watery foe, we all grew sociable together.

My dark-looking neighbour began to converse with me most affably and confidentially; and the phrase introduced within five minutes, and repeated every other five, 'When I was in India,' enlightened me as to his character and standing in the world. Nevertheless, becoming more explicit, he gave me his whole history from the cradle upwards, with sketches of his present life, and portraits of his family, including what seemed the great man among them, 'My cousin, Sir ———, the ———.' But hold! for the baronet is known far and wide in Indian story, and I must not trespass on the sanctities of private life.

While we talked, my black-bearded neighbour and I, the young aunt opposite sat quiet and grave, occasionally putting in a word when addressed by the Indian officer, who did not seem to take her fancy any more than he did mine, though I responded to his courtesy as was due. But there was a certain coarseness in his aspect, and a selfish military dogmatism—(ah, I hate soldiers!)—in all he said. And he had scowled so on the poor innocent children when first they entered the carriage, and were made of such importance by aunt and nurse, that I somehow had taken a dislike to him. However, it was apparently

not mutual, so I did the agreeable to the best of my power.

Now, too, woke up the dormant powers of my sailor laddie. I discovered him in the act of making friends with wee Johnnie by means of various baby-tricks—the sure road to a child's favour. Johnnie, after looking deliciously shy—the darling!—for a minute or two, began to respond to the young sailor's attention, and very soon the whole carriageful was amused by a game of play between the two. I do love to see a youth or a young man fond of children: it argues a simple innocence of mind, and a feminine gentleness, which in manhood is so beautiful. My sailor laddie rose ten degrees in my estimation. I thought he looked handsomer than ever, especially his exquisite mouth, while leaning over smiling to the child, or coaxing wee Johnnie to his arms, in which he at last triumphantly succeeded.

'You seem to understand amusing children: have you brothers and sisters of your own?' I asked.

'Oh yes, plenty!' and he laughed merrily, and suffered Johnnie, now transformed into a most boisterous little king, to take all sorts of liberties with his hair and his neckerchief. He seemed quite in his element, bless him! I felt sure he was as good as he was handsome—was my sailor laddie!

All the while the Indian looked on, sometimes condescending to a grim smile. The aunt smiled too, but rather pensively; and when Johnnie wished to draw his delicate-looking elder brother into his rather rough play, she came to the rescue of the gentle, half-reluctant Willie.

'He likes to be quiet—he is soon tired,' she said to me. 'They are neither of them very strong.'

'Yet Johnnie at least appears a sturdy little fellow—a thorough Scotch laddie: is he not so?'

'His father was Scotch.'

'And his mother?'

'She was an Englishwoman.'

Was!—I could not help repeating the word she had twice used, with, I suppose, a look of inquiry, for she answered—'The children are orphans: both their father and mother have been dead these two years and more.'

More than two years. Then the youngest must have been a mere babe. What a picture of life was opened up to me! With what different eyes did I now look on the two children, and on the youthful aunt—for she *was* young. I found that out when, in talking, her grave face began to change. She was even pretty, especially when her loving eyes rested on her protégés. I felt sure that here was another of those stories of female self-devotion of which the world never hears, and never will, until the day when peals the divine sentence—'*Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of all these little ones, thou hast done it unto me.*'

And when, tired with play, the two children crept to the arms of aunt and nurse, I began to frame for them a whole history both of past and future. I thought of the lost parents: of the mother especially, probably dying that saddest of all deaths—that which, in giving one life, resigns another. How keen must have been the pang in leaving those two babes to the bitter world! Then I turned and looked at the young creature who had assumed a mother's place and a mother's duties, and it seemed to me that her face was one of those in which one can read a story. She might be of the number of 'old maids' made such by their own will, governed by some sad fate; and if so, blessed was she, who had so many holy cares to occupy her solitary youth—so many hopes of even filial gratitude to comfort her declining years.

'Rain still—how very annoying!' grumbled the military gentleman, breaking upon my musings in his anxiety to point out the scenery of a most lauded lake-country, which, however, is to this day to me a blank picture of mist, and cold, and down-pouring rain. And

then my polite companion hinted, with a covert, self-satisfied smile, that when he came next to this region, in a few weeks more, it would be a happier excursion than the present—in fact a bridal trip.

A comical communication this! But as I think we should travel by railway as we ought to do through life, making ourselves as agreeable as possible, and creating as many interests as we can by the way, I repressed my inclination to laugh, or to condemn the bridegroom's rather too great unreserve, and congratulated heartily this illustrious member of the H.E.I.C.'s service; upon which he told me the whole course of his wooing, and how he and his new wife were shortly to proceed to India, where I suppose they both are by this time; and if this page should ever meet his eye, I hope my fellow-traveller will accept the good wishes of his friend the unsuspected author.

Hours went on, dragging heavily enough. Towards nightfall the children grew very weary and restless, and then it was beautiful to see the unity that had grown among us fellow-travellers, and how we all combined to amuse the little creatures whom fate had given to our care for a day. I made my little basket of dainties—owed to kindness too deeply felt to be named here—into a general feast, wherein Johnnie especially gloried; the young sailor spent his time in contriving an infinitude of cats'-cradles, and even the Indian jumped out in the pouring rain to purchase gingerbread cakes, which, I suppose, were his panacea for all infantile woes. Yet he turned out not such an ogre after all, worthy man! and as his journey drew near its close—it was some hours shorter than the rest of us had to traverse—his sallow face lighted up into a positively benevolent expression. These lovely, lovable children were creeping into even his hard heart. And when, in perfect despair of amusement, Johnnie had gone the round of every knee in the carriage except his, I heard to my amazement the grim officer say, in the most mellifluous tone he could assume—'Wouldn't the little fellow come to me?'

And the little fellow, being now of most adventurous mood, did come. At first our dark-visaged friend looked as uncomfortable and awkward as if he had got a young tiger on his knee; but soon Johnnie's winning ways conquered all. The fat baby hand began pulling his stiff grizzled hair, where probably a child's hand had never played before; the innocent eyes looking up and laughing, brought into his harsh-lined, worldly face a softness that it probably had not known for years. I never saw such a transformation!

At last our East Indian neared his destination. Lingeringly he put down wee Johnnie, and began to search for his carpet-bag. He bade us all a cordial adieu, then took the child again and looked at him wistfully for a minute. Perhaps—for there is a warm, tender corner in every man's heart—perhaps some softened feeling came across the mind of the bridegroom expectant, and he thought of the time when he, too, might have a 'bonnie bairn' on his knee, and his rough life might merge into the gentle charities of home. However that was, I saw—yes, indeed I did—a tear on his eyelash: he kissed the child once, twice, hastily jumped out of the carriage, and we saw him no more.

Night soon fell upon us now wearied fellow-travellers. We ceased trying to entertain one another, or looking out at the country, and the carriage windows were closed lest the damp evening air might harm the sleeping children. 'We are always obliged to take such care of them,' the young aunt said. Even she at last dozed, and so did the sailor laddie in the corner. I only was wakeful; for alas! the temporary interests of the journey ceasing, I had forgotten my companions, and was sinking back into myself—a dreary thing always. We had come now into a region I knew: sharp and clear against the fading sunset rose the out-

line of the Hills, with the young moon floating above their peaks, just as it had done one evening a year ago. A year?—say rather a life—for it seemed thus long. I steadily turned my eyes away, and looked back into the carriage, where beside me Johnnie lay asleep. I cannot—or else I will not—tell the feeling that came over me as I looked at his dimpled face, his thickly-curling hair of the colour I love, and the heavy lashes that hid his sweet brown eyes, which oftentimes during the journey had made me almost start with their strange, clear, un-childlike gaze. If, as I kissed him, a tear dropped over him, it would not harm him—my bonnie boy!—truly I must have been dreaming, and it was well the train stopped, to bring the little old woman to her right mind. I shall never see Willie nor Johnnie more—never! They may grow up to be rich and great and honoured perhaps—if, as in wee Johnnie at least, one may read the soul of genius even in a child's eyes. But I shall never know it: to me they are only Willie and Johnnie, for I did not hear their worldly name. Or it may be—though Heaven forbid!—that the young aunt's anxious guardianship was half-prophetic—that they may never grow old in the harsh world, but remain eternally children in the family above. However, and wherever their fate be, God bless them!

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

Lightening before Death.—Not unfrequently long periods of delirium or maniacal excitement have shut out from anxious friends the consoling but painful intercourse of the death-chamber. Sometimes a sudden gleam of returning reason will light up the darkness of these aberrations, and admit the last farewell and dying look of affection which dwell for ever in the heart. Who has not felt a something of the supernatural in these timely revisitations of the mind in those who are about to part with time and all who loved them? Nurses, who love the mysterious, delight in stories of this kind, and call this return of the mind a '*lightening before death*': thus likening it to the throes of a dying flame, which for a moment shed a sickly illumination around, but only to make the succeeding darkness more apparent and appalling.

That the mind is thus often temporarily restored, is a fact continually brought before us, and one which is far from being so mysterious as it may at first sight appear. Sir Henry Hallford, in a collection of essays, which were read before the College of Physicians, has alluded to the subject, and gives an explanation which appears to me sufficiently satisfactory. He is speaking of the necessity of cautiously estimating symptoms of apparent improvement in the latter stages of disease; and mentions the following instance:—

A young gentleman of family, about twenty-five years of age, took cold whilst under the influence of mercury. The disease increased daily, until it was accompanied at last by so much fever and delirium, as made it necessary to use not only the most powerful medicines, but also personal restraint. At length, after three days of incessant exertion, during which he never slept for an instant, he ceased to rave, and was calm and collected. His perception of external objects became correct, and they no longer distressed him, and he asked pressing if it were possible that he could live? On being answered tenderly, but not in a way calculated to deceive, that it was probable he might not, he dictated most affectionate communications to his friends abroad, recollected some claims upon his purse, "set his house in order," and died the following night.* This appearance of a favourable change, Sir Henry Hallford ingeniously ascribes to the failure of

strength, and the consequent 'mitigated influence of the action of the heart upon the brain.'

The restoration of intellect immediately before death, or even the quiet and thoughtful exercise of the mind which sometimes precedes dissolution, seem, in the excited state in which we usually contemplate them, as almost given for prophetic purposes. Sir Henry Hallford brings forward much classical matter to show that the ancients regarded in this light the words of the dying. These I shall pass over; but I may just mention two quotations which he makes from Shakspeare, and which will be perhaps more readily intelligible than many of the other learned authorities which he quotes. When Hotspur is mortally wounded, he exclaims—

Oh, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue!

Again, in Richard II., Old John of Gaunt, in his dying moments, says—

'Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus expiring do foretell of him—
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last!'

Scrofula.—Though names in reality cannot alter the things which they represent, and, as the great poet says, 'the rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' yet it seems that the public are not of opinion that a disease is equally acceptable under one name as under another. Now, in practice among the higher classes of society, very many cases of scrofulous disease occur; but we be to the medical man who is so unguarded as to make use of the word *scrofula*! 'Oh,' they would immediately say, 'you are quite mistaken, sir; there is nothing scrofulous in our family, I can assure you!' and this would be accompanied with a feeling of affront which nothing could afterwards remove. Do such persons know what is meant by *scrofula*, or are they afraid of a name? You may tell them that their friends are of weak, poor constitutions—of constitutions incapable of healthy action; that they are consumptive, the subjects of diseased joints, or enlarged glands, but never *scrofulous*. It must be owned the name is not a very pleasant one, for it is derived from the scientific name of the hog—*Sus scrofa*—from some fancied resemblance to the diseases of this animal. *Scrofula* has some claims, however, to be viewed as a fashionable complaint, for it is called 'the king's evil;' and you all know that the royal touch was considered a potent remedy. Thus in 'Macbeth'—

'Malcolm. —Comes the king forth, I pray you!
Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure.'

I do not say that medical men should be over-ready to make use of a term which is connected with so many unfortunate cases of disease; but, where the case is confirmed and decided, should it be altogether a forbidden term? A perfectly honest medical man is by no means always the best received, and many clever practitioners, who are successful in their profession, are as much so from their tact in discriminating character, and adapting themselves to the fancies and peculiarities of their patients, as to the abilities which they may possess, or the information they have gained; but yet we will hope that honesty and truth will be discovered, at least by some, the approbation of whom will outweigh a whole theatre of others.

Vinegar—Fat People.—There is a popular notion that vinegar will make people thin; and probably some who are ambitious of being more than ordinarily genteel may actually take it with this view. In the 'Gulstonian Lectures,' delivered by Dr Thomas King Chambers, May 1850, the subject is corpulency, and Dr Chambers casually alludes to this idea about vine-

gar. 'Vinegar has been employed,' says he, 'by those who are foolish enough to practise upon themselves; but as it produces thinness only by injuring the digestive organs, the benefit is not worth the price paid for it; and no medical man would ever advise the use of such a remedy.' Somewhat similar is the administration of gin to stop the growth; and I think a like explanation may be given of its action, if in reality it have any effect at all.

Dr Chambers does, however, mention one remedy, which, along with exercise and regimen, he thinks might be serviceable in excessive corpulency—namely, a solution of potass (*liquor potassæ*). He supposes that this would unite with the fat, so as to form a kind of saponaceous compound. Sir Benjamin Brodie has recommended the same medicine for fatty tumours. I must content myself, however, with denying the efficacy of vinegar, and leave the more strictly medical questions for decision in individual cases.

Slow Poisons.—The subject of slow poisoning is one with respect to which there has been considerable superstition. Beck tells us that in Italy it was formerly believed that poisons were invented for destroying life at any given period. Of course poisons might be given in small quantities, from time to time, so as to impair health, and eventually cause death; but this is not the idea which is commonly entertained on this point. That some poisons will operate long after the period of their administration or application, is proved by the fact, that the *virus* of hydrophobia is capable of remaining so long in a latent condition. It is said that the period of incubation, as it is called, varies from six weeks to eighteen months. We know of no poisons, however, which can determine death at particular and precise periods. The ancients are supposed to have given considerable attention to this subject, but no doubt much fiction is mixed up with these accounts. Professor Beckman tells us that Theophrastus speaks of a poison prepared from aconite which could be moderated in such a manner as to have effect in two or three months, or at the end of a year or two years.

Some of the slow poisons of the ancients were given as hair-powders, and contained preparations of lead, which were thus gradually introduced into the system. These were called, I think, by the French the *Poudres de Succession*, and for a very obvious reason. A great deal, however, which we read about the slow poisons is exaggerated, or altogether erroneous, especially what relates to their determining death at remote but precise periods. It is probable that many of these stories have originated in the then prevailing doctrines of anathemas and witchcraft.

Shingles.—The term shingles is one in common use. It appears to be a corruption of the Latin word *cingula*, which means a girdle. This complaint (the shingles) consists in a vesicular eruption, which breaks out generally about the waist, and, I believe, mostly on the right side. The spots come out in clusters, so as in time to form a kind of half belt; and there is a vulgar error, that if the eruption completes the circle, it is fatal. In Bailey's Dictionary, under the name Shingles, the writer gives the following definition:—'A disease; a spreading inflammation about the waist, which kills the patient, if it gets quite round.' Fortunately this is not the case; but the complaint does seldom get quite round. It is altogether a curious affection, being preceded by darting pains, which continue for a long time, and are a good deal puzzling until the appearance of the eruption. The patient is perhaps anxious about these pains; but when the eruption shows itself, and you tell him it is the shingles, he is quite content; so that, after all, there is in physic, as I have said, a great deal in a name.

Soothing Syrup.—I cannot here avoid alluding to a practice of rubbing children's gums with preparations which profess to allay the irritation of teething. I think

the statements made respecting these syrups are peculiarly calculated to mislead, as they are intended to make it appear that the action of the medicine is entirely a local one. For my part I cannot but conceive that if such remedies have any effect at all, they operate in no other manner than that of producing a narcotic influence on the brain. Consequently they are to be classed in a category of medicines all of which are decidedly improper for domestic use. Many parents who are averse to the employment of professed anodyne medicines for infants, still think that there can be no harm in soothing the gums with what they consider merely topical applications. It would be well, however, for such persons to bear in mind that the gums and mouths of children, at a very early age, present active absorbent surfaces, and that medicines rubbed on such parts must either be totally useless or highly prejudicial. I have heard it said by mothers of considerable observation and experience that the use of some of these quack medicines in the nursery is of great utility, and am far from denying that anodynes may not be occasionally useful; but they should never be given at the discretion of any but properly-educated medical men, and only in those cases in which it seems that they cannot be dispensed with.

Monomania.—The public, and, I rather think, some medical men also, have what appear to me to be erroneous notions respecting monomania. Monomania, as the word implies, is madness on one particular subject; and it is often thought that if the patient can be set right on that particular subject, a cure will be effected. There is a story, and a very good one too, in the 'Diary of a Late Physician,' which, if I remember it, rightly, turns on this idea. A man is represented as imagining his head to be placed on his shoulders the wrong way. For this insane idea a physician is consulted, who hits upon an expedient which is attended with the happiest results. The physician enters into his patient's conceit, condoles with him on his misfortune, and assures him that nothing but a severe operation can possibly rescue him from his calamity. The operation is no other than that of turning his head back to its right place. A room is accordingly darkened, and by the aid of an electric shock he is made to suppose that his head is wrenched round to its former position. His dress, which he had worn to correspond to his own notions, being at the same time set straight. This completely disabuses him of his delusion, and he rises a changed man. The story is called the 'Turned Head.' It is rather too bad to spoil a good story, and especially as it is the only funny one in a remarkably pathetic book; yet truth must be told. It must be owned that a lunatic will often manifest his insanity principally, or even solely, upon one topic; but I think it will be found that the subject in question is the one in which he is chiefly interested, and that if he could succeed in diverting his mind from it, the insanity would show itself on the next topic which interested him. It is not, in point of fact, the dwelling on the individual topic or single subject which constitutes the disease, but the habit of the mind to dwell morbidly on whatever interests the most. If you convince a man who fancies himself a tea-urn that he is altogether under a misapprehension, he will probably tell you on your next visit that he finds you are quite right in what you said; he knows now that he is not a tea-urn at all, but a sugar-basin, and will be obliged to you to keep at a respectful distance, lest you break him into pieces.

It is true that patients may continue saying the same things for years; but this is only the pertinacious manifestation of a wrong bias of mind, which bias is capable of showing itself in divers forms. Pinel mentions cases where a dominant idea has lasted twenty or thirty years.

The minds of people who have these peculiar dominant ideas, I think, would be generally found not correct

on others, if scrupulously examined; and in this opinion I find I am borne out by the late able Dr Pritchard. The wrong notion is not, then, as some people imagine, a mere single error, but an indication of a faulty direction of mind, which, as I have said, might manifest itself in various ways, and is probably more or less incorrect in all. People tell, however, the most remarkable stories about these monomaniacs, and even make them out to be the wisest of all people when the subject of their insanity is not broached.

In Aubrey's 'Lives and Letters of Eminent Men,' a curious instance is mentioned of this supposed monomania. Speaking of the celebrated James Harrington, the political writer; he says, 'His durance in prison was the cause of delirium or madness, which was not outrageous, for he would discourse rationally enough, and he was very facetious company; but he grew to have a fancy that his perspiration turned to flies, and sometimes to bees; and he had a *versatile* timber-house built in Mr Hart's garden, opposite to St James's Park, to try the experiment. He would turn it to the sun, and sit towards it; then he had his fox-tails to chase away and massacre all the flies and bees that were to be found there, and then shut his chasses. Now this experiment was only to be tried in warm weather, and some flies would lie so close in the crannies and the cloth with which the place was hung, that they would not presently show themselves. A quarter of an hour after, perhaps, a fly, or two, or more, might be drawn out of the lurking-holes by the warmth, and then he would cry out, "Do you not see it is evident that these come from me?" 'Twas the strangest sort of madness that ever I found in any one. Talk of anything else, his discourse would be very ingenious and pleasant.' The writer goes on to say—'He married his old sweetheart, Mrs Daynell, a comely and discreet lady'—which is certainly a good ending of the story.

Compound Fracture.—Medical men speak of fractures as simple and compound; and a common misunderstanding arises from this mode of expression, which it may not be amiss to point out. The error to which I allude is this—that a simple fracture is supposed to be a fracture in one place, and a compound fracture a fracture of a bone in two or more places. This is not, however, the meaning of the terms as they are employed in medical writings. Surgeons consider those fractures alone to be compound in which an external wound communicates with the bone—the injury not being simply the fracture of a bone, but a fracture compounded with an external injury. It must be confessed that the term is not a good one, inasmuch as it so naturally leads to misapprehension. The term complicated would be better, which I believe to be used in France.

Tongue-tied.—Beneath the tongue is a little fold of membrane, which is significantly called the bridle of the tongue (*frenum lingue*)—very useful, by the by, if it were really so. In some few instances it would appear to be so short, as to interfere with the free motions of the tongue, and it has been customary to divide it with a pair of scissors—an operation, however, which requires some care, as there are blood-vessels in the neighbourhood which have to be avoided (the lingual arteries). It is said by Professor Burns, who is an authority on subjects of this nature, that 'he has not seen two children in all his practice who really required the operation.' In cases where a child is able to suck, the operation does not appear to be necessary.

A late surgeon of Manchester, who, by the way, was a man of great information and extensive experience, was in the habit of amusing himself with the fears of nurses in this respect. When a child was brought to him with the professed intention of having the bridle of its tongue cut, he would smilingly ask whether it was a female infant. 'Oh,' he would say, in case of an affirmative reply, 'take your child away; I won't have anything to do with it. A woman who does not talk will be precious indeed!' It seems, then, that though the

bridle of the tongue is sometimes too small, the defect is far from being so common as is generally imagined. It may at least be considered as an error of exaggeration, worth being mentioned as such.

BRITTON THE TOPOGRAPHER.

A YEAR or two ago some of the archaeological people bethought them that a testimonial was due to Mr John Britton, the well-known author of several topographical and antiquarian writings, of creditable research and respectable ability; and, accordingly, contributions have been raised, and a considerable sum of money got together, for the purpose. It happens, moreover, that the character of the testimonial is more than commonly appropriate. On being consulted with respect to the application of the fund, Mr Britton, with a sensible disdain for the customary trinkets, expressed a wish that the money might be devoted to the publication of a narrative of his personal life and labours, which he undertook to write, and which he trusted would prove interesting to large numbers of his countrymen, and might possibly stimulate and encourage some to honourable exertion. A portion of this autobiography* has been lately published, and the author is understood to be now engaged upon the remainder. Mr Britton has entered upon the eightieth year of his age, but, as he is a comparatively hale and vigorous old man, it is hoped that he will live to complete his work. From the pages already issued the following particulars have been collected:—

John Britton was born in Wiltshire, at the small village of Kington, on the 7th of July 1771. His father was at once maltster, shopkeeper, small farmer, and baker; and up to a certain time of life he appears to have been prosperous and successful in his several pursuits. We are given to understand, however, that he was mainly indebted for his success to the oversight and prudence of Mrs Britton. As, in progress of years, she came to be more and more engaged with the charge of an increasing family, her husband's affairs became proportionably perplexed, and issued finally in 'complete and distressing ruin.' The household was broken up, and the harassed and afflicted wife died prematurely of what is called a broken heart, leaving two of her youngest children to the care of a daughter only sixteen years of age, who, with some scanty remains of furniture, continued to hold possession of the paternal dwelling.

'In part of my boyish days,' says Mr Britton, 'Kington had no resident squire, clergyman, or person above the rank of farmer, or village tradesman. There were ten agriculturists, who kept horses, cows, and sheep, and about the same number of tradesmen, or "dealers and chapmen;" but I do not think that there was a newspaper or magazine purchased by one of the inhabitants before the year 1780, when the London riots were talked about, and wondered at. Five or six years afterwards, the "Lady's Magazine" was taken in by one of the farmer's daughters, and lent by her to my sister Elizabeth, who was fond of reading. One of the Bath papers was afterwards introduced to the village, and created an epoch—food for the gossip of the whole village. Farmer Robbins, our opposite neighbour, and Thomas, alias Tommy Collard, an old bachelor, both of whom seemed to live upon tittle-tattle, were the bearers and special messengers of all such news as they could comprehend and talk about through the whole extent of Kington; retailing it by pieces and scraps at the carpenter's, the tailor's, and the blacksmith's shops. At each of these houses they would devote about an hour to social converse, or rather to colloquy; for the tradesmen, if employed on work, continued their occu-

* 'The Autobiography of John Britton.' Portion of Part I., with Appendix.

pation, and rarely interrupted the talkers with anything beyond—"Well, well!"—"Indeed!"—"Is it true?"—"Strange!"—"What! in foreign parts?"—"That Lun-nun is a mortal queer place!"—"Well, I shall never zee at, nur any o' the papishes." Roman Catholics and devils were synonymous terms at Kington, and in many other country villages. I have often accompanied my old news-friends in their daily rounds, and listened with intense curiosity to their narratives. Mr Robbins was aged, occupied a small dairy farm, which required but a very small portion of his time, and Mr Collard lived upon a small annuity of about £30, and was called gentleman.

Mr Britton describes himself as being in his youth 'ever active, inquisitive, emulous, ambitious, and sensitive, whether in play, at school, or at work.' It has been matter of regret with him, however, that he found no one to direct his natural tendencies into any 'right and laudable course.' This was not owing to a lack of teachers, for he appears to have been put under the charge of a greater number than could ordinarily be provided for lads in a similar situation. He informs us that he was placed first under a schoolmistress, and then, 'with some intervals, under four successive masters; all of whom, he says, were 'wholly unfitted for the arduous and important task' of instructing their pupils in the common elements of useful knowledge. They were 'completely ignorant of science, of literature, and of manners, and consequently could not impart either to their pupils.' These pedagogues are worth glancing at, as being several independent specimens of a class now fast becoming extinct in England; though here and there, in odd out-of-the-way places, one may perhaps encounter a few of their representatives. The first was a Baptist preacher of the name of Moseley, whose spiritual performances (which took place in a sort of dog-hutch of a chapel) were regularly attended by his scholars; but the secular instruction which he was qualified to impart was extremely trivial. His next master was a Mr Sparrow, who is described as being 'very unlike the Baptist; for he could write a good hand, knew the common rules of arithmetic, and could measure and calculate the acreage of a piece of land. He could also engrave ciphers and crests on silver spoons, and he even painted a White Horse, and a White Swan, for certain sign-boards.' With this gentleman young Britton tarried for about two years as a boarder, and made very respectable progress under his tuition; but the father, probably finding school-bills inconvenient, summoned him home, and kept him there in idleness for the next twelvemonth. Subsequently, he was placed with a Mr Stratton, 'a dull, plodding, illiterate man,' whose wife, however, was a parson's daughter, and, according to the pupil, possessed of manners and attainments superior to the station which she occupied. 'School,' says he, 'was always delightful to me, and its succession of tasks and duties was easily and rapidly performed. The smell of new paper, a new copy-book, and any other novelties, were always exhilarating.' The indifferent character of the instruction which he meanwhile received may be observed from what he adds in the next sentence:—"I do not remember to have seen a dictionary before I visited London in my seventeenth year. Geography, history, and books of instructive amusement, were unknown in that part of the country, nor did I ever hear of such periodicals as newspapers or magazines before I was fourteen."

Thus imperfectly furnished with intellectual capital, John Britton, at the age of thirteen, quitted school entirely, being required by his mother to assist in making bread, and in attending to the farm. He began now to understand a little of the weariness and dreariness of uncongenial labour. He had to rise at four o'clock in the morning, do his part 'towards converting a bag of flour into good and unadulterated bread,' and then afterwards to carry some of it out on horseback

to the villages and farmhouses in the neighbourhood. Then, on returning, he had to groom and feed his pony, to see to the wants of the general live-stock on the premises, and to perform a variety of odd and irregular duties connected with the household and the business. Being the general servitor and fetch-and-carry drudge of the establishment, he had little time to call his own.

In his seventeenth year, through the agency of an uncle who had a situation in the Chancery Office, Britton was removed to London, and 'provided for' by being apprenticed for six years to a tavern-keeper in Clerkenwell. His employment was a melancholy and monotonous routine, presenting nothing whatever to interest him, or to call forth any of the powers or capabilities of mind or disposition. He worked all day long in a dark cellar, at the dull labour of bottling and corking wine. Accustomed to the free, fresh air of the country, his health soon became affected, and, as may be easily conceived, he was very miserable. Only for one solitary half-hour in the morning, between seven and eight o'clock, had he liberty to walk forth from his uncheerful cave of drudgery, to look at the fog-obscured sky, and to breathe the open air in the dingy and unwholesome streets. In the course of his brief perambulations, however, he made discovery of a couple of book-stalls in the neighbourhood, and thenceforth they became the objects of almost daily visitation—dim shrines of knowledge, where the sick yet eager spirit paused for frequent worship. By reading at these book-stalls, and now and then purchasing a stray volume out of his scanty pocket-money, to be perused at intervals—'not of leisure,' as he says, 'but of time abstracted from systematic duties,' and which he was obliged to make up for by extra exertion afterwards—he contrived to pick up a quantity of miscellaneous information, and to run through a variety of books on general literature, natural science, and theology.

And so the weary years crept round—dull beyond the common sense of dullness, and yet not without a certain, if unconscious, benefit to the painstaking and humble student. Nor let it be supposed that even the galling routine of 'bottling and corking wine' was altogether without its uses. There was doubtless a wholesome discipline to be gathered from it: it was an occupation that constantly exercised some unostentatious virtues—patience, self-denial, resignation to the necessary; a foil to the brighter prospects which youthful hope would be continually shadowing forth as the possible possessions of future years. Its lack of leisure rendered the casual moments of relaxation precious; time came to have a value and an importance to the mind of the young worker which an unlimited command of it would never have disclosed. Thus he learned the power of diligence, the worth of the present hour, the restraint of self; and taking courage from his successes in the pursuit of information, gathered also hope in the likelihood that he might some day rise out of his lowliness into an improved and more tolerable existence. Towards the end of his apprenticeship he became acquainted with a person who had influence enough to introduce him to two gentlemen connected with the profession of literature—the Rev. Dr Trusler, and the Rev. Dr Towers. They were neither of them very illustrious ornaments of their craft, but, as men of letters, they naturally obtained a wondrous deal of reverence from Britton. Shut out from intercourse with cultivated and intelligent society, and deriving his main delight from reading, he came to attach an undue importance to the personalities of authors. An author was to him a sort of mystical personification; to see one visibly in the flesh, and to hold any kind of converse with him, was an exaltation and a privilege like being admitted to communion with the immortals. What spiritual edification he derived from Drs Towers and Trusler is not made known to us, though, judi-

from their published productions, one would conclude that it was not very significant.

The young cellarman's years of bondage in the Jerusalem Tavern having at length terminated, he found himself a free denizen of the universe, with the whole world to range in. What could seem more reasonable than that he should now sally forth to reacquaint himself with country scenes in Wiltshire? He accordingly set forth on his independent locomotives—that is to say, he made the pilgrimage on foot; saw such of his relations as remained there; and even extended his journey onwards into Devonshire, to the distance of 216 miles from London. And here it behoves us to relate that John had not escaped that malady which usually befalls a youth emerging from his teens—that pleasant insanity which is understood when a man is said to be in love. The damsel whose fascinations had bewildered him was lady's-maid to the wife of his late master, and endowed with charms more than usually bewitching. John was deeply smitten, and made love to her with an unlimited frankness and sincerity. It was no dallying, hesitating passion, entertained for mere amusement, but a downright, resolute, infatuated affair, like the rage of drunkenness, or the delirium of scarlet fever. For the last two years of his apprenticeship he courted her with a romantic steadfastness that bordered on the sublime, and which even the damsel herself could but imperfectly comprehend. The family, perceiving his passion, put their veto upon its further progress. Worse than that, they sent the little charmer home to Devonshire, to reconsider the state of her affections among her friends. It was to visit her, and to exchange pledges with her of an everlasting and exquisite attachment, that John journeyed into that interesting county. When he arrived, the young lady received him coldly. She declared that she did not think of changing her condition, and recommended him to think no more about her. All that long journey of 216 miles, performed with so much weariness and chafing of the feet, did not touch her sympathies, or kindle in her feeble heart either admiration or compassion. The lover saw that he had engaged in a foolish enterprise, and leaped to the conclusion that there is no constancy in woman. 'Disconsolate, and almost deranged,' he returned to his inn, to brood over his blighted prospects, and to entertain the thought of possible consumption and an early death. All the brightness of the world was utterly extinguished, and he felt himself an alien and an outcast on the earth.

In this dismal state of mind he directed his now unelastic footsteps towards London. On the way, he sometimes attempted to beguile his wretchedness by reading; but neither in Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' nor in Chesterfield's 'Principles of Politeness,' nor in the poems of Oliver Goldsmith, could he find anything either of delight or consolation. It was all vanity; and there was no remaining balm or gladness under the sun. Sometimes, as he journeyed on in deep dejection, he meditated, like Hamlet, the awful question of 'To be, or not to be?' but without coming very near to anything like a tragic conclusion. In his deep perplexity he drank a great many 'glasses of run and milk' (a favourite beverage of his) in the hope that it would banish care, and exhilarate the spirits. And let no sentimentalist be offended or incredulous when he hears that this 'medicinal' application had a very serviceable effect. He nevertheless arrived in London in a very piteous plight. He was almost shoeless, penniless, and shirtless; and his abject poverty had even compelled him to change a crown-piece, and sell a pair of silver knee-buckles which his poor mother had given him years before at parting. Then there was a period through which he suffered from want of work—a season of hardships and privations, and of the bitterest discontent. After a time, however, Britton obtained employment as cellarman at

the London Tavern—an irksome and slavish situation, and full of inevitable discomforts; but being at least a refuge from the perils of starvation, it was gladly and thankfully accepted. He afterwards became engaged in the twofold capacity of 'clerk and cellarman' to a bustling widow in Smithfield, whose cajoling and bland language flattered his youthful vanity. She complacently called him 'Sir,' and affected to regard him as a confidential clerk, but meanwhile kept him in a disagreeable state of anxiety and suspense by making him responsible, out of his scanty wages, for every bad shilling and light guinea taken in the establishment. During this engagement, as we are informed, he lodged with a tinsman in Smithfield Bars, having a bedroom about nine feet by seven, for which he paid eightpence a week. The tinsman was a devout Huntingtonian, or follower of that wonderful fanatic, William Huntington, S. S., or 'Sinner Saved'; but it would appear that his young lodger was nowise edified by his conversation or devotions.

The drudgery and dullness of a cellarman's employments were always extremely unpleasant to young Britton, and therefore, in course of time, he began to look about him, with the design of obtaining some more congenial engagement. Among his personal qualifications he had a moderate gift of penmanship, and in seeking to turn it to account, he procured a situation in an attorney's office in Gray's Inn. His wages ('dignified with the name of salary') were but fifteen shillings a week; but the employment was more agreeable than his previous occupations; and as Mr Simpson, his employer, had little business, he found abundant time for reading; although he confesses that the books in which he was then most interested were of rather a frivolous description. He remained three years with Mr Simpson; and during the whole time, it was his custom to dine at an eating-house in Great Turnstile, Holborn, 'on very cheap and moderate fare; the cost of the meal, with beer, being seldom more than ninepence.' The parlour of this establishment appears to have been frequented by a few remarkable characters; amongst whom, it may be mentioned, was the Chevalier d'Eon, famous in traditional gossip for his assumption of female garments, after having been distinguished in the masculine character as a soldier and diplomatist; and Sir Charles Dinely, Bart., one of the 'Poor Knights of Windsor,' illustrious for his 'matrimonial mania,' and other simple eccentricities. At times, when his finances permitted him, Britton frequented free-and-easies, odd fellows' and spouting clubs; but his expenses, he informs us, never exceeded sixpence a night at any of these associations of smokers, drinkers, and convivialists. For the rest he continued to live in 'poor and obscure lodgings,' at about eightpence a week, and 'often read in bed during the winter evenings, because he could not afford a fire.'

The death of Mr Simpson, in 1798, threw him for a while out of employment. There were 'some weeks of inquiry and suspense;' but he subsequently obtained a situation in the office of Messrs Parker and Wix, solicitors, of Greville Street, Hatton Garden, at the improved salary of twenty shillings a week. Here he became acquainted with a young gentleman, who was professedly 'reading for the bar,' under the direction of Mr Parker, but whose volatility of temperament and poetical mind could not be induced to take an interest or find amusement in the dull technicalities and prolix verbiage of law-books. Instead of studying Blackstone, or any of the illustrious bores of legal learning, he preferred to rush into premature oratory at debating clubs, and to cultivate an inclination for amateur theatricals. Finding Britton to be an intelligent young man, and interested in the pursuits of literature, he admitted him into close friendship, and they became for a time inseparable companions. They attended together most of the various spouting clubs and de-

bating societies with which the metropolis then abounded, and each in his way gained a measure of distinction among the members. Britton was no great orator, but he was in the habit of giving comic recitations, which, he tells us, were often received 'with vociferous and clamorous applause.' He was a regular member of the 'School of Eloquence,' in Old Change, Cheapside, where a number of young men assembled once a week to emulate the displays of Cicero and Demosthenes. We are informed that it was a frequent habit with the speakers to invoke the 'shade' of the latter orator; and in satirical allusion to this propensity, Mr. R. A. Davenport, who has since become a rather voluminous author, gave out the following lines as the motto of a Philippic which he threatened to write on the oratorical proceedings of the 'School of Eloquence':—

'Shade of Demosthenes! couldst thou but view
This ranting, blundering, language-murdering crew,
Much should I wonder if, in furious ire,
Thou didst not kick them to their sooty sire.'

At this point the autobiography is suspended. The real 'life-history' is yet to come. The uses of such a narrative may be various. Its main service, however, is to show us a man emerging gradually from an embarrassed and obscure environment, and rising by his own energies and industry to a creditable and even distinguished position in his generation. It will reveal to us the power of a steady purpose, and how a man need nowise be the slave of vicissitudes and impediments, but is invested with capabilities for overruling them to his own ends. It affords an illustration of the effectualness of pains-taking and regular application, of fixed and resolute devotion to an object. From the humblest beginnings this man has advanced, in the face of many obstacles, to the accomplishment of servicable and substantial works. He is in many respects a fit exemplar to persons of the most ordinary endeavours, whose aims in life are anyway obstructed, and whose success depends upon the exercise of their personal abilities and a prompt and rightful use of their opportunities. All men are not bound to become authors, but every man may profit by the contemplation of that patient effort, and untiring diligence, by which this man's life has been distinguished. The same qualities which he has manifested in literature may be exercised as effectually in other directions, and produce results as valuable in the practical and every-day pursuits of life.

For the information of such readers as are not acquainted with Mr. Britton's writings, it may be mentioned that they consist principally of industrious compilations on topographical and antiquarian subjects, and are distinguished among productions of their class for great accuracy and clearness. His earliest work was the 'Beauties of Wiltshire,' of which the first volume was published in 1801; and his latest (excepting the Autobiography) is 'Junius Elucidated,' which appeared in 1848. Mr. Britton has thus been constantly before the public as an author for nearly fifty years. To a work of considerable magnitude, called the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' and on which the publishers are reported to have expended £50,000, he contributed a description and general account of Bedfordshire; and afterwards added the history of his native county, besides a number of other articles. In 1814 was published his 'History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury,' which was followed by a series of other works descriptive of most of the cathedral churches in the country. These works are commonly considered important contributions to the antiquarian literature of the times, and are more attractive in perusal than is usual with such productions. Besides the above, Mr. Britton is the author of many other books on biography, anti-

quities, and the fine arts, which cannot be enumerated here, on account of their number and variety. In all his writings there is great explicitness, fair method, and the results of laborious research. In mere literary qualities he can scarcely be said to have attained much eminence, though his compositions display a degree of taste, and a comparative felicity of expression and arrangement, by no means common in the class of publications to which most of his works belong. His most prominent characteristics have been described by one of his friends as being 'an enthusiastic ardour in investigation, a liberality of sentiment, an honesty in acknowledging obligations to others, and the strictest accuracy of reference.' These are qualities, he adds, 'of which any author might be proud, and in these it may be confidently asserted that John Britton is not surpassed by any writer.'

REFORM OF DRUNKENNESS.

A LOCAL association, established for this purpose, is under our attention. In its deliberations up to the present time, two plans or proposals are announced—to raise the price of spirits by a shilling of additional duty, and to reduce the number of public-houses. We find a general inclination to believe that there is little virtue in these plans, and that the demon of intemperance can only be effectually put down by other means. It has been tolerably well ascertained by the Excise, that were the duty on spirits raised but one shilling a gallon, illicit distillation would be recommenced. If this be true, we should, instead of effecting a cure, only be raising a new disease. As to the suppression of public-houses, we can have no doubt that some good may be done in this way. Grant that a public-house has any legitimate end in view at all—that is, that it affords needful refreshment within the bounds of temperance—still it must also act in all circumstances as a temptation to those who, but for its presence, might not have thought of such indulgences. It is also a commercial interest. The landlord, in order to advance his trade, is exceedingly apt to get up raffles, shooting matches, and other attractions, and thus brings to his house many who otherwise would not have thought of leaving their own quiet homes. Therefore we believe that a more rigid restriction upon the number of public-houses is calculated to prevent much evil of this kind. It is, however, equally clear to us, that where a corrupt drink-loving population exists, the suppression of public-houses will do little to mend the matter. Drink becomes in these circumstances obtainable in private houses. It has even been found that men would go about the streets, with a bottle and measure under their coats, selling spirits in retired corners, and thus evading the government license as well as the efforts of philanthropical reformers.

Before we can hope to suggest effectual cures for drunkenness, it appears to us necessary to ascertain what it is which leads certain portions of the community to the excessive or imprudent use of liquor. Little reflection brings before us the fact, that men of enlightened and reflecting minds, who go on in their course with peace and hopefulness, who have a love of pure domestic pleasures, and tastes for what is elegant and refined, rarely are fond of drink; while, on the other hand, men of sensual and grovelling nature—men at suits with fortune, or who are subjected to some constantly-harassing evil from which they have no hope of escape—men who are debarr'd by their circumstances from purer pleasures and stimuli—are very apt to

betake themselves to the public-house. It is to a greater degree than is generally imagined a question of taste. Formerly, 'gentlemen' drank much—'gentlemen' were then unenlightened and unrefined, had little taste for reading, or for works of art, or for music: the coarse enjoyments of the tavern were congenial to such natures. Now the upper and middle classes are pervaded by superior tastes, and their use of liquor has declined till it has ceased to wear the appearance of a vice. Even amongst them, however, it is always found that drinking is in pretty fair proportion to grossness of character, or to some of those accidents of fortune which may be called the casual provocatives. Setting aside these minor causes—if this be a true view of the chief cause, it follows that the propensity can only be effectually allayed by measures which tend to subject *all* to the same reforms which, during the last sixty years, have befallen the upper and middle classes. We consider this as further made clear by the reform which is actually going on among the humbler classes. *Is* there such a change?—can such an idea be reconciled with the vast amount of intemperance which notoriously prevails among working-people? We answer in the affirmative to both questions. Even while large portions of the base of society are perhaps become more dissolute than ever, there is at this moment, amongst small traders and those described as operatives, a large and constantly increasing number of men of respectably temperate habits. It is the fair and proper result of the agencies which have been at work for many years to diffuse enlightenment and refinement in those circles—the schoolmaster-in-chief. Much is also owing to the improved social and political economy of the working-people. Professional skill, general intelligence, diligence, and sobriety, are now in general surer of effecting promotion than they used to be. There are increased temptations to saving. Wages go farther in procuring the comforts and elegancies of life. The skilled mechanic begins to see that he may live as rationally and comfortably upon his means as the little tradesman, or even certain orders of the clergy. There is a spirit of progress in the mass, often allied to fantastic and deceitful notions, but still useful as an inspiration elevating above material and immediate things. The cheap tract and periodical has, we hope, its allowed place amongst the improving agencies. Besides all others, it would be unpardonable to overlook the locomotive-engine and the omnibus, by which breathings of fresh air and rural recreations are brought within the means of so many to whom they would otherwise be denied. By all of these means together a reform is going on below the middle grade of society, and that, we venture to say, rapidly.

Now if we are to walk in this movement by the light of experience, and we know of no light which is steadier or safer, the true means of promoting the reform of drunkenness is—to promote those intellectual conditions, those refined pleasures, that spirit of hopeful progress, which have already been found incompatible with the vice. We deprecate other plans, such as the suggested increase of spirit duties and frantic wholesale onslaughts upon public-houses, as calculated to mislead the public mind from the right means, and to end in disappointment, and perhaps despair, in many whose continued energies on this subject it is very desirable to have. Attack the disease in the vitals which it pervades, not in the skin which vents its humours. Suffer secular education to come to all, and in all its force. Promote pure and recreative amusements. Favour the lecture-room and the reading-room. Further all arrangements which inspire hope and self-respect among the humble. Act as if you yourself believed there was a God over all, and that, all being his chil-

dren, every man is your brother, and you are in some degree concerned for his welfare. By such means we might hope in a few years to see a further reduction of the Master Vice of the age, and little of it left anywhere but at the very base of the social pyramid.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A THEATRE.

'How happy all those people look going to the play!' exclaimed, one afternoon about sixty years ago, a boy of twelve years old. He was standing in the window of a house in one of the principal streets of Rouen, and was watching with longing eyes a crowd of persons entering the theatre, which stood exactly opposite.

Seated at a table behind him were two elderly gentlemen, conversing and taking their wine after dinner.

'Oh how happy they are!' repeated the child with a deep sigh.

'Adrian,' said one of the gentlemen, 'if you want to amuse yourself, you must go a little further off; for Monsieur Broche and I are talking on matters of business, and cannot be disturbed.'

'But, papa,' replied Adrian in a doleful voice, 'I'm not amusing myself; I was only saying how happy people are that can go to the play.'

His father smiled. 'Then you think it would make you very happy to go there?'

'Oh yes, papa!'

'Well, Adrian, if Monsieur Broche is pleased with you—'

'Pleased with him!' interrupted the other gentleman; 'indeed I am not. Master Adrian is exceedingly idle and heedless; he confuses his notes, mistakes flats for sharps, and sharps for flats, and can scarcely remember the difference between a minim and a quaver. Do you know how he employs his time instead of practising the lessons I give him? He composes—actually composes music of his own!'

'Well, well, Monsieur Broche,' said the indulgent father, 'I hope in future he will be more attentive. And now, Adrian,' he continued, turning to his son, 'if you will promise me to study your music-lessons attentively, to mark the time and the expression, and not to displease Monsieur Broche, who takes so much pains to instruct you, I will give you money to go to-night to the theatre.'

Adrian bounded with joy. 'Oh yes indeed,' he cried, 'I'll be very good, very attentive!'

'Here, then,' said his father, giving him a silver piece of fifteen sous, 'go and amuse yourself. I cannot myself accompany you, but you will be able to go and return in safety.'

'To be sure, papa,' replied Adrian, drawing himself up proudly: 'I'm not a child now, you know: I'm twelve years old!'

'Here, boy,' said Monsieur Broche; 'take these three sous, and buy yourself a cake to eat between the acts.'

Scarcely waiting to thank either his father or tutor, Adrian seized his hat, and the next moment was in the street.

'Now,' thought he, 'I will buy my cake first.'

As he was entering the shop, he paused, and looking at his money, said to himself, 'Oh if I only had enough to go two nights instead of one!' But it would not do; reckon it ever so often, he could only make out eighteen sous; and two tickets would cost thirty.

A bright idea struck him. 'Here,' thought he, 'I have fifteen sous to admit me to-night, and who will make me leave the theatre? No one, I suppose. I will stay there all night and to-morrow, and then, when the evening performance begins, I shall be ready to see it. But then I shall want something to eat more solid than a cake. I'll buy two sous' worth of bread; and then, what shall I get for the other?'

Just then a fruit-woman passing, cried out, 'Buy my walnuts: twelve walnuts for a sou!'

'The very thing for me,' thought Adrian; and having purchased both bread and nuts, he entered the theatre, got his ticket, and placed himself on a front bench in the pit. It was the first time he had been there, so everything seemed new and enchanting—the well-dressed people in the boxes, the decorations of the house, the green curtain, even the smell of oil from the lamps—all were delightful. But when the play began, his ecstasy knew no bounds—the actors and actresses, the music, the yellow sunset and the white moon-rise, the green trees and the blue sea—all seemed a portion of fairyland; and the best of it was, that he felt secure of two nights' enjoyment. There he was in possession of the pit, and he might select whatever portion of it he pleased for dining and sleeping in!

At length the performance was ended: it seemed to Adrian as if it had lasted only a few minutes, when he was roused from his blissful reverie by the voice of a gentleman who was passing out, 'Are you not coming, my little man?'

'Not yet, sir, thank you,' replied Adrian politely.

'Ah, I suppose you are waiting for your papa to fetch you?' said the gentleman, whom Adrian's pretty and intelligent countenance had attracted.

The boy was silent, not wishing either to tell an untruth or to betray his secret; so with a friendly nod the gentleman left him.

A few attendants were still walking about the boxes, seeing if anything had been dropped or forgotten there, but they soon retired; the lights were extinguished, the doors locked, and our little adventurer found himself alone in the large dark theatre.

Adrian's first feeling was one of pride and exultation that his project had succeeded so far; his second was a species of nervousness, not unlike fear, as he thought of the strange loneliness of his position. However, he was determined to make the best of it, so, stretching himself at full length along a bench, he soon fell fast asleep.

Next morning, when Adrian awoke, he could not at first recollect where he was, nor why his little, soft, white-curtained bed was exchanged for a hard wooden bench; but presently the delightful thought of the second play recurred, and he stood up and stretched his cramped limbs. Just then he thought of his father—his mother had been long dead—and he felt great misgivings when he reflected on the probable disquietude his kind parent would feel when his son did not come, as usual, to embrace him that morning. Adrian tried to stifle the voice of conscience, which told him pretty loudly that he had acted wrong; and he said to himself—'Perhaps papa will go out early, as he sometimes does, and not return to dinner, and then he will not learn my absence. As to Monsieur Broche, I daresay he will scold me finely; but I don't much mind his displeasure: I shall have seen two plays instead of one. When I'm a man, I'll be either an actor, or an author, or a musical composer—no matter what, so that I can go every night to the theatre.'

In the midst of these reflections our young hero began to feel hungry; but he had scarcely commenced operations on his bread and nuts, when he was interrupted by a noise of screeching pulleys; then the curtain rose, and by the light of two or three tallow-candles on the stage Adrian distinguished several men. They were mechanics, who came to arrange the scenery and decorations, and every moment Adrian feared they would discover him. He dared not stir, and, despite of the hunger that tormented him, he was afraid to eat. At length he ventured to bite a morsel off his bread, and with the point of his penknife to open a nut; but in doing so he could not avoid making a slight rustling noise.

'There are rats in the pit!' remarked one of the men.

Adrian trembled from head to foot; nevertheless, favoured by the darkness, he managed to nibble his food, trying to make as little noise as possible. All his precautions, however, did not prevent the workmen from repeating now and then—'There *must* be rats in the pit!'

At length the weary day, during which Adrian was tortured with hunger, thirst, and the constrained attitude he was forced to assume, drew to a close, and with unspeakable joy he saw the workmen depart, and the hour for the play approach. Delighted with the success of his stratagem, he chose the best place in the front of the pit, and seated himself in it.

But, alas! the door opened with a creaking noise, and two men armed with long brushes entered and advanced towards Adrian. In one moment he dived beneath the bench, and concealed himself; but the terrible brushes approached, and he had only time to escape beneath the second row. Then, when he found himself enveloped in a suffocating cloud of dust, he began to repent of his escapade, but it was too late; still pursued by the remorseless brushes, he crept on from bench to bench, until at length he reached the very last. The next moment the rough bristles grazed his cheek, and one of the sweepers stooping down, exclaimed to his companion, 'Hollo! there's something here!'

'I claim my share!' cried the other.

'I protest,' said the other, 'tis a child's leg!' And he roughly dragged out our unlucky little hero, pale and trembling from head to foot.

'Don't hurt me, pray!' sobbed Adrian.

'What make you here, you little scoundrel?'

Adrian told them the exact truth, and finished by imploring them to allow him to remain and witness the play, which no doubt he had earned pretty dearly. But, deaf to his intreaties, the men laughed, and taking him by the arm, led him into the lobby. Fancy his chagrin to see at the very moment of his exit the doors open, and a crowd of spectators rush in.

'Oh pray please do let me remain!' he cried, clasping his little hands with an imploring gesture.

'Hold your tongue, and walk on,' replied the sweepers.

At that moment two gentlemen who had just come in uttered an exclamation of joy, and one of them, running up to Adrian, caught him in his arms and embraced him, saying, 'Ah, my child, what anxiety you have caused me!'

'You shall be well punished, naughty boy,' added the other.

In a few minutes the father, the son, and M. Broche were quietly at home. Instead of the amusement which Adrian had promised himself, he received a severe admonition, and was sent to bed after a supper of bread and water—a punishment which, indeed, he had well deserved, for causing so much uneasiness to his fond father, and also for the dishonourable intention of defrauding the theatre of the price of the second representation.

As this boy grew older, however, he became both wise and good, and in after-years was known in the musical world as the celebrated Adrian Boildieu. His love for the drama amounted to a passion. After his adventure in the theatre, his favourite amusement was composing little operas, and trying to represent them in his own bedroom. The furniture answered for scenery and decorations, and he, in his own person, represented both orchestra and actors. In one piece he wanted to introduce the rising and setting of the sun, and for this purpose hit on a notable expedient: he placed a lighted candle beneath his hat—that was night; then the hat rose by degrees, so very slowly, indeed, that it usually caught fire, and blazed up, which formed a most satisfactory and effective substitute for the light of noonday.

When nineteen years old, he composed the music

of an opera—for which a young friend of his, also an inhabitant of Rouen, wrote words—and it had such success in their native town, that old M. Broche advised Adrian to offer it for representation in Paris. The young man did not desire anything better. Poor in worldly goods, but rich in hopeful aspirations, he arrived in the gay, rich capital, and there disappointment awaited him.

His piece, although containing many happy ideas, was inartistic in its style and execution, and suffered besides from being inefficiently performed. The young artist perceived that he must recommence his musical education, and study the style recently introduced by Mchul and Cherubini. He was not discouraged, although he had no money, and the Conservatoire did not then exist. He gained a scanty livelihood by tuning pianos; and whenever, by strict economy in his food, he found himself possessed of thirty sous, he used to go to the theatre, in order to study those masterpieces which he was destined afterwards to excel.

The house of Erard was at that period the general rendezvous in Paris of distinguished men. Boildieu's talent and gentlemanly appearance gained him access to it; and there he met the celebrated singer Garat. The queen's singer, as Garat was then, chose Adrian to accompany him in public, and the young man's fame was soon widely spread. He produced several admirable operas in rapid succession, and took his place in the first rank of French composers.

The Conservatoire was established, and Boildieu named one of the professors. In 1803 he quitted Paris to accept an offer made him by the emperor of Russia: it was that of becoming director of the choir in the imperial chapel. During an eight years' sojourn in St Petersburg, Boildieu produced several operas, which established his renown; and in 1811, when he returned to Paris, he enriched the repertory of the Opera-Comique with many more. In 1824 appeared his masterpiece, 'La Dame Blanche'; and in 1829 his last work, 'Les Deux Nuits.' From that time Boildieu, being attacked by an affection of the larynx, was forced to suspend his labours. He commenced the music of an opera, for which words were composed by Eugene Scribe, but he lived to finish only the first act.

Adrian Boildieu, the rival first of Grétry, and afterwards of Rossini, expired on the 10th of October 1834, at the age of fifty-nine years.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

Mr Tyrrell. I'm proud to see ye, my lady; an' 'tis welcome ye are to my poor little place. An' how's his honour?

Mrs Wright. Finely, thank you, Tyrrell; quite recovered, indeed, and out again.

Mr T. Well, long life to him, an' to yerself, an' all the family, an' long may yez reign; for the poor will lose good friends whin yez have us, an' so all the country says. I was wishing greatly to see ye, my lady, for these is awful times what's fell on us: I'm a'most bet wid thim. Corn at seven shillin's, or six-an'-sixpence, I'm credibly informed a man sould at last market-day. How's the tints to make the rint? Sure man alive can't do no more than I iver an' always am doing, from sunrise to sunset, I may say, an' more, strivin' an' strooglin', an' niver a ha'p'orth the better of all my endeavurin': just consider now what's on the land. Rent-cess, rent-charge, poor-rate, an' a heavy family to kape up, an' a bare thirty acres to do it on.

Mrs W. The poor-rate neither you nor I can help. It is settled that we must pay it. I allow that it presses very unequally upon us—on Mr Wright, and

all of you his tenants particularly—because we have not one pauper receiving relief upon all our property; but people cannot be allowed to die of hunger, you know, though they do not exactly belong to us.

Mr T. Well, indeed, I suppose not, though it's a mighty hardship on thim that's inclined to industry to have to support the idlers, an' they none o' their own aither.

Mrs W. It is a tax that will get lighter year by year. Paupers do not live long in poorhouses, and emigration is much relieving us: it is increasing too, rather than diminishing.

Mr T. Why, thin, I don't know, my lady; there's a powerful number lavin' the country certainly. The best that's in it.

Mrs W. Rent-charge the land has always been subject to in one shape or another. It is no heavy sum now; and all we buy, being as cheap as all we sell, I cannot see that either this tax or the county-cess is a heavier burthen than it used to be. The county-cess, too, is returned to you with increased value.

Mr T. Returned, my lady; as how? The devil a pinny ivir I see again once it's left me.

Mrs W. Don't you? What do you think of the better road, saving the wear and tear of cars and horses, and the time of men? The bridge, that makes the crossing safe at every season? The doctor, who attends the sick—skill and medicine freely spent upon you? The fever hospital, rescuing you from the ruin that used to spread wherever that dreadful visitation lighted? The police, without whose watchful care we could hardly live in security? Believe me, the few shillings you so grudgingly give in county-cess are laid out to good interest.

Mr T. I'm obleeged to ye, my lady, for insensin' me into such particulars. Not a know do we know of what they done with that or anything; but it's a great dale of money we do be racked for one way or another, let alone the rint.

Mrs W. Which should come first—value given for value received—and which alone you and I have any business with, as it is the only matter we have the power to arrange. You pay too high a rent for your farm.

Mr T. Long life to ye, my lady! I do; an' all the neighbours says the same, an' feels it thirselves; an' we have been spakin' of makin' application to his honour to consider the times, an' see can he make us any reduction.

Mrs W. I said you paid too much for your farm. I did not say you paid too much for your land.

Mr T. Sure where's the differ?

Mrs W. I'll show you. How many acres do you hold?

Mr T. Thirty, or allas one—all to a perch or a perch an' a-half, an' two cross-roads, an' the river measured in on me, an' all a bog on the bottom, an' tormented wid furze on the hill—nineteen shillin's an acre.

Mrs W. Nineteen shillings the Irish acre—equal to, say fifteen the statute acre.

Mr T. Well, I daré say nigh hand.

Mrs W. Three market towns within five miles, and a railway within seven.

Mr T. Sorra much good them railways done us as yet at laste. I never seen one yet; nor doesn't much fraquent the country markets aither. There's mighty little doing a'most anywhere.

Mrs W. You have thirty acres you say?

Mr T. Barrin' a perch or so. An' thim roads, an' the river.

Mrs W. And you pay rent for the roads and the river?

Mr T. Faix an' I do. May the blessin's attend ye!

Mrs W. And you pay for this rubbishy bit at your

door here I suppose? Half an acre at the least of perfectly useless ground!

Mr T. (Scratching his head.) I believe I do this.

Mrs W. Nine-and-sixpence a year, you make Mr Wright a present of out of your pocket, or rather out of the rest of your ground.

Mr T. Well, thin, now, I never reckoned that away.

Mrs W. I believe not. How many fields have you on your thirty-acre farm?

Mr T. Bedad, I believe myself don't rightly know. There's the Furzy Field—bad luck to it any how—an' the Fox-cover Field, an' the Stony Field, an' the Green Loan, an' the Rushy Park—

Mrs W. In all seventeen fields, I know them well; each surrounded by a high hedge, or ditch you call it, eleven feet wide at the least at bottom, and more where there is a gripe on the one side—fourteen or fifteen I may call it then. Did you ever calculate how much ground is taken up with these ditches? You pay for it all; and what does it produce you? A ragged thorn-hedge, or a scourging furze one, and weeds enough to overrun all the land in the neighbourhood!

Mr T. Begor, my lady, but you've a quare way wid ye! Bedad an' I niver thought I was paying for them ould ditches!

Mrs W. And for the great double-ditches, too—the mearn ditches on either hand of you. Twenty-two feet in the clear, you know.

Mr T. The devil an inch less; but what 'ou'd I do widout them, and the neighbours' cattle trespassing for ever?

Mrs W. I wonder how much useless land you pay for in that double-ditch between you and your neighbours, and all those cross-ditches: two or three good acres you may depend upon it. If you would put three of your fields together, and take away half of the mearn ditches, for a beginning, and leave no waste corners, and cultivate this rubbishy half-acre, you would find your profits greater.

Mr T. Bedad, thin, I believe it 'ud make a fine calf-park, an' save the little gossoon I do be obliged to hire to look after them beasts, an' kape them from hurtin' therselves along wid the big cattle.

Mrs W. The rent would get wonderfully lighter, Tyrrell, without any reduction from the landlord. Then if the Stony Field were stoned, and the Furzy Field were stubbed, and the Rushy Field were drained—

Mr T. Sure his honour charges for the draining!

Mrs W. But if the draining will give you five shillings' worth where you get but one now, you can afford to pay another shilling for a clear profit of three; or say it is less, still you will make of it.

Mr T. You've wonderful sinse now to be sure, my lady. If I could be sartin, maybe I wouldn't have stood out so stout agin it.

Mrs W. I told you at the time you were foolish; for you would have been employed on your own land, and been paid for your labour, and would thus have had money to buy provisions with all the spring without touching what you had for rent.

Mr T. That's the ruination of the whole of us. It's the buying breaks us. The loss of the potatoes done it: there niver was sitch a misfortune befell the country!

Mrs W. It was desolation.

Mr T. The height of it. An' not one year; but five years, one after the other. No one could stand it.

Mrs W. If I can get dry-foot along the bawn, we'll go and see your wife. How is she?

Mr T. Only very middlin'. She does be destroyed wid eramps—takes her on the sudden, an' kills her outright. Well, thin, I'm ashamed of my life; I niver made the little pathway after promising. I do be so busy; an' that's an ogly spot. Wait, my lady, there's only one hinge on the door of the stable. There

now, I'll lay it across. Well, I will make that pathway, please God, after the weight of the work is over.

Mrs W. I am sorry to find you still suffering, Mrs Tyrrell. I had hoped you were better. Are you very ill?

Mr T. Why, thin, nothing else, Lady Wright, my jewel—sufferin', an' mournin', an' wearin' away. But the Lord is good, glory be to his name! an' he'll rimember to make their bed aisy in the next world that has their trials in this.

Mrs W. The fine weather will improve you; perhaps you are not quite so bad as you fancy. I can hardly see to judge myself how you are looking.

Mr T. The childer bruk the winder throwing stones in their spoorts, an' himself stuffed up the place wid straw, it was so mighty cold. There's light enough comes down the chimney for all that I've stringth to do.

Mrs W. Yes, and from the roof too; it is quite full of holes.

Mr T. For want of the bit of tatch. He's heavy rinted, my lady, an' has to strive to make it late an' airy, and has no time to tatch; an' I'm a'most worse than no use to him. Praises to his name that seen fit to lay his hand so heavy on us—Ochone! But I'm not complaining—glory be to God!

Mr T. She's wonderful bad entirely, the poor ould creature; an' niver stops, but sitting there saying her bades, an' sarrowin' for the changes that has fell upon us that once had full an' plinty about us. Oh the potatoes was a great loss!

Mrs T. The greatest of losses!—the greatest of losses!

Mrs W. They don't look well even this year.

Mr T. By no manes. In this hilly pairt they're not gone as yet; but it's on them; the drouth has kep it back; but they're no size—never grewed since the stalk first blackened; an' they're saft, an' they're thin-skinned. There's none can tell how soon they may go on us.

Mrs W. They never were a certain crop.

Mr T. Never. Iver an' always we'd be afeared something might happen them. But these last five years bates all.

Mrs T. Ochone—ochone! All praises to his name—amin!

Mrs W. In the old times, I don't think people trusted so much to them. Did your father, now, sow such a breadth of them as you have lying black all about you?

Mr T. His father! Thin was the times! In this cupboard—bare enough this day—the good whaiten cake, an' the little cool of butter, an' the bag o' male, an' the bit o' bacon, the decent woman his mother never wanted. Many a blessed bit wid sugar or honey on it she give me, an' I a young slip of a girl passing her door. I'm not complaining: times is changed.

Mrs W. The late Mrs Tyrrell was an active stirring woman—was she not?

Mr T. A fine housekeeping woman, God rest her soul! that brought up eleven of us to folly her industrious ways, an' all a'most done well but only me; an' we wor comfortable too while she had her health, an' the potatoes thruve wid us. But sickness an' poverty crushes the spirrits.

Mrs T. Mick, avourneen, don't be complaining; we be to bear it, an' does, thanks an' praises to his holy name!

Mrs W. It is our duty to bear it, Mrs Tyrrell; but it is also our duty not to sink under it. Providence has afflicted our country with a grievous famine. The food of the people has been destroyed. Now our part is to consider how we are to repair this evil.

Mr T. There's no repairin' it, my lady. It's no use strivin'. Haven't we, year after year, contrived, an'

saved, an' left ourselves bare of all else, strivin' to gather what would buy the seed for one more trial? An' all no use. One saison came on us worse than another. Now you'd wonder to see the people that went ragged, an' naked, an' hungry, wid ne'er a sod of turf for fire, nor more than able just to kape body an' soul together, never in all their straits brought to break the pound they'd kep for seed in hopes to bring the crap round agin. In coorse they wor ruined, an' done their best.

Mrs W. Why stick so perseveringly to the potato? Why persist in depending on so uncertain a crop?

Mrs T. They was so aisy handled, my lady—no trouble in life; just wash an' bile the pot, an' no more about it. An' satisfactory; we never feel'd we had a right good meal since the miss come on them.

Mrs W. Can you think you thrive with them? The old times, you acknowledge, were more plentiful than these, and people then did not live entirely on potatoes. Alone, they are not a fitting food; there is really not sufficient nourishment in them to keep up the strength of mind or body; besides, the easiness of their preparation encourages indolent habits. That you may give up trusting to them, they have been taken from you; and it appears to me that instead of vain attempts to revive an uncertain crop, it would be wiser to cultivate those which will not fail you. Try to fill the cupboard again. This can't be done by sitting over the ashes. Changed times require changed ways. I will send you down glass for the window; and do you rise up and work for bread and meat, and forget the potato!

THE DOG AND DEER OF THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

MANY of our Edinburgh citizens will remember a beautiful deer which, many years ago, accompanied the Forty-Second Highlanders, and how thousands in Princes Street were wont to admire the stately step, the proud and haughty toss of the antlers, and the mild, and we may almost say benignant, eye of this singularly-placed animal. Few persons, however, thought of inquiring into the history of this denizen of the hills, or how it came to pass that an animal naturally shy to an extraordinary degree, should have been so tamed as to take evident delight in military array, and the martial music of a Highland regiment. Still fewer, immersed in their city life, were acquainted with the amazing swiftness, the keen scent, and the daring bravery of the stag; whose qualities, indeed, might be taken as a type of those of the distinguished regiment to which it became attached. The French could abide the charge of our cavalry; they had some sort of understanding of such a mode of warfare; indeed, to do them justice, they were both skilful and brave in the use and knowledge of arms. But the deadly charge of the Highlanders was a puzzler both to their science and courage, and they could by no effort face the forests of cold steel—the bristling bayonets of the kilted clans. Among these regiments none suffered more—excepting, perhaps, the Ninety-Second—than the regiment which afterwards adopted the deer as a living memorial of their mountain fastnesses; and a dog likewise, which became attached to, and for years accompanied, the same regiment, may be supposed to symbol the fidelity so strikingly characteristic of the Highlanders.

Both the animals adopted by the regiment made their appearance in the ranks about the year 1832 at St Enna, in Malta. The deer was presented by a friend of one of the officers, and the dog belonged originally to an officer of the navy, who happened to dine at the mess. The latter animal, from that very night, formed a strong

attachment for the officers and men of the Forty-Second; no commands or enticements could induce him to quit the corporate object of his affection, and his master at length, yielding to a determination he could not conquer, presented the animal, which was of the noble Newfoundland breed, to the regiment. The attachment very soon became mutual, and thereafter the dog would follow no one who did not wear the uniform and belong to the corps. The men subscribed a trifle each, with which a handsome collar was provided for their friend, inscribed 'Regimental Dog, Forty-Second Royal Highlanders.' They gave him the name of 'Peter,' and it was a strange and notable day in the calendar of the soldiers when Peter and the deer, who were strongly attached to each other, did not appear on parade. Peter, it may be supposed, was a great frequenter of the cook-house, where a luxurious bone, together with a pat on the head, and a word or two of recognition, was his daily dole from the cooks—with one exception. When this churlish person officiated, Peter was frequently obliged to retire minus his rations, and sometimes even with blows instead—a kind of treatment which he could by no means reconcile with the respect due to him as the faithful adherent of so distinguished a corps. At any time when Peter happened to meet the delinquent, he was seen just to give a look over his head and a wag with his tail, and walk off, as much as to say, 'I have a crow to pluck with you.' By and by the season of bathing parades came round, and he used to accompany the soldiers in the mornings in such recreations, and was generally the first to take the water, and the last to leave it: he wished to see all safe. He knew his own power in this element, as well as his enemy's power out of it; and it was with a savage joy he saw one day the churlish cook trust himself to the waves. Peter instantly swam towards him, and pulled him down under the water, and would doubtless have drowned him, had not some of the soldiers come to the rescue. A still more curious exercise of his instinct is related of his residence at Fort Neuf in Malta, which is situated to the north of Corfu, and the entrance to which is a subterranean passage of considerable length. Beyond the mouth of this cavern Peter was in the habit of ranging to the distance of thirty-two feet, and as the hour of recall approached, would there sit with eyes intent and ears erect waiting the return of the soldiers. When the trumpet sounded, he showed evidences of some excitement and anxiety; and at the last note went at once to the right-about, and, as fast as his legs could carry him, made for the entrance, and was in a few seconds in the interior of the fort. The reason he went no farther than the thirty-two feet was apparently a consciousness that he had no pass, without which the men, he observed, were not permitted to exceed the boundary! That Peter actually understood this regulation was firmly believed both by the non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

The police at Malta, especially at Corfu, are very particular with respect to dogs in warm weather. They may be seen almost daily going about with carts, on which are set up wooden skreens garnished with hooks, such as butchers use for suspending meat; and it is no uncommon thing to see from nine to a dozen canine corpses suspended from these hooks. Peter, it may be imagined, had a great horror of this ghastly show; and indeed he made many narrow escapes from the dog-hangmen. The regimental collar, however, was put on him, and every precaution used by the men to prevent his being destroyed. He was still allowed to go at large, but was always observed to look with a suspicious and uneasy eye at the death-cart.

Both the dog and the deer preferred to abide by the head of the regiment in and out of quarters. They always remained with the band. The men composing the band have generally quarters apart from the other soldiers, this being more convenient

for their musical studies and practice. Peter, although he would follow any of the soldiers in their Highland dress out of doors, generally preferred the quarters of the band; and should one-half or a part of the regiment be stationed at one place, and the other at another, whenever they separated on the road to their respective quarters, Peter would give a wistful look from one to the other, but invariably follow the party which was accompanied by the band. The same was the case with the stag. He likewise took up his quarters with the band, and followed closely behind them on the march. This individual was in the habit of going into the rooms of his friends for a biscuit, of which he was very fond; but if the article had received the contamination of the men's breath, he would at once reject it. Experiments were tried by concealing the biscuit that had been breathed upon, and then presenting it as a fresh one; but the instinct of the deer was not to be deceived. Latterly, this animal became extremely irritable, and if a stranger attempted to pass between the band and the main body of the regiment, he attacked the offender with his antlers. The combativeness of Peter was mingled in a remarkable manner with prudence. Being once attacked by a mastiff of greatly superior size and strength, he fled for upwards of a mile before his enemy, till he came to his own ground at the entrance of the fort; he then turned to bay, and gave his adversary effectual battle.

One day in 1834, while the deer was grazing and eating herbs on the top of Fort Neuf, situated to the north of Corfu, a cat in the vicinity, startled perhaps by the appearance of the animal, bristled up as puss does to a dog. On this slight alarm the deer was seized with a sudden panic, and with one bound sprung over the precipice—a height of two hundred feet—and was killed on the spot. It was remarkable that its friend the dog, although not immediately on the spot, rushed to the battlements instantly, and barked and yelled most piteously. The death of Peter, which occurred in 1837, was also of a tragical kind. He chanced to snarl at an officer (who had ill-used him previously) on his entrance into Edinburgh Castle, of which the two-legged creature took advantage, and ordered him to be shot. This was accordingly done; and so poor Peter, in the inexorable course of military law, fell by the arms of the men who had so long been his kind comrades, and who continue to lament him to this hour.

'ASSOCIATIVE CONCERNS.'

TO THE EDITORS OF CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

London, November 25, 1850.

SIRS—I have been desired by the Council of the 'Society for Promoting Working-men's Associations' to thank you for the article in your number of last Saturday (November 23d) headed 'Associative Concerns.' As you have in that article hit upon several of the difficulties which lie at the root of all co-operative undertakings, and have expressed a wish to hear what has been said in answer to such difficulties, we hope that you may perhaps think it worth while to insert this letter in your Journal.

Your first point is—'the difficulty of securing honest management.' Our method of meeting this difficulty is simply, to have the accounts of each association audited weekly by a competent person, and to require the manager of each association to give security (either by means of the Guarantee Society, or otherwise) for the amount which he is likely to have power over at any one time. We do not of course mean to say that these precautions will do more than diminish the chances of dishonesty; and we are well convinced that one or two instances of dishonesty in the management (even should our precautions save the associations harmless as respects money) would in all probability ruin all the associations which have been established; for they must stand

on moral grounds if at all: but at the same time we hope that the chances of dishonesty are less than would have been anticipated. Not one single instance has occurred in the case of the manager of any association connected with us as yet, and they are now eight in number.

Your second point is—'the liability to dissension and insubordination.' Of course no set of rules, however perfect, can purify men's hearts, and enforce brotherly love and self-sacrifice. We therefore do not mean to say that our rules will do more than enable men, who try to work them honestly, to avoid many causes of dispute which would arise if they had them not. I think you will admit this when you have read the rules; I have ordered a copy of them, and of our other publications, to be forwarded to you. No man who is not prepared for self-sacrifice, and for casting aside mean and petty jealousy, has a right to enter an association. He will only do unmixed evil to the body and to himself. We have found this to be so in several instances; but, on the whole, our experience of the internal working of the associations has increased our confidence in the principle, that men working together for mutual profit will live more lovingly, and submit themselves more truly, than they do under the present system.

I shall not notice your next objection—'the unlimited responsibility of partners in this country.' The subject is too large to be treated of in a letter; and all persons competent to judge appear now to agree that the law must soon be changed in this respect, at least so far as those combinations of capitalists and working-men are concerned, which are now becoming numerous, and which are at present out of the protection of the law, or have had to be forced into the strait-jacket of a Friendly Society or Chartered Company—to their grievous detriment in most instances.

You next suggest that such a society could not hold together, if, in consequence of losses, or from other causes, the members could not realise as high wages or allowances as an ordinary master would give. Experience alone can answer this doubt. We are not yet of sufficient age to do so. It would seem probable, however, that an association of workmen under the supposed circumstances would fail and break up if they had come together for the sake of what they could get. But they would not fail and break up, but would draw more closely together, if they had come together to carry out a principle. Many of the Paris associations paid (by universal consent of the members) only three, four, and five francs a week for wages during many months: and the men who accepted these starvation-wages were, as they have since proved themselves, first-rate workmen.

Lastly, you ask, 'Will hiring labour be extinguished?'—the great question I admit—and you ask for an explanation of the fact, that there are *auxiliaries* at the Tailors' Association already. In answer, I beg to call your attention to Article 3d of our Constitution. You will see that it runs thus—'No hired workman shall be employed without giving to him the same rate of wages as an associate would be entitled to for similar work in the shape of allowance, and (unless he be dismissed for misconduct) a certain sum in lieu of profits, to be fixed by the association, or, in case of dispute, by the Central Board.'

'No new associate can be received until he has been employed as a probationer for a period, whether consecutive or otherwise, to be fixed from time to time by each association with the sanction of the Central Board.'

'All hired workmen shall be remunerated as probationers, and shall be entitled, at their option, to be considered as probationers.'

These regulations, which must be adopted by every association in connection with us, will, we hope, do away with the difficulty you suggest. As yet, we have found them work satisfactorily.

In conclusion, I would merely correct your statement as to the locality of the Tailors' Association: it is at 34 Great Castle Street, *Oxford Street*—not Holborn; and inform you that the members of that association have

received allowances for subsistence equal, as they inform me, to the usual run of wages, besides realising the profit which you mention, or something near that sum. I beg to remain, sirs, your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE COUNCIL OF PROMOTERS.

WRITING IN BOMBAY.

Perhaps there is no place in the world in which a greater variety of the human race is to be found than we have here, and yet the sources from whence all appear to derive a maintenance are fewer, and the occupations less diversified, than in any town in Great Britain containing a population equal to one-third of that of Bombay. First of all, the European members of this community are rapidly increasing. The merchants, artificers, and tradesmen of this class are comparatively few in number, and for the vast majority there appears to be but one means of subsistence—writing, writing, writing! and woe to him who cannot turn out a fair *copy*! for this is what is here meant by *writing*. Secondly, the Indo-Britons are numerically an important class. Not a single merchant nor respectable shopkeeper amongst them. There are a few artificers and tradesmen, but the vast majority are employed in the public offices writing, writing, writing; and if any diversity of occupation should ever take place amongst them, it will be by copying, *alias*, writing! The third class, which comes most into competition with the other two, are the *Purvoes*, or legitimate scribes of the country. Many of these are excellent copyists, good accountants, and very passable book-keepers. As every genuine Hindoo is expected to follow the trade of his ancestors, the *Purvoe* is early taught to exercise his opening talents, and look for his future support in writing, writing, writing; in short, he may be said to be born, to live, and to die—writing! The last, and perhaps the most influential of the four classes, is the *Parsees*, whose omnifarious occupations leave a comparatively smaller number of this class to contend for the palm of scribe-ship than either of the other three; yet in nearly all the public and private offices of Bombay there are *Parsees* who manage to live by the all-absorbing occupation of *writing*. In short, an overwhelming majority of all the young men educated in Bombay, whether in our colleges, public schools, or private seminaries, have no other means of subsistence to look forward to but that of writing. It is evident that the public offices of government cannot find employment for a greater number of hands than they now have; nor is there any prospect of the commerce of Bombay ever flourishing to such an extent as to hold out any reasonable hopes of the mercantile community being able to employ such a number of writers as are being manufactured in our educational establishments. Even now the supply is so much greater than the demand, that a good native copyist thinks himself fortunate in being able to obtain a situation of twenty-five to thirty rupees a month. Upon this he can manage to live and to support a large family. Not so the European or Indo-British copyist. *They* would starve upon what the other could live comfortably; and yet, in many cases, the labours of the one may be as valuable to the employer as those of the other.—*Bombay Gazette*.

A FLUE OF FLUES.

In course of operations in the Tamar Silver Lead Mines, on the borders of Devon and Cornwall, it became latterly essential either to erect a powerful steam-engine at the foot of a subterranean inclined plane, 2000 feet in length, and running right below the river, which flows over the mine, to a perpendicular depth of 80 feet below its bed; or, failing that, to shut up the mine, and throw 1500 people out of employment. It was therefore determined to adopt the former alternative, and a twenty-horse-power steam-engine, one of the patent combined hydraulic engines from Walker's manufactory at Oliver's Yard, City Road, was accordingly fitted up at that depth. Flues were of course requisite, and it was found advisable to conduct these across to the furthest band of the river, and in a series of horizontal levels, united by per-

pendicular shafts, so that the flue in sections rises like a flight of stairs to the surface. The flue is no less than two miles long and upwards, probably the longest flue in the world. The result was quite successful.—*Builder*.

THE LADY E ANNE.

THE Ladye Anne hath fixed her gaze upon the leaden sky,
A bright flush mantles o'er her cheek, yet death lurks in her eye;
And she will see but once again the young spring flow'rets bloom,
For when the summer roses fade, they'll fade upon her tomb.

Roses never more will be
Gathered, Ladye Anne, by thee.

The Ladye Anne she listeneth to sadly-chiming bells,
Chiming in the ivied tower down mid the brakes and dells.

Perchance she thinketh of the hours when she was wont to play
With fawns and conies 'mong the ferns throughout the summer day.

Slow and sad those bells will be
Tolling, Ladye Anne, for thee.

The Ladye Anne is passing fair, and she hath wealth and fame,
And youth and all earth's choicest gifts adorn her ancient name;

And yet she grieveth not to leave her heritage below,
Nor casts a fond and lingering look upon the glittering show.

Earthly joys have ceased to be
Cherished, Lady Anne, by thee.

The Ladye Anne doth recognise an awful Presence nigh,
A shadow dread her footsteps tracks with stern fidelity;
Yet with a placid smile she greets the ghastly cold embrace,

Though oft an icy breath dispels the bright flush from her face.

Death himself appears to be
Welcome, Ladye Anne, to thee.

The Ladye Anne hath been beloved, and she hath loved again—

'Tis a tale of lamentation sung unto a holy strain;
For one stands on the unknown shore, and beckons her to come,

And share the eternal Sabbaths of a glorious starry home.
Home on earth no more to be
Rest, oh Lady Anne, for thee!

C. A. M. W.

BERLIN PUBLIC VALET.

There is one going into that lodging-house who has nine masters—one literary gentleman, two lawyers, two *Hofräthe*, one student, two barons, and one tradesman—for whom he performs more or less of the services of a valet. When he merely brushes clothes and cleans shoes, he receives a consideration of rather more than 2s. per month; and when he runs on errands, perhaps two or three times that sum; and besides this, Heaven sends him odd jobs and presents here and there, so that as his claims on life are not exorbitant, he is cheerful and content, and seldom in want of money, as the young baron to whom he is now going always is.—*Westminster Review*.

'CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE'—JUKES' PATENT.

Having received numerous letters of inquiry on this subject, bearing reference to a paragraph in No. 354, we beg to refer our correspondents to the proprietors, Messrs Surmon and Co., Canal Bridge, New North Road, London.

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THE MONKEY 'AT HOME.'

THE carworn manikins, in fantastic dresses, met with in the society of men wearing earrings and carrying barrel-organs, or the snug, nut-cracking inmates of Zoological Gardens, give a very poor idea of what the monkey is 'at home.' Quadrumanity, to be studied with advantage, must be seen in its native forests, leading the easy vagabond existence it has enjoyed for countless generations: there only are all its faculties called into full play. The monkey in captivity is no more the monkey at home than the overfed pauper is the enterprising Englishman: to be out of the reach of want or danger, is to have no motive for exertion—a condition equally injurious to men and monkeys.

In the wide-spread forests of India the monkey has duties and conditions attached to his existence which the poor captive knows nothing of. As an individual, he must search for his own food, and keep a sharp look-out that neither tigers, leopards, nor pythons make a meal of him; he must look after his wife and child, and protect or warn them of similar dangers; and then, as a member of a community more or less extensive, he must be prepared to defend the common hunting-ground against the incursions of alien tribes. His information, too, is extensive: he is well acquainted with all the vegetable productions of the country; he has even an idea of the rotation of crops; he knows that at such a time, and in such a place, the juicy calyx of the mohwa blossom will just be in season; that the mangoes in another place will be beginning to be edible; he knows where the most extensive and least-protected fields of sugar-cane are to be met with; and when the dry weather has set in, and water seems to have disappeared from the face of the country, he knows where the quick freshes are.

There are people who profess an utter want of sympathy with monkeys. 'Nasty, disgusting caricatures of humanity,' they say: for my part I never could feel or imagine disgust at their drolleries, and I don't think my pride was ever hurt by the caricature: on the contrary, I have always felt great pleasure in studying monkey character wherever I could find an opportunity.

I shall never forget my surprise when, for the first time, I saw monkeys at home. After a weary uncomfortable night of jolting, I opened the shutters of my palanquin, in the dim gray light of an Indian day-break, and on the roadside, not six yards from me, were about a score of monkeys, with such an air of self-possessed freedom about them, that I felt rather abashed at meeting, in negligee costume, the gaze of so many respectable aborigines. Some were sitting

on the grass inhaling the fresh breeze of the morning, others were sauntering about; and *all* had that indescribable air of citizenship about them that made me feel that I was the only stranger. The old fellows were ugly enough; but the females, particularly such as had babies at the breast, had a kindly look of maternity about them which it was impossible to avoid liking. As the day wore on, I was getting deeper into the jungle, and there were legions of monkeys. Sometimes I encountered a party of between thirty and forty seated in the middle of the road, and looking at the advancing cortège of my palanquin, just as a group of villagers regard a coach-and-six when it happens to disturb the quiet of their every-day existence. Sometimes my route lay through the centre of a village, and here again the monkeys seemed as much at home as in the forest, wandering about from one house-top to another, and crossing the streets with the easy familiarity of inhabitants. Curious it was, too, to behold a crowd of naked children running about under the shadow of a mango-grove, and, almost jostling them, a party of young monkeys chasing each other through the chequered shade; or at the root of some big tree, to come upon three or four native women, seated the one behind the other, each engaged in scrutinising her neighbour's head; and a little farther on, an old monkey lying on his back, with his legs stretched out in the sun, and another overhauling him with that look of serious responsibility which only a monkey can express when engaged in such a pursuit.

From the many religious traditions connected with their monkeys, the natives of Hindoostan are averse from killing or injuring them, even when forbearance costs them dear. The consequence of this immunity is a degree of reckless impudence on the part of the monkeys that would never be tolerated elsewhere. They crowd together on the roofs of the bazaars, and if the shopkeepers be not on the watch, they make no scruple of helping themselves (without a thought of payment) to all the edibles they can lay their hands on.

The only means of keeping them at a distance, is to cover the roof of the shop with the branches of a small thorny shrub, the barbed prickles of which cling to the flesh like fish-hooks. While living in a bungalow which overlooked one of these bazaars, I on one occasion witnessed a ludicrous case of monkey thieving. On a roof fronting a sweetmeat shop reclined a large red-hipped bandar. He pretended to be asleep, but every now and then raised his head to get a glimpse at the piles of sweetmeats below. It was of no use; the mehtai-walla was sitting beside his merchandisc smoking his hubble-bubble, a well-seasoned specimen of bambusa in his right hand, and looking most per-

tinaciously wide-awake. Both monkey and mehtai-walla remained in the same relative position for a good half-hour, and I was getting tired of watching, when the artful dodger got up, and yawning and stretching himself, as if he had just awakened from a long nap, he walked off to the ridge of a house a few yards distant from his old position. To amuse himself, he began fumbling with the end of his tail, and 'made believe' he was tying knots on it. He scratched the small of his back, and stole sly looks over his shoulder at the sweetmeat stall; but it would not do. The mehtai-walla sat cross-legged on his *charpie* (bedstead), and smoked as if he were getting a wrinkle out of every whiff, and had occasion just then for an unusual amount of knowingness.

The bandar was evidently disconcerted: he walked a few paces farther off, and after beating about for some time, he started a certain insect somewhere in his left flank, and was soon engaged in an animated but rather protracted hunt. He had just marked the game down in the hollow of his left arm-pit, when the mehtai-walla laid down his pipe: the bandar was instantly all attention. The mehtai-walla got up, and began adjusting his cummerbund; the bandar went down on all-fours, and stood at gaze. The mehtai-walla took up his pipe, and turned towards the door of his back-room for a fresh supply of *tamacco*. The bandar stole back to his old position, and as soon as the mehtai-walla was out of sight, he cleared the street at a bound, and commenced cramming his cheek-pouches from a pile of saccharine dainties. In his haste, however, the bandar had overlooked a cloud of hornets, which were regaling themselves from the same store. The suddenness of the attack alone prevented them from wreaking instant vengeance on the intruder; but before he had time to regain the roof, they were at him, stinging him like an evil conscience. Off flew the terrified bandar, smashing and scattering the tiles as he went. In his frantic efforts to escape his pursuers, he got on a roof covered with the thorn bushes; and in endeavouring to shake one branch off, he soon covered himself with a thicket of them. Torn, bleeding, and unable to move, he spurted out the stolen property from his cheek-pouches, and barking hoarsely through the bushes, he sat a picture of helpless misery and remorse. The rumble of dislocated tiles without, and the fall of broken plaster within, brought out a crowd of natives to the street. These were soon joined by the mehtai-walla, who came running with his turban half unwound, and streaming a couple of yards behind him. All joined in laughing heartily at the discomfited thief; but, thief as he was, he was still a monkey, and, as such, entitled to the respect and veneration of all pious Hindoos; so two natives got upon the roof, and with much difficulty divested the involuntary porcupine of his fixings, when he limped off to a neighbouring grove, resolving, we may hope, never to do the like again.

I was brought into frequent contact with the Indian monkeys, from having to clear and bring under cultivation a large tract of jungle land. While the trees were being cut down, the monkeys appeared to enjoy the spectacle very much, and crowds of them were generally to be seen on the skirts of the clearings, chattering at the piles of blazing timber. They were much perplexed on one occasion, when the woodcutters accidentally cut off from the rest of the forest the patch of jungle where they had congregated; and as the men worked in close order all round, the poor monkeys were completely hemmed in. For a while they were evidently unconscious of what had occurred, and continued screeching and scolding at the advancing woodcutters. By degrees, however, the real state of affairs began to dawn upon them, and then it was curious to watch the gradually growing terror they evinced: the noise and chattering by degrees became hushed; and as tree after tree fell, they crept in silence to the

centre of their fast-narrowing retreat. Although, a few minutes before, the place seemed crowded with them, not a monkey could be seen, but now and then an anxious little face peering cautiously through some fork in the upper branches. It was only when half-a-dozen *tingles* (native axes) began to ring on the last tree left to them, that an old monkey came cautiously down the bole, with a look of alarmed curiosity in his face, to ascertain what was going on; and in a short time the lower branches were crowded with the elders of the tribe, evidently consulting on the serious position of affairs. Partly in the way of expostulation, but chiefly, I suspect, to keep their courage up, a chorus of barking was begun, which, as the danger became more imminent, got gradually intermingled with screams, until the tree began to totter to its base, when the pent-up horror discharged itself in a shrieking torrent of long tails and grinning faces—upsetting the natives who stood in their way, streaming across the fallen trees, and betaking themselves once more to the forest.

Although a good deal shier of me than they were of the natives, I found no difficulty in getting within a few yards of them; and when I lay still among the brushwood, they gumbolled round me with as much freedom as if I had been one of themselves.

This happy understanding, however, did not last long, and we soon began to wage bitter war on each other. The *casus belli* was a field of sugar-cane I had planted in the newly-cleared jungle. 'Every beast of the field' seemed leagued against this devoted patch of sugar-cane. The wild elephant came and browsed in it—the jungle hogs rooted it up and munched it at their leisure—the jackals gnawed the stalks into squash—and the wild deer ate the tops of the young plants. Against all these marauders there was an obvious remedy—to build a stout fence round the cane-field. This was done accordingly, and a deep trench dug outside, that even the wild elephant did not deem it prudent to cross.

The wild hogs came and inspected the trench and the palisades beyond. A bristly old tusker was observed taking a survey of the defences, but after mature deliberation, he gave two short grunts, the porcine, I imagined, for 'no go,' and took himself off at a round trot, to pay a visit to my neighbour, Ram Chunder, and inquire how his little plot of sweet yams was coming on. The jackals sniffed at every crevice, and determined to wait a bit; but the monkeys laughed the whole intrenchment to scorn. Day after day was I doomed to behold my canes devoured as fast as they ripened by troops of jubilant monkeys. Flesh and blood could stand this no longer, and so 'the war hatchet was dug up.' It was of no use attempting to drive them away. When disturbed, they merely retreated to the nearest tree, dragging whole stalks of sugar-cane along with them, and then spurted the chewed fragments in my face, as I looked up at them. This was adding insult to injury, and I positively began to grow bloodthirsty at the idea of being outwitted by monkeys. The case between us might have been stated in this wise—'I have at much trouble and expense cleared and cultivated this jungle land,' said I. 'More fool you!' said the monkeys. 'I have planted and watched over this sugar-cane.' 'Watched! ah-ha! so have we, for the matter of that.' 'But surely I have a right to reap what I sowed?' 'Don't see it,' said the monkeys; 'the jungle, by rights prescriptive and indefeasible, is ours, and has been so ever since the days of Ram Honuman of the long tail.' 'If you cultivate the jungle without our consent, you must look to the consequences. If you don't like our customs, you may get about your business: we don't want you!'

I kept brooding over this mortifying view of the matter, until one morning I hatched that 'devil's egg,'

revenge, in a practicable shape. A tree, with about a score of monkeys on it, was cut down, and half-a-dozen of the youngest were caught, as they attempted to escape. A large pot of *ghosa* (treacle) was then mixed with as much tartar-emetic as could be spared from the medicine-chest, and the young hopefuls, after being carefully painted over with the compound, were allowed to return to their distressed relatives, who, as soon as they arrived, gathered round them, and commenced licking them with the greatest assiduity. The results I had anticipated were not long in making their appearance. A cargo of sea-sick Cockneys in a storm is very disgusting, but this was even worse: a more melancholy sight it was impossible to behold. The poor wretches were groaning in attitudes of distress upon almost every tree, retching and — But I spare the reader. I felt very much concerned; and if I thought it would have been accepted, I was quite willing to stand a pint (of hot water) all round! So efficacious was this treatment, that for more than two years I hardly ever saw a monkey in the neighbourhood.

Monkeys are sometimes tamed by the natives, and taught to perform a number of very amusing tricks. I once saw exhibited, by an old man who travelled about the country with them, three monkeys, who had been trained to go through a regular dramatic performance. The first representation was the wooing of a young bride by a *boohda* (old man). A large male monkey, dressed in a yellow turban and *dhotee*, with slaggish eyebrows and wrinkled face, personified the *boohda*, while two female monkeys, one of them closely veiled, represented the mother and daughter. The *boohda* is first seen walking across his fields, with a long staff laid across his shoulders, and his two hands dangling lazily over the ends of it. After looking over his *khates*, and finding that the crops are thriving, he gets very self-complacent: enumerating his many acquisitions of oxen and horses, his stacks of straw, and his well-filled granaries, he proceeds to enlarge on his own personal qualities, which he of course finds unexceptionable, and winds up by declaring that he will marry a young wife to gladden his heart. During the time the showman has been reciting this soliloquy, the *boohda*, in the shape of the old male, has been strutting up and down at the distance of a few yards from the females. He now walks up to the mother, and with much ceremony requests the hand of her daughter in marriage, repeating to her the same catalogue of qualities and possessions we before heard in soliloquy. The mother objects to his age, when he dilates on his wealth, and goes through a piece of very natural pantomime in counting imaginary rupees from his right hand to his left. The mother appears a little mollified, and calls her daughter Moonia, who has been standing closely veiled behind the showman's back: she comes at her mother's call, with well-feigned reluctance, and seats herself with her back to the *boohda*, at the same time drawing her veil more closely over her face. The mother then introduces the subject of his other wives, and says her daughter is too young, and come of too good a house, to be made the servant of the other tenants of his *zenana*. Hereupon the *boohda* swears by the 'sacred waters of Gunga' that she will never be asked even to pare her own nails; but will have numerous servants to wait upon her. Then, with the view of engaging the young girl's attention, the cunning *boohda* begins to enlarge upon the number and elegance of the jewels she will wear, and the richness and splendour of her dresses. The fair Moonia hitches slightly round, and by accident lifts a corner of her veil. The *boohda* is enraptured, and makes a motion to get nearer her; but is prevented by the mother, who bestows a sound buffet on the *boohda*, reminding him that the marriage has not yet taken place, and expresses her astonishment that an old man

like him does not know better. At this juncture, too, the bashful Moonia, speaking from beneath her veil, declares that she won't have him at any price; that he is only a silly *boohda*; that he is stingy to his other wives; and that he is *bahoot budsurat* (very ill-favoured). At this the *boohda* gets in a passion, and with his *lahtee* commences to maul both mother and daughter, until he is interrupted by the Fates, in the person of the showman, coming to their assistance. The curtain is now supposed to have dropped, and the actors, who had before given their whole attention to the scene, now begin to amuse themselves with any stick or straw that happens to be near them, while the moral of the story is being recited by the showman, with an accompaniment on the tom-tom.

SOCIAL NON-CONDUCTORS.

Among the great natural agencies at work in the continuance and support of this still teeming and still self-consuming globe, electricity is the most mysterious and the most universal. Every day, as that dawn of science advances in whose opening twilight we of the present day have the fortune to live, some new function, some new connection with the phenomena of life is discovered, by which this unknown minister of nature is traced in its results. But the power even of electricity is modified by the character of the substances to which it is communicated. Some speed the fleet angel on its way, and rejoice in so constant a renewal of its visits that they might seem a perpetual residence: a metal wire would carry the fluid round the circumference of the globe with the rapidity of thought. Other substances retain what they receive, with a dull unconsciousness of its value, and through stolidity, as it were, rather than selfishness, arrest its progress, and neutralise a power which consists in action: these are called Non-conductors.

Electricity has been considered by some inquirers as identical with the principle of life; but at all events there is an agency at work within us which presents some very close analogies with the mysterious fluid, and to that alone we purpose drawing attention in the present paper. The agent alluded to is as mystical in its nature, and as instantaneous in its operations, as the former, and its mission is as obviously the preservation and amelioration of the kingdom of nature committed to its ministry. It has, moreover, its conductors and its non-conductors—its genial diffusers throughout the whole circle of humanity, and its unconscious recipients, who hold the angel fast without demanding his blessing. This moral fluid is called Love. We do not mean the love which is the staple of romance, for that is not a simple body, but compounded, as all passions are, of the things of the senses as well as of the mind. We do not speak of the torrent whose impulsive gush fills but one channel, and tends but to one point; but of love in that more refined, more durable, and more comprehensive character in which its mission is to link together the whole moral world, the whole human race.

Certain members of society here and there—it may be one in a family—are naturally or habitually deficient as communicants of this vital current, and to them we give the name of Non-conductors. The peculiarity of the social Non-conductor is a feature resulting principally from his mental organization: it springs from a deficiency in the mind rather than in the heart. He is insensible to the thousand minute, momentary, delicate demands and wants of his fellow-creatures, and for this reason he enjoys an immunity from much of the world's care and anxiety, and also from much of its tranquil happiness. He is merely a recipient, not a communicant. He is wrapped in a habitude which defends him from half the affections of our nature; he is free alike from their crowns of roses and from the thorns that bind the roses closer; he is not so much a bar as a blank. His

is a state negative with regard to attraction, not of positive repulsion; he is not actively and consciously impenetrable, but passively irresponsible; not deaf to the calls and cries of humanity, but unthinking, unknowing until it calls and cries. A neutralising atmosphere surrounds him as he wends his way through the world; he can excite no sympathy, and conduct no affection; the language of love or friendship may penetrate his heart, but there it stops—it cannot pass on to another's. That heart is not hard—it is only sluggish, and wants the quickening impulse of mental perception. It considers itself a destination, and not a medium: it is a droséra,* that folds over the homied messenger of love, and stifles him in the cold mechanical embrace. The sweetness of affection, cast into it, sinks to the bottom, and may be recovered at will in a state of preservation; but it cannot float in suspension, as if a portion of the fountain. Whence arises this phenomenon of social existence? As we said, not from a bad heart, but from a narrow mind. Self-preservation is nature's first law: it actuates us in crises, in extremities—in fact, in the exceptional circumstances of life; but healthy minds soon learn that there are other laws which preside in the hourly and daily detail, in the minutiae and trivia—in a word, in nine-tenths of the process and current of our being. These the non-conductor knows not: his mind has never progressed beyond the first law.

We must be understood as confining ourselves strictly to that current of sympathy we have called love. In the other relations of life the non-conductor may present no points for exception. He may be an excellent man of business, or a skilful mechanic, though it may be doubted whether he could ever be a great artist; for art is the privilege of genius alone, and genius implies sympathy. Business wants but talent, skill requires but application, and these are not beyond his compass. It is even probable that he may attain to wealth, respectability, and a certain station; for everything within him works towards this consummation. Many of the more dangerous vomitories of the human heart are in him closed up; and if he is incapable of transmitting sympathy, he is for the same reason safe from that waste of feeling and withering of hope which so often leave kindlier natures a ruin. He is proof against many of the seductions, and from much of the contagion of disguised depravity. He has the security of the rock, with its hardness, coldness, and insulation.

But an absolute non-conductor, be it understood, is not a common character. Most men have their conduits of sympathy, however small and unnoticeable. A man will love his dog or cat who is incapable of loving the human kind; or he will expend his sympathies upon one of his children, while the rest are strangers to his heart; or he will foster his own family with the tenderest care, while absolutely indifferent to the families of others; or he will be the Hampden of his village, without a grain of love of country; or he will stand up for the interests of his own department of business, even at the sacrifice of the rest of the national trade; or he will pride himself on the name of Englishman, and look with coldness or dislike upon the other tribes of mankind. In all these cases he is a partial conductor: his sympathies run only in one channel.

Then we have our slow conductors: men who look with suspicion or alarm upon a kindly feeling as it wells up in their bosom; with whom love is not an impulse, but a faculty; who close up their hearts as they button up their pockets, and open neither to the calls of sympathy till they see good reason why. These are prudent, wise, respectable members of society; and their love, when it comes, is worth having; but it

rarely meets with a return in kind. People will not wait for it. They see only the original coldness; and the thaw is so slow, that they are insensible of the change. When this is at length manifested in a kindly action, it excites more surprise than love. 'Who would have thought it?' people cry, ignorant that it is a natural and necessary result of a state of mind that had been long tending towards its production. Slow conductors are esteemed, but rarely loved. Even the insight into character possessed by children is at fault with them. Little girls are silent, and little boys speak in whispers when they are present. They will not encourage their advances, for the promised sympathy is too far off for their perceptions, and they see in the meantime only the cold workings of a mind into which love may enter, but where he is not born.

But non-conductibility in the present composition of society has its uses. Every instrument must be tempered for its craft; and at least a partial infusion of this element is frequently found to make the man fit for the work he has to do. It may form excellent stuff, for instance, in the composition of a military chief: it saves him at once from all those thousand petty incursions to which the feelings of other men are subject; and it acts as a sort of moral *blinker* to the mind, shutting out the world of light and motion that would otherwise press too strongly on his senses. Armed with this defence, he looks straight forward, and sees nothing but duty—the duty of the captain untroubled by the sympathies of the man. An efficient minister of state could not be without some portion of this element. A large share of it is indispensable to the composition of the stanch partisan and the adherent of a faction. Tracing it to another stage, we find it in the bailiff, the prison turnkey, and the public executioner; and all these are plants of necessary and inevitable growth under the present conditions of society. The distinction in such cases between non-conductibility and the mere want of humane feeling is obvious. All the functionaries we have mentioned have their own inlets and outlets of sympathy, their own affections, and friendships, and family instincts; but the principle of universal love must be either wanting in their natures, or fatal to their success.

It may be supposed that the advantages and disadvantages of non-conductibility are pretty equally balanced; but this is not our idea. The social electricity we allude to is an agent on which the welfare and happiness of mankind depend. Its transmission is committed to the highest and noblest natures; and the exercise of the function—apart from all material results—is in itself a source of such divine felicity as we suppose to be the portion of beatified spirits. A man of no universal sympathies can have no universal enjoyment. He may be successful in war, or policy, or trade—he may fill the world with his renown; but his moral being is incomplete, and he passes away from among mankind without having known what it was to exercise the loftier functions of human nature.

One more analogy, and this brief excursion of the fancy is at an end. The practical usefulness of both principles—that of the moral and that of the material world—increases with the advancement of mankind in knowledge and refinement. Electricity, formerly an awful and uncontrollable minister of nature, heard only in the roar of the thunder, and seen only in the blasted oak, the burning pile, and the blackened corpse, is now tamed, as it were, into our service, and rendered obedient to our command. It is introduced into our houses; it flashes our messages from one end of the country to the other; it traverses seas in our employment; and it will one day serve as a means of almost instantaneous intercommunication for the whole terrestrial globe. Love, in like manner—the electricity of the heart—no longer transmitted in peculiar and narrow channels, giving a character of selfishness even to our

* The flower of this plant has the property of closing on whatsoever insect alights on it, until it is starved or stifled in the embrace.

most beautiful feelings, is now widening every day more and more in its ministry. It brings closer and closer the severed classes of society; it links nation with nation; and, dispelling prejudices, and assimilating interests as it flies, it will one day, if the providence of God permits its career, gather the whole of mankind into one family. Do not doubt of this; hard and cold-hearted philosophers, because as yet we are only in the beginning! The electricity that yesterday smote the church-tower into ruins, now plays innocuously round its summit, and buries itself in the earth at its foot. The love that yesterday declared its path only in narrow jealousies and selfish fondness, will encircle the whole world—to-morrow! *not si ydiao ante hunc a se quidquam bloc-eds sine quibusdam illis et*

LADY EMERLIN'S WOOD.

The retired village of S—, in a midland English county, is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Thames, which here washes the base of steep and green swelling hills, crested, and often midway covered, with extensive and dense old woods, consisting principally of beeches, with some oaks interspersed, pines, and poplars. During our explorations in these charming woods in all and every direction—often losing ourselves, and wandering until we were completely weary, and glad to rest on the inviting mossy banks—we pursued one day a different route from those we had hitherto traced; and after an unusually prolonged ramble, we suddenly emerged from the forest land to an open patch of upland, which presented tokens of having once been part of a cultivated garden. The dilapidated stone walls, the broken-down terraces, mutilated statues, dry fountains, and tangled undergrowth of weeds, together with the impressive silence reigning over all things, rendered it a fit abode for the genius of desolation; while the bright garden-flowers which peeped forth from their neglected borders only served to enhance the mournfulness of the scene. Presently we moved onwards; and behind a bank of thick wood, which had effectually screened it from view, discovered the ivy-grown ruins of a mansion to which this garden doubtless belonged. It was absolutely and completely a ruin, yet evidencing ancient extent and grandeur. On making inquiries concerning this isolated spot, we found that our footsteps had invaded the unhallowed precincts of Lady Emerlin's Wood, well known to all the country-side from the traditionary lore attached to it: tradition more fully based on truth, as our researches afterwards proved, than such lore usually is.

The peasants liked not to pass through that lonely wood at twilight hour; nay, even in broad noonday, they preferred making a long circuit rather than approach it; and they pointed with silent awe to a venerable oak-tree, beneath whose spreading branches the rich, deep moss forms a velvet carpet, round which, they say, the Lady Emerlin wanders every night; of course at the legitimate witching hour of twelve.

Now for the tale attached to this beautiful, haunted wood, which became a favourite haunt of ours from the fact of its being so seldom tenanted, save by squirrels and wood-pigeons.

Nearly three parts of a century ago, there stood, in place of these ruins, through which the wind howls—oftentimes making wild, unearthly music, and in which congregations of owls and bats disport themselves—a substantial mansion-house, the former magnificence of whose baronial hall we were enabled to distinguish from unflinching signs of size and solidity—(a modern villa *now* is erected on the site). This mansion was the ancestral abode of a worthy knight, Sir Ludolf Montford, who had signalled himself in the wars, and retired late in life to enjoy domestic peace, and the society of an amiable wife, who, however, after presenting her husband with two fair children, a son and daughter, was summoned from this world to a better.

Sir Ludolf's whole affections were now centered in these children, who were in most respects promising enough to excuse the partiality of a fond parent. The young Ludolf was a year older than his sister Winifred, a gentle, blue-eyed girl, docile and timid, as her brother was bold and somewhat self-willed; for, truth to tell, Sir Ludolf spoilt them both, though indulgence had no other effect on Winny than to render her more affectionate and unselfish, and perhaps at the same time rather too sensitive for any rough contact with the rough beings of this work-a-day world. There was also another inmate at Montford Hall, a ward of Sir Ludolf's—an orphan boy about the same age as Winifred. Francis Lovel was heir to a large fortune, and his deceased father had been the knight's companion-in-arms, bequeathing his only child to Sir Ludolf's care. Frank Lovel shared with the heir of Montford in the instructions of an able tutor, who resided at the Hall, and prepared the boys for their final college career; for Sir Ludolf put off the evil day of parting with them as long as possible. There was emulation and competition between the boys in all their sports and studies, and some rivalry; but, on the whole, they were as much attached to each other as if brothers in reality, while they both regarded Winny as a beloved sister, who in return gave them an equal share of her guileless affection. Frank was far more volatile and thoughtless than his slower compeer; quicker to learn, and with a high fiery spirit, which ill brooked control. Singularly handsome and graceful even as a child, Frank became a fearless equestrian at an early age, though he gave no proofs of ever being such an adept in field-sports as young Ludolf, who frequently accompanied his father on angling and shooting expeditions; his sturdy robust frame enduring a great amount of fatigue. He was a son after the old knight's heart, who detested milk-sops; and notwithstanding his strong regard for Frank, that young gentleman's refined or dandified propensities were often the theme of Sir Ludolf's good-natured animadversions. On such occasions Winny was always near to say a kind word for dear Frank, and with tears in her sweet eyes to ward off what she considered unjust or unkind remarks. But Frank was well able to take his own part, though ever dutiful and respectful towards his guardian: he laughed at these pleasant reproofs, persevered in his own way, and not unfrequently stood in open defiance and warfare with his tutor. Nevertheless, he was a generous, affectionate fellow, fond of amusement, and a leader in any wild prank that offered; then the old Montford Woods re-echoed with youthful laughter, while many elastic young feet bounded over the springy turf, and young hands culled the wild flowers, which bloomed luxuriantly then as now.

A widowed sister of Sir Ludolf's, more than twenty years his junior, volunteered to preside over the ménage at the hall, and to superintend the education of Winny, with that of her own little girl, who wanted yet two years of Winny's age. Sir Ludolf had not seen his sister, Mrs Devereux, since her widowhood; and though the impressions he retained of her were not of the most pleasing description, he did not feel warranted in refusing her a home, which he knew, from her straitened income, would prove acceptable for herself, and her daughter. Besides, Sir Ludolf had his own peculiar notions respecting female education; he detested frippery and accomplishments; and as to learning in a woman, that was a heinous sin. Winny must learn to read and write, to sew, and to superintend a house; and as he had always considered his sister, Mrs Devereux, a particularly silly personage, ill competent to instruct youth, it seemed highly probable that Winny's education would be confided to the ancient housekeeper, Mrs Rickerby.

After Mrs Devereux's introduction at Montford Hall, peace seemed to have taken wings to itself, and flown

away. At first the dazzling beauty of Ismay Devereux startled and delighted her cousins, and Frank Lovel too; but by degrees Ismay's capricious and violent temper alienated her from them: she was so exacting and selfish, and such a foolish, vain, little thing, that Frank, who at first had been enraptured with the lovely doll, was always foremost to quarrel with her—mimicking her childish ways, and declaring to his tutor that Ismay was worthy of her mother—a painted old Jezebel! There was truth in Frank's assertion, though so improperly expressed, for Mrs Devereux's whole being was absorbed in her toilet devotions; and she was indeed an empty-headed and extremely tiresome lady. Everything must be given up to Ismay—her beautiful Ismay; and the lovely but disagreeable child was pampered and petted, and essayed to rule the others with such iron sway, that although the gentle Winny succumbed beneath the tyrannical influence, the boys fairly rebelled. Thus arose domestic discord so great, that Sir Ludolf, who had ruled in the camp, found he could do so no longer, and heartily repented having received Mrs Devereux beneath his roof. That fantastical personage, though everlastingly complaining of dullness and ennui, yet endeavoured strenuously to maintain her footing in her brother's comfortable and well-appointed mansion; strenuously, also, she endeavoured to unite her refractory daughter and Frank Lovel in the bonds of affection. What anticipations the worldly-minded mother cherished for the future, could this end be brought about, may easily be divined. Frank was wealthy—Ismay penniless. But Ismay was still too young to be made to comprehend the importance of being amiable and winning in the eyes of the handsome boy whom she provoked daily, until their squabbles ended in perfect hatred of each other.

At this juncture, how truly thankful was Sir Ludolf when an invitation, couched in the most pressing terms, arrived from General Devereux, a confirmed hypochondriac, beseeching his sister-in-law to join him without delay, as he was about proceeding to Italy for the winter, and needed female society. The general was deaf, and nearly blind, but he had money to bequeath; and, moreover, the habits of the pair were well suited. Mrs Devereux delighted in foreign habits and manners, she said; besides, on her darling girl's account, she must sacrifice her own wishes of being useful to Sir Ludolf. Ismay must be educated and brought forward: 'the plan of home education,' said Mrs Devereux, 'evidently did not answer.' Sir Ludolf, with scarcely-concealed pleasure, begged his sister on no account to let him or his stand in her way; that it was right and proper to cultivate General Devereux's regard, when he evinced such a warm disposition towards his niece, to whom, doubtless, he would eventually leave his property. Never were farewells spoken with less regret on both sides; by all except the tender-hearted Winny, who could not say 'good-by' without a pang. Even Ismay, who would not shake hands with either of the youths, when she came to Winny, put her mouth up for a kiss, saying, 'I do love you, Cousin Winny: you are too good for them;' casting a scornful glance on the laughing torments, and wishing, as she had often told them, 'to scratch their eyes out!'

'The form of an angel, but the soul of a'—Here Frank checked himself, because his sweet Winny was by, and turned contemptuously on his heel, whistling as he sauntered off.

Peace was restored to Montford after the departure of Mrs Devereux and her daughter; but alas! it was not to be of long continuance. A fearful doom overhung that devoted line: the father's idol, the sister's hope, the young and gallant Ludolf, met with a watery grave whilst bathing in the river, within sight of his paternal home. He was bathing alone, against the express commands imposed on him, when he got out

of his depth, and, it was surmised, being seized with cramp, sank to rise no more.

From the date of this lamentable catastrophe an affecting change was observable in Sir Ludolf Montford: when he recovered in some degree from the first overwhelming shock, his familiar associates saw with deep sympathy and compassion that he had become an aged, bowed man, as if the weight of years he bore was too much for poor humanity. The hale green decline of life had vanished, and he tottered about, supported on the weeping Winny's fragile form, smiling vacantly, and shedding piteous tears when any familiar object connected in any way with his lamented son presented itself to his notice. His solicitude and love for Frank Lovel seemed redoubled; on him he leant, boy as he was, for support and consolation; and it was a touching sight to behold Frank's devotion towards his afflicted guardian, and the patience with which the spirited youth tolerated, nay, fostered, the peculiarities of age. As the time approached for Frank to leave Montford, and pursue his academical routine, so did the uneasiness of Sir Ludolf increase; and ere the final moment of departure arrived, the knight had confided to his ward the wish nearest his heart—which was no less than Frank's solemn betrothal to Winny, now the sole heiress of the noble Montford possessions. Frank yielded a ready and cheerful compliance, for Winifred was very dear to him, and he readily cheated himself into the belief that he loved her with all the passionate ardour of first love, though at the same time Frank marvelled at hearing that passion described in such glowing colours when he felt so calm. At eighteen, Winifred was a thoughtful, feeling woman; at the same period Frank was still a mere boy; but Winny loved the boy with more than even the ordinary depth of woman's pure affection. Winny was not calm when the avowal was made, and she knew that her fate and happiness were no longer in her own hands—they were in his. Was he aware, alas! of the sacred trust reposed in him when he so readily entered into the engagement with this sweet and guileless being? It is to be feared not, though, as time progressed, he became fully sensible that he was loved with no common love, and that were he to desert her, Winny had no latent pride to aid her, but would most probably sink broken-hearted beneath the blow. It was Sir Ludolf's own express wish that Frank should travel when he left college, ere the marriage took place: they were affianced, and the doting father was satisfied, never contemplating the possibility of change in either of them.

Since the departure of Mrs Devereux from Montford, she had only written briefly, and at distant intervals, to her brother, and then her letters were filled with details of Ismay's wondrous beauty and accomplishments, and at length with Ismay's innumerable conquests; for it appeared that the beautiful girl was introduced into public at the earliest age when misses in their teens are tolerated. When the tidings reached Montford of Ismay's marriage at sixteen with a rich nobleman of sixty, no one was astonished, or expressed surprise or anxiety as to the result; Mrs Devereux dwelt with rapture on her daughter's 'great luck and brilliant lot'—adding with pride and exultation, that 'wherever she went nothing was thought of save the captivating Lady Emerlin, who carried hearts by storm.'

'She must be extremely altered to win hearts thus,' observed Frank, smiling as he perused the letter put into his hands by Sir Ludolf; 'for of all the little vicious vixens I ever encountered, Miss Ismay Devereux, now Lady Emerlin, was the most atrocious.'

'Nay, nay, dearest Frank,' whispered Winifred; 'be not so hard upon my lovely cousin; remember how children alter.'

'You have never altered, my love,' responded Frank, fondly parting her fair hair on the smooth sunny brow;

'you were ever gentle, unselfish, and good, and even that odious child herself loved you, sweet one.'

The vain, weak mother did not long survive to enjoy her daughter's exaltation; and the last news that reached Montford concerning Lady Emerlin was the notification of her being left a widow by the death of Lord Emerlin within four years after their union. She continued to reside abroad, and in process of time almost ceased to be remembered in the woodland solitudes which she had once so successfully disturbed in her wayward, childish days. There were no locomotives in the times we are talking of—no rapid modes of transition; and travel *then* was travel indeed! Both Sir Ludolf and Winny felt a sort of desolation creep over them, as Frank, tearing himself away from their encircling arms, plunged, with the love of change and adventure natural to ardent youth, into the sea of life heaving in restless billows before him.

Poor Winny! she had cast her all on one venture; and it was well for her peace of mind that she could not discern the track of the gallant vessel freighted with her rich load of love. We have all felt, doubtless, more or less, what it is to be left behind, with the monotonous routine of daily life unchanged and undiversified, when the beloved object on whom all our thoughts and wishes centre is beyond our ken for months and years—ay, it may be for ever!

Winny felt just the same then as we should feel now, and time crept on slowly—slowly. She counted time by Frank's letters, which, during his first six months of absence, were very regular; then they became gradually shorter and less frequent, and so continued during the ensuing twelvemonth. He was to have been absent only for the space of one year; but he had procrastinated his return from time to time, until, at the expiration of another six months, Frank, in an incoherent hasty letter from Paris, signified his intention of being at Montford within the next ten days.

He kept to this determination; but could *this* be the same gay, careless Frank they had parted with but eighteen months previously—this haggard man, on whose handsome countenance the emotions of strong passion were traced? His manners, too, betrayed a restlessness, and an evident desire to feign cheerfulness, which, however, did not impose on the keen and watchful eye of love. Winifred saw there was misery at Frank's heart—an unceasing gnawing worm, whose ravages were only too visible. She shrank from probing his secret, whatever it might be. He did not volunteer his confidence, but, on the contrary, sought every opportunity of being alone; avoided Sir Ludolf's and poor Winny's society as much as possible, and plunged for hours into the deepest recesses of the woods. He often shrank, with a strange dark expression of countenance, from Winny's artless proofs of affection. She was a pure child of nature, and had not been taught to conceal the love sanctioned by a father's blessing. Nevertheless her innate delicacy and sensitive nature caused her to adopt a reserve, on observing Frank's manner, which was foreign to her heart; and matters went on in this unsatisfactory way at Montford for some months.

It now wanted but a short period of the time when Frank would attain the age fixed on before he went abroad as that at which his marriage with sweet Winny was to be solemnised. Sir Ludolf, never particularly discerning, and now in his second childhood, saw nothing of the alteration in Frank, and, as a matter of course, canvassed the approaching event with his future son-in-law. Then it was that something of Frank's old spirit again broke forth: again he was the eager delighted lover; and kneeling at Winifred's feet, he claimed her promise of becoming his bride. Words lingered on Winny's lips—words of questioning, of upbraiding; gentle, soft, and lowly breathed, doubtless, but still upbraiding—for his past singular behaviour. Wildly

her lover threw himself on the ground beside her, exclaiming, in the broken accents of remorse, 'I am not worthy of you, Winifred!—I am not worthy of you!—for you are an angel, and I am'—

'What are you, dear Frank?' said Winifred with an anxious, tearful gaze.

'A villain!' fiercely exclaimed her betrothed, as he broke away with frantic strides. He was seen no more that day. Winny was the least suspicious of created beings: unused to the world's ways, and bred in strict retirement, she knew nothing of treachery and deceit, real or fictitious; consequently she was completely puzzled by Francis Lovel's behaviour. But he had said he loved her still; and, in devoted woman's true spirit, Winny was content. Something had arisen to vex and annoy Frank, thought Winny; and perhaps, when they were married, he would confide his sorrows to a sympathising, tender wife. Winny was patient and hopeful, loving and trusting with her whole heart.

The marriage-day was fixed: Sir Ludolf was full of bustle and happy importance; troops of old friends were flocking to Montford to assist in the festivities attending the celebration of the nuptials of Montford's fair heiress with the last representative of the chivalrous Lovels.

'Another and unexpected guest is about to join our goodly company,' said the knight, addressing his daughter and Frank Lovel, as he held forth a missive bound with silken cord. 'Whom do you think *this* is from? You will never guess, my children, so I must e'en satisfy your curiosity.' And bidding Winny read it, he handed her the letter, saying to Frank—'I cannot refuse to receive her of course, though it happens inopportune.'

'Of whom are you speaking, sir?' demanded Frank carelessly.

'Of my niece, Lady Emerlin. She writes to offer me a short visit, as she is about to pass through the town of R—, and does not like to be within twenty miles of Montford without coming to see us. Poor thing! she is a young widow, and she alludes to the unpleasant impressions she left on our minds when she was here in childhood. I have no doubt Ismay is an altered being.—But what is the matter?' During the foregoing speech, Sir Ludolf had been busily engaged dissecting a fat capon, and too intent upon his occupation to note Frank's start of surprise and displeasure, or his abrupt withdrawal from the social meal. But Winifred had noticed far more than this—she had seen him wince when her father spoke; she had seen the ghastly pallor of his countenance, and the wild expression of his dark eyes. What could all this mean? Was it possible that Frank retained the dislike and prejudice of boyhood towards the beautiful Ismay, and that her coming to Montford made him angry now?—When they met again, Winny was shocked to perceive how really ill Frank looked. Extreme suffering was portrayed on every lineament. There was no fancy here—it was sad and sober reality; and with maidenly delicacy, but wife-like tenderness, Winny besought her affianced husband to confide to her the cause of his anguish. But he laughed—a discordant, harsh laugh it was—and assured the sweet girl that it 'was nothing'—'a mere spasm, to which he had been subject of late.'

'You don't mind my cousin Lady Emerlin coming, dear Frank, do you?' she remarked with an arch smile, gazing up in his face. 'You wont quarrel together now, as you did years ago?'

Frank, without reply, buried his face in his hands, and attempted to stifle the sighs that nevertheless burst from the recesses of his bosom. Poor Winny! vainly she intreated and prayed him to repose in her faithful love; to conceal his wound no longer; for, alas! thought she, 'a wounded spirit who can bear?'

But with a mighty effort the proud man regained the mastery over himself. His bearing became haughty

and determined, calm and silent, like one wound up to go through some difficult or trying part. Towards Winifred, indeed, he was the observant but delicate lover; yet the firmly-compressed lips and knitted brow bespoke the inward conflict of his mind.

In four days the marriage was to take place: Lady Emerlin was momentarily expected; and yet this was the moment chosen by Frank to pay a visit to his former tutor, who was installed in a comfortable living not many miles distant from Montford. The lover went, the lady came—and even Winny forgot everything for a moment, but the spirit of grace and beauty which seemed to breathe a new atmosphere over the scene. Ismay's walk resembled the flow of poetry; she seemed to keep time to some strange melody, unheard by others, that tended her fairy steps; and when she thus glided into the hall, it was like the advent of a queen, attracting all eyes and captivating all hearts. Yet her softness of demeanour, her entrancing loveliness and brilliant accomplishments, were united in Lady Emerlin with a certain wild but gentle gaiety, bordering on hilarity, which might have struck some observers as forced and unnatural. But Winny saw nothing of this, and she only regretted Frank's temporary absence, from the desire she felt that he might share in her own surprise and delight. He had promised to return the next day at noon, and she looked forward with impatience to the moment when she might introduce as friends those whose past animosities she still remembered with pain. Much she wondered how so perfectly amiable and affectionate a creature could have been so disagreeable a child.

Rapidly did Lady Emerlin twine herself into the confidence of the artless Winny. With downcast eyes she silently listened to the tale of Frank's altered appearance—their betrothal—their close-at-hand marriage-day; and blushing Winny owned to her cousin how long and fondly she had loved Francis Lovel.

"And he loves you? Say—is it not so, fair-haired Winny?" muttered Lady Emerlin.

Winifred absolutely recoiled from the hissing tone in which these few words were spoken, and at the flashing eyes, which seemed to emit sparks of fire. There was concentrated passion and revenge in their glance, which for a moment petrified her on whom the unhallowed look was rivetted. But with a sudden, forced laugh Lady Emerlin regained her usual complacency, repeating the words mechanically—"Is it not so, fair Winny?"

"I hope so—I believe so—Cousin Ismay," whispered Winifred, as the tears she had vainly essayed to restrain oozed forth, for she was bewildered, dismayed, and agitated. Lady Emerlin's glance of despair and hatred haunted her; she could not forget it; while indefinite surmises and apprehensions of she knew not what gained possession of her inmost soul. Yet there was a witchery about her Cousin Ismay which Winifred entirely succumbed to; resistance to the spell was futile, and the enchantress continued to cast her 'glamour' o'er her.

In an hour or two Frank would return; he would explain the mystery of Lady Emerlin's startling and wayward moods: no doubt it was the lurking remains of evil temper, combated with indeed, but still not quite subdued. So when Ismay embraced Winifred, as she took her unresisting arm, expressing a desire to stroll through the woods she had frolicked in as a happy child, Winny cheerfully acceded to the request, and warmly returned her cousin's embrace.

But would they not wait for Frank? In another hour he might be with them, and how delighted would not she be to witness the reconciliation! We will both hang on his arm," added the gentle Winny; "and as we walk, we shall tell only the pleasantest of old thoughts to remind us of the past."

"What, both?" said Ismay: "we three walk together?" Winny raised her mild eyes to her cousin's face, for the tone in which she spoke, although it was not louder

than a whisper, made her thrill. The face of Lady Emerlin was deadly pale; but the eyes threw over her marble features a blaze that Winny thought almost terrible in its beauty. She hesitated; she hung back; she thought of her betrothed; she gave a long yearning look to the distance where he might be expected to appear. But Winny was a coward; she did not dare to struggle even with that gentle grasp which seemed to seduce rather than force her away. She was ashamed to acknowledge a reluctance that seemed so childish.

"This is not a bonnet for the woods," said she; "let me just get another."

"Any bonnet will do for the woods!" replied Ismay, and the clasp round Winny's waist became closer and more tender.

"Let me at least throw on a veil."

"The embowering trees will be your shade!" and as the white arm charmed rather than forced her on, Winny, half-blushing, half-pouting, her shame struggling with her fear, suffered herself to be overmastered as if by a spell.

They were seen to enter the solitary wood, arm in arm together, but they were never seen to leave it again! Hours passed away—noontide and afternoon: all were busily occupied at the Hall in their own pursuits and amusements, and the absence of the cousins was not noticed until towards evening when Frank arrived; and on inquiring for his foreign valet, was told the man had gone with Lady Emerlin's domestics to R—, whither they had conveyed her ladyship's travelling chariot for some necessary repairs. But when Frank sought for his betrothed, and found her not, and was informed that she and Lady Emerlin had gone into the woods together, and had not yet returned, who might read what the unhappy man's terrified countenance expressed? Yet not even his wildest apprehensions approached the dreadful truth: he only feared that she was forcibly carried off by the revengeful woman, with whose fierce affections he had dishonourably trifled. Captivated for a while by Lady Emerlin's beauty and wiles, the mask had fallen too soon, and Francis Lovel beheld the woman as the child had been, but in far stronger colours. He had gone too far to recede; he had raised the fearful whirlwind never again to be quelled, and he paid a terrific price for his unprincipled and weak course of action. He plunged into the woods: the twilight was gathering: he called on Winifred by name; all was silent, save the note of the wood-pigeon fondly responding to its mate. But there, beneath that ancient umbrageous oak-tree, what is that? Surely it is sweet Winny sleeping, extended on the soft yielding moss! Not a fold of her dress was deranged; her cheek was leaning on her arm like one in a gentle slumber; and but for the ghastliness of death which overspread her lovely countenance, even her lover might have been deceived into hope. Winny, however, was dead; either by the visitation of God, or the victim of human passion; and even if a trace of murder could have been discovered on her body, the beautiful fiend had fled securely from the hands of justice, together with her spy—the foreign valet employed by Francis Lovel.

It was rumoured many years afterwards that a woman of unenviable celebrity, when suffering punishment for other crimes, confessed a former guilt. She had slain in that wood, by means of a secret and subtle poison administered in some confection, a cousin of her own, a betrothed bride. She was not known as Lady Emerlin, but history has handed down her name to the execration of posterity, while her identity was fully recognised. On the opposite side of the water from Montford the ruins of a monastic establishment were lately removed, and an inscription discovered, signifying that the mortal remains of Francis Lovel were there interred; a man whose ascetic life and stern penances had bowed him to the grave with the weight of miserable years while

still in life's prime. Many a time and oft have we rested on the delicious moss beneath the ancient oak, nor did we find it less inviting and pleasant a repose because Lady Emeric's restless shade was said to overshadow it nightly, with a guilty, but of course intangible, presence. We thought of Herne the Hunter in Windsor Park, who in a similar manner flits round an old tree, though he is by far too respectable a ghost to be associated even in a legend with the wicked Lady Emeric, of unhallowed memory.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

HAARLEM—THE DUNES—COMMIS-VOYAGEURS—WAPLE KRAAMS—WALK TO AMSTERDAM—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CAPITAL.

I ARRIVED at Haarlem on a Tuesday, one of the days on which the public are permitted to hear a voluntary played for an hour on the famous organ without charge. The town has the most antiquated appearance of any that I visited, and contains many very old houses: one had the date 1534 on its front. There are fewer canals than elsewhere—a fact to which Haarlem is probably indebted for its escape from such fearful ravages of cholera as prevailed in other places. After a hasty glance at the market-place, with its huge church of St. Bavo occupying the centre, the ancient Stad Huis, numerous picturesque gables, and the statue of Coster holding a large type in his hand, I strolled to the Hout, or Wood—a park-like ground, as much resorted to as the Bosch at the Hague, and not less renowned in its locality. As a matter of course, I also paid a visit to the celebrated flower gardens. The season was, however, too late to see them in their glory. M. Krelage, proprietor of the one I first entered, while conducting me along his paths and alleys, remarked that in May, when there are rows of tulips in full bloom on each side of his central avenue, the sight is peculiarly gay and splendid, and attracts a continual crowd of gazers to the gate. One sort—a new species recently introduced from the Cape of Good Hope—was yet in flower; its delicate tints and graceful form will no doubt secure it a favourable reception. No charge is made for admission to these gardens—a notable fact in Holland, where gratuities are so much looked for. Your signature in a book on leaving is all that is required.

A few minutes after one I entered St. Bavo's doors, from which the sounds were issuing of what sturdy John Knox called a 'kist fu' o' whistles.' Nearly two hundred persons of various grades—the men with their hats on, but with scarcely an exception well dressed—were walking to and fro in the nave and aisles, or seating themselves in the choir. Some were gazing at the models of ships suspended between two of the columns, or at the name *BRIDDERYK* cut in a plain mural tablet, or at the tomb of Conrad, whose best monument is the masonry and flood-gates at Katwyk. An hour spent in quietly pacing up and down, with the music of the organ in your ears—now melodious, sweet, and flute-like; anon sonorous and mighty as the blast of a thousand trumpets—awakes many latent emotions in the heart, and sends you away with a chastened spirit. I had heard and read so much of the powers of the organ, that I was rather disappointed when all was over, and felt a desire to hear one of the private performances. I explained to the sexton my wish to form one of a party, but he declared himself unable to give any information; nor was a messenger who went round from the Leenwerik to the other hotels

in the town more fortunate. A bookseller afterwards gave me to understand that the organist, who now charges thirteen florins for an hour's private playing, sometimes keeps his arrangements secret, with a view to form a second party of those who may have missed the first—not at all a commendable practice, if true. Once a year, at the commencement of the annual *kermess*, he is bound to play for an hour to all who may choose to listen, and to bring out all the effects of which the organ is capable.

In the afternoon I walked out to the dunes, as the great sandhills are called which rise along the sea-shore. The distance is about three miles by a road leading through the pleasant village of Bloemendaal, which, with its villas and shrubberies, and well-kept lawns, presents an aristocratic appearance. In one of the gardens several agaves were growing, and orange-trees thickly studded with the golden fruit. The general effect was the more pleasing, that there was less of formality in the laying out than is usually observable in Dutch enclosures. Beyond the village you come to the Zomerzorg Inn—a much-frequented resort of tourists and picnic parties—from the grounds of which an ascent, the *blauwe treden*, or blue stairs, leads to the summit of the dunes. Not caring to avail myself of the allurements of the establishment, I took a side-road which led at once to the foot of the hills. Their inner face rises at a very sharp angle, and is so loose and soft, that you sink nearly a foot deep at every step you take upwards. It is probably kept in this condition by the continual fall of flying particles from above. I climbed to the top; and the singular prospect that there opened quite took me by surprise. It was a wild desert of sand, stretching away farther than eye could reach to the right and left, and in front to the sea, nearly two miles distant. Large patches were perfectly bare; on other parts grew a straggling and scanty herbage, with here and there a stunted bush, that seemed to shrink away from the quarter whence come the fierce and bitter blasts from the ocean. The surface is uneven; broken into irregular hills and hollows; a sort of sandy sea. Never before had I beheld so desolate a scene. I rambled some distance across it; and on descending into the hollows, the dreary and solitary aspect became more than ever oppressive; and though the shelter causes a deep stillness, you hear the wind sweeping with a solemn whisper a few feet above your head, while there is nothing in sight to indicate your position; no one point which you can seize more than another. Wo to the traveller benighted in such a region, when winter makes it more dismal and dangerous! These hills are, however, the bulwarks of Holland; they extend along the coast for nearly eighty miles from the Maas to the Helder in a triple range, the highest points of which are about two hundred feet high. The combined action of wind and sea has thrown them up, and adds perpetually to their thickness and strength. So solid is the barrier, that you see at a glance no risk of inundation is here to be apprehended: old ocean, with all his power, would find it no easy task to eat his way through. It is towards the north, at the Helder, where the dunes subside, and artificial embankments are raised, that there is danger of an inbreak of the water. Those who have visited the coast of Lincolnshire will remember that a similar formation is accumulating there. The more furious the assault of the ocean on the sandy shores, the more firmly is the bank drifted up to resist it.

I gathered a few flowers as memorials of my visit, and returned to the place where I had ascended. Near this is a wooden booth or summer-house erected on the most elevated swell, enclosed on all but the landward side. It affords a comfortable shelter from the wind; and seated

here, you have a view scarcely less striking than that towards the sea. You are carried at once from barren to luxuriant—from bleak to beautiful. Farthest off lay the brown waters of the Meer; the spires of Amsterdam, seeming to rise out of a sea, on the left; Haarlem nestling, as it were, in 'forests of uncounted trees' on the right; and Bloemendal almost at your feet; the foreground thickly wooded, shady lanes winding in pleasant and umbrageous curves, with snug little paddocks, and cozy crofts scattered here and there, and chequered with flowery gardens—the whole forming a scene as novel as unexpected. Its main features reminded me of some of the views over the counties of Hereford and Worcester from the Malvern Hills. I saw none more pleasing even in Guelderland, that paradise of the Dutch. No one who visits Haarlem should fail to see it if they wish to know what Holland really is. The short distance from the town renders it easily accessible; and for those of phlegmatic temperament, who require substantial stimuli, the Zomerzorg offers a ready means of solace and satisfaction.

On returning to the hotel, I found there a Belgian commercial traveller whom I had previously seen at the Hague. He was 'doing the road,' as the phrase has it, 'in nails,' and was not a little chagrined at the uncourteous reception which his specimens had met with from a tradesman of the town. The Dutchman, after inspecting the parcel, flung it down on the floor of his shop with the remark, 'Monsieur, we want none of your stuff here!' This rebuff so wounded the Belgian's sensibility, that, as he told me, he could only console himself by writing an account of the annoyance to his wife, whom he had left at home near Liege. He showed me his samples: they were arranged on long slips of pasteboard, similar to a tailor's pattern-book. For two or three of the smaller sorts, chiefly shoe-nails, he stated England to be the best customer; but whether it was that they were cheaper or better than those manufactured in Staffordshire, I could not ascertain. The fact is, however, important, as an instance of the multiplying resources of commerce.

The next morning I made a tour of a mile or two along the public walks laid out on what were once the fortifications. What better use could the old battle-mounds be put to? These grounds are really beautiful in their undulations and great extent; and so thickly planted and intersected with walks running hither and thither, that it is possible to lose yourself among them, or find a secluded spot wherein to meditate, should your mood invite. In this respect the burghers of Haarlem are better provided for than at any other town in the country. Doubly welcome must such pleasant promenades be where all besides is flat and monotonous.

At noon I started for Amsterdam, leaving Haarlem by the ancient brick gateway, said to have been standing at the time of the siege, when the sanguinary Duke of Alva fancied that cruelty was stronger than the spirit of liberty, and found out his mistake, as all oppressors do sooner or later. There is so much water, and so little land, on this route, that I went on foot, the better to observe the construction of the embankment, which serves at once as highway and dike, and is made of prodigious strength, to contain the broad canal on one side, and repel the floods of the Haarlemmer Meer on the other. To the left of the canal is the railway, which serves as a bank where there was none previously. It is formed of long bundles of willow-rods, laid alternately lengthwise and crosswise, one above the other, and crowned with a bed of ballast to bear the sleepers. Thus the railway is carried through the shallow water which formerly overspread the narrow strip of land between the IJ—the arm of the Zuyder Zee on which Amsterdam is built—and the canal. Its construction seems hardly trustworthy to a stranger; but the Dutch,

by long experience, know the value of willow, especially where moisture is to be resisted. Hence the countless plantations of this tree all over the country. There is perhaps nothing else that would so well suit the nature of the soil and endure the continual wash of water. All three—the rail, canal, and road—run in straight parallel lines about sixteen miles from one town to the other, with the exception of a short break at Halfwege. Look back when you will for more than half the route, you see the huge church of St. Bavo's looming darkly in the distance. At the village just mentioned the waters of the Meer and the IJ come together, and are only kept apart by strong gates and sluices. The difference in height of the two is several feet. There is a portage here, and travellers by canal have to get out of the boat, and walk from one end of the street to the other to resume their journey in either direction.

Here, as mentioned in the last article, I halted for refreshment, and chose the humblest-looking tavern by way of obtaining variety. The taproom perfectly resembled those which I had seen in various parts of the state of New York. There was the same curved counter in one corner, with shelves, decanters, and glasses, constituting the bar, with the same shallow, oval brass-bound tub for rinsing. On the tables stood small copper bowls with wooden handles, containing lumps of lighted turf, and matches made of dried rushes, tipped with sulphur, lying by their side. There was also a diminutive quarto newspaper, *De Reisende Nieuws-Bode* ('The Travelling News-Messenger'), of coarse material and common execution—not so good as the tea-paper used by grocers. It was filled with a series of short paragraphs of foreign and domestic news, printed all across the page; and the cost was two cents—less than a halfpenny. I was the more surprised to see 'a weekly' so small and low in price, as the best papers in Holland are not dear: the general price is ten cents—two pence. The bread, butter, and coffee, were very good; the latter more so than in most London coffee-houses, where the decoction sold is wonderfully deficient in flavour of the Arabian berry.

On drawing near to Amsterdam, the number of inns, houses, pavilions for drinking and dancing, swings, roundabouts, and other gymnastic appliances, indicate your approach to a large town. The termination of the canal, and the railway station, are just outside the Willem's Poort, one of the handsomest gates of the city. Immediately within it commences the street called the Haarlemmer Dyk. Scarcely had I set foot on it, than the 'ou' klee' of two Jews, sounding almost as familiar as the 'clo' of Houndsditch, reminded me that I had entered a town of which the population was more than one-tenth Hebrew. They looked far more dingy and dirty than Jews in London. I next threaded Nieuwe Dyk, the principal business street, and emerged on the Dam, a fine open place about the centre of the city, surrounded by handsome buildings, among which are the Exchange and the Stad Huys, or Palace. Not far from this was *De Ster*—the Star Hotel—where I arrived just as dinner was served, not sorry to rest and eat.

What a varied assemblage at the table d'hôte! Italians, Austrians, Germans, Belgians, Dutch, French, and English. At the close of the repast, as they sat sipping their wine, such a disputation arose as can only be heard at a foreign table, where the animated gesticulations make you fancy that the next movement will be a slap or a blow. One of the Frenchmen was the most voluble example of the species I had ever met: words flowed from his lips as water from a mill-race. He landed France to the skies, as surpassing all other countries in the world, and able to do without them and England in particular. One of the Austrians brought him up short with—'Don't forget, the Cossacks went to Paris.' This silenced him for a time; but he soon recommenced with a Belgian who sat opposite me, labouring to prove his countrymen the most magnanimous nation under

the sun. The Belgian could scarcely get in a word, but when he did, it was to the purpose, and laid bare the sophisms of the other. At last the Frenchman appealed to me in support of his reasoning. "Monsieur," I replied, "you argue extremely well, but you are altogether in the wrong."

"Bah! vous êtes Anglais, voilà pourquoi!" Nevertheless he was saluted with a loud laugh, which closed the dispute. On one point, however, all were agreed: in regretting the death of Sir R. Peel—news of which had lately been received—as more than a national loss. In every quarter I heard expressions of sorrow at the demise of the great statesman.

Amsterdam impressed me less favourably than Rotterdam or Leyden. The horrible smells from the canals were perfectly disgusting; and yet, as far as I could observe, the inhabitants seemed scarcely sensible of the nuisance. You see, too, a somewhat lower grade of population than in other towns, with more dirt and approach to squalor; yet there is nothing so bad in these respects as in the large towns of England. The city may be generally described as made up of bits of Oxford Street, Thames Street, Baker Street, Wapping, and the Docks, all curiously intermingled. By the side of a jeweller's or a draper's, which would not be out of place in the best London thoroughfare, you will see a provision shop, with a huge pig split open and suspended on a frame at the window, notwithstanding the sultry weather, and a pyramid of painted dummies, red and yellow, to imitate cheeses, on each side of the door—such as may occasionally be seen in Bermondsey Street or other benighted quarters of London. Or a butcher—whose neighbours on either hand may be a *schrijnwerker* (cabinetmaker) and *boekverkooper* (bookseller)—in addition to rows of joints, hangs out an enormous calf, which by its bulk and length of horn you would take for a young cow—large veal not being disliked in Holland, and always, though overgrown, milk-fed. A little farther you come to a dairy with piles of tubs and pails, scrubbed as clean as hands can make them, turned down to drain on the trottoir. Here a man, slowly turning a coffee-roaster over a charcoal fire, blocks your way. There a shoeblick takes leave to suggest that your boots would look the better for a new coat of polish, and makes persuasive offers of service. Presently you meet a knife-grinder, who, instead of using a treadle, sets his stone in motion by means of a large wheel turned by a little boy. How the sparks fly from the steel, and how sharp the hiss sounds in the narrow street! Then a pedlar trudges past with a basket, tall as himself, strapped to his back, on gainful thoughts intent; or men with barrows full of garden-stuff, bawling at the top of their voices. Again your progress is barred by a man sawing a load of firewood into short lengths; and while you try to pass round his heap of blocks, the scavenger's cart comes lumbering by, and drives you back again. This is followed by a sledge, heavily laden with bales of merchandise, which clears its own path with water-splashes; and presently a *vigilante*, or the railway omnibus, clatters along at a rapid pace, and every one flies to the right and left to get out of the way; and if the street be narrow, stands still until the noisy vehicles are passed. Everywhere in the precincts of the Dam you are waylaid by Jews, who pester you with importunities to buy a lottery-ticket, at the same time offering you a handful to select from. Holland is in an advanced stage of civilisation as regards schools, but backward in the matter of lotteries. In every town are numerous offices; and on drawing days the fact is announced on all the walls in captivating placards. Walk to the edge of the broad canal, you see a woman rowing a long flat boat, laden with baskets of linen for the wash: here and there she stops, and adds to her cargo. Close by is the fishmarket—Billingsgate in the heart of a busy metropolis, where numbers of miserable-looking

men and women hanging about afford unmistakable evidence of your being in a great city. Stroll a little farther, to St. Antonie's Breede Straat, you find it, as well as Weesper Straat, thronged with Jews and Jewesses, adults and children. What a multifarious commerce goes on in these thoroughfares!—from hot potatoes, through an almost endless variety of animal, vegetable, and mineral, up to old clothes and diamonds: amid discordant cries, a clamour, and a hum, a rushing to and fro, while almost every window is open, with the upper halves of two or three bodies lounging over the sill, one of the three puffing smoke from his lips. Come here on a Saturday, and you will see the gay red, blue, yellow, and pink ribbons in the caps of the dark-eyed Hebrew damsels, who assemble in groups, looking like moving beds of gaudy flowers when seen at a distance. Their male friends, no longer clad in work-a-day garments, present a respectable appearance; and what a flood of gossip is poured forth on all sides, while the multitudes of urchins playing in the lanes and alleys are brimful of merriment! Enter the chief synagogue; you will be astonished at its magnificence, and your imagination will wander back to the pomp of Jewish ceremonial in olden time.

Go back again to the Dam. It is three o'clock; the Exchange bell is ringing, and from every avenue of approach you see well-dressed men issue singly, in twos or threes, or in straggling knots of a dozen or so, and hasten across the spacious area to the building, which swallows them up by hundreds. It is often said that we are more struck in foreign countries by what resembles our own, than by contrasts; and watching the busy throng congregating in the temple of Mammon, you are forced to confess that, if suddenly transported into the streets of London, they would scarcely be regarded as strangers. Leaving them to their absorbing pursuit, go and view the palace, formerly the Stad Huis, or Hôtel de Ville. The king lodges there when he comes to Amsterdam; but you need not hesitate on that account. Go and see it, if only for the purpose of satisfying yourself that kingly ideas may exist in other than royal heads. This stately edifice was erected by the grave and portly burgomasters of former times; and its sumptuous decorations and noble proportions will convince you that great and aspiring thoughts dwelt beneath the phlegmatic exterior of those men. Few royal palaces equal it. The grand hall was the waiting-room for the public on audience-days: one does not see such waiting-rooms in our time. Is it that the public have degenerated, or that rulers are too busy to think of such matters?

I met an American gentleman at the top of the palace, with whom my having lived some years in his country was a sufficient reason for striking up an acquaintance. We agreed to visit the far-famed village of Broek in company, and crossed by the ferry to Buiksloot, and from thence to the village by *trekschuyt*, the greater part of the distance along the great ship canal, where we met Norwegian, Russian, American, and English vessels being towed by horses to Amsterdam. Near Broek a flag was flying from every windmill, to celebrate the wedding of a miller's daughter. Broek disappoints you: it is far from being so clean as you anticipate; the little canals contain various impurities; and many of the inhabitants are anything but nice in personal appearance. The girl who conducted us round Mynheer Van der Beek's queer garden had a copper cent stuck in the middle of her forehead, which, she said, was to cure the headache. The remedy, if not ornamental, was at least harmless. We—that is, the American and myself—agreed that the sight of Broek was not worth the half-day it costs you. Hillegom, near Haarlem, or Zeist, near Utrecht, are much better worth a visit. Or, instead of going abroad to look at a village, Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, will best repay the trouble of viewing. We walked back to Buiks-

loot, and took steamboat at once for Zaandam. Here, independently of the chief attraction, Czar Peter's house, you see four hundred windmills in the neighbourhood of the town, which is eminently Dutch, with its numerous canals, countless bridges, quaint gables, stork's nest on the church top, and peculiar population. How they stared at and made fun of my wide-awake! when all the while before their eyes were the ugly bonnets of the women, which resemble nothing so much as an oval rush door-mat laid across the head, and tied under the chin. So easy is it to deride what is new, or to dislike what we cannot comprehend! The temporary residence of the imperial shipwright is worth seeing, as a specimen of a Dutch tenement of the seventeenth century. In one of the rooms is a large portrait of Peter surrounded by his tools, and two others of himself and Catherine. Overhead the ceiling is draped with intertwined festoons of the flags of Russia and Holland. Twenty-six albums for visitors' names lie on the table—the earliest date 1809. The guide-book says there is hardly a vacant inch on the wooden wall—so thickly is it covered with names in intaglio; a mistake, for there are yet spacious patches, on which those who take pleasure in so doing may incise a record of their visit. We were well pleased with our trip to Zaandam, and returned to Amsterdam in a sailing vessel. The passage occupied one hour, fare 27 cents—less than half of the charge by steamboat.

I called on a gentleman connected with the Koninklijk Instituut, and found him not less courteous than the others of his countrymen whose kindness I have recorded. He introduced me at the Lees-Museum, where I saw newspapers and periodicals from all parts of Europe, including 'Punch,' and the 'Times,' and other English journals; besides a well-selected library of popular and historical works in various languages. We went together to the Zoological Gardens, and afterwards to the Park, where music *à la Jullien* was sounding in full harmony, while the company paced up and down the winding walks, which were illuminated by hundreds of small and brilliant jets of gas. The numerous concourse appeared to be animated by a feeling of pleasure, nor did they forget the zest of refreshments. When this was over, we went to sup at the *grand restaurant* on the Dam, during which I spoke of my visit to Broek and Zaandam. 'Ah,' said my friend, 'is not Zaandam a singular place? You can always tell a Zaandammer by his peculiar swinging walk, and by the way in which his clothes hang upon him. Even if his garments are made by a first-rate Amsterdam tailor, you can always distinguish him. There is no mistaking a Zaandammer. He is rich, awkward, and self-sufficient!' This opinion delivered *ex cathedra*, and by a Dutchman, I could not venture to gainsay. We afterwards talked of Broek, on which my companion again broke in with, 'Ah, I have never been there; but I know all about it. It is not what it was; Broek now lives on the memory of the past. Wealthy people once lived there; among them was an old lady who lent Willem I. 6,000,000 of florins at a minute's notice. Another time, when the Emperor Francis of Austria was here, he went with his suite to see Broek, and knocked at the door of a house for permission to enter. This house was the most curious, and the best worth viewing, of all in the village; the occupant was also an old lady. A servant opened the door; the emperor stated his wish to look over the premises; the girl retired, and presently brought out word that her mistress would permit no intrusion. One of the suite then stepped forward and declared the emperor's name and rank, and repeated the request for admission. The attendant went in once more, and a minute afterwards reappeared, before the noble visitors with a positive message:—"Mistress says she wouldn't, even if it was the burgomaster of Amsterdam!"'

We sat some time in friendly converse before we rose

to go. It was past midnight when we descended to the street. How silent and deserted were all the thoroughfares! Not a soul was about; and our voices, as we shook hands and parted, seemed to be the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the sleeping city.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

Lock-Jaw, from Injuries to the Thumb.—It is often said that injuries of the thumb are more likely than all other injuries to produce lock-jaw. The other day a gentleman brought his servant-boy to me who had cut his thumb in slicing a piece of wood. 'Do you fear lock-jaw?' said he. 'I see no particular reason for apprehending it,' I rejoined. 'But you know,' said he—with something like a tone that implied I ought at least to know—that wounds of the thumb often produce lock-jaw. 'I have seen a great many cases of lock-jaw at the hospitals, in many of which burns and other injuries appeared as the causes; but I cannot call to mind that injuries of the thumb were in greater proportion than others.' Undoubtedly lock-jaw might arise from such an injury, and wounds of the tendons are thought by many surgeons to be more than other accidents likely to produce such a result. I think, however, there is a good deal of exaggeration in this idea—at any rate with respect to the thumb in particular. When we consider how often the thumb must be wounded from its opposing the fingers in every-day operations, there must be a very large amount of such wounds not followed by lock-jaw. The question will be best determined by hospital statistics; but it may be well, as far as possible, to relieve popular fears as to the frequency of lock-jaw from slight injuries to the thumb.

Drowning.—There is an idea entertained by some people that drowning depends on the entrance of water into the body, and hence a barbarous practice of hanging up a person by the heels to remove the water. Now drowning depends on the exclusion of air from the lungs, and death does not arise from the admission of water, but simply from the mechanical prevention of the access of air. The upper part of the windpipe, which is called the glottis, is thrown into a spasmodic action by the intrusion of any foreign body, so that very little, if any water, gets into the lungs. Water is certainly swallowed; but I need not tell you that water is harmless enough in the stomach. The water which is found in the lungs after death has probably passed into the windpipe after death, when the spasmodic closure of the glottis has ceased. It must be very apparent, then, that all attempts to empty water from the body are as foolish as they are useless.

Sinews and Muscles.—I may just observe that some misunderstanding occasionally arises in respect to the word *sinew*. The sinews, or tendons, are the membranous cords by which the muscles (flesh) are attached to the bones. The greater the strength of the muscles, the greater will generally be the development of the sinews; so that, figuratively, the sinews are often spoken of as the source of power, though in reality they are only the medium of its communication. We speak of the 'sinews of war' when we wish to express the very origin of its potency. Emaciation will, however, show itself variously in various structures, and it sometimes happens that the muscular structure is very far reduced, whilst the tendons or sinews remain the same as ever. Hence people will show us their arms, and tell us 'that there is little flesh; it is true, but look at the sinew!' Hamlet exclaims in one of his passionate speeches—

'Oh all you host of heaven! oh earth!—What else! And shall I couple hell! Oh fie! Hold—hold, my heart! And you my sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up!'

The old anatomists, it is well known, confounded

the tendons with the nerves, probably from their white glistening appearance. There are many words still employed by anatomists which originated in this idea, as the term *aponeurosis*, which one would suppose, by its etymology, had reference to the nerves, and not the tendons—(*απο*, and *νευρον*, a nerve). We still hear frequently expressions used which may have originated in this way. 'Nervous language' is a not uncommon phrase of criticism. A sacred poet says—

'Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on.'

Treatment of Wounds.—It was formerly, and is still, the practice with many to put medicinal preparations into recently-incised wounds, to promote their healing, or, as it is sometimes said, to take the soreness out of them. Before the process of restoration was well understood, this was done even by the best-informed in the profession. 'In the treatment of wounds,' says John Bell,* 'surgeons were at one time really very cruel: they absolutely delayed the cure. They never allowed the lips of a wound to fall together; they filled it with dressings and acrid balsams, or distended it with tents and leaden tubes.' So great was the prejudice in favour of these means, that even those who were better informed were forced to resort to stratagem to conciliate the opinion of the public. It was in this way, according to John Bell, that the practice arose of treating wounds by sympathetic means. The remedy was applied to a bloody towel, or to a stain, or to the knife which had inflicted the wound; nor durst the surgeon venture to unite the wound in a simple manner, without pretending that he had brought about the cure by some sympathetic, or, as it was called 'philosophical' remedy. We may judge, as Bell says,† of the barbarity of the older surgeons by the continual protestations of La Motte and other good surgeons of their never having, for the sake of gain, used any tents or injections to protract a cure. A simple incised wound does not, then, require any other treatment than that of bringing the separated edges into contact, unless, indeed, it be necessary to tie the extremities of bleeding vessels, in order to arrest the hemorrhage. It is not, however, here implied that no benefit is to be derived from local applications to sores. On the contrary, it may be distinctly stated that the greatest good will arise from the use of medicinal applications to indolent sores or spreading ulcers. The object is merely to deprecate the practice of interfering with recently-incised wounds by the application of spirituous preparations, which are sold to benefit the quack doctors, and not the patients. The application of the nitrate of silver does indeed bring about results which are perfectly surprising, giving a sort of impulse to sores, or perhaps rather destroying morbid and ulcerative action, and thus converting a spreading into a common sore. I speak, therefore, only of common incised wounds which have no bad tendency, and are simply what are commonly understood as *cuts*.

Strength.—The great dread which some people have in illness is that of being weak. They are sadly afraid of 'getting too low.' The nurse in her heart thinks the doctor never takes this subject into a fair consideration, and therefore, in his absence will be pressing her mistress 'just to take a little of something to keep the wind off her stomach.' Mothers are anxious to support the strength of their children, and as soon as convalescence commences, calves' foot jelly seems to be looked to as 'nature's great restorer.' Strength is not gained by the mere taking of nourishment into the stomach, but the use which is there made of it; and if the stomach is not in a proper state for the digestion of food, it must be very apparent that, instead of gaining strength by eating, we only augment disease. The dread of weakness from want of food is perhaps a particularly Eng-

lish dread. 'He takes nothing, doctor; he has not tasted these three days,' is the constant language of the sick-room.

Along with this dread of weakness may be mentioned a somewhat curious way people have of referring different ailments to weakness, which have little or no connection with it. 'I have known positive pain more than once entirely referred to weakness.' It is true that neuralgic pains are oftentimes directly benefited by tonic treatment; but the cases to which I allude do not fall under this category. Patients say, 'I have a pain here, doctor; but I suppose it's only weakness?' This is absolutely the phrase used, and is often both unmeaning in itself and mischievous in its tendency. These local weaknesses are generally anything but weaknesses. The term, however, like cold, is so convenient as a general term, that it will not be readily abandoned.

Remote Causes.—It is true enough that complaints occasionally date their origin from remote causes, but some people are unnecessarily and unreasonably fanciful in this respect. A person who has attained a mature age falls into a consumption—when his mother will all at once call to mind that when he was a child he fell into a horse-pond, or kept his wet shoes on, owing to the carelessness of a nurse-maid; or again, a person becomes afflicted with a tremor—when it is remembered that he hurt himself some fifteen years ago whilst flying his kite, or playing at marbles. The suggestion of these distant sources is, in a majority of cases, altogether fanciful. Causes of a much more recent and probable nature are also not unseldom looked for, when, in point of fact, the true source of mischief is unknown, or unwillingly acknowledged. The constant cry is, 'I must have taken some cold;' and to look beyond this is in many instances to incur the displeasure of the sufferer; at least I have known it so when I thought I was more than usually ingenious in conjecturing the true cause. Sometimes fanciful people take it into their heads that they have been cured too quickly of some disease which they formerly suffered from, and imagine that a part of the complaint has been, as it were, left behind. It is quite possible that a course of medicine may be given up too soon, but in general there is little fear of being cured too quickly.

Disease Falling.—It is common to speak of diseases falling and settling on parts, and it used to be literally supposed that they dropped down just as an apple would fall from a tree. This notion is in a great measure abandoned, but not entirely. People still like to fancy that their complaints are falling lower and lower. The idea seems to chime in well with popular feeling. A patient pleases himself in thinking that his complaint is about to pass out at the ends of his toenails. There is one complaint which does indeed seem to give some countenance to this opinion, and that is the gout. The gout is named from a supposed dropping of disease on to the toe; hence the French *goutte*, a drop (*gutta*, Latin). This is indeed an instance in which the old pathology has in some measure stood the test of modern science. On the other hand, there is a strange dread of diseases mounting to the heart; and it is supposed that a dropsy in this way gets higher and higher until the patient dies. There is in this, as in some other cases which I have had to notice, a certain mixture of truth with much error. Complete errors are easily dealt with, but when facts and error are mingled together, it requires some nicety to distinguish them, and occasionally a correction of the erroneous part is mistaken for a denial of the whole.

Dropsy.—Apropos of the dropsy, I may mention that the words dropsy and dropsical are naturally enough associated with feelings of terror, and the use of the terms is sometimes productive of considerable uneasiness, when there is no great occasion for it. Watery collections are sometimes of a partial nature connected with local obstructions, and by no means necessarily

fatal. There is a professional name, *adema*, used to designate such partial dropsies; but as it is not generally understood, and could not be readily remembered by all, it is not often employed, except in medical writings, or the interchange of professional conversation. Hence a patient finding his legs swell, will ask in alarm whether it is a dropsy? or perchance the medical man may himself have told the patient that his legs were dropsical, when the poor sufferer afterwards sees nothing, but enlarged livers and impending suffocation. Some cutaneous affections produce large cedematous swellings, and yet the recovery is afterwards perfect. Some patients have an idea that dropsy may be the result of large draughts of water. I think, in these days of cold-water cures, I need scarcely stop to point out the absurdity of such a notion.

Cold Bathing.—I think some people have what may be called wrong notions with respect to cold bathing; I mean as to the state the body ought to be in when immersed in cold water. I have heard it stated that it is dangerous to go into cold water whilst the body is warm, but I should conceive it much more dangerous to go in cold. When the body, indeed, is in a profuse perspiration, it is improper to plunge into cold water, because in this state a kind of prostration or exhaustion may be supposed to exist, which is not the best calculated to resist the cold. A dry warmth of the body, however, will best stand a shock of cold, and it may be incidentally observed that bathers should not remain in cold water long enough to experience a permanent chill. The advantage consists in the shock and subsequent reaction which is experienced; but if the body remains too long chilled, the reaction does not ensue.

Diseases of the Heart.—That diseases of the heart are more common than they formerly were.—It cannot but happen in the progress of science that increased information will be accompanied by changes of opinion respecting matters which are little if at all changeable in themselves. What were formerly regarded as causes, may in the end be found to be only consequences; and expressions, which were at first thought sufficiently precise, may be afterwards discovered to be only vague or incorrect. Hence some words will gradually fall into disuse, and others will become familiar which were before only sparingly employed. This observation has at least its applications to the medical profession; for we find many names now used in our catalogues of disease, which made little or no figure in that of our ancestors. I know it to be a general opinion that diseases of the heart are more prevalent than they were many years ago, nor can I accurately say how far this opinion may or may not be well-founded. I may state, however, some reasons which ought to be taken into consideration, at any rate by non-professional people, when they are led into conjectures on such a subject.

With the advance of medical information there has necessarily been an increased anxiety to fix the precise seat of diseases: thus, where we formerly heard of dropsies and fluxes of blood, which were, after all, only effects, we now hear chiefly of the structural diseases in which they arise.

The ailments, therefore, remain the same; but the names have varied with the advancement of knowledge. Again, the introduction of the stethoscope has enabled medical men to detect and understand disease even in the living subject with an accuracy hitherto unattainable, and they are not now contented with the names which were sufficiently accurate for a vaguer pathology. I have stated, however, that I did not feel prepared to say exactly how far diseases of the heart may have become more prevalent than formerly. It is said, at any rate, that during the French Revolution they were so. The frequency with which a name is employed will not, however, determine the question.

Blow on the Temple.—Some people are fond of lecturing their doctors, and telling them what they consider to

be matter of fact. They do it, I suppose, to show how wise they are; but in this matter they are often far from successful. The other day I was asked to see a poor lad who had been struck with a stone on the head. 'It is well,' said the parent philosophically, 'that the stone hit him where it did: if it had been on his temple, doctor, I imagine it would have killed him on the spot?' I said I did not exactly feel certain that this would have been the case; whereupon he seemed to hold my knowledge in profound contempt. 'Oh yes,' said he; 'a blow on a particular part of the temple is immediately fatal!' 'Hem!' I added, as politely as I could, well say hem! I think I have heard this same idea expressed more than once.

It is quite true that some portions of the skull are thinner than others, and that accidents may be more or less dangerous according to the seat as well as the extent of the injury. I speak only in censure of this idea as I believe it to exist in the public mind—that the danger is circumscribed to some spot on the temple, which is more than usually delicate or important. To reason with these lay medical philosophers is, as I have stated before, a fruitless task; for they lay down premises to which we cannot subscribe. Let it not, however, be imagined that I am stating that wounds on all parts of the head are equally dangerous; in this, as on other subjects, I must beg that the true limitation of my remarks may be considered. I speak of the errors as they exist, not as they may be explained away by ingenious advocates.

Disorganization.—Amongst verbal inaccuracies, a very common one is to use the term disorganization for disorder. I have over and over again heard people say, 'I think my stomach must be disorganized,' or, 'I fear it is a little disorganized.' I have felt strongly tempted to exclaim against such a possibility; but when I have considered it might only be meant to express a little dyspepsy, I have felt somewhat more satisfied. Medically speaking, disorganization means a breaking up or destruction of the organ, and is always a most serious, and generally fatal kind of mischief; but the 'disorganization' of common speech is a very harmless matter, and one which, ten to one, will be relieved altogether before morning.

Toast-water.—The custom of giving toast-water instead of plain water to invalids has always seemed to me a sort of refinement which needs explanation. For my part I think there is a good deal of exaggeration in our fears of drinking water in fevers or other complaints, and if it were not so, I can scarcely see how the toast improves the water. To give the toast as nourishment in this way would certainly be to embrace the infinitesimal dose system. If the toast be put to give warmth to the water, it does not always answer the purpose, as the drinkers of toast-water seem to take it as frequently cold as warm. I dare say if the mysteries of *cinder tea*, to which I alluded on a former occasion, were fairly unravelled, it would throw some light on this subject also, as they probably owe their virtues to the same source. If toast-water is taken because it is considered as a pleasant drink, I have of course nothing more to say on the subject; but if I mistake not, there are those who attach some real importance to it as a curative means.

DUTY ON WINES.

In the 'Times' of 6th November appears a circular respecting the condition of the wine trade in Great Britain, purporting to be from the pen of Mr F. G. Shaw, and which is written in a style superior to the usual literary efforts of commercial men. We can afford room for only the following passages, which will be read with interest by all who are favourable to a reconsideration of this important subject:—

It is shown by statistics that the consumption of

wine, with a population of 29,000,000, is now less than it was with 14,500,000, and that the revenue from it during the first ten years of this century averaged L.700,000 more than during the last thirty years.

'The consumption last year was 6,251,862 gallons, but if it had gone on with the population, it would now have been 18,000,000; and if with the means of expenditure, according to the rating of the income-tax, at L.21,500,000 in 1812, and L.57,000,000 in 1849, it should be 23,000,000 gallons; and, including Ireland, about 30,000,000, while the revenue should be about L.6,000,000, instead of L.1,767,562.

'All who have taken an interest in the question, agree that the heavy duties during many years, and even now, have not only caused this trade to remain stationary, but even to retrograde. But they appear to be ignorant of, or to overlook, the important fact, that although the duty on a pipe of port (which has long formed the great proportion of the wine drunk in this country) is now L.38, instead of L.17 in 1788, being an increase of L.16 on the pipe, the wine itself at that period cost about L.20, and now costs double and treble that sum. This arises from the tendency of a high duty to encourage the import of artificially-priced wines, and of course has the same effect to the consumer as if the duty had been increased in those proportions.

'It is within the recollection of many that the usual retail price of the finest old port was one guinea a dozen, and they are probably correct in asserting that it was a finer and maturer wine than is now generally met with. Prices varied then very little, and the power of bonding not then existing, only wine fit for bottling was imported; and as the amount of it and the duty was comparatively small, wine-merchants could afford to keep it longer in bottle, and others could more easily lay in large quantities to acquire the peculiar qualities which time alone can give to port.

'Sherries about the same time cost from L.24 to L.40 per butt, but now L.60 is a usual price, and even L.80 or L.100 are often paid; but there being no restrictions on the growth or sale of sherry, as there is on port, sherries, or rather wines from the Xeres district, are imported at very low prices.

'It is probably no exaggeration to state that we generally pay twice as much for our French wines as the Germans, Belgians, or Dutch, simply because they have a constant and large demand for the cheap wines of that country, and purchase the produce of whole vineyards in the state of grape, or just fermented, and charter vessels to carry it to their own cellars, while an English wine-merchant dares only venture to import a few hogsheads, and these generally at prices that foreigners never hear of. It can be shown that the share of wine in this country falling to each individual during the last year was one bottle and a fifth. In Hamburg, where the duty is almost nominal, it is estimated that the share is twenty-nine bottles. Let us, however, suppose the consumption with us merely to be raised to twelve, and we shall find that this would require 59,000,000 gallons. Such a change might fairly be looked for under a reduction of duty from the present rate to 1s. per gallon, or 2d. per bottle (which would still be from 50 to 70 per cent. on the cost of much that would be drunk), and this would give an annual revenue of nearly L.3,000,000. The consequence of the increased demand would be, that Spain, Portugal, and France would vie with each other in supplying our market with all that was wanted for those of the most moderate means, and for common use, as well as with the most costly and rare qualities. We should then have a good wholesome wine at 10d. or 1s. a bottle, as well as others on which the duty even now forms but a small part of the cost.

'Those who fear the moral effect of such an influx of wine, have only to go abroad where wine and spirits are

procurable by even the poorest, and they will perceive that where this is the case excess in either is very unusual; and they will also become aware of the fact, that, owing to the expensiveness of wine in this country, a much stronger and more rapidly-intoxicating kind is drunk. To these remarks much might be added illustrative of the changes that have occurred in the use of the various kinds of wine for many years past, the cause of which it would be interesting to trace; but this would lead into a very wide field.'

We have always thought it very unfortunate that, from any considerations whatever, and especially from any merely fiscal considerations, the introduction of light French wines into this country should be to so great an extent prohibited. It is hardly possible, in travelling on the continent, and seeing the peasantry indulging without vicious excess in the refreshing un-intoxicating liquors of their own country, to avoid the conviction that these liquors might help in effecting a reform of the habits of the humbler classes of our own population. Climate may have something to do with the matter, and habits are not to be changed in a day; but we should certainly like to see the experiment of cheap wine as an antagonist of spirits fairly tried.

MYSTERIOUS POISON.

THE *curare* is a violent poison, prepared by some of the tribes, chiefly cannibals, who inhabit the forests bordering on the Orinoco, the Rio-Negro, and the Amazon. It is a solid black matter, of a resinous appearance, and perfectly soluble in water, and is supposed to be procured from a species of thorn abundant in the country. Such at least is the origin assigned to it by Baron von Humboldt. This illustrious philosopher has given a relation of the feasts of the Indians upon their going each year to gather the plant, *Lasiosoma curare*, which produces the poison in the forests of Javita. He also minutely describes the method of extracting the *curare*, and the singular effects of this poison, which may be taken into the stomach with impunity, while, if introduced by a puncture under the skin, it causes almost immediate death. New details have since been given by travellers, but much doubt and uncertainty still rest upon the subject. The recent experiments of a learned Frenchman go far to confirm the marvels related of the poison, at the same time that they appear to complete its history.

Upon infusing a liquid solution of *curare* into the veins of an animal, death ensues instantaneously, without the creature uttering a cry, or manifesting any species of convulsive agitation. If the poison be introduced under the skin, its effects manifest themselves more slowly; but death invariably supervenes with similar and very singular symptoms. The animal appears not to feel the wound: a bird will fly as usual; but at the end of a few seconds it falls dead without uttering a cry, or giving the least sign of suffering. A rabbit or a dog will go and come, after the infliction of the fatal puncture, in its ordinary manner; but it soon appears fatigued, and lies down as if to sleep. Then respiration ceases; sensibility and life disappear; and it dies without a struggle.

In general, when life ceases suddenly, the nerves retain for some time the power of reaction under the influence of mechanical or chemical stimulants. If a nerve of motion be excited, convulsions supervene in the corresponding muscles; if the skin be pinched, certain special movements follow. After death by *curare*, none of these phenomena can be induced: there is a complete annihilation of all the properties of the nervous system. The nerves of the still warm animal that died but a minute ago are inert as those of one that has long been cold and stiff. The blood is completely black, and so much altered, that it coagulates with difficulty.

This is certainly a very terrible poison; and yet one can eat of the curare with impunity. 'Its flavour is an agreeable bitter,' says Baron von Humboldt; 'and Bonpland and I often swallowed small portions of it. There is no danger where the lips and gums are healthy. The 'master of the poison,' which is the name they give to the old Indian charged with the preparation of the curare, tastes the liquid every instant, and judges of its quality by the degree of bitterness. . . . The Indians regard it as an excellent stomachic. . . . Upon the shores of the Orinoco they never eat any birds but those shot by a poisoned arrow. The missionaries themselves pretend that the flesh of animals killed in any other way is not so good.'

Seeing the complete innoxiousness of the curare when introduced into the stomach, one is apt to believe that it may be modified by the gastric juice, to the extent of totally destroying its deleterious properties; but nothing of the kind occurs. A fragment of curare having been given to a dog afflicted with a fistula in the stomach, after a little time the experimenter separated the poison from the gastric juice, and found that it still retained its peculiar properties. By a special privilege, the mucous membrane covering the duodenum does not admit the venomous principle of the curare. The mucous parts of the nostrils and eyes are equally antagonistic to its entrance; the pulmonary membrane is an exception. Upon introducing a few drops of the poison into the lungs, death supervened with the same rapidity as if the animal had received the venom under the skin by a wound. This membrane possesses a special texture, and is deprived of the protecting mucus that lubricates the other membranes communicating with the exterior.

From all this, it results that the curare acts upon animals in the manner of venoms and virus, and that, with the exception of their intensity, its effects present a striking analogy to the phenomena produced by the venom of the viper. But here an interesting question presents itself:—It is generally admitted that animal poisons alone possess this property of being taken with impunity into the digestive tube. All the others, on the contrary, applied exteriorly or interiorly, however little soluble they may be, poison the subject. Thus strychnine invariably produces the same effects, whether it be applied to the excoriated skin or introduced into the stomach. The curare forms the sole exception to this law; and though belonging, according to Humboldt, to the same vegetable family as strychnine, it acts like an animal poison. A doubt thus occurs, whether we are quite right as to the composition of the curare, and if it be really a vegetable poison after all. New researches would make us believe that the Indians, after having prepared the extract of *liane*, mix with it a few drops of venom collected from the vesicles of the most dangerous serpents.

It is necessary to have seen the rapidity with which the curare destroys an animal, to comprehend the danger of the experiments undertaken by M. Bernard. The idea that a single accidental movement, that the minutest puncture, would instantaneously kill the experimenter, without any human power being able to

bring him succour, is alarming in the extreme; for there is not a possible antidote against a poison that destroys so suddenly.

THE VOICES THAT CALL ME.

THERE'S a voice from the woodland that calls me away,
Where the sweet birds are singing from bower to spray;
By my favourite rock the green mosses are springing,
And far on the hillside the sheep-bells are ringing;
By my rock springs a fountain where violets blow,
The primrose, the cranesbill, and ground-ivy grow.
There my favourite robin and sweet linnet bathe,
And o'er it the brooms their gold coronals wave.
The sunbeams are kissing the oak's glossy leaves,
And a thousand low whispers are borne on the breeze.
These to me are like loved voices—low, thrilling, sweet;
These I fly to the lone wood as dear friends to meet.
When coldness, deceit, disappointment, or strife,
Parch up the bright dew from the fresh morn of life,
Then the voice of my kindred things bids me come forth,
And feel as a child in the childhood of earth.
Gay fancies and wonder, deep thoughts and emotion,
Like that of his bosom who first sees the ocean.
While the chorus of voices praise Him who has given,
And the incense of voiceless things floats up to heaven.

There's a voice from the ocean that calls me away,
When the first shades of evening just steal o'er the day;
When the tones of the waters, mysterious and low,
Softly murmur bright words of the strange sights below;
While the rose clouds of evening are fading in night,
And far on the depths streams the last ray of light.
There are voices that call me when wild winds are howling,
And dark and portentous the black clouds are scowling;
And the wild steeds of ocean, with white-crested mane,
Like their compeers of earth, spurn bridle and rein;
And the dash of these billows, that own not control,
Stirs the wellspring of liberty deep in my soul.
When in sorrow I wander, there are sweet voices nigh;
The reeds by the river re-echoing each sigh;
The trees as they sway, and the leaves as they quiver;
The sigh of the winds, and the moan of the river!
When in gladness I bound o'er the fresh smiling earth,
The rejoicing of streams seem to welcome its birth;
The trilling of birds and the chiming of showers,
Announce the approach of long bright summer hours!

E. M. M.

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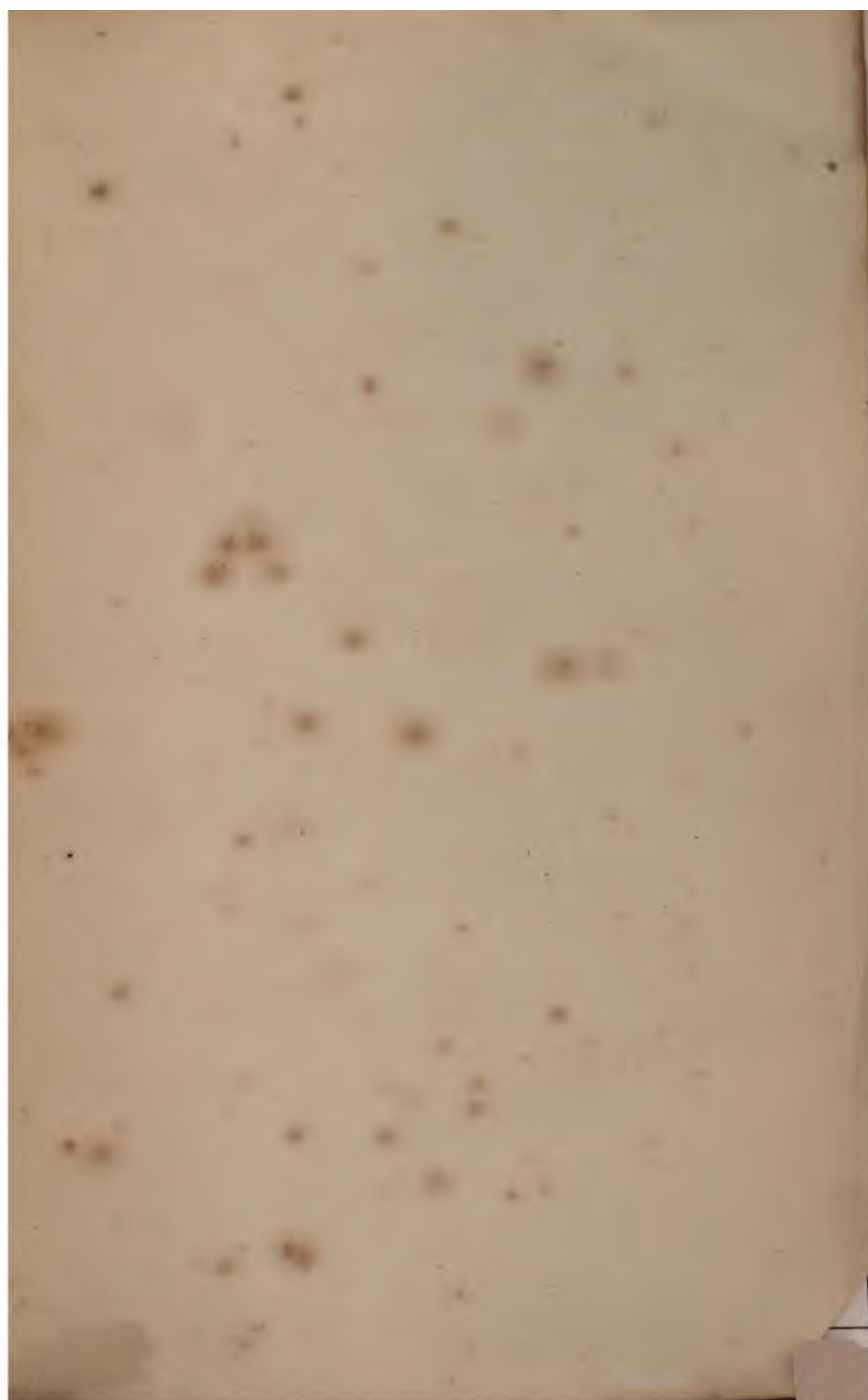
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